PUNCH

Vol. CXLII.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1912.



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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1912

Stephen's

Scarlet

Writes a rich
scarlet-red colour.
Order it because
it is important
to have the
best red ink
as well as the
best blue-black.

Buy from your
Stationer
Resolutely refuse

LEAP YEAR.



CALENDAR, 1912.

January					
S	...	7	14	21	28
M	1	8	15	22	29
Tu	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
Th	4	11	18	25	...
F	5	12	19	26	...
S	6	13	20	27	...

February					
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M	...	5	12	19	26
Tu	...	6	13	20	27
W	...	7	14	21	28
Th	1	8	15	22	29
F	2	9	16	23	...
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March						
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Th	...	7	14	21	28
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S	2	9	16	23	30

December						
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Th	5	12	19	26	...	...
F	6	13	20	27	...	...
S	7	14	21	28	...	...



Superior Youth (who has been boring everyone with his big game experiences). "I CAN'T HIT THESE DASHED PHEASANTS; THEY'RE SO INFERNALLY SMALL, DON'T YOU KNOW."

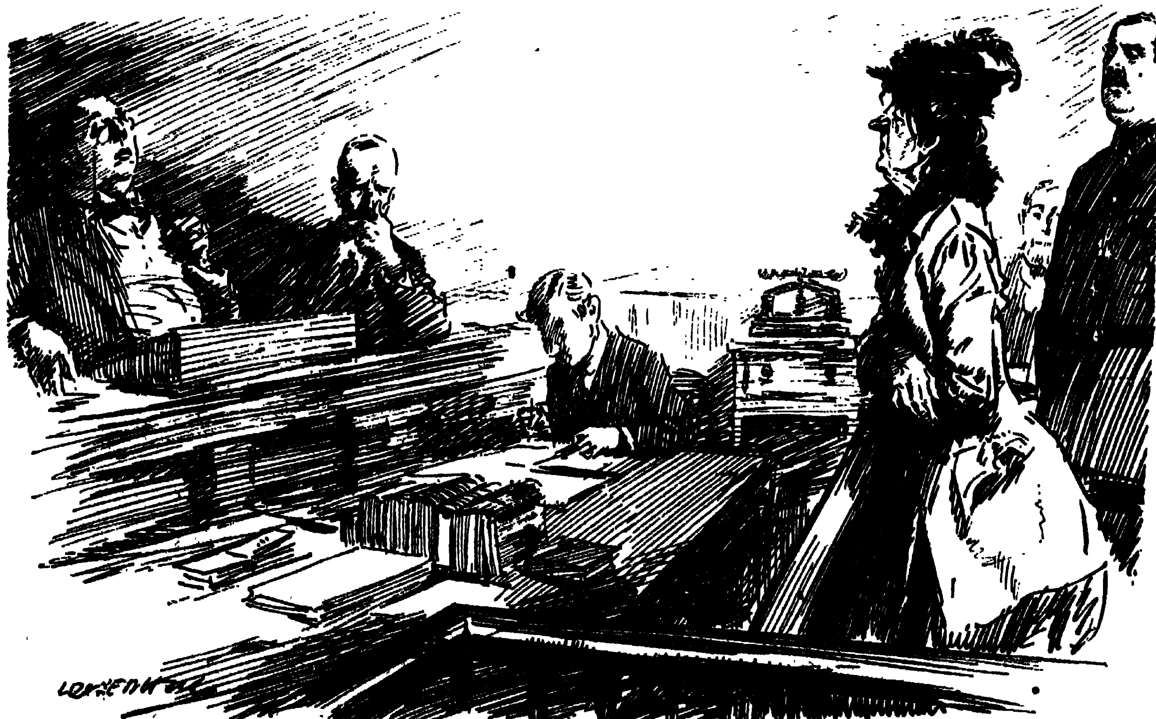
Brown. "AH, I EXPECT IT *IS* A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM THE 'TIGER TO THE RIGHT!' 'LION TO THE LEFT!' 'OSTRICH OVER!' YOU'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO!"



Stalker. "HERE'S MAIR BLUID, SIR; IT'S NO BUT A SMA' BEAST—*BUT A GRAN' FLASK WHATEVER!*"



Cautious Farmer (who has consulted his solicitor as to what non-actionable terms he may apply to his rival). "D'YE HEAR! YOU'RE A MEAN-SPIRITED HOUTSIDER. YOU'RE A LOW-DOWN NINCOMPOOP, YOU'RE A—*(consults paper)*—YOU'RE A—DASH YOU! YOU'RE ALL THAT BLOOMIN' LIST!"



Magistrate. "YOU ARE CHARGED WITH BEING DRUNK AND DISORDERLY. HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?"
Offender. "YES, YOUR WORSHIP: DRUNK I *MAY* 'AVE BEEN, BUT DISORDERLY—NEVER! *HALWAYS* THE LADY!"



Jones (determined to show he's been there before). "THERE THEY ARE; JUST THE SAME AS LAST YEAR."



Scene—Office of Crowded Hotel.

Strong-minded Lady (to Clerk). "I ABSOLUTELY DECLINE TO BE ACCOMMODATED IN THE APPENDIX."



THE EGOIST.

Young Hostess (giving her first dance, to her sisters). "GIRLS, I'M SO ANXIOUS. DO YOU THINK I SHALL ENJOY MYSELF? I DO HOPE I SHALL."



"MUMMY, WHY ARE ALL THESE PEOPLE SO DULL? WHY DON'T YOU TELL THEM SOME OF THE FUNNY THINGS I SAY!"

IN PRAISE OF HILDEBRAND, OLD CAMPAIGNER AND HUMORIST.



"At certain celebrations
By windy moons of March he wore
Whole rows of fighting decorations."

Not in the cart, the common cart,
With vulgar items of the bag,
But in a special place apart
Let him be laid, our warrior-wag;
Here in the scene where last he sprinted
And, sprinting, fell convulsed with mirth,
Give him his hero's dues unstinted,
Lay him in earth.

He was a most unusual hare,
This Hildebrand; he loved to face
The powder's music and to share
Our simple pleasures of the chase;
Delight of camaraderie pricked him
To join us at the first report,
And, when he died, he died a victim
To love of sport.

Indifferent how remote the beat
And what the weather, foul or fine,
He would attend with instant feet
And run the gauntlet of the line;
Wearing a smile of calm derision
Yet not unmixed with kind regards,
He mocked, in profile, our precision
At fifty yards.



"He mocked, in profile, our precision."

Yet was his fur no coat of mail
To let his limbs escape immune;
People would notice how his tail
Ended an inch or so too soon;
Through punctured ears one saw the stubble;
His flanks were drilled with draughty dints;
And half his hind-legs gave him trouble
For want of splints.

Legends arose of his renown,
How that his courage under fire
Had won, by wide consent, the crown
Of every soldier's heart's desire;
And how at certain celebrations
By windy moons of March he wore
Whole rows of fighting decorations,
Three deep or more.

There was the Norfolk Star he gained
For cool behaviour in the roots;
Likewise the D.S.O., obtained
The day he rushed the Colonel's boots;
And here, too, where he bit the greasy
Bank of the hedge at which he dived,
He surely must have earned the V.C.
Had he survived.

But no, his destined hour had struck;
Not all his judgment, nice and true,
His sense of range, his gift of luck,
Availed, this time, to get him through;
Right on the post, when he had flouted
A dozen barrels' harmless bark,
Fate's humour intervened and outed
His vital spark.



"The day he rushed the Colonel's boots."

For, as he flew the open field,
Taking, from time to time, a scratch,
He failed to mark a gun concealed
In the ensuing turnip-patch;
He failed, I say, to see this ambush,
And suddenly there rang a shot
From somewhere just behind a dam bush—
And he was not!

He fell, and in his filmy eye
The laughter said: "You had me there!"
And that 's a sporting reason why
We leave him now in earth's good care;
Not to the game-room, grim and gory,
Shall he, our Hildebrand, be lugged,
But here shall lie, in all his glory,
Unskinned, unjugged. O. S.



Smithson (who has been giving his partner "a rattlin' good time"). "We seem to get on awf'ly well. We must have some more."



Doctor. "Now, if I gave you a pint of 1 in 20 carbolic solution, how much water would you add to make it a 1 in 80 solution?" *Probationer.* "Oh, a lot!"

A BIT OF REAL LIFE

(as portrayed in Melodrama).



Jack Greatheart
who loves



Nancy,
ward of the haughty



Duke of Knaresboro'
who intends her to wed



Sir Vivian Vavasour,
a scoundrel who, in addition
to already having



A Deserted Wife



And Child,
is being blackmailed
by the notorious



Mimi Legrand.
Sir Vivian, however, disposes of
these inconveniences with the aid of



A Rascally Lawyer
and



A Hired Assassin.

A BIT OF REAL LIFE

(as portrayed in Melodrama).



A Corrupt Detective
then comes to his assistance,
who, using as his tool



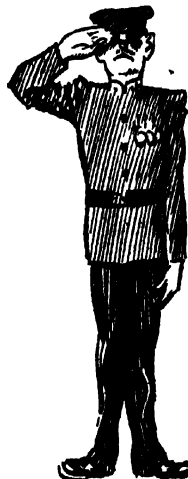
An Innocent Policeman,
has Jack arrested on the false
charge of administering poison to



The Verger of the Duke's Private Chapel;
but



A Typical Serving-Maid
overhears all these foul plots and
communicates them to her lover,



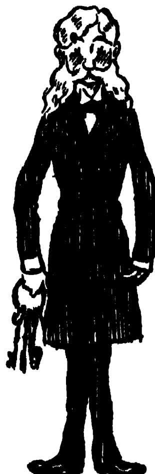
A Soldier of the King,
who, in turn imparts the
information to



His Humorous Mother,
whose magnetic influence with



The Home Secretary
is such that an order is immediately
sent to

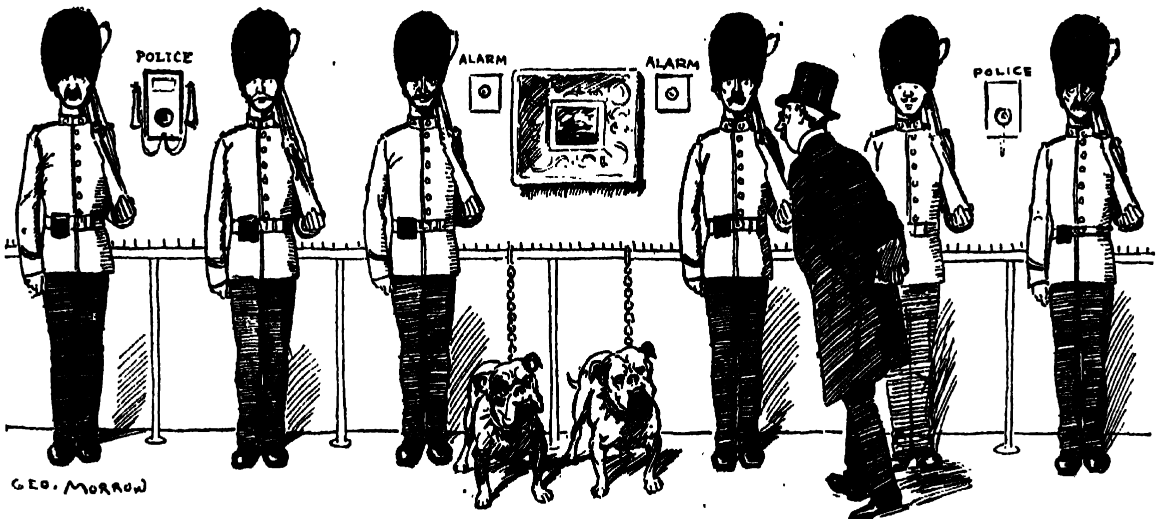


The Governor of Newgate
to release Jack. After which all ends happily—
the Duke being reduced to senile tears
by the unaided efforts of



The Comic Man
who marries the chief bridesmaid,
for whom unfortunately
we have no space.

GLIMPSES INTO THE FUTURE.



The Gem of the National Gallery.



A Folk-Song Society entranced by the singing of a Survivor from the old Music-Hall Stage.



A crowd of Channel Swimmers welcoming the first Atlantic Swimmer.

GLIMPSES INTO THE FUTURE.



A Cinematograph Operator giving instructions to a Commander-in-Chief before a battle.



The Last Fox in England.

MINCEMEAT.

(*By our Charivariety Artiste.*)

At last, we hear, the slot machine which so many commercial firms have been working for has been produced. Upon a French penny being inserted in this machine it plays the "*Marseillaise*" and brings up the police.

***

By-the-by, a vacuous youth recently placed a half-crown instead of a penny in one of the existing machines at a railway station to see if it would work. It would not, and the young man complained to a porter. "Serves you right," remarked that functionary, "for trying to cheat the machine."

***

Accident at a Shooting Party.

Sir Max Weinberg was out with a shooting party one afternoon last week, when a pheasant flew overhead. Sir Max fired, and the bird fell dead.

***

"Father," asked little Ernest, "why won't ghosts let you touch them?" "I expect it's on account of their clothes," replied the Source of all Knowledge. "You see they're always dressed in white, and so they're afraid of your finger-marks."

***

The announcement that the whole town of Santa Fé, Kansas, is shortly to be moved on wheels a distance of six miles to the south makes one wonder whether it might not be possible to take London to the seaside for a month each year in the hot season. The experiment might be tried first with a smaller city, such as Manchester.

Answer to a Correspondent:—To remove the taste of Castor Oil from the mouth, you will find nothing so efficacious as a dose of Gregory Powder.

***

Answer to another Correspondent:—To keep the nose warm in winter, try strapping a knitted egg-cosy on the part affected.

***

An advertisement:—"Write for our Anti-Fat Book. Thin paper edition now ready."



Client. "How is it oysters are so much better in cold weather?"

Bar Tender. "I dunno, Sir; I suppose it's because they pulls theirselves together."

In the nature of some persons the bargaining spirit would appear to be ineradicable. An Anglo-German plaintiff was being sworn. He was asked to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." "Vell, shall ve say *almost* de whole truth," he suggested with a winning smile.

***

We imagine that the most hard-worked private secretary in the world is the gentleman who acts in that capacity for a certain "self-made" Knight whose hobby is oratory. Not only has the secretary to write his master's speeches, but he has so to compose them that they do not contain a single word beginning with the letter H. The secretary looks tired sometimes.

***

"The hair is a plant," a scientist informs us. This explains the homœopathic use of the hair-restorer—another plant.

***

Messrs. A. & C. Black have published a book on "British Castles." Frankly we think it a pity, in view of what happened recently to Tattershall Castle, to draw attention to the fact that we still have some left. We trust, anyhow, that there will be no American edition of this work.

***

It is not only to careless people that accidents happen. The other day a caretaker was run over.

"Wanted, spade hands." So runs an advertisement emanating from some Cheltenham Nurseries. We admire the modesty of the children's request. For ourselves we should have chosen a set of No-trumpers with four aces apiece.

A WOMAN'S WORD (IN SEASON).

Now, what shall I write on Jim's card?
I'm utterly stuck for a word.
"Kind greetings" sound frigid and hard
And "regards" (even "cordial") absurd.
I want something warm yet restrained
Just to fill the blank space on the page;
For all may be lost, nothing gained,
If I show him too much at this stage.

My troubles would soon be dispersed
If Jim, like a person of sense,
Had posted his Christmas Card first
And shown me a lead at the fence;
Not sure of the lie of the land,
I won't run the risk of mishap,
But keep my emotions in hand
And make for a popular gap.

"Best wishes"—I think that will do,
"For Christmas, and each other, Day."
It doesn't say volumes, it's true,
And heavens! what heaps I could say!
What I want him to gather is this—
And he might if he wasn't so shy—
That, *of course*, my best wishes are his,
And so, for the asking, am I.



The Miser's hoard—Scene from "Les Cloches de Corneville" as played in A.D. 2911.



The Bagpipophone—For Winter Evenings in Kirriemuir, N.B.



Anxious Sportsman. "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S WRONG? HAS SOMEONE PEPPERED YOU?"
New Woman. "OH, NO; BUT—I—I'VE KILLED A PHEASANT."



Old Growler to his horse (on receiving his bare fare). "LOOK WOT YOU'VE BIN DRAGGIN' THREE MILES FOR HEIGHTEENPENCE!"



MR. F.E. SMITH as ALFRED JINGLE.



MR. P. F. WARNER as HORATIUS.



SIR THOS. LIPTON as CAPTAIN KETTLE.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL as a KINGSLEY WATER-BABY.



LORD MIDLETON as MRS. MALAPROP.



LORD WINTERTON as LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

LORD CURZON as LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.



LORD HALDANE as MR. CHADBAND.



LORD ROSEBERY as PETER PAN.

"The Boy who wouldn't grow up."



MR LEWIS V. HARCOURT as JEAMES of BUCKLEY SQUARE.



FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN as THE REV. ROBERT SPALDING.



MISS MARIE CORELLI as LALLA ROOKH.

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY COSTUME BALL.



Mild-mannered Master (who has been knocked over and tumbled upon by stranger). "Did you come far to do that?"



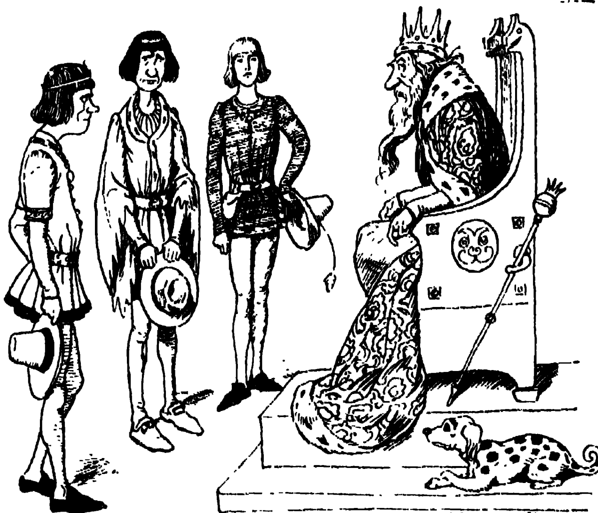
Irate Master. "Just look at them—all over the line! Did you ever see such fools?"

Huntsman. "As the sayin' is, Sir—'There's a fool born hevery hour of the day.' I believe they all 'unts, and most of 'em 'unts us."

THE GIANT WHO DIED FROM LAUGHING.

(A Matter-of-Fact Fairy Tale.)

Once upon a time there was a King who had three sons. The two eldest were lazy good-for-nothing young men, but the third son, whose name was Charming, was a delightful youth, who was loved by everybody (outside his family) who knew him. Whenever he rode through the town the people used to stop whatever work they were engaged upon and wave their caps and cry "Hurrah for Prince Charming!"—and even after he had passed they would continue to stop work, in case he might be coming back the same way, when they would wave their caps and cry "Hurrah for Prince Charming!" again. It was wonderful how fond of him they were.



"There was a King who had three sons."
(*From left to right:* 1st son, 2nd son, 3rd son, King, hound.)

But alas! his father the King was not so fond. He preferred his eldest son; which was funny of him, because he must have known that only the third and youngest son is ever any good in a family. Indeed, the King himself had been a third son, so he had really no excuse for ignorance on the point. I am afraid the truth was that he was jealous of Charming, because the latter was so popular outside his family.

Now there lived in the Palace an old woman called Countess Caramel, who had been governess to Charming when he was young. When the Queen lay dying the Countess had promised her that she would look after her youngest boy for her, and Charming had often confided in Caramel since. One morning, when his family had been particularly rude to him at breakfast, Charming said to her:

"Countess, I have made up my mind, and I am going into the world to seek my fortune."

"I have been waiting for this," said the Countess. "Here is a magic ring. Wear it always on your little finger, and whenever you want help turn it round once and help will come."

Charming thanked her and put the ring on his finger. Then he turned it round once just to make sure that it worked. Immediately the oddest little dwarf appeared in front of him.

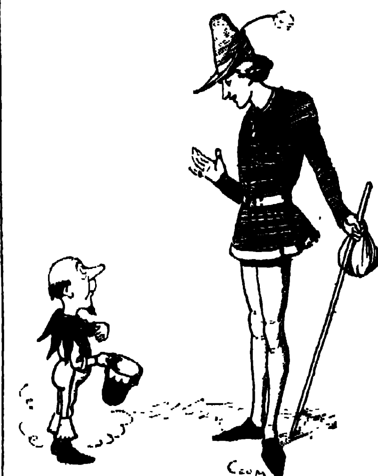
"Speak and I will obey," said the dwarf.

Now Charming didn't want anything at all just then, so after thinking for a moment he said, "Go away!"

The dwarf, a little surprised, disappeared.

"This is splendid," thought Charming, and he started on his travels with a light heart.

The sun was at its highest as he came to a thick wood, and in its shade he lay down to rest. He was awakened by the sound of weeping. Rising hastily to his feet he peered through the trees, and there, fifty yards away from him, by the side of a stream sat the most beautiful damsel he had ever seen, wringing her hands and sobbing bitterly. Prince Charming, grieving at the sight of beauty in such distress, coughed and came nearer.



The Little Dwarf.
(I have forgotten his name.)

"Princess," he said tenderly, for he knew she must be a Princess, "you are in trouble. How can I help you?"

"Fair Sir," she answered, "I had thought to be alone. But, since you are here, you can help me if you will. I have a—a brother——"

But Charming did not want to talk about brothers. He sat down on a fallen log beside her, and looked at her entranced.

"I think you are the most lovely lady in all the world," he said.

"Am I?" said the Princess, whose name, by the way, was Beauty.

She looked away from him and there was silence between them. Charming, a little at a loss, fidgeted nervously with his ring, and began to speak again.

"Ever since I have known you——"

"You are in need of help?" said the dwarf, appearing suddenly.

"Certainly not," said Charming angrily. "Not in the least. I can manage this quite well by myself."

"Speak, and I will obey."

"Then go away," said Charming; and the dwarf, who was beginning to lose his grip of things, again disappeared.

The Princess, having politely pretended to be looking for something while this was going on, turned to him again.

"Come with me," she said, "and I will show you how you can help me."

She took him by the hand and led him down a narrow glade to a little clearing in the middle of the wood. Then she made him sit down beside her on the grass, and there she told him her tale.

"There is a giant called Blunderbus," she said, "who lives in a great castle ten miles from here. He is a terrible magician, and years ago because I would not marry him he turned my—my brother into a—— I don't know how to tell you—into a—a tortoise." She put her hands to her face and sobbed again.

"Why a tortoise?" said Charming, knowing that sympathy was useless, but feeling that he ought to say *something*.

"I don't know. He just thought of it. It—it isn't a very nice thing to be."

"And why should he turn your *brother* into it? I mean, if he had turned *you* into a tortoise—— Of course," he went on hurriedly, "I'm very glad he didn't."

"Thank you," said Beauty.

"But I don't understand why——"

"He knew he could hurt me more by making my brother a tortoise than by making me one," she explained, and looked at him anxiously.

This was a new idea to Charming, who had two brothers of his own; and he looked at her in some surprise.

"Oh, what does it matter *why* he did it?" she cried as he was about to speak. "Why do giants do things? *I* don't know."

"Princess," said Charming remorsefully, and kissed her hand, "tell me how I can help you."

"My brother," said Beauty, "was to have met me here. He is late again." She sighed and added, "He used to be *so* punctual."

"But how can I help him?" asked Charming.

"It is like this. The only way in which the enchantment can be taken off him is for someone to kill the Giant. But, if once the enchantment has stayed on for seven years, then it stays on for ever."

Here she looked down and burst into tears.

"The seven years," she sobbed, "are over at sundown this afternoon."

"I see," said Charming thoughtfully.

"Here *is* my brother," cried Beauty.

An enormous tortoise came slowly into view. Beauty rushed up to him and, having explained the situation rapidly, made the necessary introduction.

"Charmed," said the Tortoise. "You can't miss the castle; it's the only one near here, and Blunderbus is sure to be at home. I need not tell you how grateful I shall be if you kill him. Though I must say," he added, "it puzzles me to think how you are going to do it."

"I have a friend who will help me," said Charming, fingering his ring.

"Well, I only hope you'll be luckier than the others."

"The others?" cried Charming in surprise.

"Yes; didn't she tell you about the others who had tried?"

"I forgot to," said Beauty, frowning at him.

"Ah, well, perhaps in that case we'd better not go into it now," said the Tortoise. "But before you start I should like to talk to you privately for a moment." He took Charming on one side and whispered, "I say, do *you* know anything about tortoises?"



Two's company.

"Very little," said Charming. "In fact——"

"Then you don't happen to know what they eat?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"Dash it, why doesn't *anybody* know? The others all made the most ridiculous suggestions. Steak and kidney puddings—and shrimp sandwiches—and buttered toast. Dear me! The nights we had after the shrimp sandwiches! And the fool swore he had kept tortoises all his life!"



"My Brother!"

(*Introducing the Family to Charming.*)

"If I may say so," said Charming, "I should have thought that *you* would have known best."

"The same silly idea they all have," said the Tortoise testily. "When Blunderbus put this enchantment on me, do you suppose he got a blackboard and a piece of chalk and gave me a lecture on the diet and habits of the common tortoise, before showing me out of the front gate? No, he simply turned me into the form of a tortoise and left my mind and soul as it was before. I've got the anatomy of a tortoise, I've got the very delicate inside of a tortoise, but I don't *think* like one, stupid. Else I shouldn't mind being one."

"I never thought of that."

"No one does, except me. And I can think of nothing else." He paused and added confidentially, "We're trying rum omelettes just now. Somehow I don't think tortoises *really* like them. However, we shall see. I suppose you've never heard anything definite against them?"

"You needn't bother about that," said Charming briskly. "By to-night you will be a man again." And he patted him encouragingly on the shell and returned to take an affectionate farewell of the Princess.

As soon as he was alone, Charming turned the ring round his finger, and the dwarf appeared before him.

"The same as usual?" said the dwarf, preparing to vanish at the word. He was just beginning to get into the swing of it.

"No, no," said Charming hastily. "I really want you this time." He thought for a moment. "I want," he said at last, "a sword. One that will kill giants."

Instantly a gleaming sword was at his feet. He picked it up and examined it.

"Is this really a magic sword?"

"It has but to inflict one scratch," said the dwarf, "and the result is death."



"Do *you* know anything about tortoises?"

Charming, who had been feeling the blade, took his thumb away hastily.

"Then I shall want a cloak of darkness," he said.

"Behold, here it is. Beneath this cloak the wearer is invisible to the eyes of his enemies."

"One thing more," said Charming. "A pair of seven-league boots . . . . Thank you. That is all to-day."

Directly the dwarf was gone, Charming kicked off his shoes and stepped into the magic boots; then he seized the sword and the cloak and darted off on his lady's behest. He had barely gone a hundred paces before a sudden idea came to him, and he pulled himself up short.

"Let me see," he reflected; "the castle was ten miles away. These are seven-league boots—so that I have come about two thousand miles. I shall have to go back." He took some hasty steps back, and found himself in the wood from which he had started.

"Well?" said Princess Beauty, "Have you killed him?"

"No, n-no," stammered Charming, "not exactly killed him. I was just—just practising something. The fact is," he added confidentially, "I've got a pair of new boots on, and——" He saw the look of cold surprise in her face and went on quickly, "I swear, Princess, that I will not return to you again without his head."

He took a quick step in the direction of the castle and found himself soaring over it; turned eleven miles off and stepped back a pace; overshot it again, and arrived at the very feet of the Princess.

"His head!" said Beauty eagerly.

"I—I must have dropped it," said Charming, hastily pretending to feel for it. "I'll just go and——" He stepped off in confusion.

Eleven miles the wrong side of the castle, Charming sat down to think it out. It was but two hours to sundown. Without his magic boots he would get to the castle too late. Of course, what he really wanted to do was to erect an isosceles triangle on a base of eleven miles, having two sides of twenty-one miles each. But this was before EUCLID's time.



"HAVE YOU KILLED HIM?"

However, by taking one step to the north and another to the south-west, he found himself close enough. A short, if painful, walk, with his boots in his hand, brought him to his destination. He had a moment's natural hesitation about calling at a strange castle in his stockinged feet, but consoled himself with the thought that in life-and-death matters one cannot bother about little points of etiquette, and that, anyhow, the giant would not be able to see him. Then, donning the magic cloak, and with the magic sword in his hand, he entered the castle gates. For an instant his heart seemed to stop beating, but the thought of the Princess gave him new courage. . . .



CHARMING MISJUDGES THE DISTANCE.

The Giant was sitting in front of the fire, his great spiked club between his knees. At Charming's entry he turned round, gave a start of surprise, bent forward eagerly a moment, and then leant back chuckling. Like most overgrown men he was naturally kindhearted and had a simple humour, but he could be stubborn when he liked. The original affair of the tortoise seems to have shown him both at his best and at his worst.

"Why do you walk like that?" he said pleasantly to Charming. "The baby is not asleep."

Charming stopped short.

"You see me?" he cried furiously.

"Of course I do! Really, you mustn't expect to come into a house without anything on your feet and not be a *little* noticeable. Even in a crowd I should have picked you out."

"That miserable dwarf," said Charming savagely, "swore solemnly to me that beneath this cloak I was invisible to the eyes of my enemies!"

"But then we *aren't* enemies," smiled the Giant sweetly. "I like you immensely. There's something about you—directly you came in . . . I think it must be love at first sight."

"So *that*'s how he tricked me!"

"Oh no, it wasn't really like that. The fact is you are invisible *beneath* that cloak, only—you'll excuse my pointing it out—there are such funny bits of you that aren't beneath the cloak. You've no idea how odd you look; just a head and two legs, and a couple of arms. . . . Waists," he murmured to himself, "are not being worn this year."

But Charming had had enough of talk. Gripping his sword firmly, he threw aside his useless cloak, dashed forward, and with a beautiful lunge pricked his enemy in the ankle.

"Victory!" he cried, waving his magic sword above his head. "Thus is Beauty's brother delivered!"

The Giant stared at him for a full minute. Then he put his hands to his sides and fell back shaking in his chair.

"Her brother!" he roared. "Well, of all the—— Her *brother!*" He rolled on the floor in a paroxysm of



THE EFFECT OF THE MAGIC CLOAK.

(Not, as you thought, a jig-saw puzzle with some of the pieces missing.)



Old Gentleman. "By Jove! He nearly had you that time."
Postman (who has just managed to scramble over the gate and escape). "Yes, he pretty near has me every time."

mirth. "Her brother! Oh, you—— You 'll kill me! Her b-b-b-b-brother! Her b-b-b-b——her b b-b—her b-b——"

The world suddenly seemed very cold to Charming. He turned the ring on his finger.



Blunderbus sees his last joke.

"Well?" said the Dwarf.

"I want," said Charming curtly, "to be back at home, riding through the streets on my cream palfrey, amidst the cheers of the populace. . . . At once."

* * * * *

An hour later Princess Beauty and Prince Udo, who was not her brother, gazed into each other's eyes; and Beauty's last illusion went.

"You 've altered," she said slowly.

"Yes, I 'm not *really* much like a tortoise," said Udo humorously.

"I meant since seven years ago. You 're much stouter than I thought."

"Time hasn't exactly stood still with you, you know, Beauty."

"Yet you saw me every day, and went on loving me."

"Well—er—— " He shuffled his feet and looked away.

"*Didn't* you?"

"Well, you see—of course I wanted to get back, you see—and as long as you—I mean if we—if you thought we were in love with each other, then, of course, you were ready to help me. And so—— "

"You 're quite old and bald. I can't think why I didn't notice it before."

"Well, you wouldn't when I was a tortoise," said Udo pleasantly. "As tortoises go I was really quite a youngster. Most of them live to be a tremendous age. Besides, anyhow one never notices baldness in a tortoise."

"I think," said Beauty, weighing her words carefully, "I think you 've gone off a good deal in looks in the last day or two."

* * * * *

Charming was home in time for dinner; and next morning he was more popular than ever as he rode through the streets of the city. But Blunderbus lay dead in his Castle. You and I know that he was killed by the magic sword; yet somehow a strange legend



Disillusioned; or the New Enoch Arden.

grew up around his death. And ever afterwards in that country, when one man told his neighbour a more than ordinarily humorous anecdote, the latter would cry, in between the gusts of merriment, "Don't! You 'll make me die of laughter!" And then he would pull himself together, and add with a sigh—"Like Blunderbus."

A. A. M.



Parlour-Maid (*to Vicar, trying to write a sermon*). "PLEASE, SIR, THE MISTRESS TOLD ME NEVER TO DISTURB YOU UNLESS SHE WAS OUT AND I COULDN'T ASK HER!" *Vicar.* "WELL, WHAT IS IT?" *Parlour-Maid.* "SHE'S OUT NOW, SIR." *Vicar.* "WELL! WELL!" *Parlour-Maid.* "PLEASE, SIR, MAY I GIVE POLLY A NUT?"

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND.

WHEN all the world is cold and dark without,
When through a window that is far from clean
The solemn day peers in as though in doubt—
He that of late so buoyant was of mien—
As to his very fitness to be seen;
When London fog, and skies of London grey,
Recall the golden splendour that has been,
And the sick bard reflects, with strong dismay,
That here he is for good, and here he has to stay;

Then, when the gates of light are wholly blocked,
My fragile soul, accustomed to a peak
Of clear empyreal air, is straightly knocked
Into the glooming middle of next week.
Darkling I gaze around, and darkling seek
Some helpful charm these wintry woes to end,
Vainly, until, with sudden-brightening cheek,
I turn to thee, O Portrait of my Friend,
And slowly all grows clear, and things begin to mend.

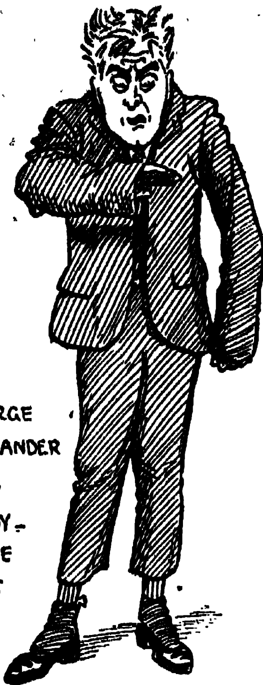
On a most mellow lawn, within a chair
Of pleasing comfort, calmly as a lord
He sits; a blissful scent is on the air,
Borne from his pipe: umbrageous elms afford
A comely shelter for the shaven sward;
Pensive he sits; a book is on his knee.
Ah, happy book, he is not looking bored;
Doubtless his musings are inspired by thee
Partly, and partly by th' approaching hour of tea.

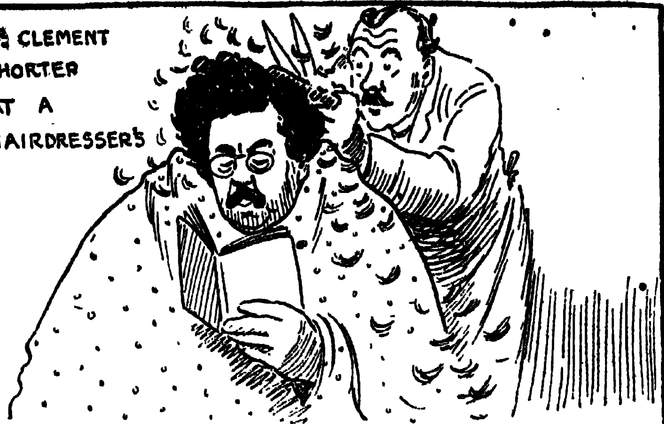
And, gazing with rapt eyes, I am withdrawn
Into a pleasant land of summer ease.
Methinks I stand upon a flower-fringed lawn;
Roses commingle on a lightsome breeze
With the choice weed; the lazy hum of bees,
The song of sleepy birds, entrance my sprite;
All is cool air, clear skies, and kindly trees
That shed a shadowy rapture—different, quite,
From the depressing weight of town's material blight.

And in that hour what fantasies of song,
Like wandering cloudlets, flow across my brain!
What spell is on me! I could go full strong,
But no. The fancy fades. I hear again
The press of many feet, the dripping rain;
The fog broods round me, and the solemn day
Pallidly glimmers through an unclean pane;
And all is dim, and dull, and dismal grey,
As I turn up the light, and sigh, ah well-a-way.

O cool, calm shape, sit on. Thy fragrant pipe
For ever shalt thou smoke, and not consume.
For thee shall summer be for ever ripe,
The sky be fair, nor waning seasons doom
Thy fancy suiting to a wintry tomb.
Fair youth, beneath thine elms, thou canst not know
The awful deeps of London's heavy gloom;
But be it thine, when I am bored and low,
To waft me hence, as now, for some half hour or so.

DUM-DUM.













SITUATIONS WE CANNOT BEAR TO CONTEMPLATE.

CELEBRITIES AND THEIR LITTLE HOBBIES.



Mr. Sargent, R.A., devotes his leisure hours to arranging upside-down designs for ceiling and lunette decoration of public buildings. ("Yes! that's capital! couldn't be better! Keep exactly like that, please—I'll lower you all down again at lunch-time.")



The Rotary Stimulator; or "B.M.G."—So many members of the Unionist Party make a hobby of devising and elaborating designs for the encouragement and propulsion of their revered Leader that, to save overcrowding, we here show an instrument calculated to satisfy all tastes.



Lord Charles Beresford derives enormous pleasure and entertainment from unveiling nice little "souvenir" statues of Mr. Reginald McKenna in his back garden—a pretty reminder of the right hon. gentleman's animated term of office at the Admiralty.



By a happy coincidence Mr. McKenna amuses himself in a very similar way. The statue—oddly enough of Lord Charles himself—which he is here unveiling, is a spirited example of the exuberant "bravura" of his method of modelling.

CELEBRITIES AND THEIR LITTLE HOBBIES.



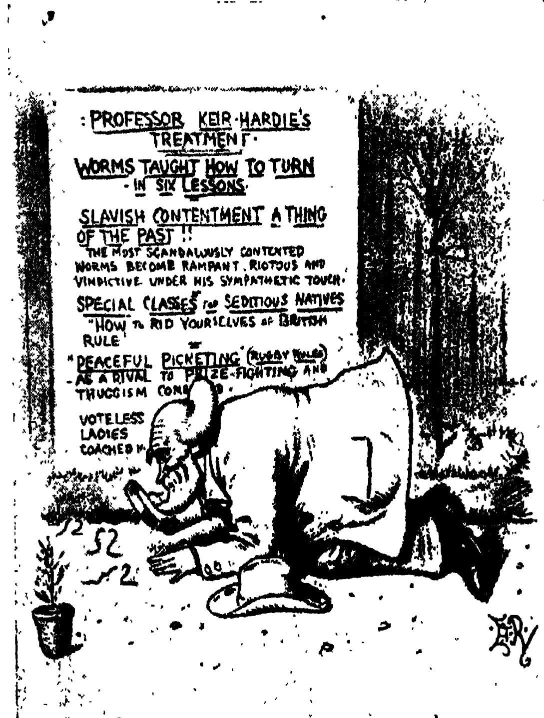
Mr. Pélissier's hobby is performing on the "tight-rope" in his garden. ("Well, what's the good of talking like that! It *was* a 'tight-rope' all right before I went and got on it; but there you are. You see—*that's just the trouble!*")



Sir Ernest Shackleton enjoys nothing more than taking his Academy of "Flappers" for a health-giving blow on Wimbledon Common. He adopts a suitably quiet and blameless costume which is responsible for the fact that this is the first Press Notice of an interesting habit.



Mr. Runciman proposes to gambol light-heartedly with the joyous lamb (when in season), and thus to steep himself in the pastoral spirit and the local colour of his new position at the head of the Board of Agriculture. Just at present, the right season is not available.



Mr. Keir-Hardie, in his spare time (as, indeed, in working hours), devotes himself to the encouragement of a *fighting spirit in the ordinarily innocuous;* but draws the line at any scheme of national defence as being rank militarism and a mad blood-guiltiness.

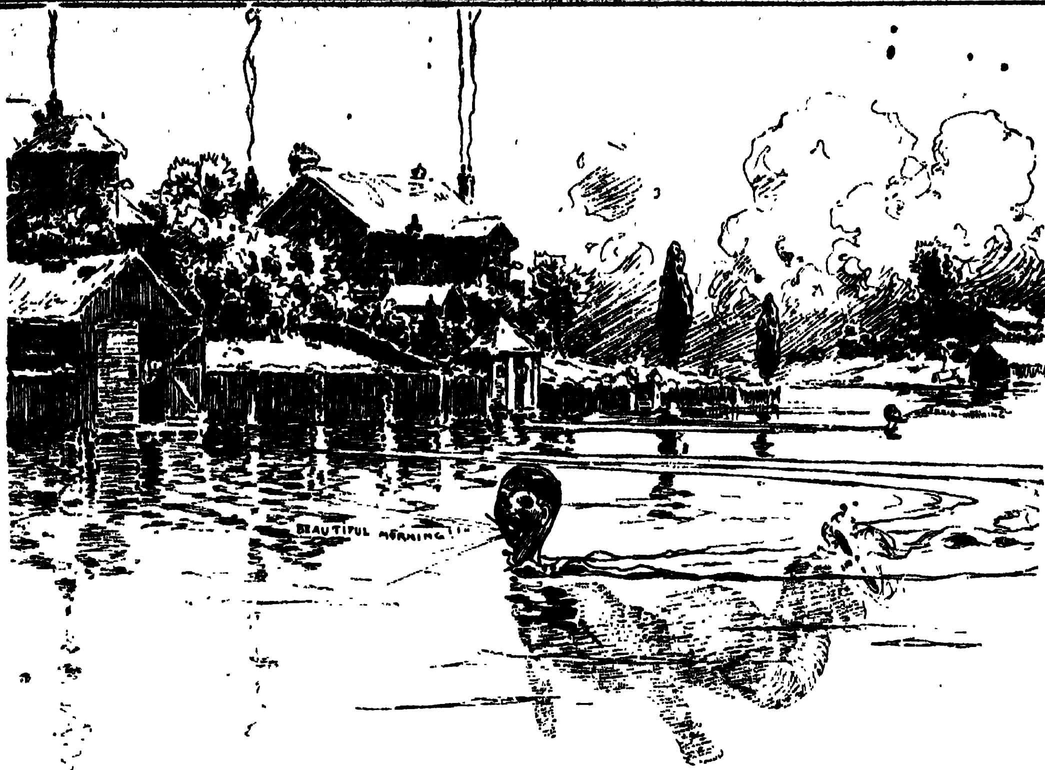


Period—The War of 1914.

Furious M.F.H. (*to invaders, who have made a dashing charge at supposed red-coated cavalry*). "WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU, AND WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT? D'YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, YOU CONFOUNDED SET OF TAILORS? YOU'VE—YOU'VE *HEADED THE FOX!*"



'Arry (*to the Master, galloping to Holloa*). "LOOSE MY STIRRUP, OLE MAN, WILL YER! IT'S GOT 'ITCHED ON TO THIS BLOOMIN' POST."



THIS SEASON'S GOODS.—THE DUMMY SWIMMER.

FOR ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND RIVER BATHERS WHO REALISE THE FOOLISHNESS OF THE PROCEDURE, BUT HAVE APPEARANCES TO KEEP UP. MADE IN EXACT LIKENESS OF PURCHASER. GUARANTEED TO SWIM A CIRCLE OF 200 YARDS AND RETURN TO HAND. IS FITTED WITH INTERNAL GRAMOPHONE WHICH THREE TIMES ON THE ROUND EXCLAIMS "BEAUTIFUL MORNING!!" SHOULD PURCHASER BE FORCED AT ANY TIME TO RESCUE HIMSELF MONEY WILL BE RETURNED.



THIS SEASON'S GOODS.—THE PARTING GUEST'S REFUGE.

WHEN TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT USE OUR SPARE TYRE—SAVES ALL TIPS. THE HOTEL SERVANTS WILL BE STILL LOOKING FOR YOU.

Despite apathy at home, the good old English Christmas has lost none of its popularity abroad.


Bringing in the Yule Log at Itzegnanda's Kraal.


Plucking the Bird at the Forty-Ninth Cataract.


The Mistletoe Tradition at Salt Lake City.



Archibald (*relating ghost story*). "THEN SLOWLY OUT OF THE GLOOM APPEARED A TERRIBLE THING, SO WEIRD, SO APPALLING, THAT I WAS PETRIFIED. *WHAT DO YOU THINK IT WAS?*" *Tommy* (*excitedly*). "I KNOW, I KNOW. YOURSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS!"



"HULLO! WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU!" "I AM SIR ULRIC GYRTH OF THE BLOODY HANDS, FOUNDER OF THIS HOUSE!" "BY JOVE! THAT'S A BIT OF LUCK MEETING YOU, OLD MAN; YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SHOW ME WHERE THE BATHROOM IS."



Palmam qui meruit ferat.



REST AFTER TOIL.

(A Welcome on its Eve to 1912, *being Leap Year.)*

Our labour hath its ending,
The lute at last is dumb;
On trouser-knees past mending
No more you 'll catch me bending;
Ladies, your turn has come.

Beneath what open casements
Have I not sung my suits;
With what profound abasements,
What tactful self-effacements
Avoided parents' boots!

To hearts how prone to harden
For three long years I 've put
What pleas for grace or pardon
In many a twilit garden,
How dampish underfoot!

Ay, more, when out to dinner
How oft I 've murmured "Stoop,
Sweet angel, to this sinner,"
And tried all arts to win her
Before we 'd touched the soup.

And when I found no favour,
Of one fond hope bereft,
Turned to the fair enslaver
(In case *her* heart might waver)
Who simpered on my left,

And said, "Shall *we* get married?"
And when she answered "Pish!"
Beheld my future arid,
My day-dreams twice miscarried,
Not halfway through the fish.

On country walks, at dances,
Well have I waged the strife;
Hang it! with all these chances
Anyone's fond advances
Ought to have bagged a wife.

But no! without compunction
(Or stay, there was that touch
Of pity's mellowing unction
From Maud, at Blisworth Junction)
You 've all replied, "Not much."

And now the tourney's closing
Has left me limp and done;
'Tis time for dreams and dozing,
Three years of hard proposing
Do take it out of one.

But if my field of vision
Has overlooked some few
Who might without derision
Have watched the dart's incision
Where Love had pinked me through—

Some maids or fair or clever
Who did not mean to flout
My amorous endeavour,
(But by some fluke I never
Happened to find them out)—

Behold, Convention's fetters
Have vanished like a ghost;
Ye must be Love's abettors,
Girls, and I 'd like your letters,
Please, by an early post.

Evoe.

From the *Grocers' Gazette* (our favourite paper):—

"An attempted burglary at Mile End early on Tuesday morning had a somewhat startling termination, one of the several men attempting to rob the premises of the Eagle Confectionery Co. falling down a lift-well and injuring himself. The company have suffered in this way on several occasions of late."

We think that in their choice of exit these burglars should have shown more consideration for the company.

THE SWISS HOTEL.

I.—ITS HABITS.

IN summer the Swiss hotel may be but a port of call for passing tourists, an inn, if you will. But in the Christmas holidays, when it battens and grows fat upon the boom in Alpine sport, it is as a "Home from home" that it must stand or fall.

I do not care to dwell upon their differences, to pit one against another, to subdivide or classify. There is a nobler field for contemplation in those common traits that run—like a golden thread—through each and all of them, and bind them, as it were, into one brotherhood. For with all their diversities they are beautifully and consistently alike. Each has, I will admit, some little endearing habit or peculiarity by which one loves to remember it. There is one I could name in which the electric light goes down when the lift goes up. There is another (I know it sounds impossible), where the skating-rink is on a slope; either that or it is an optical illusion. There is a third—a cherished memory—which gives you buttered toast. I have been told that there is one in the Engadine where avalanches off the roof always catch you at the front door. I am myself familiar with one in the Oberland where there are finger-bowls. But these are mere negligible excrescences upon the structure of their fundamental unity. They all rejoice in a lavish and reckless expenditure of electric light. They all support, in the central hall, a sort of steaming jungle of wet sweaters, gloves, skis, curling-brooms, goloshes and blobs of melting snow. They are all approached through a lounge or "Winter garden" with a swinging door that bangs. They all take in the wrong London papers. They all have the same wall-paper in the passages. And they all have ices every Thursday and Sunday night. (That is why the most efficient and far-sighted of the tourist agencies arrange their return trips for Fridays and Mondays.)

I used to wonder why they had so many names, for no Alpine Hotel can ever flourish under a single one. You may live for a week in the happy delusion that your correct address is the HÔTEL BELVEDERE, only to discover one day that the note-paper is headed HÔTEL BEAU SITE. This arouses your curiosity, and you furtively examine the linen and find that it is marked HÔTEL NATIONAL. Even then you have not exhausted the subject, for, if you will take a walk round the building and carefully survey it, as like as not you will find in great gold letters over the back-door the legend HÔTEL DES ALPES. I used to wonder why that should be. I had an unworthy suspicion that when a new resort grew up the first proprietor in the field set to work to peg out all the best names and have them plastered on his building for fear that someone else would get them. I pictured to myself especially the wild competition that set in for the name HÔTEL BRISTOL. (It is one of the unsolved mysteries of this curious subject that almost every little wayside inn in the Alps is called the HÔTEL BRISTOL.) But a further study of the Swiss character has given me a truer explanation of the practice. I now believe that the enterprising manager has made up his mind that his hostelry shall attract and invite by the very diversity of its titles. Thus he appeals to the patriotism of his countrymen by calling his hotel the HÔTEL NATIONAL. HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE cannot be resisted by Londoners. HÔTEL BRISTOL—but there I give it up.

The food is excellent, and it is a mistake to be discouraged in the early part of the day, for you will be fully compensated for your meagre breakfast by a more than adequate lunch. If the dinner has a fault it is to be found in what I can only call its lack of climax. There is an absence of that fine *crescendo* (to the joint), followed by a certain tempered ebb, which characterizes a dinner in a London hotel. The menu cards are always worthy of study. It is pleasant to find that the same custom of multiplying names, which I have already noticed in regard to the hotel itself, is faithfully carried out in the smallest detail of management. It shows thoroughness. You will thus meet with a fowl—to all intents and purposes, a fowl—on four consecutive evenings under the titles *Poulet, Poularde, Volaille* and *Chapon.*

The radiator in your bedroom is your best friend, and should be treated as such, but it requires a little careful study. If it clicks internally when you turn it on it is all right; but if it sputters you should ring for the chambermaid. She understands it. When it gurgles softly in the night it is going to freeze.

The washing is performed with amazing promptitude, but, on the other hand, you never get those little black studs in your dress shirts, so it is no use expecting them.

Finally, there is this outstanding peculiarity about the guests themselves. At any moment you may come across a party of Swiss or other foreigners among them. It really gives the place quite a cosmopolitan air.

LONDON'S CRYING NEED.

(*Interview with Mr. Grewsy Gramer.*)

"THE trouble with London, as I view it," said the great *entrepreneur*, "is its poverty of entertainment. I am astonished at it. I go out for long walks and frequently find myself in a street with no picture-palace in it. I understand that there actually are still suburbs that have not given their name to a local Empire. In the whole length of Harley Street there is no play-house. This means," he continued, "that quite a host of people are forced, owing to the disproportion between the number of Londoners and the number of seats, still to spend their evenings at home. It is this evil that I have set out to remedy. My campaign is clear. I cannot quite manage one theatre for every Londoner, but I am pledged to find every Londoner a seat at some performance or other on every night of the year. Everyone."

"That is your life work?" I said.

"Precisely. It is the task I have set myself, and I am busy acquiring sites for music-halls, theatres, picture-palaces everywhere in this city, north, south, east, west and in the middle. I mean to be thorough. For example, I have learned that many of the bargees and lightermen on the river are unacquainted with the cinema. What shall I do? Establish a floating picture-palace to ply between Greenwich and London Bridge. See here," he said, pointing to a pile of papers several feet high. "Architects' plans. All my theatres are to be attractive. Terra-cotta fronts; statues of the Comic and Tragic Muse; busts of EDISON; geraniums; commissionaires. I believe in lifting the masses.

"My horror of the benighted state of this city," he continued, "is not to be expressed in words. Only one Olympia, for example. Only one large variety hall that gives fifteen performances a week. Why, there should be hundreds. And will be. I will have people amused. The world has been thinking and doing long enough; it is time for us all to concentrate on beguilement. I will give three performances a day in every house that I control, and if need be four or five. I look upon it as a sacred duty."

A Warning to Honesty.

"Lost. On Monday, from Rugby Market, Bob Tail Sheep Dog. Anyone returning will pay expenses."—*Advert. in "Rugby Advertiser."*

So now they know!

From "Stocks and Shares" in *The Daily Mirror*:—

"Spies were in a nervous condition."

They may well be just now.



TOO APT A PUPIL.

Japan (*in full Occidental costume*). "I CAN'T *THINK* WHERE HE GETS HIS WESTERN NOTIONS FROM. FOR MY PART THEY SCANDALISE ME."



Taxi-Driver (who has received his bare fare). "'ALF A MO', CULLY. 'FORE YOU SHUT THE DOOR, JUST SEE IF 'E'S PINCHED MY MAT."

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN, we see from a prospectus, have made arrangements whereby a certain book may be obtained on approval, "it being understood that, if not purchased, it is returned uncut." But surely only a practised reviewer can judge of the merits of a book without reading it?

* * *

The influence of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE again? Messrs. CASSELL AND CO. are bringing out a publication entitled *The World of Stamps*.

* * *

The advisability of giving Indestructible Toy Books as presents to children is being doubted by many members of the medical profession. It seems that some of these volumes really cannot be destroyed, with the result that many children, finding themselves baffled, fly into paroxysms of rage, with disastrous effects to their health.

* * *

Extract from *The Magic of the Hill*, by DUNCAN SCHWANN:—"Then he actually stretched out his hand, and, taking her slender gloved one, pressed it in token of his sincerity. The lady, not to be outdone, squeezed his back." The Militant Woman once more!

An interesting anthology, entitled *The Charm of India*, has fallen into our hands. It contains three capital accounts of "The Cawnpore Massacre."

* * *

Mr. JOSEPH PENNELL, in his little book, *The Great New York*, is harder on his countrymen than we should dare to be. We might, perhaps, say that New Yorkers were inclined to brag. Mr. PENNELL boldly calls one of his drawings "The Unbelievable City."

* * *

We note the publication of *The Story of Emma, Lady Hamilton*, by JULIA FRANKAM, sumptuously illustrated, price thirty guineas net, and are sorry to hear that many cautious Scotsmen interested in the subject intend to wait until a sixpenny edition appears.

The Nut.

"At Cambridge, it will be remembered, he graduated with Mathematical honours, winning the Chancellor's Medal (the Blue Ribbon of Classical Scholarship), and he was also stroke of his year there, leaving it with a brilliant record."—*Irish Independent.*

"During the visit to Majo College Queen Mary witnessed a tent-pegging competition by the students and other sports."—*Reuter.*

They are a gay lot at Majo College. Even the Dean is a bit of a sport in his way.

A HINT TO *WHITAKER*.

THE inclusion in the list of Athletic Records in *Whitaker's Almanack* of a Standing High Jump with both ankles tied suggests the admission of other feats of an unconventional character.

Amongst these we venture to suggest the following:—

Three-legged race: fastest time done by a trio of one-legged men.

Long Jump while singing "The Lost Chord."

Putting the Weight (*a*) with a toy balloon, (*b*) with plum-pudding.

Throwing the hammer; largest number of spectators injured.

Blindfold Skating race in hobble skirts.

Longest lady's leap on seeing (*a*) a mouse, (*b*) a blackbeetle.

Throwing the Cricket-ball with buttered fingers.

From "A New Year's Journey" in *The British Weekly* of December 28th, 1911:—

"Juliet was asleep. A small empty hamper at her feet told its own tale."

It is only fair to *Juliet* to explain that the hamper had been occupied not by bottles with gilded tops, but by a Persian kitten called Silverheels.

SOCIETY NOTES.

By Our Unscrupulous Reporter.

THE deepest sympathy is felt with Mr. MAX BEERBOHM in his recent misfortune. While changing from his polo clothes into evening dress on Saturday last he chanced to lean inadvertently over a lighted candle and singed his beard almost beyond repair. The barber was at once summoned, and everything possible was done for the distinguished patient, who is, we hear, doing well.

* * * * *

The musical conductor at the Manchester theatre at which Mr. HARRY LAUDER, the famous Caledonian buffo, is delighting pantomime audiences, has taken a leaf out of the book of the genial JIMMY GLOVER, of Old Drury, the acreage of whose Boxing Night smile is as much a feature of London life in the festive season as the poulterers' turkey show. Mr. GLOVER, as is well known, is specially skilled in adapting old airs to new uses. The Manchester conductor, with equal adroitness, has arranged HANDEL'S "Hallelujah Chorus" as the symphony which brings the Scotch comedian on the stage whenever he is due, the orchestra meanwhile softly singing the words "HARRY LAUDER! HARRY LAUDER!" Everyone, we need hardly say, is delighted.

* * * * *

The greatest concern obtains in Crowborough and district over the tragic death of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S friend, Dr. Watson. The deceased medico, who was known to the reading public by his association with the great detective, Sherlock Holmes, whose genius he is supposed greatly to have stimulated by an attitude of homage and astonishment which nothing could change, met his end under very painful circumstances. Sir ARTHUR and he were on the Ashdown Forest links and had safely negotiated the first three holes when Dr. Watson slipped just as he was driving off for the fourth, and such was the vigour of his swing that his club, completing its circuit, literally severed his head from his body. Sir ARTHUR stated to an interviewer that in a long and crowded experience he never saw anything so remarkable. Dr. Watson will be buried in the Strand.

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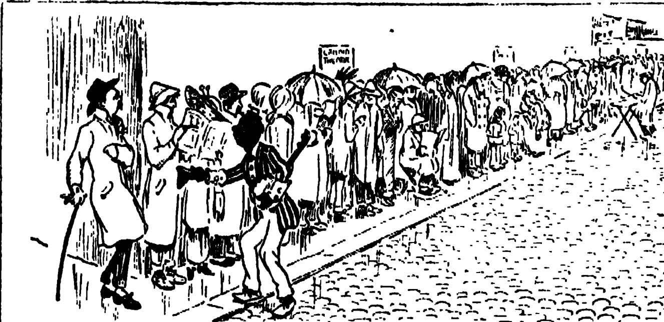
Profound regret is rife in theatrical circles at the afflicting experience that befell Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER last week. He has recently installed a hydraulic trousers-press in his dressing-room at the St. James's Theatre, which has hitherto worked admirably, but on Friday night, in an access of zeal, the official charged with the duty of operating the machine applied too much power, with the result that, when the trousers required for the Second Act of *Bella Donna* were removed from the press, they were found to be squeezed inextricably into a single thickness! The grief of the operator, a retired Major in the Indian army, was something pitiable to witness, and Sir GEORGE, in view of his previously blameless record, decided to overlook the blunder, but has reduced his salary from £10 to £9 17*s.* 6*d.* a week.

* * * * *

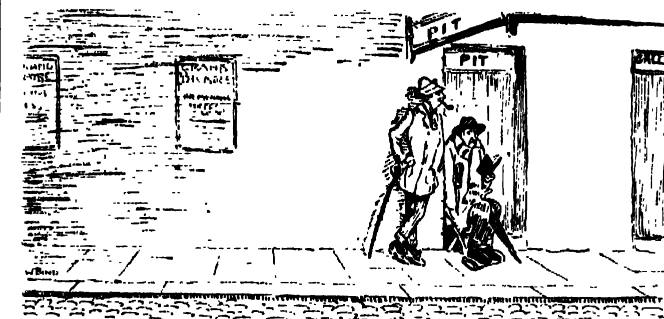
Sir HENRY HOWORTH, who recently celebrated the jubilee anniversary of his first contribution to *The Times*, has been deeply interested in Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S convincing proof of the continued existence of centaurs, and has arranged to accompany the gifted *littérateur* on an expedition to Nova Zembla, in the hope that Mr. BLACKWOOD'S cosmic *flair* will enable him to revive the gigantic mammoth which is embedded in an ice-floe in that region, and which Mr. BLACKWOOD believes to be only hibernating. The feelings of the staff of *The Times* at the prospect of Sir HENRY'S prolonged absence can better be imagined than described.

* * * * *

The Chevalier LE QUEUX has been literally bombarded with telegrams of congratulation from his countless friends and admirers on his good fortune in evading a disaster which might have caused a dynastic convulsion affecting both hemispheres. The Chevalier, it is well known, is deeply addicted to revolver shooting, at which he is a past master. The other day, while leaning out of the window of his sumptuous villa at Cettinje, he amused himself by picking off butterflies on the wing. Imagine his feelings when, five minutes after he had emptied the last chamber of his revolver, the King of MONTENEGRO passed by wearing a butterfly tie! The episode, we understand, will figure prominently in the Chevalier's forthcoming novel, *Monarchs I have missed.*



WOULD YOU SOONER ARRIVE AT 4 P.M. TO TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE PIT-QUEUE AND FIND ABOUT TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE ALREADY THERE—



OR ARRIVE AT 10 A.M. AND HOLD YOUR POSITION ALL DAY, ONLY TO BE JOINED BY ONE OTHER PLAYGOER ABOUT TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE DOORS OPEN?

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that on Christmas Day the Fire Brigade received calls to several houses where the flames round the plum pudding burned so fiercely that there was danger of the pudding itself being consumed.

***

From New York comes the news that on Christmas Eve a number of millionaires gave a supper to four hundred tramps. But there was a worm in this Paradise, for one of the hosts recited to them a Christmas poem of his own composition.

***

The Marquis of QUEENSBERRY has decided to renounce British citizenship and to settle in the United States. This is a knock-out blow for the old country.

***

Another new Reader of Plays is to be appointed next year. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN desires it to be known that the fact of any candidate's possessing actual qualifications for the post will not necessarily be a fatal bar to the consideration of his claims.

Forty-eight dogs which have been trained for war have just reached the Italians in Tripoli. They are intended to supplement the ordinary dogs of war which were let slip several months ago.

* * *

An irreverent and illiterate Englishman who has just returned from the United States was heard to describe that country, the other day, as "A Hell Dollarado."

* * *

The Daily Mail informs us that on Christmas Eve a set of twins, Mr. Henry Jollie and Mr. David Jollie, who were born at Leslie in Fifeshire, celebrated their 87th birthday. Frankly, we must decline to be interested in them. In our opinion twins ought never to be allowed to exceed the age of seven. After that they become an absurdity. Picture these two old gentlemen both dressed in Fauntleroy suits and walking about hand-in-hand.

* * *

The Christmas Number of *The Strand Magazine* publishes a collection of Spoonerisms. But we miss our favourite. Here it is. Mr. Spooner, runs the tale, went to an evening At Home. He remarked a friend sitting out with a lady in the conservatory. "Ah, Williamson," cried the genial don, "you've got a nosey little cook there!"

* * *

A strange tale comes from Chicago. A sect of Sun-worshippers have been bringing up a little boy as the Sun's Earthly God, and, in order to increase his divinity, he was fed on white grapes and beer. This beverage—if we may judge from our experience of devoted beer-drinkers—ought certainly to give him the right colouring for a Sun-God.

* * *

"New York Bank Returns," read an old lady. "And I never knew that one of them had been missing," she remarked.

* * *

During the Christmas holidays burglars entered a Bristol warehouse by breaking through a substantial stone wall. They found the steel safe inaccessible, and they ransacked a desk without finding anything of value. It is now stated that in the desk there was a bag of gold which escaped their notice, and the safe contained £500. This is the sort of thing which sours our burglars, and, we would ask, is it really necessary that such facts should be published?

* * *

The Leaning Tower of Pisa has, according to the commission which has been examining it, "become slowly and slightly more slanting since 1817." What may happen one day is obvious. One could, indeed, scarcely blame the Tower if, after leaning for all these years, it were to sit down for a bit.



Burglar (tasting caviare for first time). "*Poison, be gum!* They must 'a put it there o' purpose."

Killed with Kindness; or, The Chaplain's Doom.

"Seats will be reserved for all gazetted officers who signify their intention of attending to the chaplain."—*Sind Gazette.*

"Moki, the snake charmer, was attacked at Edinburgh by an African boa constrictor. The reptile struck at her cheek, but Moki promptly seized it by the paw."—*Exeter Express.*

We should have pinched its ear and said "Naughty!"

RONDEAU.

(*In an express train at midnight.*)

I'm out of spirits. Why? you ask.
Have I lost money on a race?
Have I some uncongenial task
Which gives me such a mournful face?
Is it because I've ceased to bask
In Dora's smiles (or those of Grace)
I'm out of spirits?

Reader, the truth I will unmask:—
The reason of my sour grimace
You will consider commonplace;—
I see, on looking at my flask,
I'm out of spirits!

SOME RECENT DECISIONS.

By the Rules of Golf Committee.

WILLESDEN BEC GOLF CLUB.—In a match-play competition B, a beginner, has a six-foot put for a half. As he is about to make his stroke his opponent A points to some dead leaves in the line of the put, and saying, "You're allowed to move these, you know," brushes them aside for him. B thanks him and holes out. What is the ruling in the two following cases? (1) B claims the hole on the ground that A interfered with the line of his put. (2) B does not claim the hole, whereupon A claims it on the ground that B did not enforce the penalty against him.

ANSWER.—(1) The hole is B's. He has acted like a golfer and a sportsman. (2) The hole is A's. B's conduct in not enforcing the penalty may be "cricket," but it is distinctly "not golf."

MIDDLESEX VALLEY GOLF CLUB.—Our course is a very wet one in winter. During the recent rains A (24) and B (18) played a match. At the third tee, only one spot on the teeing ground was above water. A accordingly teed up there and attempted to drive, but was unfortunate enough to miss the sphere altogether. The only available place on the tee was now occupied by A's ball, and B therefore directed his caddie to build a pyramid of sand over it, from the top of which he played his ball successfully, leaving the sand intact. A gets out with a niblick, and B thereupon alleges that he has incurred a penalty stroke by grounding his club while playing out of sand. Is this right?

ANSWER.—This is a very difficult problem which does not seem to have arisen before. It should be dealt with by the club committee; the local rules, if necessary, being altered to meet the case.

NEW RIVER GOLF CLUB.—A is playing B a friendly game for half-crowns. A, who fell into the river off the first tee through over-swinging, sneezes violently just as B is driving at the seventeenth, with the result that B foozles badly. A is very apologetic and says, "Have it again, old fellow," which B does. A does not sneeze this time, but looks exactly as if he were going to, and B, in his anxiety to get his stroke over before the sneeze should come, foozles even worse, sending his ball into a pond. B now claims the right to play the first ball, as being the better of the two. Is this in accordance with the rules?

ANSWER.—By Rule 297, Sub-sect. *c* (*Sneezing*), if a player interfere with his opponent's stroke by coughing, sneezing, snoring, watering at the eyes, inflating the chest or in any other way, he shall lose the hole. A therefore lost the hole. On the other hand, the suggestion that the stroke should be played again was contrary to the rules, and B therefore also lost the hole for adopting it. Perhaps they had better have their match again, and be more careful on the first tee.

GOLDER'S GREEN GOLF CLUB.—A, who is playing his ninth, gets into casual water in a bunker. He says to B, who is just short of the green, "How many?" and B says, "Seven," whereupon A picks up. A's caddie then alleges that B had really played eleven, and B admits this, and says that his answer to A referred to the number of his children, about whom he thought A was talking. Is there any rule to meet this case?

ANSWER.—Yes. B was evidently lying when A was in casual water, and he can be "dropped" without penalty.

By the Rules of Billiards Committee.

LITTLE HEDINGHAM.—For the last forty years there has been a competition here at Christmas on the Fox and Hounds table, open to all the village. In the final this year, A, who wanted 25 to win, was in the middle of a break when he was accused by B of playing with the red ball. A indignantly denied this; but the landlord, who knows the balls better than anyone, was called in to identify them, and supported B. What is the rule in this case? Ought not the balls to be "spotted"?

ANSWER.—They had much better be painted.

THE BLUE PIG.—A's ball is in the jaws of the pocket, with the red just next to it. A announces that he is going to do a *massé* shot, but misses his own ball and drives his cue clean through the pocket. May he have another shot?

ANSWER.—Legally he may, but he would probably be better in bed.

THE NEST, ASTON PARVA.—I was playing B a hundred up this evening, and in the middle of a break, when I had already made two and had the balls nicely together, B accidentally (so he says) touched the spring of the billiard table and it turned into a dining table. What ought I to do?

ANSWER.—Have dinner.

By the Rules of Chess Committee.

ERNEST TOMKINSON, B.A.—A and B are playing a game of chess. Some of the pieces are missing, and A has to use a cigar-holder and a small china bull-finch in the place of the King and one of the Castles. The china bull-finch happens to be standing on the King's square, and B checks it with his Queen three squares away. A promptly takes the Queen with his bull-finch, and a heated discussion ensues, B alleging that this china ornament is the King and that it is the cigar-holder which is the Rook. The fact that the bull-finch was on the King's square is advanced as an argument by him; but, on the other hand, A distinctly remembers castling. Is there any rule about it?

ANSWER.—It is best to come to a clear understanding at the beginning of the game as to the values of the different pieces; otherwise discussions are bound to arise. This is a case where Rule 139c (1911) comes into force: "If either player is dissatisfied with the position of the game he can knock the board over accidentally while rising to look for the matches."

By the Rules of Dumb-Crambo Committee.

ENNERDALE GRANGE.—A, B, C and D are playing dumb-crambo against W, X, Y and Z. A, B, C and D are out, and the word to rhyme with is "home." They do "gnome," "comb," "foam," "dome" (with great difficulty), "loam" (with even more trouble), "roam" and "tome," but all are hissed. After another ten minutes in the cold they think of "chrome," and give what they allege to be a representation of it. This also is hissed. Finally they announce that they give it up, and are informed that the word is "*bone*"! What is the rule on this point?

ANSWER.—The rule is that W, X, Y and Z now go out, and A, B, C and D think of the word "bicycle." Then they call W, X, Y and Z in, and tell them that it rhymes with "Spain." It will be found that there are nearly fifty rhymes to "Spain."

A. A. M.

The Tube and the Pantomime.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Do you think it would be any good for me to write to the Traffic Manager of the Piccadilly Tube and let him know that there is a theatre in Drury Lane, within easy reach of Covent Garden Station, and that it might be convenient if he would stop a few more of his trains there of an evening during the Pantomime season? It was all very well to ignore the patrons of the Opera, but the Pantomime is very dear to the humble Tubist. And he doesn't care about being shot through to Holborn, or left suspended at Leicester Square, just as the curtain is going up.

Yours obediently,

ALIGHT HERE.



THE SLOUGH OF PLEASURE.

Golfer. "SORRY TO KEEP ON BOTHERING YOU, OLD CHAP, BUT WILL YOU GIVE ME A HAND WITH MY CADDIE? HE'S STUCK *AGAIN*."

A RED LETTER DAY.

JANUARY 1ST, 1912.

THE clocks had all struck, the due rites were performed, the last carriage rolled away, the distant pealing of bells ceased, and I seated myself before the dying fire—as usual.

I did not hear them enter, I only knew they would come, and then that they were present. The same old crowd, the same bedraggled shamefaced crew. I recognised them well, for they had grown old in my acquaintance all save one bright youth who, with hope and ambition glowing on his brow, was a stranger to me, though I knew him at once for "Clean-the-car-every-Saturday."

First in age and mildewed neglect, with dejected droop and downcast eyes, was the ancient "Get-up-early," a creature nearly as old as myself, and standing abashed at his side was his partner in disgrace, "Work-before-breakfast." I had been wont to greet the pair on this yearly occasion with a burst of enthusiastic welcome which warmed me to the bone and set me tingling not merely with the glow of resolution but with the exultation of actual achievement, but now they did not awaken cordiality: my rising pulse faltered and sank.

The truth was they were so mouldy and debilitated, so tousled and effete, so dingy, dispirited and broken, that anyone might have been ashamed to greet them as old acquaintances. I changed the salutation on my lips adroitly into a cough and turned my eyes to sort over the rest of the unhappy shapes.

Each exhibited a more forlorn lassitude and dejection than I could have supposed possible of any concepts of mine, and it occurred to me that this was their miserable way of growing old: a decay due to indifference, boredom, indolence and equivocation. "Dumb-bells twice a day," "Keep-private-accounts," "Avoid coffee," "Forego-taxis," "Wash-the-dog," "Flannel-waistcoats," all wore an air which might have passed for senility had I not known each to be relatively young. But among all the enervated wretches before me none provoked a deeper disgust than that degraded brute "Bed-at-twelve." As though his own presence were not discreditable enough, the creature was attended by a ghostly shadow which I recognised only too well as the detested spectre of "Bed-at-eleven," long since defunct. Another haggard ruffian I would peremptorily have ordered from my presence had I not known that he would refuse to obey me. "Give-up-smoking" (for he it was) fixed me steadily with a reproachful eye and my impatience increased. Even that glorious youth "Clean-the-car-every-Saturday" found less favour in my eyes the longer I contemplated him. I perceived only too clearly that he also was a bad egg. I rose from my seat.

"Gentlemen"—I addressed my New Year's Resolutions collectively—"gentlemen, you have come here in accordance with an honoured, immemorial custom; you will therefore understand that it is in no mood of light commentary, but with deep conviction and grave purpose, that I now inform you that you are, and have always been, each one of you, Rotters.

"When I mean to do a thing I do it. When I want an incentive to stiffen a purpose, my conscience supplies it. *Your* office has ever been to urge an immaterial modification in the calendar as a motive for reform. This is an affront to my intelligence. Therefore I say, 'Git.'"

I uttered this direction with such vehemence that the dingy crowd melted away into the pattern of the wall paper, and at the same moment a sturdy beaming apparition seemed to condense from the air and take shape before me. I was in the presence of "Admit-no-skulkers-on-New-Year's-Day."



THE AGE OF LUXURY.

"You're getting such a big, brave boy now, you don't mind the dark."
"No, Mummy; 'cause I've two angels at my head and a hot-water bottle at my feet!"

SEASONABLE NIGHT-HORRORS.

It was the eve of New Year's Eve—to be exact, one o'clock the next morning—and I went to bed rather pleased to think that 1912 possesses as many as 366 days.

My mind was a little disturbed about my old Aunt Sarah, who for some reason sent me a Christmas card this year, while I, for the eternal reason of economy, had sent her none. "Never mind, I'll get her a New Year card to-day," I said, and went to sleep. The first seventeen years of the night I spent in a taxi, trying to find a shop where New Year cards were sold. I went to London, Edinburgh, Paris and Cirencester, but I was told everywhere that such cards could only be obtained to order, and that it would take three weeks. It was a longish ride, and the indicator showed £1,774 17*s.* 8*d.*

Soon after I fell asleep again, soothed by the ecstasy of my awakening. Burglars now broke into my room, with pony and trap complete, and took everything (including my pipe-scraper) excepting the set of fancy waistcoat buttons my wife's mother had given me only a few hours before. Wondering, with some bitterness of mind, what was the use of going to sleep if I couldn't get rid of those confounded things for even an hour or two, I went to sleep again.

I accidentally knocked the Shakspearean Block Calendar (one of those inventions for augmenting one's daily toil) into the fire, and it wouldn't burn: the fire improved it if anything. I casually allowed to fall out of the window on to the pavement the glass dog with the long neck and squint, designed to serve as a pen-rest, an ink-stand, a paper-weight and a perpetual annoyance to the owner, and it just bounded back again and in at the window, unchipped. I offered a handful of those cigars to the dustman, and he invited me to believe that he never smoked, but spent his money on cocoa.

It was a vile dream. I was glad to wake, for, thank heaven, that calendar is going to be burned, that dog shall have its silly neck broken, and those cigars shall be taken away by the dustman, even if I have to pay him to remove them.

"The Œdipus Rex, that great Socratian tragedy."—*Bystander.*

The stage adaptation, from Socrates' novel, was done by Sophocles, but it is only right that Socrates should share the credit.

"The literature of dancing is still waiting for its classics. Two mistakes are common to almost all the extant treatises, and each is illustrated by one of these two latest books on the subject. The first is the attempt, which is made by Miss Urling, to get over too much ground."—"*Times*" *Literary Supplement.*

We have often seen this mistake made in the ball-room.



THE DARK ADVENTURE.

New Year. "A bit thick, isn't it? And I'm not sure that I like the look of those goblins."
Old Liberal Party. "Bless your heart, those aren't goblins! They're benevolent fairies."
New Year. "I daresay; but they're so large!"



WINTER SPORTS FOR POLITICIANS.—NO. 2.

Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Haldane and Sir Edward Grey try a little run with the "Skis—who must be obeyed."
(Mr. Asquith munches "anti" sandwiches on the bank.)

THE MODERN FOXHUNTER.

Whyte Melville and Surtees the glories unfold
Of the chase of the fox as it flourished of old;
The hunting remains and for ever will stay,
But the ride to the covert is passing away.

The stout covert hacks so beloved by our sires
Have yielded their places to petrol and tyres;
And I frankly confess that I drift with the tide
Of those who would much rather motor than ride.

I see the groom start with my hunters so fleet,
And I think of him bumping ten miles to the meet,
While I sit by the ingle and stretch out my legs,
After breakfasting freely on kidneys and eggs.

The clock shows ten-thirty; there comes to my ear
The throb of the motor, insistent and clear;
Bring forth my fur coat, for I always observe
That the cold has a way of affecting my nerve.

Now fetch my top hat with its polish so rare;
Is my flask full of port? Are my sandwiches there?
Then pull up both windows, and onwards we'll race,
While I muse on the dangers and charms of the chase.

We arrive at the meet, and my rugs I unfold;
Ah, how warm is the motor! The saddle, how cold!
But the blood of my fathers still runs in my veins,
So I climb on my horse and hold on by the reins.

. . . .

When the day's sport is over and perils are past,
When the huntsman is sounding a long-drawn-out blast,
Another horn's echoes I hear from afar,
The welcome "Toot-toot" of my oncoming car.

The return from the chase was our fathers' delight,
And they loved to ride home 'neath the curtain of night;
But give *me* a fur coat and a thick black cigar
And a soft corner-seat in a smooth-running car.

"'And now you propose to indefinitely postpone it?'

The glamour of the plot held Stanton, and his deep voice vibrated slightly.

'To permanently postpone it,' the Earl murmured, stroking his chin with a caressing motion."—"*Weekly Telegraph*" *Novel.*

We are disappointed in the Earl. If he had wanted to improve on Stanton's phrase there was one obvious way of doing it.

THE MERCURY.

We were aboard ship—at least I couldn't help feeling we were aboard ship, for we were surrounded by brisk, fresh-faced, naked-footed sailor boys, all dressed in the immortal habiliments of the British tar, and all calculated to give an irresistibly nautical air to the most terrestrial scene. Puffs of briny wind and stinging spray seemed to blow from their loose blue trousers, and the whole place appeared to rock on the waves as the boys tumbled up and fell into line. And yet how came a moist gravel path—for that was unquestionably what the naked feet were running on—on board any ship however modern? And what meant these trees and bushes and these patches of damp December grass? No, we were not actually on board ship, luckily for us, since we were landsmen and the wind was not without a suggestion of swayings and tossings that might have driven the blood from our cheeks and forced us to take refuge below. We were in the grounds belonging to the Training Ship *Mercury*, and the jolly boys, who were now smartly ranked in order on either side of us, were the ship's company.

"These boys," said the Director—but where had we seen that Director before? Memories of the Queen's Club, of Lord's and the Oval, of brilliant centuries, of football matches, of swift races, of leaps through the cleft air ending (prophetically enough) in

> A station like the herald Mercury
> New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill—

all these came thronging back into our minds, a resurrection of youth and bloom and strength and ardour, as we contemplated the Director's athletic figure and listened to his words—"these boys," said the Director, "come to us from many parts of England, but mainly from the South. Some are boys of working-class families that can manage to pay something in fees—all honour to them—for the support of the boys while they are here; some of them are from the workhouses—many of our best boys come from there. We take them at any age from 12½ to 15, but we prefer to get them at about 14. Just look at them well, remembering where they come from, and tell me if you've ever seen a better, smarter and likelier set of boys anywhere?"

I never have, and that's the plain truth. Not Eton or Harrow or Rugby or any other public school, or even Osborne, splendid as Osborne is, could show boys more alert in mind and body, more eager to do all things thoroughly, more joyous in their movements or with an honester soul shining in their eyes than these boys of *The Mercury*.

"The fact is," went on the Director, "that we train them to think for themselves and do things for themselves. Character is what we aim at, and we get it in the fine old public school fashion by giving the boys responsibility. The section-leaders are boys; boys look after the mess; boys keep the accounts; boys are to a large extent made responsible for good order and discipline; and there's one other great point—they are always occupied, never idle."

At this moment a bugle sounded, and away marched my young friends to the great hall, where they were to give or witness the entertainment preparatory to the prize-giving that was to wind up their term. A little way off, in the Hamble, lay the *Mercury*, the central point of their present traditions and their aspirations, the central point in the future of bright and happy memories. Near her lay the hospital ship, which we visited. There we found only one poor little fellow kept away from the festivities by an abscess, but doing his best to give us a smile of welcome.

"Mind you," said the Director, "the *Mercury* isn't a reformatory ship. There's nothing of that kind about us. Our boys are all boys of good character. What do they do afterwards? Nearly all of them go into the Royal Navy, a few into the merchant service, and a few into regimental bands; but the Royal Navy takes the bulk of them; so we feel that we're doing a national work. How do they get on in the Navy? I'll tell you. Ninety per cent. of our boys reach the higher ratings there; of "shore-boys" not more than twenty per cent. reach them. That shows the value of our work."

Soon we found ourselves in the thick of the entertainment. There were songs, and no songs ever went with a greater go. There were hornpipes, and our legs seemed to yearn to join the twinkling legs on the stage. There was signalling, and England duly expected that every man would do his duty; there were carols, and oh, how sweetly they sounded as the little fellows trolled them out; there was drill, the most animated drill I have ever seen; and the boys' band, greatly and successfully daring, played brave strains from *Parsifal*. Then came the prize-giving, and, as each little tar took his book or his portfolio or his certificate, he saluted the prize-giver, and then, turning smartly, saluted the audience. There never was a more delightful occasion, and the delight was of the kind that gives you now and then a lump in the throat from mere excess of pleasure.

Now you would suppose that an institution doing this splendid work would be rolling in wealth; but there you're wrong. A certain amount it does get in fees, in Admiralty grants, in Board of Education grants, and in subventions from County Councils. But beyond this it requires every year some £2,000, and this sum has to be raised from the donations and subscriptions of friends. If anyone feels moved to subscribe let him (or her) send a cheque to Mr. C. B. Fry, the Hon. Director, Training Ship *Mercury*, Hamble, Hants. No money, I am sure, could be better spent.

R. C. L.

REAL RESOLUTION.

(Remarkable display of will power on New Year's Day.)

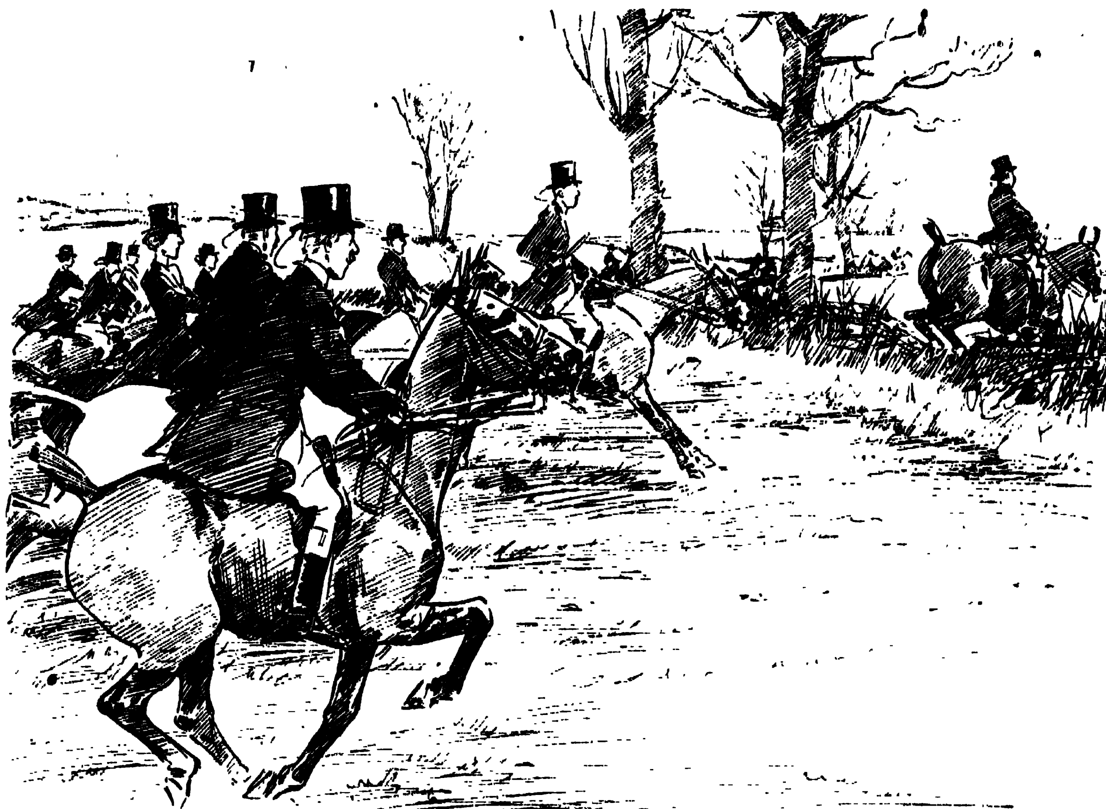
That morning (by a fluke) I woke full early;
I felt like rising sharp at six o'clock,
Hours ere Matilda, somnolently surly,
Would come to give the customary knock.
Gaily I thought within myself, "I'll show 'em
Whether I'm quite as lazy as they say;
I will arise and write a little poem,"
But Caution whispered, "Nay."

For I recalled the date, nor dared succumb to
This sudden wish to dress; instead, I lit
A cigarette (upon an empty tum, too!),
Then settled down to sleep another bit,
Lest, when I'd shaved and finished my ablutions
And met Priscilla o'er the coffee cup,
She'd turn the talk to New Year resolutions,
And bid me "keep it up."

Fearing throughout the year to be afflicted
By some ridiculous (though righteous) oath,
I shrank from doing that which contradicted
My firm-established fame for ingrained sloth.
So, though for once I really felt a liking
For rising with the lark (the little fool),
I did not stir till noon had finished striking,
True to my daily rule.

"He murdered the deaf mute so as to make sure of sealing his lips for ever."—*Union Jack Library.*

Another time he must think of a better excuse than that.



IT IS REPORTED THAT, OWING TO THE PENURIOUSNESS OF SOME OF ITS FOLLOWERS, A WELL-KNOWN HUNT IN THE WEST COUNTRY HAS JUST HAD TO RESORT TO THE "CAPPING" SYSTEM. RUMOUR SAYS THAT THIS HAS HAD THE CURIOUS EFFECT OF MAKING "THRUSTERS" OF SOME OF THE MOST STEADY-GOING, AS THEY NOW HUNT THE SECRETARY IN THE HOPE OF BEING ABLE TO GET A BIT OF THEIR OWN BACK SHOULD HE CHANCE TO TAKE A TOSS.

MR. PUNCH'S GENERAL KNOWLEDGE EXAM.

AT the instigation of *The Spectator* various Army officers have put questions in general knowledge to the recruits of their regiments. Not to be beaten, *Mr. Punch* has suppressed his naturally kindly instincts and set a General Knowledge paper of his own.

Question 1. Who is the editor of *The Spectator?*

Nineteen recruits failed to answer this question. One (presumably of superior education) replied ADDISON. Other replies were Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Mr. SIEVIER (which shows some acquaintance with leading weekly journals), and Mr. CADBURY. One suspects the last answer of irony, as it is well known that *The Spectator* does not publish betting news.

Question 2. What is the Referendum?

Twenty failed to answer. One gave an intelligent reply, but confused the Referendum with the Equator. Two said that the Referendum was hard on the Tottenham Hotspurs in their last cup-tie. One thought it was an intelligent animal, and one that it was Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Question 3. Who is the leader of the Unionist Party in the House of Commons?

Again the bulk of the recruits betrayed absolute ignorance. Two replied "Joey" (a popular nickname for the RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN). One said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (the same who declared him to be editor of *The Spectator*). Another replied Mr. LOWTHER. This perhaps showed too exclusive a study of *The Spectator*. Other replies were Mr. Bonar Long, You Cecil, and Sir Orstin Carzon.

Question 4. What is Free Trade?

Most of the sitters returned blank papers. One (who seemed obsessed by a single idea) replied Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The remainder confused it with Free Beer and argued pointedly in its favour.

Question 5. Is Animal Intelligence Increasing?

All answered this question well (with the exception of one who argued that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S intelligence was increasing). From the propriety of language and vividness of imagination shown in these answers one would deem them quite worthy of a place in the correspondence columns of *The Spectator*.

Question 6. If you were wrecked on a desert island, which paper would you choose to have sent you regularly?

Most of the recruits apparently preferred to be free from the popular press. One expressed a desire for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Penny Budget. Another spoilt a highly satisfactory answer by making two selections, *The Police News* and *The Daily Mail*. On the whole the replies were most disappointing. It was hoped that at least one recruit would have named *The Spectator*—the ideal paper for a desert island.

Question 7. Name the three greatest living men?

The voting was curiously divided. HOBBS and WILFRED RHODES were frequently named. Amongst others mentioned were Lord KITCHENER, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, Miss PANKHURST (this reply was evidently made under a misapprehension), and DANNY MAHER. One recruit spoilt an excellent answer, "ROBERTS, GREY, STEVENSON," by selecting a dead author to accompany the veteran Field Marshal and Foreign Secretary. One could have wished that at least one of these young warriors had named Mr. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY, whose able pen settles the policy of England every Saturday.

AT THE PLAY.

"ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND."

THE Sacred Lamp of Burlesque has long ceased to have an abiding Temple of its own in our midst; but an imitation article, modified from the French, has now been temporarily installed at His Majesty's, where "the gods, some mortals and" Sir HERBERT TREE are the priesthood that tends its flame. But somehow the atmosphere of the place is discouraging. One associates His Majesty's with many forms of dramatic art, all memorable for the charm of their setting, but Extravaganza was never one of these. The local tradition of beauty is more than maintained, but it is wasted upon the humour of the dialogue, or, if you like, the humour of the dialogue is wasted upon it; anyhow, they seemed incongruous.



NON-STOP TO "OLYMPIA."

Orpheus ... ... MR. COURTICE POUNDS.
Mrs. Grundy .. ... MISS LOTTIE VENNE.

You will, of course, tell me that humour depends largely upon the element of incongruity; but pure beauty of form and colour, as distinguished from that magnificence which is always so near the borderland of the ridiculous, seldom lends itself to the incongruity which is of the essence of humour. Instead of working together, they are here nearly always in opposition; and the fun, even if it had been much better fun, was bound to suffer in the struggle.

And a struggle it was, from the very first scene where *Orpheus* (in the person of Mr. COURTICE POUNDS), doing his very best, by aid of all manner of orchestral instruments, to be funny about his conjugal infelicity, received no sort of assistance from an American *Eurydice* (Miss PERRY), who was only concerned to do justice to her big notes, and left the humour of things (if any) to whoever felt like it. Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER felt like it, and he was a very busy and agile and clever *Pluto* throughout; but he never made me share his own merriment. As for the humours of Olympus (loosely referred to as "Olympia"), I liked the quiet methods of Mr. FRANK STANMORE as *Jupiter*; but I seem to remember, from twenty years ago, a pantomime called *Venus*, treating of the same High Life, that afforded me (younger as I was, and less captious, at that period) a vast deal more amusement. The novelty of *Mrs. Grundy's* intrusions gave Miss LOTTIE VENNE a chance that she was not likely to neglect. It did not matter much what she had to say, because she has her own way of saying almost anything; and this was fortunate, for she was not too well served with her dialogue, and the best joke put into her lips—"A fig-leaf for your mythology!"—was itself nearly as ancient as the first myth.

Time, however, if it makes the old joke older still, will furnish fresh ones. Only no more pantomime puns, I do implore. *Mrs. Grundy*, in her Prologue (excellently made and delivered), had promised that we should have none of these terrors; and her pledge was badly broken.

Meanwhile, there was one feature in the performance that could not easily have been bettered, and that was the gaiety, obviously sincere, of the choral dances, carried out in the true spirit of OFFENBACH's music. And I take away an attractive picture of the handsome *Mercury* of Mr. PETER UPCHER (though his head-dress was wrong), and of the tall, straight-limbed and altogether glorious *Venus* of Miss HILDA ANTONY.

Mr. COURTICE POUNDS, of course, sang as one who knows; but the song I liked best was the drowsy air, "When I was King in Arcady," admirably given by Mr. WALTER CREIGHTON in the part of *John Styx*. I failed, by the way, to trace in the lyrics the particular gifts of Mr. ALFRED NOYES, and wondered a little what he was doing in that galley. Nor was I quite satisfied about Sir HERBERT TREE's motives for producing this version of *Orphée aux Enfers* during the Christmas holidays. It is not, as *Pinkie* was, designed for the children, to whom everybody is just now appealing. Nor is it calculated to appease the older intelligences that might have been tickled by its application to modern politics or social fashions. Nor will it, I imagine, undermine the loyalty of those who follow, for reasons best known to themselves, the cult of musical comedy. Nor, once again, is it *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that it should content the *habitués* of a house long known for the splendour of its classical revivals. But all the same, I cannot honestly advise anyone to go out of his way to miss it.

"HOP O' MY THUMB."

If I join the annual chorus of reviewers and hint that the Management of Drury Lane has once more catered for all tastes, this is not to imply that everybody was pleased all the time. There were things that certainly were not to my poor liking. To begin with the worst, there was a "patriotic" song



THE LATEST THEATRICAL KNIGHT-HOOD.

"Rise, Sir Hop o' my Thumb!"

King of Mnemonica ... MR. GEORGE GRAVES.
Hop o' my Thumb ... MISS RENÉE MAYER.

—directed apparently against a friendly nation—with echoes of "Rule Britannia" and the MACDERMOTT bombast about our having the ships and men, and with a nauseating refrain to the effect that "We mean to be the top-dog still, bow-wow." Struttingly delivered with a sickening bravado by the "principal boy"—a girl of the bull-dog breed—in the face of an army of tight-breeched females, I confess that it struck me pink with shame for my country. I would give something to possess the noble and generous faith of one of my fellow-critics, who imputes to this song the subtlety of a satire upon its kind.

Then there was a young lady called *Zaza*, terribly saucy, who thought to devastate our hearts with the old banalities of high-kicking; but she was not for me. And there was the

usual tedium of romantic passages between the *Fairy Prince* and the *Forlorn Princess*, with lyrics of moonlight and dreamland—the sort that rhyme "home" with "alone"; and they were not for me. And there was a scene in which the names of guests were announced inaccurately, to the convulsive delight of the house; but it left me desolated.

These, however, were rare defects in as good a pantomime as I can remember to have witnessed. It was a daring departure by which the leading comic part was assigned to a man dressed in male clothes. His chief foibles were a strangely volatile memory and a marked incapacity to grasp other people's jokes. In this part Mr. GEORGE GRAVES was at his very best. The scene of his return from the hunt into the middle of a Court ball which had escaped his memory furnished some really delightful dialogue. And never once did he break away from the subdued key in which he started, or force his humour to a boisterous note. The *Smile* of Mr. BARRY LUPINO employed other methods and was in the knockabout business, but he still preserved intact the stolid gravity from which he took his name. And there were two great actors whose features we never saw, and who preferred to remain anonymous—so true is it that the greatest art conceals itself. Between them they made up the most superb steed I could wish to meet. The angle at which I was permitted to view the stage did not allow me to catch sight of the vagaries of this animal in his stall; but, when he came out into the open and strenuously resisted the combined efforts of Messrs. WILL EVANS and BARRY LUPINO to harness him to their Thespian cart, I found him a source of overwhelming joy. Finally, there was the brave figure of the diminutive *Hop o' my Thumb*. The appearance of little RENÉE MEYER, who for all her confidence and courage never wore the objectionable air of a precocity, always moved the audience to a running murmur of very human sympathy.

The dancing, apart from the delicately executed steps of *Hop o' my Thumb*, was not a strong feature, and the lyrics were rather indifferent. I only detected one of any merit, a topical song entitled "Kingdom Content," quite intelligently rendered by Miss VIOLET LORAINE, who was far happier here than in the heroic department. A fashion of the past (1909 vintage) was revived in some tricky lines about a "shop that stocked shot socks with spots;" but the device (1909, 1910) of teaching the audience how to join in was very properly discarded.



AT A NORTHERN MEETING.

His Lordship. "SO YOU BACKED BONNIE LASSIE AT TWENTY-TO-ONE, AS I TOLD YOU TO, EH?" *Andrew.* "A'M VERRA PLEASED TO SAY I DID, YOUR LORDSHIP."
His Lordship. "I SUPPOSE YOU'LL PLUNGE THE NEXT TIME I GIVE YOU A TIP?"
Andrew. "A'M NO SAE SURE, MY LORD; SHE ONLY WON BY A SHORT HEED!"

The scenery and stage effects were excellent, as always, and though here and there they were a little garish from excess of light the growing tendency in favour of subdued harmonies in colour was pleasantly noticeable. I could have wished, by the way, that a stouter veil might have been drawn over some of the versatile efforts of the shifters. I was sorry, for instance, that the pretty church should be suffered to collapse before our eyes while giving place to a scene of rocketing angels, symbolic of Christmas goodwill.

But my last word must be one of praise for an entertainment exceptionally refined in tone, and conspicuous for the unity of its scheme. I would not say that the fate of any of its characters was a matter of very poignant interest, though I was reasonably glad that none of our friends actually figured on the Ogre's *menu*; but at least there were no arbitrary side-shows to distract us from the progress of the plot. My best compliments and thanks to the many who contributed to my evening's mirth, and a free pardon to the few who slightly mitigated it. O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

I PERCEIVE that *On the Art of the Theatre* (HEINEMANN) is really an amplification by Mr. GORDON CRAIG of a slim volume with the same title which has already held a distinguished place upon my theatrical shelves for several years. It is, of course, quite impossible adequately to criticise it in the space at my disposal here. There are so many things wanting to be said about the art of the Theatre, and the art of Mr. GORDON CRAIG in particular, that I can only end by leaving them all unspoken. There are those of us who admire his methods and the genius that inspires them, while refusing to follow him to quite the lengths which he apparently desires. I say apparently, because one knows these ardent reformers for tricky folk; success, and especially success in spite of opposition, will intoxicate them, so that they are apt to cry aloud in their triumph a little more than they really mean. Well, Mr. CRAIG has won his triumph, and no one begrudges him. He has done, and is doing, more for the modern theatre than any other living Englishman. But when, not content with this, he invites us in so many words to banish from our stages the painter, the musician, the dramatist, and more especially the actor, replacing the work of all these with the performances of *uber-marionettes*, one is tempted to consider the terms of victory a trifle excessive. But, after all, why not give him a theatre for himself and let him leave us the rest, with all their dear and hallowed imperfections? Perhaps this book may induce some one to make what would undeniably be an interesting and indeed thrilling experiment. I wish it might.

Every Paradise has its serpent, and Snyder's Paradise, that pleasant, fully-licensed Eden situate in the Vale of Health, Hampstead, was no exception. Her name was *Emily*, and her serpentine manœuvres with *Ridley Carpenter*, man of letters, are set forth by WILLIAM CAINE in *Old Enough to Know Better* (GREENING) with a spirit and humour which recall the same author's *Boom!* But *Emily* went too far. Before the story is past the halfway mark, we find her engaged to be married not only to *Mr. Carpenter*, but also to *Mr. Hamley*, a solicitor, one *Chilper*, a heath-keeper, and *Salt* and *Blooter*, the famous music-hall cross-talk comedy duo ("they make the orchestra smile"). The scene of the meeting of these five victims is one of the most brilliantly farcical I have read. It was *Emily's* Waterloo, of course. But she fell gallantly, and I was glad when I realized that the exposure, so far from damping *Mr. Hamley* (she was engaged to them all, but *Hamley* was the one she wanted to marry), only endeared her the more to that devout lover. "His face, as he looked upon her, expressed nothing but an amazed delight." Mr. CAINE has the true secret of farce. His characters are living people. Fate makes their actions farcical, but in essence they are comedic. His description of the home-life of those married lovers, the *Strong Woman* and *Mr. Watt* the contortionist-and-animal-delineator, is pure comedy. It is not every man who would care to be the husband of a female Hercules, but *Mr. Watt* had his point of view. She might be able to wring his neck between her finger and thumb, but she could not hold a cigar in her toes and smoke it, seated and balanced the while on an inverted beer bottle. *Mr. Watt* could, and, as he was accustomed to say, "It evened things up more 'n a little bit." This is the philosophy that makes for the happy marriage. "Nobody knows, with the single exception of the word damn," says Mr. CAINE, in his excursus on cross-talk comedians, "what will make people laugh;" but I think I can guarantee *Old Enough to Know Better* to do it.



Suburban Window-Dresser. "WELL, IF THOSE BITS OF FRENCH DON'T FETCH 'EM, I DON'T KNOW MY BRIXTON!"

By easy stages the hero of *Christopher* (HUTCHINSON) is taken through his babyhood and boyhood (he was an adorable infant and a delightful child), until—in his youth—he dabbles in telepathy and disturbs a girl's slumbers by thinking vigorously about her. This I could have pardoned him more easily if she had been worth keeping awake, but the cold truth is that she was unworthy of anyone's telepathic efforts. Undoubtedly *Christopher* was a genuine trier, but when his tale is told I can find no achievements, except an unsuccessful love affair and an equally unsuccessful novel, to place either to his credit or discredit. Nevertheless these pages read so exactly like so many pages of lived life that I am not content to leave this young man where his creator has left him, and I feel sure that many others will support my demand for a sequel. Mr. RICHARD PRYCE is not for people in a hurry; indeed he is one of the most leisurely of novelists; but he can draw characters—aristocratic old ladies, maiden ladies and ladies' maids—which are unforgettable, and he describes houses and rooms so incisively that the reader can share them with their occupants. And perhaps, if he will oblige me by continuing the history of *Christopher*, he will also add to my debt by not sprinkling the sequel with so many notes of exclamation.

"The burglars did not talk much as they appear to have been disturbed while they were on the premises."

Manchester Evening News.

1st Burglar (*halfway through the safe*): "Afore we go any farther, Bill, I *must* arst you what you think of the hinflooence of the Victorian hera upon modern literachoor?"

2nd Burglar (*settling himself comfortably*): "Ah, well, now I 'll tell yer. I 'old that—— Look aht! A copper—scoot!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE Province of Mongolia has resolved to declare its independence in the event of the other Chinese provinces declaring for a Republic. Russia, whose mouth is open (no doubt from astonishment), is said to be urging Mongolia on no account to waver in its decision.

* * *

Professor CALDECOTT, of King's College, writes to *The Spectator* to suggest that we shall placate Germany by giving her half of Australia. But there is no pleasing some people. The proposal has not only annoyed Australia, but has caused further ill-feeling in Germany, as the Professor only proposes to give her the worse half.

* * *

There is a growing belief, says *The Law Journal*, that the Government will not take the necessary steps to fill the vacancy on the Bench created by the death of Mr. Justice GRANTHAM. Our information is to the contrary. We understand that the appointment is to be conferred on a Trade Union official to whom all actions affecting Trade Unions will be assigned.

* * *

"If you depended for the defence of our shores upon mere eloquent appeals to the patriotism and the humanity of the people," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, as reported by *The Daily News*, "you could not build or maintain a navy of Chinese junkets in this country." Nor even an army of Welsh rabbits.

* * *

The careless handling of parcels by the Post Office continues to be discussed, and now that a lady has written to *The Daily Mail* to say that a large pincushion doll has reached her with its head off the matter will no doubt receive serious attention.

* * *

In connection with the transfer of the telephone system to the Post Office we are given to understand that it is harder for a telephone-operator to be a civil servant than for those following any other calling.

* * *

The L.C.C. park-keepers are agitating for trousers. If their demands are not granted they may join forces with the Suffragettes.

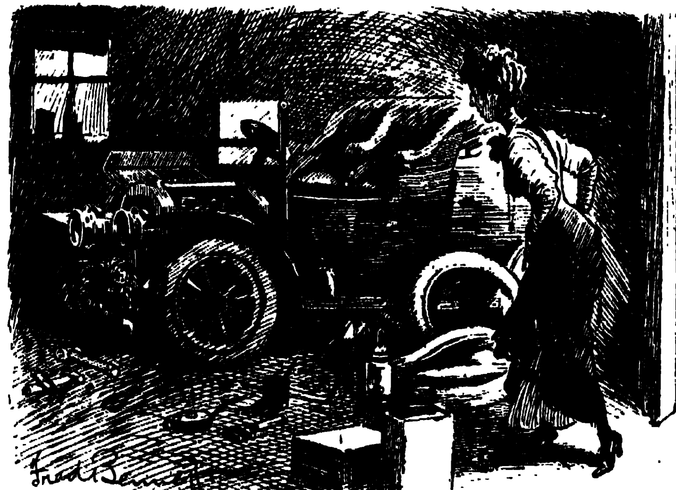
"The function of the Church," says Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "is not to engage in party brawls." *Q.* When is a Church not a Church? *A.* When it is a Tabernacle, of course.

* * *

The inhabitant of Canada who inscribed an address to the Duke of CONNAUGHT on a grain of wheat is, we understand, now expecting to be made a Peer, this being the fate which has befallen Sir THOMAS CARMICHAEL, who, we are told, "has written on centipedes and spiders."

* * *

A mysterious rise in the consumption of water in Shoeburyness is puzzling the local authorities. Is it not possible that many of the inhabitants, as the result of a New Year resolve, may have been taking a bath?



Wife (to husband, who, after repeated calls, emerges from underneath car, where for hours he has been endeavouring to locate defect). "OH, THERE YOU ARE, JOHN! COME AT ONCE AND SET THE *MOUSE-TRAP*, WILL YOU?"

Lizard Peak, which is one of the highest mountains in Colorado, has suddenly fallen into the canyon at its base. It is supposed to have become dizzy from looking down from such a height.

* * *

The vexed question as to whether the Northerners are a more hardy race than the Southerners is now to be put to a practical test. The old noisy motor-omnibuses which the Londoners have been unable to endure have been sold to a syndicate which intends to let them loose in Lancashire towns.

* * *

Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL, in his third lecture on "The Childhood of Animals" at the Royal Institution, explained, *inter alia*, the reason for a leopard's spots. It seems that, after all, they are not there in order that a marksman may choose his spot and shoot, and then, if he hits another, assert that that was the one he aimed at.

A mosquito census, we are told, has just been completed at Georgetown, British Guiana. According to our information, however, it has not been done very thoroughly, neither the names nor the addresses of the insects being taken.

* * *

In the same issue of *The Daily Mail* as that which contains a record of the fact that 2,215 works of fiction were published in the United Kingdom last year appears a paragraph headed:—

"NOVEL FACTORY ACCIDENT."

We had for some time past suspected the existence of a workshop for this mechanical industry.

* * *

Black and White, it is announced, is to pass out of existence as an independent paper. Had it lived till February next our contemporary would have attained its majority. Now it is going to join it. We are glad, however, to learn that another world awaits it. It is to be incorporated in *The Sphere*.

All British.

From a circular:—

"The first directors are Mr. Jacques Hubscher and Mr. François Joseph Kung, and the business will be under the general management of Mr. Leopold Marx, with Mr. Ove von Klenau and Mr. Maurice Brunschwig."

It will hardly come as a surprise to you to hear that the name of this company is The British Commercial Company.

Expert Critics.

Inspired by the brilliant example of Mr. ARTHUR PHILLIPS, who has invited two hundred tramps to criticise his performance in *The Great Gay Road*, Messrs. BEIT AND NORHARD, the well-known railway refreshment-room caterers, have asked five hundred sandwichmen to inspect their new and renovated stock for the coming year.

"Plain Tales from the Hills."

"Spend a season in Ootacamund and you will never live to regret your little adventure."

But it can't be as fatal as that.

"Owing to the flooding in the streets of Maidstone and Tonbridge the Christmas trade was considerably hampered."—*Western Mail.*

For a moment we thought of putting the last word in italics, but we have decided that the joke may safely be left to creak for itself.

THE WINTER OF OUR CONTENT.

[Lines suggested by an inspection of railway-posters apparently portraying the present attractions of our English holiday resorts.]

Who wails of Winter? Let him view
The prints on this suburban platform,
And he will notice lots and lots
Depicting native Beauty-Spots
Ablaze, beneath a torrid blue,
With weather fit to melt a Rajah's fat form.

Yours are these scenes, O British Isle,
The fabled land of fogs and blizzards;
There year-long summer never fails
(If we may trust the posters' tales)
But lures us with her archest smile
To come and toast our hibernating gizzards.

See where by Weymouth's golden sand
(Ah, happy babes that in it wallow!)
Smart women, gowned in gauzy wear,
As fits the present balmy air,
Imbibe the music of the band,
With parasols to intercept Apollo.

At this unlikely time of year
Mark yonder boy—a speaking omen
Of health and appetite in store
At Swanage of the sunny shore—
"I feel," he says," so jolly here,"
Laying his hand upon his young abdomen.

Behold, along the silvery wave,
(The sun above it, hot and shiny),
Gay yachts are dancing out of Ryde,
Just as they did at Summertide,
And little Southsea trippers lave
Their paddling tootsies in the topid briny.

Again: permit your glance to fall
On Winchester's historic scenery.
Where are the leaves of yester-May?
Has the deciduous elm, I say,
Mislaid his foliage? Not at all;
He still preserves a rare perennial greenery.

Are you for 70 in the shade?
You'll catch the season in its prime at
Dovercourt, where the sexes mix
In the warm surf; or you may fix
A tryst amid some beechen glade
In Felixstowe's superbly tropic climate.

Even the Underground provides
Visions of raiment light and airy;
Here (in the picture) man and wife,
Leading the simple outdoor life,
Sketchily clad in nature's hides,
Enjoy a second June in January.

Why hustle, then, to alien seas,
To Monte Carlo or Mentone,
When here (unless the posters lie)
You have a perfect home-supply
Where you may bask all day at ease
Or gambol softly like a Summer coney?

Why seek the Nile's exotic bowers
When here you get the same idea,
Zephyrs the same, the same old sky
(Unless, once more, the posters lie)—
A leisure-land of lotus-flowers
As good as any on a dayahbeeah? O. S.

THE HOLIDAY JAUNT.

We discussed the matter this way and that for some time, and eventually we decided that we would go to London together and then split up into two separate parties for theatrical purposes.

It came about in this way. Everybody knows that, unless you go to London at least once and see a performance, holidays don't count. When school begins again you must have something, even if it's only a circus, to put up against Enid or Thelma or Bridget, when they tell you about their excitements. The best thing is a real theatre, so we settled that we would go to a real theatre on some convenient afternoon.

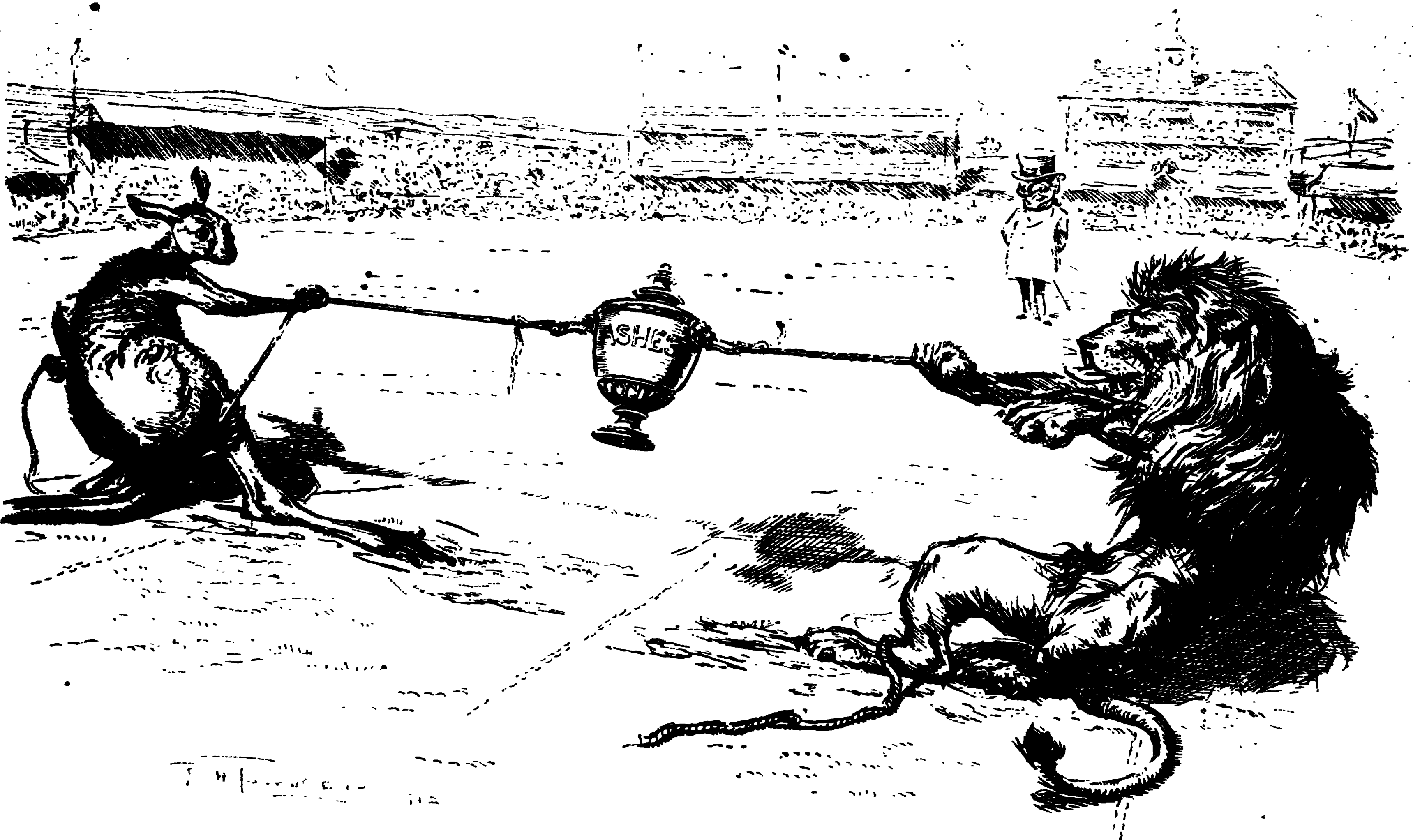
Mother suggested *Peter Pan* as being both old and new; but Helen said, "No—nothing would induce her to see *Peter Pan* again when there were so many other things that she hadn't seen. Rosie, however, said that *Peter Pan* fulfilled all her ideals, and she must see it again. Then Peggy was called in to arbitrate. She at once declared for something with swords and battles. "But," said Rosie, "you fight every day"—which is true, for Peggy has a soldier's soul and a scout's uniform in which she conducts crusades of extraordinary virulence against a dusky and remote people called "Sasarens." They perish by millions every day in the more distant parts of the garden, but are constantly renewed. Peggy, therefore, is all for swords—which, as everybody knows, are sometimes called "skime-tars"—and for fights against desperate odds. She declared immovably for a play of that sort. Eventually, therefore, we settled that mother should take Rosie and a friend to *Peter Pan*, while I, with Helen and Peggy, affronted the full-blooded delights of *The Three Musketeers*. Thus it happens that I can say nothing about *Peter Pan*, but must confine myself to Dumas.

In the train to London there were no great adventures. Helen's toes touched the floor of the compartment: she is growing up. Rosie's legs frankly dangled, and those of Peggy, who is the shortest person in the world, projected stumpily into the air beyond the edge of her seat. I own I have a particular fancy for that sort of leg. It combines plumpness with stiffness to the extreme point of attractiveness.

Well, we drove through London to our place of luncheon, and on the way we counted soldiers and policemen on either side of the taxi. Helen was ahead for a long time with thirteen, but Peggy finally romped home near the Buckingham Palace Road with a numerous detachment of Guards. "Twenty thousand," said Peggy—"I win"; and, though Helen entered a protest, there was really no getting out of it. Soldiers are soldiers, even when a lot of them are marching together, and, besides, they had officers with them, and it is one of the rules of the game that an officer on foot counts two, while an officer on horseback counts three.

We lunched in a restaurant above a glorious and gigantic shop where everything in the whole world can be bought. There were ices. Need I say more to indicate the excellence and luxury of the lunch? But it was noticed that lemonade after ices tastes quite warm. This was considered regrettable. The management should see to it.

After lunch there was one false start. Peggy was swept off obliviously under the maternal wing in a taxi bound for *Peter Pan*, but was restored, flustered and indignant, after a minute or two, during which Helen and I, who had not seen her departure, went from panic to panic through all the vast and busy departments of the shop. With her, thus recaptured, we reached the New Prince's Theatre, a glittering palace of white and gold, only a quarter of an hour too soon. We got to our places, we doubled up my



THE FIGHT FOR THE ASHES: ONE ALL.



Urchin (to messenger-boy waiting in queue for doors to open for sale). "Wot oh, 'Erb! Mind yer gets 'em wiv ribbons."

overcoat and set it on a seat, and on its top we perched Peggy, whose legs projected more plumply and stiffly than ever. As the later arrivals brushed past them on their way to their seats these legs sprang back again like springs to their straight extension, and there, when the row was filled, they finally remained, stumpy and triumphant.

At last the music ceased and the curtain went up. Heavens! what a succession of emotions! Before we knew what had happened d'Artagnan, fresh from Gascony, had three duels on his hands, and Anne of Austria had given the Duke of Buckingham the fatal diamond buttons. The scene changed, and the swords flew out, and d'Artagnan was engaged with Athos, who with his left hand made a gallant fight. *Presto!* the Cardinal's guards arrive—seven of them—to arrest the duellists. 'Tis a scurvy trick, and d'Artagnan joins the three Musketeers in their resistance. More swords flash out, and in a moment the four are fighting the seven. It is a fearful tussle, but odds are nothing to three Musketeers and a Gascon. Down go the seven one after another like nine-pins, in every sort of attitude, and the four remain standing, flushed and victorious. But Peggy had observed one of the prostrate Cardinalians. He, though a stout and sturdy man, had been repeatedly thrust through, and was now extended on his back. As the victors advanced to the footlights she felt she must warn them: "Look out for that one," she cried. "He's not dead. I can see him breathing"—and, indeed, the warrior's chest was rising and falling with a vigour indicative of anything but death.

After this you might suppose that we had exhausted our excitement. Not a bit of it. There were dreadful and memorable fights yet to come, and Milady had yet to set her snares, and the majestic shade of Bowdler was not absent from the scene.

It was a grand afternoon, and we didn't fear to match our *Musketeers* against their *Peter* when we all went home in the train together.

"Mr. Pitta as *Cassius* sustained a hand part excellently well and was at his best in the first act when inciting Benters to exalt himself."

Times of India.

We all know the fatal issue, and how it ended in Cæsar's remark, "Et tu, Benters?"

Member of Irish firm (dictating to typist): "We must request you to read our letter of the 30th ult. as if it had never been written."

Persian Echoes.

(By an ex-member of the Omar Khaiyyám Club.)

There once was a party called Shuster,
Who crowed at the Russ like a rooster;
When they said, "We are sick
Of this doodle-doo trick,"
He replied, "I shall stop when I choose ter."

IS IT WORTH IT?

(*An exercise in the convivial and expansive manner of the Editor of "The English Review."*)

WE were out for the Big Stuff; that is to say, we were dining with the richest editor in London.

"Keep on having more of this perfect old brandy," he had said, and such an invitation in such a house is not to be disregarded.

All the interesting men were there—Dan and Welby and Squire and Sparkes. It was like *The Three Musketeers.*

On hearing our host whistle thrice—one blast for an advertiser, two for an American, and three for an editor—and realising that I was the only other editor present, I flung my napkin under the chair and hurried to his side, nervously pinching my Corona y Corona on the way to see if I really was awake or asleep to be so honoured. After pouring out another glass of the finest old brandy in Modern Athens I blurted out the great news for which I felt him to be waiting. "We're chucking the half-crown; henceforward we're going to be a bob."

For a while he didn't seem to hear, while the port and the old brandy went round the table and the Corona y Coronas burned red, lighting up in fitful spasms the powerful intellectual brows of Dan and Welby, Squire and Sparkes. I felt a glow within me to think that I made one of such a company: all men of the world, resourceful, cynical, rich, and capable of mixing such excellent port and such distinguished old brandy.

Then my magnificent host roused himself. "A bob," he said. "Not *The Great Adult Review?*"

"What other could it be, if *I* talk about it?" I asked.

The riposte hit him. He is not used to such independence in his guests. He was thinking hard, I could see, for his eyes were shut. It is an infallible sign.

"And what's your little game?

"Principle," I said.

"Principal's not interest," he replied instantly.

I was back on him in a flash: "Principle is the only thing *we* are interested in."

He laughed. He loves a good thing.

"How do you spell it?" he asked at length.

"LE," I said.

"Oh!" he replied, "I hadn't given you credit for that. I was thinking of AL."

We both roared.

"And what about Queer Street?" he asked.

Not many men can pierce the dialectical defence of the ablest man in London, but I am one. "We shall not be in Queer Street," I replied. "We shall pay our way."

He looked at me in alarm. "But you said you spelt it LE," he gasped at last. "You can't have it both ways. Not LE and a dividend too."



MORE TRADE SECRETS.

Manager (examining bottle of lemon squash—chemically produced). "YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO PUT THE ACCIDENTAL PIP IN THIS BOTTLE, WILLIAM. BE MORE CAREFUL IN FUTURE."

"*We* can," I said, "if other people can't."

"Have some more of this really admirable old brandy," was his only answer.

I pledged him, and he whistled up the others. "Now, boys," he said, "here's a lark. The kid here"—I am such a child, you know; just a mass of bright and brainy keenness—"the kid here wants to know what chance his *Great Adult Review* has at a bob. Dan, what do you say?"

Dan steadily poured out a glass of the remarkable old brandy and sipped it like the superb *mondain* he is.

"Depends on the stuff," he said at last. The most capable man in London, some have called him.

Our host beamed. He knew his Dan would not let him down. "There!" he said to me triumphantly.

My retort—I am known by my friends as *The Evening Riposte*, I am so quick—was instant. "We *have* the stuff," I said laconically.

They all gasped again. Who was I? they seemed to be asking. Who was this capable confident youth who had no fears on the edge of such a revolution, watching a half-crown magazine come down to a shilling in the year 1912 without a qualm!

"And what stuff, may I ask?" said Squire. Squire is an American, one of the greatest men across the herring-pond, as he has amusingly called it.

"The best," I said. "Translations from the Russian pessimists."

"Ah!" they exclaimed.

"The Tramp Poet."

"No!" they murmured ecstatically.

"Imitations of NIETZSCHE."

"Splendid!" they cried.

"All the young Zolas."

They were overjoyed.

"Plays and music-halls by myself," I added, and the triumph was complete.

"In short, the big stuff," they remarked in chorus.

"Yes," said I, "the big, big stuff. Nothing that can possibly make any reader comfortable."

"That's the way," said Welby. "And Mrs. Grundy be——"

"Yes, we have done with Mrs. Grundy. Our patron saint is Mrs. Gummidge."

"And all," said Dan, "for a bob?"

"All," I said.

"Nett?"

"Nett," I said.

"Pass that very curious old brandy," Dan cried. "I want to propose the health of the most courageous and inspired editor in London."

Our host looked a little glum but he drank it.

"And success," Dan added, "to the new bob's worth."

"Well," said our magnificent host, "I'll drink that too; but I should have more confidence if the thing was to be only a farthing. 'The Biggest Stuff for the Smallest Coin'—think what an ad. that would make!"

And so with a farewell glass of the amazing old brandy we parted, each to the conquest of his world, or, as the French would say, "*chacun à la conquête de son monde.*"



A. "SHADBURY MUST BE VERY INTIMATE WITH SIR HORACE MUGGS. HE CALLS HIM HORACE."
B. "ON THE CONTRARY, SIR HORACE'S *INTIMATE* FRIENDS CALL HIM *'ORACE.*"

THE ART OF THE THEATRE.

(*With apologies to Mr. Gordon Craig.*)

The Expert. Come, let us sit down here, on the first page, and talk a while of the Theatre and its art. Or rather I will talk, and you will supply leading and, if possible, intelligent interjections. Tell me, do you know what is the art of the Theatre?

The Playgoer. Yes.

The Expert. That is wrong; you should have said No. I will therefore tell you about it. First, then, it is necessary that we should get out of our minds all our preconceived notions on this subject. You may, for example, have heard of the art of the poet or dramatist, or of the actor's art, or even (in certain circles) of the great art of the British Public. Now the art of the Theatre is none of these things.

The Playgoer. What is it, then?

The Expert. That is better; I perceive that we shall make something of you yet. First and chiefly, the art of the Theatre is the art of Pantomime—an art that is unfortunately almost extinct among us, save in the exhibitions of Punch, or those more delicate shows of *fantoccioni* which you have enjoyed in Italian villages.

The Playgoer. Pardon me, I found them tiresome in the extr——

The Expert. And why was the pleasure you derived from them so much keener than anything you would have experienced in an ordinary theatre? I will tell you. It was because, for the first time, you were seeing the creation of a single intelligence. The puppet playhouse is as yet the only establishment in the world where there can be efficient stage direction, because only there does the same master-hand inform not only the decor, the music, and the dialogue, but even the gestures of the mimes. The great aim of modern theatrical reform therefore should be to get rid of the bondage of independence.

The Playgoer. I like that!

The Expert. And correctly, of course. Though all progress towards this ideal must be gradual, one is glad to acknowledge that in many places a certain beginning has been made already. For example the performances at the new municipal theatre in Lollopopski (which is, as you know, one of the most artistic towns in central Poland) are of a significance for the drama which should not be overlooked. One of their greatest recent successes had for its interpreters a cast consisting of seven shadows, a run-down clock, and a smell of orange-peel. The effect, I remember, was quite extraordinary. Perhaps the wonderful dramatic values in the smell of an orange have never been studied by you?

The Playgoer. I confess that is so.

The Expert. Intelligent people who have really studied the subject know, of course, that the future development of the drama will lie very largely in its appeal to senses other than the aural sense, and especially to that of smell. Perfume is always actual and arresting, whereas dialogue, as you may have noticed, is often tedious.

The Playgoer. I am noticing it now.

The Expert. Then again, you will doubtless expect that I should say something about the very helpful work of Prof. Pappenschlaft, whose treatment of Shakspearean tragedy (given in dumb-show on an absolutely dark stage) has been adopted with such success by the directorate of the Arts Theatre at Cape Shackleton. So much, therefore, for what has actually been done. And now shall I tell you what must be our first consideration for the future?

The Playgoer. No.

The Expert. Then you have spoilt the whole thing. I am very much disappointed with you. [EXIT *Expert.*

A SILLY ASS.

It is Chum's birthday to-morrow, and I am going to buy him a little whip for a present, with a whistle at the end of it. When I next go into the country to see him I shall take it with me and explain it to him. Two days' firmness would make him quite a sensible dog. I have often threatened to begin the treatment on my very next visit, but somehow it has been put off; the occasion of his birthday offers a last opportunity.

It is rather absurd, though, to talk of birthdays in connection with Chum, for he has been no more than three months old since we have had him. He is a black spaniel who has never grown up. He has a beautiful astrachan coat which gleams when the sun is on it; but he stands so low in the water that the front of it is always getting dirty, and his ears and the ends of his trousers trail in the mud. A great authority has told us that he is a Cocker of irreproachable birth. A still greater authority has sworn that he is a Sussex. The family is indifferent—it only calls him a Silly Ass. Why he was christened Chum I don't know; and as he never recognises the name it doesn't matter.

When he first came to stay with us I took him a walk round the village. I wanted to show him the lie of the land. He had never seen the country before and was full of interest. He trotted into a cottage garden and came back with something to show me.

"You'll never guess," he said. "Look!" and he dropped at my feet a chick just out of the egg.

I smacked his head and took him into the cottage to explain.

"My dog," I said, "has eaten one of your chickens."

Chum nudged me in the ankle and grinned.

"*Two* of your chickens," I corrected myself, looking at the fresh evidence which he had just brought to light.

"You don't want me any more?" said Chum, as the financial arrangements proceeded. "Then I'll just go and find somewhere for these two." And he picked them up and trotted into the sun.

When I came out I was greeted effusively.

"This is a wonderful day," he panted as he wriggled his body. "I didn't know the country was like this. What do we do now?"

"We go home," I said; but Chum had made a bee line for a small dark object in the middle of a field. All his instinct told him it was something more for the bag, but when he got there he had his first disappointment. It was nothing but an old boot. However, he was not going to own himself in the wrong. He picked it up and brought it back to me in state.

That was Chum's last day of freedom. He keeps inside the front gate now. But he is still a happy dog; there is plenty doing in the garden. There are beds to walk over, there are blackbirds in the apple-tree to bark at. The world is still full of wonderful things. "Why, only last Wednesday," he will tell you, "the fishmonger left his basket in the drive. There was a haddock in it, if you'll believe me, for Master's breakfast, so of course I saved it for him. I put it on the grass just in front of his study window, where he'd be *sure* to notice it. Bless you, there's always *something* to do in this house. One is never idle."

Chum has found, however, that his particular mission in life is to purge his master's garden of all birds. This keeps him busy. As soon as he sees a blackbird on the lawn he is in full cry after it. When he gets to the place and finds the blackbird gone he pretends that he was going there anyhow; he gallops round in circles, rolls over once or twice, and then trots back again. "You didn't *really* think I was such a fool as to try to catch a *blackbird*?" he says to us. "No, I was just taking a little run—splendid thing for the figure."

And it is just Chum's little runs over the beds which call aloud for firmness—which, in fact, have inspired my birthday present to him. But there is this difficulty to overcome first. When he came to live with us an arrangement was entered into (so he says) by which one bed was given to him as his own. In that bed he could wander at will, burying bones and biscuits, hunting birds. This may have been so, but it is a pity that nobody but Chum knows definitely which is the bed.

"Chum, you bounder," I shout as he is about to wade through the herbaceous border.

He takes no notice; he struggles through to the other side. But a sudden thought strikes him, and he pushes his way back again.

"Did you call me?" he says.

"How *dare* you walk over the flowers?"

He comes up meekly.

"I suppose I've done *something* wrong," he says, "but I can't *think* what."

I smack his head for him. He waits until he is quite sure I have finished and then jumps up with a bark, wipes his paws on my trousers and trots into the herbaceous border again.

"Chum!" I cry.

He sits down in it and looks all round him in amazement.

"My own bed!" he murmurs. "*Given* to me!"

I don't know what it is in him which so catches hold of you. His way of sitting, a reproachful statue, motionless outside the window of whomever he wants to come out and play with him—until you can bear it no longer, but must either go into the garden or draw down the blinds for the day; his habit, when you *are* out, of sitting up on his back legs and begging you with his front paws to come and *do* something—a trick entirely of his own invention, for no one would think of teaching him anything; his funny nautical roll when he walks, which is nearly a swagger, and gives him always the air of having just come back from some rather dashing adventure: beyond all this there is still something. And whatever it is, it is something which every now and then compels you to bend down and catch hold of his long silky ears, to look into his honest eyes and say—

"You silly old ass! You *dear* old *silly* old ass!" A. A. M.

THE SWISS HOTEL.

II.—SOME HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.

There is one question above all others which confronts the Englishman on his first visit in the winter season to a Swiss hotel. He cannot burke it, nor is it possible for him to postpone for a single day the moment when he faces it.

The success of his holiday will largely depend upon the attitude which he takes up and the policy which he adopts in regard to his bed. He is confronted at the outset by a large, limp, snow-white structure that is practically a cross between a bolster and a quilt, and reposes serenely on the counterpane. It is known, I believe, as a *duvet*. Its capabilities are great. Every man must solve for himself the subtle ratio that should be established between the heater, the bedclothes, and the open window in the matter of their contribution to the temperature; and the conclusions that follow do not pretend to be more than a rough guide. But as for the *duvet*, my experience is that it is best to make no terms with it. Far wiser to dispose of it while you can still do so with a dispassionate mind, than to grapple with it in the exasperation of the morning. By then you may be capable of anything. Many have been constrained to crush the thing (for it is infinitely compressible) and jam it wholesale into a ewer, and thus present it to the chambermaid. This is an extreme course,

for in the first place she is not to blame, and in the second it cannot be released without a breach of the ewer. But, having disposed of it by some less barbarous method and substituted a travelling rug and an overcoat, you must face the larger problem again. To sleep with the heater on and the window shut is to suffer partial suffocation; with the heater off and the window open is to be frozen almost stiff; with the heater off and the window shut is to create a sort of cold frowst, enormously provocative of thirst. I do not say, however, that a happy medium may not be found by diligent experiment, with the heater partly on and the window partly open.

Then again you will find beneath the pillow a singular little three-cornered wedge, so insinuated as to tilt the sleeper slightly with his head up-hill. A good place for this is the top of the wardrobe. But if you can manage to convey it downstairs without discovery it makes a capital seat for a bob-sleigh.

Always provided that you are not more than six feet high, you may now expect to sleep in peace.

It is well to have a hot bath on the first evening, not entirely on account of its own intrinsic propriety, but in order that you may steal the towel. Those provided in the bedrooms are inadequate. But you will do well to conceal it, if possible, under lock and key, as the chambermaid has seen that done before.

You will probably find that the chest-of-drawers also does duty as a wash-stand. For this reason it is a wise precaution to put nothing in the top drawer except your umbrella and mackintosh, as a good deal of water finds its way through.

Your balcony is very apt to bend a little beneath your weight, especially when under snow. Do not on that account be deterred from using it. There is a lot of spring about them, and they don't often give way.

So much for your bedroom; here follow a few words of guidance in regard to the public rooms. Do not imagine that you can escape from the band. Should it drive you to try another hotel you will be no better off. You will find there not the same band, but the *same tunes*. They are endemic.

The blotting-paper should be avoided. The table-cloth will generally be found more absorbent.

Make every effort to keep on good terms with the concierge and he may sometimes allow you to open a window in the lounge. This may prevent asphyxiation.

You will find all the newspapers firmly riveted into a sort of stake.



The Count (who has been damaging the tails of many high pheasants). "PARBLEU! IF ONLY THEY FLIED BACKWARD, WHAT CARNAGE!"

This makes them exceedingly difficult to handle. It is not a bad plan to get the lift-boy to hold the paper in position while you read it.

Your last and most painful duty, before leaving for your train, will be to get back the deposit paid on arrival for the use of your toboggan, which you have never seen after the first day—for it is customary for every one to help himself indiscriminately out of the common stock. The process of recovering your ten francs is not however so troublesome as it seems. For if you anticipate any difficulty in altering the number on the receipt it is always easy enough to alter the number on the toboggan.

If you have taken all the liberties suggested above, and expect to return the following year to the same hotel, it is well on your departure to be generous in tips. Should this escape your memory, there will always be somebody about to remind you of the omission.

The Great Egg Joke.

"A box of eggs (contents not yet known) has also been received from Mrs. A. V. Doyle (St. Mary's)."—*Launceston Examiner.*

MOTTO FOR ESCAPED SPIES: *Ex tenebris LUX.*



Harold. "Dad! hold my coat; it's time to start." *Father.* "No, laddy, you don't play in this game."
Harold. "Do you mean to tell me that we've come all this way only to look on?"

OUR LONDON LETTER.

(*With grateful acknowledgments to "The Westminster Gazette."*)

Mr. Redmond is not the first public man of eminence to be involved in a carriage accident. It is recorded by Livy that when Hannibal was crossing the Alps he was twice overturned in a chariot drawn by mules, while Lord Clive was seriously injured as a child owing to the upsetting of his perambulator by a runaway horse. Clive lived to conquer India. The happy omen will not be lost on the many admirers of the great Irish statesman.

The gift of a tame wallaby to Lord Denman, the Governor-General of Australia, is not the first occasion on which such presents have been made to distinguished administrators. Thus it is recorded that when Cicero was proconsul of Cilicia the natives of that province testified their appreciation of his services by presenting him with a pair of panthers, which for many years formed one of the chief attractions of the famous orator's villa at Tusculum. Diogenes, it is well known, kept a pet lizard in his little wooden hut, or tub, as it was called by his detractors; and the natives of Newfoundland presented Sebastian Cabot with a learned cachalot, as we read in the pages of Mr. Frank Bullen.

A correspondent points out that Mr. T. W. Russell is not the only Member of Parliament who is proficient on the penny whistle. Lord Pentland, prior to serving as A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was in great request at village readings owing to his virtuosity on this humble but effective instrument. Mr. Gibson Bowles, again, is a past master of the technique of the bosun's whistle; but this can hardly be called a "penny" whistle except by a stretch of language, as the regulation price is, we believe, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Alfred Thomas, whose elevation to the peerage has given the greatest satisfaction throughout the Principality, is not the first person with the surname of Thomas who has received this honour. It will be remembered that Mr. Freeman-Thomas was recently created Lord Willingdon. It is a curious coincidence that in a book of confessions Lord Willingdon recently stated that his favourite poets were *Alfred* Tennyson and *Thomas* Moore.

It cannot have escaped the notice of our readers that Mr. Lloyd George is not singular in choosing the Riviera for the scene of his winter holiday. The uncommon mildness of the climate, conjoined with the natural beauty of the coast, attracts thousands of invalids and convalescents—happily the Chancellor of the Exchequer comes under neither of these categories—to this enchanting district. The Riviera, however, labours under the grave drawback of being liable to earthquakes. But these visitations are of comparatively rare occurrence, and even if one should happen during his stay we have no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George would confront it with his usual buoyant optimism.

THE LAUGH THAT CAME OFF.

I read a Sage's words that stuck
Fast in my mind. "Good folk," said he,
"To learn to laugh at one's ill-luck
Is soundest of philosophy."

But, though on many a day and night,
Ill-starred, I fairly tried the thing,
It never sounded really right,
I couldn't raise the genuine ring.

I mind the silly cackling sound
That came the day my bank went 'broke';
The weird guffaw I wildly found
When Janet deemed my love a joke.

But now I know the mirth that lends
A fitter form of help by half:
I've been to *Where the Rainbow Ends*,
And learnt that mad, hyæna laugh.



UNITED WE DIFFER.

Mr. Lloyd George. "VOTES FOR WOMEN! DON'T YOU LISTEN TO MY ESTEEMED COLLEAGUE!"

Mr. Harcourt. "NO VOTES FOR WOMEN! MY ESTEEMED COLLEAGUE IS TALKING NONSENSE!"

A PERSONALITY.

Our telephone number is two double-six double-six *nine* Central.

Every morning, just after breakfast, the little bell rings, and Craikes or I take off the receiver and ask it if it is there. Every morning, just after breakfast, the receiver says that it is, and asks us if we are two double-six double-six *five* Central. Every morning, just after breakfast, I say, or Craikes says, "No," and there the matter ends for the moment.

I say "every morning, just after breakfast," because the intervals when this does not happen are so few and short as to be negligible.

We have formed a conclusion about Two double-six double-six five. Someone is in love with him and means to go on being in love with him, even if they give him the wrong number every time. We feel that we have been taken into this someone's confidence, and are entitled to know a little more about a love which does not mind being aired at this chilly hour of the morning. Listening, however, more closely, we have been compelled to notice that the voice is not always the same. We are forced to the regrettable conclusion that more than one person is in love with Two double-six double-six five. The more profoundly are we intrigued about a personality which can inspire such love at such an hour in a variety of hearts. In short, we want to know who this Two double-six double-six five is.

"We will," we said, "pick him out from the List of Subscribers." We examined the first page of this volume. On it there were a hundred and sixty-eight numbers, and two double-six double-six five Central was not one of them. We also found, by looking hurriedly forward, that there are seven hundred and twenty-nine more pages, each containing the same amount of numbers. "We will not," we said, "pick him out from the List of Subscribers."

Last week we got a little clue. A voice asked us suddenly "if we made plum puddings?" The voice did not actually mention two double-six double-six five, but it was a case of the same old mistake, we had no doubt. Plum puddings are not, we were bound to admit, consistent with our theory of passion, but a theory must go by the board when it collides with cold fact. Here note in passing that we, Two double-six double-six nine, live at the Embankment end of the Temple. Our next-door neighbour is (remember the plum puddings) *H.M.S. Buzzard*. Put two and two together, and you will find that there is nothing in it. The number of *H.M.S. Buzzard, Esquire*, is one double-three double-eight Central. That is not the worm that these early birds are after.

We want to find out who Two double-six double-six five Central is. How shall we do it? Without waiting for your answer, we have formed a plan.

We are going quietly up to our instrument to remove the ear-trumpet. In answer to the customary official enquiry, we shall say: "Give us two double-six double-six five Central, please."

Later a voice will say: "Hullo!"

"Who are you?" we shall ask.

Ten to one the answer will be: "Two double-six double-six five Central."

"Yes, but who *else*?" we shall ask.

We shall then learn the worst; but we shall not tell the public. The public must find out for itself, one by one, in the same way. Thus Two double-six double-six five will become the most notorious as well as the best loved man in London.

No, we have thought of that. To avoid the risk of being dragged into any more of his affairs we, Two double-six double-six nine, shall have discontinued our subscription to and severed our connection with the Telephone by the time this article appears in print. We do not want to have to interview all the new-found friends, as well as all the old-time lovers, of Two double-six double-six five.



THE NEGLECTED VETERAN.

Father Thames (ruefully). "Everything going off North! After all my careful work, too, all these years! Enough to make a fellow hate his very bed! If it weren't for their beastly Atlases and Geography, hanged if I wouldn't have a try to burst my banks and get there myself! Might have a chance of a job then."

From the handbill of an entertainment at Washford Pyne:—

"ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE - 6d.
TO DANCE ALONE - - 4d."

Fair Dancer (to over-strenuous partner). "Here's fourpence; do you mind dancing alone?"

AT THE PLAY.

"The Miracle."

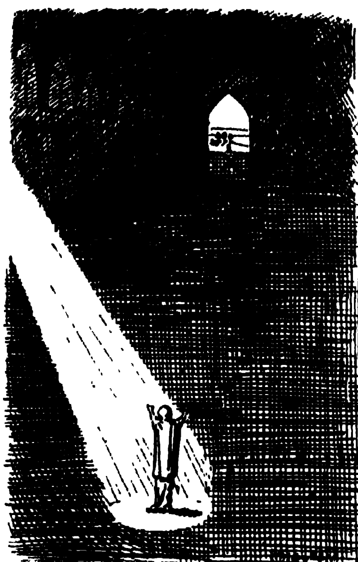
The arena of Olympia makes an admirable stage for a Royal Horse Show or the crowded interior of a cathedral, but for a single actor it is perhaps a little roomy. Thus, in *The Miracle*, it needs a circle of limelight (thrown upon her from a hanging platform in the roof) to enable *The Knight*, stationed outside the great West doors, to locate the object of his passion; but how he contrives to set a precise value on her charms without the aid of field-glasses, I cannot hope to guess. And when a spasm of attraction draws him to her side he has to cover something under a furlong before he can fold her in his steely arms. Nor was I surprised that the effort of carrying her out along this tedious track made him impotent to mount his charger at the first attempt.

An equal distance, in the other half of the cathedral, had to be negotiated whenever the nuns were sent for to witness any miracle that occurred in the centre. I never remember to have seen so strong a body of *religieuses* executing so lengthy a movement at the double. It was a little unfortunate that they should all have been required to recognise the miracle at the same moment, the rear contingent taking their time from the screams of the vanguard.

A grave difficulty for the management lay in the impossibility of disturbing the original scene. Once a cathedral, always a cathedral. The strangest things had to go on inside it. I have assisted at some remarkably secular demonstrations in the church of the *Ara Coeli* in Rome on the occasion of the Festivity of the *Santissimo Bambino*, but never anything like the goings-on in this place of worship at Addison Road. There were murders and violent elopements (done in defiance of the laws of sanctuary); there were feasts, and a sort of Lady Godiva entertainment, and returns from the chase or the battle, and other episodes most unusual in the interior of a sacred edifice. From the simple expedient of pushing three trees and a grass mound through the cathedral doors and a few yards up the nave ("Movable Mountain by Rudolph Dworsky," as my programme, anxious to give credit where credit is due, informs me) we were to gather symbolically that the outdoor life of the world at large was before us; but this did not quite suit the case of the nuptial couch, which was thus exposed to all the winds of heaven, or of the Inquisition chamber, where the proceedings went on under hypaethral conditions.

It was less easy to accept in all circumstances the convention of dumb-show. An uproarious banquet of brigands, where there was no buzz of conversation and no audible jests to provoke the ribald laughter, was a tough thing to swallow. Apart from the reading of the service the only remarks uttered during the evening were "Oh!" and "Witch!" It would seem that there is no recognised gesture to express your feelings with perfect clarity when you imagine yourself to be a victim of the Black Art.

But, to do justice to a remarkable performance, there was never any resort to those traditional pantomimics which I always regard with ignorant abhorrence.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

(*Long distance range.*)

The Nun ... ... Mlle. Trouhanowa.
The Knight (marked in the picture with a ×) Mr. Douglas Payne.

The gestures of Mlle. Trouhanowa as *The Nun*, if they were sometimes needlessly iterated in order to give the music time to catch up, always conveyed her meaning with a perfectly natural and human directness; and the sense of space which might well have tempted her away from a right dramatic restraint never seemed to give her any trouble.

Many miracles were performed, but the best marvel of all was the statuesque beauty of Mme. Maria Carmi as the Botticelli *Madonna*, and the gracious dignity of her movements when she came to life. The third protagonist, *The Spielmann* (Herr Max Pallenberg), I cannot praise with equal confidence. Why the Devil should here be represented as a piper I do not venture to say, though I assume that the association (common in German legends) of the music of the pipe with the crying of lost souls had something to do with it. But it does not explain why it should have been necessary for this *Mephistopheles Spielmann* (no connection, by the way, with another M. Spielmann, friend and biographer of *Mr. Punch*) to adopt the grotesque motions of a dwarf, and wriggle about with his legs doubled up, or why these gymnastics should have had any attraction for *The Nun*. I should add that his satanic pipe threw off an astounding variety of noises, including the strains of a full brass orchestra.

And this brings me to M. Humperdinck's music. The largeness of the cosmic theme was perhaps hardly suited to his particular type of genius. One obvious error of judgment was his adaptation of a certain familiar hymn-tune. Writing for an English audience he should have considered whether the homely words which this air was bound to suggest to us were appropriate for a congregation thrilled by the spectacle of the Madonna incarnate.

To speak of the pageant as a whole, Professor Reinhardt's achievement was a great triumph over difficulties that must have broken the heart of a less courageous impresario. His disposition of single figures, designed for the broad effects that so vast a stage demanded, was a thing to wonder at no less than his marshalling of the huge crowds. The cathedral scenes, where silence was natural and proper, were far the most appealing. As for the rest, those who have made a previous study of the argument will look in vain for any very lurid episodes in the downward career of *The Nun*. Her dancing on the banquet-table was of the most perfunctory, and must have been a sad blow for the retainers of the marauding nobleman. Even in the early stages of her passionate progress she never gave me the impression that she was having the time of her life. I am certain that there should have been, at the first, a stronger note of joyousness in the new life of love and freedom, to serve as a contrast both to the cloistral restraint that went before, and the bitter disillusionment that was to follow. But the horrors began from the very start. Her earthly Paradise seemed all snake.

O. S.

"Active, elderly W.H., give L.W. exch. f. room, small w., Christian cpl. Mr., Q.V.M., P.O."—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

The only comment we can think of is "K.C.M.G."

"The length of horse used by the brigade was 29,300 yards."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

It sounds more like a dachshund.



Elderly Season-Ticket Holder. "No, I don't like the windows open, because I don't like draughts. When you're young it's all right, but when you're past fifty you've got to be careful: you can't do things with impunity like you can when you're young. That's how I catch most of my colds—doing things with impunity."

TO HENRY, ON GETTING INTO "WHO'S WHO."

APOTHEOSIS—isn't that the word?
Well, well, whatever be the actual standing,
Godly or demi-godly, that's conferred
On those who've climbed to Glory's topmost landing,
Henry, I'm truly bucked to see that you
Are now a "Who."

I wonder if the tint of modest shame
Leapt from those scarlet covers to your brows and
If it upset you when you found your name
Among this season's Four-and-twenty Thousand;
Or did you, loth to hold yourself aloof,
Correct a proof?

'Twas in the process of an idle search
That first I came on you in all your dignity,
Preceded by a pillar of the Church
(A blameless bishop of extreme benignity),
And followed by a baron whose career
Is writ in beer.

Your claim to honour boasts a firmer base:
I glowed with loving pride on learning that you
Lately presented to your native place
A park, a mission-hall, a Royal statue,
And (this, I'll wager, fairly made them jump
For joy) a pump.

The casual reader of the volume might,
Seeing your deeds so blazoned forth in print, arrest
His gaze, and note that in the coming fight
You're picked to champion your Party's interest,
And, adding two and two, meanly contrive
To make it five.

But we who know you, we, my dear old chap,
Who've joined your clubs and shared your recreations
("Fishing, lawn-tennis, golf and ha'penny nap"),
And loyally perused your publications
(*Tariffs in Timbuctoo*, *Pure Politics*
And *Parlour Tricks*)—

We would not doubt your motives; nor would we,
Slighting the claims of History, dispute your
Right to a place among the company
Of England's supermen. So in the future,
Whatever you achieve, don't keep it back
From Messrs. BLACK.

"The Honble. J. L. Jenkins, Vice-President of the Governor-General's Legislative Council, read the following short address of loyal welcome and devotion to Their Imperial Majesties on behalf of British India. Take in A The King-Emperor acknowledged the address."
Durbar Bulletin.

For loyalty, devotion and especially brevity the VICE-PRESIDENT'S address would be hard to beat.

Things that we Take on Trust.—I.

"If it should be a fine night the moon will appear larger than usual. The difference will be very small, so small that no eye will be able to recognise it."—*Manchester Evening News.*

According to *The Daily Express* a Lancashire cotton operative said recently: "I strongly deprecate the coercive tactics of organised labour." This must be the Lancashire dialect, of which we have so often heard.

THE GREAT NAME.

ALBANIAN MOUNTAIN-DEW MIXTURE.
GROWN IN TIPPERARY.

Ferruginous.
Antiseptic.
Hypnotic.
Alleviates the anguish of literary composition.
Appreciated by canaries.
Makes a perfect omelette.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT writes: "I never use any other in my clayhanger pipes."

SMILER'S HOME-MADE JAMS.
RICH AND REFRESHING,
BUT
SUITABLE TO SMALL INCOMES.

A perfect substitute for Dripping.
Combining the flavour
of
Cocaine and Acetyline.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT sings:

A life without the jams of Smiler
Explains the rising of WAT TYLER.

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.
THE BEST PIECE OF SEA-WATER
BETWEEN
ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

Patronise this Channel when visiting the Continent.
Blue, deep and invigorating.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT writes: "I make a point of crossing the English Channel whenever I go to Paris."

THE GREAT ADULT REVIEW.
ONCE 2/6; NOW 1/-.

Mark the Difference.
Every time you buy it you save 1/6.
Every time you don't buy it you save only 1/-.
Edited by The Funniest Man in London.
Read, "We come down to a Shilling" in the Current Number and split your sides.

ARNOLD BENNETT says: "'The Great Adult Review' is a better review than either Greece or Rome ever had."

SUDLESS SOAP.

What is more horrible than to have one's eyes full of suds?—Nothing.
Sudless Soap completely does away with this vexation.
As used on the Sud express trains.
The ordinary Cake of much-advertised Soap has 120 washes in it.
As there is no waste a Cake of Sudless Soap contains 400 washes.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT writes: "Sudless Soap for me."

NEW KNIGHT'S PILLS.
WORTH AN AWFUL LOT A BOX.

The Busy Man's Pills.
The Busy Woman's Pills.
Everybody's Pills.
Ask for New Knight's and see that you get them.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT writes: "These are sterling pills."

WHOLE-MEAL BREAD.
EVERY SLICE A WHOLE MEAL.

Nothing Like It.
Better than *The Standard's* Daily Meal Bread.
Better than *The Daily Meal's* Standard Bread.
The Only Thorough Bread.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT says: "I write my novels on Whole Meal."

BREITSTEIN'S PIANOS.
THE LOUDEST IN THE WORLD.

"Any noise annoys an oyster," but a Breitstein puts him to sleep.
Endorsed by JACK JOHNSON, Sir JOSEPH BEECHAM and Dr. CLIFFORD.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT writes: "I prefer a Breitstein even to a Sarah Grand."

THE DOWAGER CHINA TEA.
THE PALEST IN THE MARKET.

Fragrant and Fortifying.
Indistinguishable from Cocoa.
Reminiscent of Coffee.
Can be made in a Kettle.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT writes: "It can be drunk with impunity at all hours."

THE ADVANCE OF THE FOOT-GUARDS.

["Last year, as indeed is proper for a Coronation Year, was not one of violent events in the Londoner's life." —*Provincial Paper.*]

AND shall the fury pass unnoticed
That fledged the feet of democrats,
From Highgate's citadel remotest
To Kennington, the bourne of bats—
The wonder of last year, the wave of spats?

All shyly, like the early primrose,
They started few and far between;
To-day the shops are full of trim rows,
The suburbs glory in the sheen
Of gaitered ankles; I have sometimes seen

A tube compartment fairly blossom
With buff and grey and brown and fawn,
And tripped my anxious way across 'em,
And known that every eye was drawn
To my bare boot-tops, void of mushroom spawn.

And Christabel and Amaryllis
Have made their ankles twice as stout
With ornamental sheaths, the sillies,
And men and maidens walk about
Looking like ptarmigans attacked by gout.

And I who sing, O cruel fashion,
O charmer with the iron will,
I too have felt the flame, the passion;
I've worn them, and I wear them still;
Look at these twain—I call them Charles and Bill.

These are my most exotic couple,
There are no lovelier spats than these;
What art it takes to keep them supple
I know not, but they roost at ease
All night upon their own peculiar trees.

Then say not that the year was quiet,
The poor dim year that lies at rest,
When fancy hock-wear held such riot
And every shoe was chicly dressed
In hoods (but Charles and William were the best).

EVOE.

A NEW CALENDAR.

THE reason I have embarked upon the business here described is this.

Twelve months ago a friend presented me with a "TENNYSON" Calendar for 1911, and, leaving the Insurance Bill out of the question, few things have been more thoroughly unsatisfactory. You know, doubtless, the kind of thing I mean. One tears off a sheet each morning, and in addition to being confronted by the date in large type, the time of rising and setting of the sun, and the state of the moon, one is given a quotation from the works of the late Laureate. It is the last-named feature which has goaded me into action. The diabolical perversity of my Calendar in this particular has been almost incredible.

It is not pleasant, for example, on one of those mornings which some of us know so well, when the mirror points out with brutal emphasis that you are fast becoming middle-aged, bald and dyspeptic, to be told, "Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful." It is sarcasm in the worst possible taste. How disheartening, too, to read on one's birthday the words, "Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime." An incident like this destroys one's self-respect. One goes about with the furtive air of a cat that has stolen the fish.

At first I imagined I must be peculiarly unfortunate, but I have long since realised that this is not so. Thousands are suffering in the same way, and this vast amount of unnecess-

ary human distress cannot fail to react adversely upon the efficiency of the nation. It must be abolished. The only way is to revolutionise the system of compiling Poetical Calendars, and this is what I claim to have done. Orders may be sent now. Write plainly and state your occupation or principal pursuit. The price will naturally be a little higher than you have been accustomed to pay, since you are getting a better line of goods.

Let me describe my method to you. In the first place I soon discovered that the danger lies in what may be termed Commonplace Days, days which are not of general interest. On Saints' Days, Festivals, Anniversaries, All Fools' Day, and so on, the present type of Calendar usually manages to rise, though often in a very inadequate way, to the occasion. Even the idiot who produced my 1911 Calendar was capable of admonishing wild bells to ring on December 31st.

The problem I had to face with these Commonplace Days was to find quotations which under no conceivable circumstances could give offence to the reader. Nay more, my ambition was to set before him lines of a stimulating and inspiring nature. After long cogitation I decided upon two steps. I discarded the absurd tradition of selecting excerpts from a single poet and drew freely from all the best writers, and I adopted a new scheme of classification. Instead of the "KEATS Calendar," the "BURNS Calendar," the "SHAKSPEARE Calendar," etc., I shall issue the "Dukes' Calendar," the "Cabmen's Calendar," the "Golfers' Calendar," and so on. You see the idea?

Thus, if you are a Militant Suffragette, you will find examples of this character:—

"To him, brave lass!
Scratch out his eyes, and on his blanchéd cheeks
Set the fierce print of thy ensanguin'd nails."
Shakspeare.

"Then angry cries arose from all,
'Cast out the woman from the hall!'
But though the henchmen toiled apace
They could not drag her from the place;
Full loud the chains which bound her creaked,
And louder yet the woman shrieked."—*Scott.*

"I recall
The swift assault, the scramble and the screams,
And all the avalanche of hurtling stones."
Tennyson.

"O for the depths of some cool-shadowed cell!"
Keats.

"A harde stoon she cast
Upon a wyndow thikke, and in prisoun
She roamith to and fro and up and doun."
Chaucer.

Or you may be a Butcher. Very well, then—

"The marvel and magic of mutton,
The lure and the lustre of lamb."
Swinburne.



"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, MY DEAR? I CALLED YOU SOME TIME AGO."
"I WAS COMING, MUMMY, ONLY I MET A WORM!"

"What 's i' the sausage?
Man in his sanguine youth nor in his cross age
Cannot discover. Yet we know it pleasant."
Browning.

"Then, butcher, take thy chopper up,
And cleave the joint in twain."
Cowper.

"Puir, silly, unsuspecting beastie,
The heart that thrabs within thy breastie
Shall sune be taken fra' thy chestie,
And thrab nae mair."
Burns.

"He drives like Jehu in his chariot fleet,
Urges his horse and speeds along the street."
Pope.

I leave these few examples to speak for themselves. They are more eloquent than I.

If the public supports me, as I anticipate, I hope next year to go a step further and produce the "Private Calendar." In addition to the features already described, this will contain suitable quotations for any dates of personal note with which the customer cares to supply me. On the completion of another year of service at the office, for instance, he might read:—

"I count it as no common day
The which, if Fortune wills it, may
Procure for service true and sage
A modest increment of wage."
Wordsworth.

On the day when he pays his Life Insurance Premium:—

"O separation which is deplorable and most unpleasant—the separation from money!
The paying out of cash from a purse not too well lined. Damnable nuisance!
Allons, all is for the best."—*Walt Whitman.*

On the anniversary of his wedding:—

"This is my marriage day."—*Ben Jonson.*

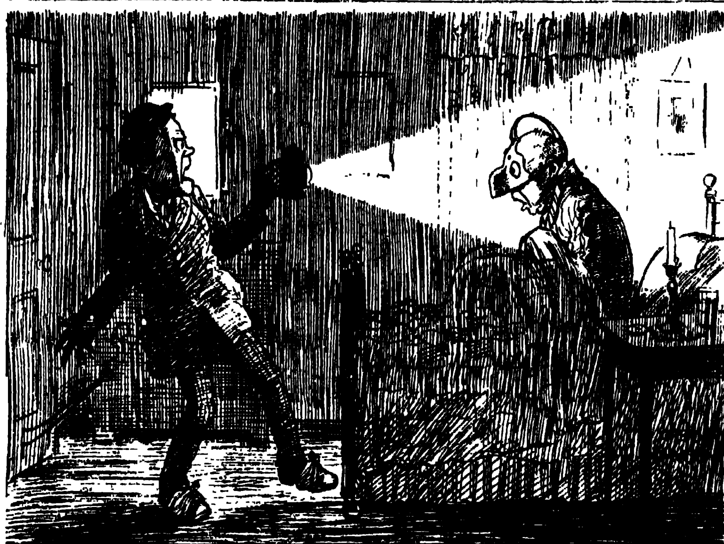
You are probably amazed at the extraordinary aptness and propriety of my quotations, and are wondering how I have contrived to bring the work of selection to such a fine art. That, however, is my secret, which you can scarcely expect me to give away.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NEVER swap souls when you are crossing the river Styx. That, I take it, is the moral of Mr. BARRY PAIN'S story, *An Exchange of Souls* (EVELEIGH NASH). It supplies, better than most of its type, the craving of the magazine public for tales of the laboratory type. Month after month I come across variations of the same old theme of the scientist in his workshop trying to create or prolong or do something else with life which is contrary to nature. Sometimes I read them partly out of morbid curiosity, partly with a faint hope of discovering a new *Frankenstein*. Mr. BARRY PAIN'S attempt is ingenious, but it leaves me lukewarm and Mrs. SHELLEY supreme. She was content to make *Frankenstein* create a soulless body. Mr. BARRY PAIN goes a step further. But playing with naked souls is dangerous work, as the man and woman who were the vile bodies of his experiments found out at the cost of their lives. The book, like everything that he writes, shows a sympathetic understanding of human nature and the world. But I prefer him when he describes the joys and the ills that we have, instead of flying to others that we know not of.

I fancy that the binders must have been more impatient over the occasional *longueurs* of *The Free Marriage* (STANLEY PAUL) than I was myself; because, just as I was getting mildly interested, they decided that I had better skip forty pages; and when they subsequently so far relented as to give some of them a place towards the end of the book, I felt it difficult to recapture my first fine careless belief in the reality of the tale. Not that it really mattered very much; because what happens to the hero and heroine of *The Free Marriage* is exactly what you can be perfectly certain will happen, so soon as you have read the first chapter. They decide that their union, though legal, shall be that of two independent comrades, each at liberty to accept any chance by which his or her own career may be benefited. That is how *Margery* describes the situation to a rather perplexed and scandalised *Aunt Broadwood* on the third page. And on the last: "'I think, Dick,' she said, 'we haven't been living enough for one another.' He caught his breath on a sob, and took her in his arms." Curtain. The dear old modern story, in short. Of course a lot of things happen between whiles, some of which, especially the incidents of life in a big newspaper office, Mr. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN handles with interest and knowledge. Sometimes the phrasing struck me as not exactly happy (I don't, for example, like a man to catch his breath on things); but, this apart, and making due allowance for the involuntary hiatus mentioned above, I can honestly call *The Free Marriage* a pleasant and wholly harmless entertainment.



BURGLAR RECEIVES A SHOCK TO HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM, WHILE VISITING THE HOUSE OF MR. SNUBLEY, WHO HAS BEEN TRYING THE NEW MACHINE FOR IMPROVING THE SHAPE OF THE NOSE. (*"CAN BE WORN DURING SLEEP"*—SEE ADVTS.)

In Mr. HESKETH PRICHARD'S account of his expedition from the Atlantic coast to the George River—*Through Trackless Labrador* (HEINEMANN)—he is careful not to glorify the exploits of himself and of his companion, Mr. G. M. GATHORNE-HARDY, and his modesty as a writer is only equalled by his humanity and tact as an explorer. He does not start out with a lust for the slaughter of big game, nor with a desire to dot the map with Hesketh creeks and Prichard mountains, and he does treat the natives of the countries which he explores with the courtesy due from a visitor to his hosts. Among the inhabitants of the Labrador, I select for mention the Eskimo drivers, who can, with their short-handled whips and a turn of their wrists, flick a fly, drive in a nail or kill a willow-grouse. If Mr. PRICHARD could only inspire these men with his own love of cricket, what RANJIS might be produced in this land! The chief drawbacks to the Labrador are the mosquitoes, which slowly eat you up, and the huskies, which want to munch you at sight; but the second of these will be removed if Dr. GRENFELL carries out his proposal to substitute reindeer. A chapter called "A Comparison of Playgrounds," another on fishing by Mr. HARDY, a beautiful frontispiece by Lady HELEN GRAHAM, and a number of photographs add charm to a book which both in manner and matter is worthy of unqualified praise. It contains, I should add, a valuable account of the splendid work done by the Moravian Mission.

Having been told that *The Roll of the Seasons* (SWIFT) was a "nature book," a term that might apply either to the animal or vegetable world, I was still a little startled to find that the title of one of Mr. G. G. DESMOND'S chapters was *Wild Greenhouses*. Of course there was nothing in it of the scenes my imagination had conjured up—nothing about tracking the deadly conservatories of Rangoon to their lair in the jungle. The wild greenhouses that Mr. DESMOND meant are those sheltered spots in which nature becomes her own forcer, and helps forward the tender growths of spring. About these, and fifty other kindred topics, the author discourses in this collection of short papers, many of which I remember pleasantly as having brought a breath of country fragrance into the somewhat heated pages of *The Nation*. In their collected form, these essays ought to make countless friends. Impossible to say which article is the most charming, because the sympathy and knowledge of the writer can invest any subject, the most apparently commonplace, with interest. But I must select for special praise one chapter, on "The Spring Summer of the Alps," which to those who know and love the Overlands in early June will be redolent of delightful memories. And the enthusiasm with which Mr. DESMOND treats of such topics as wasps and vipers, and the best places to find them (as if anyone wanted to!), has left me respectfully marvelling.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Italians declare the recent official reports of Turkish successes to be false. At the same time we cannot help thinking that it would be good policy on the part of Italy, as tending to promote better feeling between the combatants, to allow Turkey a victory now and then.

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Count BATTHYANY, the Austro-Hungarian nobleman whose palace was destroyed by fire last week, risked his life in saving VANDYKE'S "Portrait of an Englishman"—to the great annoyance of the pan-German press.

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President TAFT has signed a proclamation admitting New Mexico as the forty-seventh State of the Union. To think that Canada, had she not been so blind, might have had the honour!

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The office of the Criminal Identification Bureau at Ottawa has records, finger-prints, and photographs of no fewer than 5,500 murderers and thieves. For a young country this is really splendid.

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At the mass meeting of the Thames Ironworks employés, held to consider the proposal to work 53 hours a week, as a condition of the continuance of the ship-building trade on the Thames, the men were urged by Mr. HUSBANDS to scout the idea. The wives and children were not heard.

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According to *The Pall Mall Gazette* Sir EDWARD CARSON is to give up the Bar for the Home Rule fight. This would seem to confirm the rumour that in his future actions he intends to disregard the Law.

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King HAAKON of Norway, we are told, is about to be made a general in the British Army. We are glad to gather that the authorities are at last awake to our dangerous shortage of officers.

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According to "H.W.M.," who writes in *The Nation*, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S career "hangs in the air." A nasty cynic now writes to say that he would like to see Mr. GEORGE following the example of his career.

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The recent honour bestowed on Mr. BEECHAM has caused a certain amount of surprise in some quarters, where it is evidently forgotten that the new Knight is one of the leading pillers of the State.

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A new issue of our penny stamps has just been made. The KING has changed colour slightly—the result, no doubt, of his seeing the first issue. And the lion below the head has been fattened up—on the suggestion, we understand, of the Society for Promoting Kindness to Animals. This new issue is said to be going off well.

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We understand that the telegraphic address of the Olympia nun during her temporary lapse from sanctity was "*Olim pia.*"

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According to an American gentleman WAGNER music is good for the liver. It can certainly be of no use to the dead.

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There is one radical difference between our Governments and those of France. Ours sometimes last too long.

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Some surprise is expressed at Lord HALDANE'S being in favour of granting the suffrage to women. No doubt our War Minister has been impressed by their valuable fighting qualities, and realises that it would be unreasonable to invite them to join the Territorials until they have a vote.

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"Australia is the home of barracking," sneered the Britisher. "Yes," said the dense Antipodean, "ours is the first portion of the British Empire to go in for Universal Service."

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A Hungarian lady has bequeathed a sum of £10,000 to her pet dog. One can almost hear the solicitor saying to the legatee, "How will you take it, Sir—in notes, or bones?"

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The latest fashion in neck-ties, we are told, is "the finger-print pattern." We have noticed seedy individuals wearing dark white dress ties which seem to answer admirably to the description.

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Messrs. SEELEY, SERVICE & Co. announce "My Adventures among South Sea Cannibals," by DOUGLAS RANNIE. Does the author, we wonder, boast of an inside knowledge of his subject?



THE WRONG MR. BROWN.

Breezy Voice from Somewhere. "HELLO, THAT YOU, BROWN? JUST TO REMIND YOU THAT WE'RE DEPENDING ON YOU TO PLAY SCRUM HALF IN THE MATCH TO-DAY AGAINST A VERY HOT LOT. BYE-BYE!"

"The Lowest Depths."

In an interview with *The Daily Mail* on the subject of the absorption of *Black and White* by *The Sphere*, Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, the editor of this combination, is represented as having made the following pronouncement about his new *clientèle*:—"According to 'The Spectator,'" he says, "there are people in the British Isles who have never heard either of Nelson or of Wellington. It is these people we intend to get hold of." We ourselves should never have dared to assign so low a standard to the prospective patrons of Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER.

Our aviators are hard at work. One of them, Mr. F. B. Fowler, had an exciting experience. . . . Within ten minutes of his starting he was hurled into the tea."—*Daily Graphic.*

He has the sympathy of every earwig who has ever fallen into the soup.

"'Œdipus' is not frigid classic tragedy. On the contrary, it is, in the forcible, direct phraseology of America, 'a very human story.'"
Evening Standard.

"Ha!"—to use the terse diction of Montreal.

TO THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS.

Good Year, you have indeed your work cut out!
I cannot (at the moment) call to mind
A programme more exhausting; nay, I doubt
If any previous brace of years combined
Have had their sense of duty
Confronted by a task so strangely fruity.

There is the coal strike. As I understand,
Our miners claim an equal minim wage
Both for the honest and the idle hand,
And, by the bonds of brotherhood, engage
To starve their fellow-toilers
By cutting off the wherewithal of boilers.

Our cellars will be bare, our railways cease,
No gas will issue when we turn the tap.
The Teutons, when they note, in time of peace,
Our *Dreadnoughts* made equivalent to scrap,
Will come, with none to fight 'em,
And spoil our golf-links. That is one small item.

Should we survive it, there are plenty more:
There is the Act of Union to be broke;
There's Ulster pleading for a taste of gore,
And Taffy's finger in his Church's poke;
And Manhood Suffrage showing
His hydra-head. These ought to keep you going.

And there's the Women's Vote: on rival planks
Tub-thumping Ministers will disagree;
And doctors, closing up their learned ranks,
Refuse to operate for housemaid's knee—
(Lloyd George's little measure
Alone should occupy your autumn leisure).

In other lands you'll find the same unrest.
Where'er the heathen tries to mend his ways,
Down swoops the Christian on his vulture quest;
Or, should Reform be checked by long delays
(As with the casual Persian),
Two Christian vultures join in this diversion.

The sombre East is out to sack and slay;
Along the Libyan shore there lies the Turk,
"Butchered to make a Roman holiday,"
And still Bellona asks for more red work;
Still half the world indulges
In more, and bigger, armamental bulges.

Then there is France, the gay and volatile,
Swapping her Cabinets in middle stream;
And Germany, that watches all the while,
Doping with jingo drugs her restive team;
And every sort of trouble
Waiting to burst inside the Balkan bubble.

Thus, if you've followed my remarks, you'll know
The gods would have you play a heavy part.
But take your time: don't you be pressed: go slow,
With smiling face to hide a serious heart;
Good! pull yourself together,
And you'll get through with luck—and decent weather.

O. S.

"About the other favourite Christmas hymn, 'Hark, the herald angels sing,' originally written, 'Hark, how all the author, John Byrom, who lived in 1745, had a favourite daughter, Dolly, for whom he had promised to write something for Christmas Day . . .'
Glasgow Evening Citizen.

Et-cetera, et-cetera—the early version is too long for quotation in full. The revised edition was undoubtedly superior.

MY IDEAL "UEBER-THEATER."

I have rather advanced views about the Stage. I hold, with Mr. Gordon Craig, that the old "realistic" ideals of production have quite broken up, and that "the suggestion of environment" is all that is really necessary. Also that all our dramatists "must go," since "the written play has no lasting value for the art of the theatre"; and all our actors and actresses, because "the actor must always bring a certain amount of his personal emotion to 'spoil' true art." I am perfectly prepared to scrap both authors and actors. I believe the Drama would get on a lot better without them.

But I go a great deal farther than Mr. Gordon Craig. If I rightly understand him, his proposal is to replace living actors by inanimate figures—"Ueber-Marionettes," he calls them—which are to perform on a stage set with simple but artistically lighted scenery. I don't gather whether they are to say or do anything in particular, but that, I presume, would depend on the chance inspiration of the artists who work the wires up in the flies, or the person who will act as mouthpiece on the prompt side, and speak in at least two distinct voices. Obviously there can be no written plot and dialogue, or we shall have these pestilent playwright fellows coming in again—which would never do.

Now *my* feeling is that, in the true interests of the Stage, even sterner simpler methods are required. After all, are not *any* artificial aids an insult to the intelligence of a highly cultivated Super-audience?

Why have Marionettes? Why have any scenery, lighting, or stage? Why not leave everything to the unassisted imaginations of the audience? In the "Ueber-Theater" I have in my mind every spectator will be left absolutely free to evolve his or her own characters, surroundings, plot, dialogue and incidents, in rapt and reverent silence.

I shall need no stage—nothing but an enlarged cinematograph screen, and a second-hand magic-lantern capable of projecting a sentence or two upon it from time to time. I shall not require an orchestra, or even a piano. As soon as the audience are all seated I should switch off the lights in front, and begin by throwing on the screen the simple words: "Title of the Play."

This each playgoer would be given a minute to invent for himself—and it will be strange indeed if everyone of them does not hit upon something far happier than would ever occur to the jaded and mechanical professional dramatists of the present day.

I should then exhibit, "Act I. Scene ???" allowing the audience two minutes to visualise any environment they may individually prefer. It might be anything—"A Luxuriously Furnished Interior," "A Romantic Glade by Moonlight," or "The Summit of a Himalayan Peak." The spectator could imagine a stage set to his or her liking, and the result would necessarily surpass all the efforts of the most realistic or idealistic producer.

When the two minutes were up I should bring on my *Dramatis Personæ*. A line or two on the screen would do it: "A (*a superlatively lovely woman*) meets B (*a magnificently handsome man*) . . ." Here I should give the spectators one minute, in which each could picture his or her ideal type. After which I should go on, "They instantly fall in love and express their mutual passion." (*Five minutes for this, during which the audience would sit and imagine the conversation, which would, of course, be characterised by a fervour and brilliancy beyond the power of any of our puny contemporary playwrights.*) When they had finished that I should proceed: "Enter C (*a man of singular fascination, but saturnine temperament*)"—(half a minute for *him* and then)—"It is evident—except to B—that



THE RETURN OF THE SCAPEGOAT.

(A brief episode of January 10.)



Chatty Individual (standing refreshment to casual acquaintance). "I DESSAY YOU'VE HAD A PRETTY HARD LIFE—MOSTLY ON THE 'BOARDS,' I SUPPOSE?" *Tragedian.* "HARDER THAN THAT, SIR—MOSTLY ON THE ROCKS!"

A and C are no strangers, but have shared a past that either may or may not be described as lurid." (*Another minute for the playgoer to create this past according to his or her taste and fancy, and on I should go again*): "A conversation ensues in which every sentence is charged with hidden irony and the suggestion of coming complications." (With a quarter of an hour to think it out *any* average "Ueber-audience" ought to work this up, mentally, to a really magnificent climax, bringing us to the end of Act I. Total time occupied, 25½ minutes. Act II., though it contains some effective scenes, I will skip and proceed to) —"Act III. Scene (*optional, as before*). Matters approach a climax. B meets C and demands an explanation of circumstances which have tortured him with agonising doubts. C refuses to give it." (*I should allow at least ten minutes for this interview.*) "At length C, brought to bay, furnishes an explanation. B, however, is unable to accept it as satisfactory"—(*four more minutes*). "A enters unexpectedly, and B makes a passionate appeal to her to put an end to his suspense. Torn by a conflict of emotions, she remains mute. C intervenes, and there follows an intensely dramatic scene between the trio." (*This I should feel safe in leaving to the audience for a quarter of an hour, after which*)—"*Finale:* A, at the end of her endurance, takes the decisive step that provides the only artistic solution of a perplexing social problem." Whereupon every Ueber-playgoer would finish the play happily or unhappily, as he or she pleased, and applaud vociferously, each of them being able to appear and acknowledge the unanimous call for the Author, and all departing satisfied and delighted with their evening's entertainment. For we should have no more failures. There can scarcely be a doubt that a Theatre founded on *my* system would revolutionise the British Drama by transforming the entire playgoing populace into unpaid and unwritten dramatists who would be all the more famous and successful as their works would remain unknown to all but themselves.

Will no true lover of the Drama come forward and help me to work out these ideals? Perhaps Mr. GORDON CRAIG—but could he bring himself to sacrifice his beloved "Ueber-Marionettes" for the sake of the Cause? . . . I wonder.

F. A.

"Fourteen thousand millions of the Mark 7 ball cartridge have just been issued to the infantry of the Aldershot command."

Daily Chronicle.

This gives them about 700,000 cartridges apiece. "Ready, aye ready," is England's watchword.

"Six hundred women were executed for witchcraft in France in 1609."

South London Observer.

This appears in a column headed "Tea Table Talk," and is always our first chatty remark to our hostess as she hands us a cup of tea.

ANOTHER MILESTONE.

"You're very thoughtful," said Miss Middleton. "What's the matter?"

"I am extremely unhappy," I confessed.

"Oh, but think of FOSTER and HOBBS and HEARNE."

I thought of FOSTER; I let my mind dwell upon HOBBS. It was no good.

"I am still rather sad," I said.

"Why? Doesn't anybody love you?"

"Millions adore me fiercely. It isn't that at all. The fact is I've just had a birthday."

"Oh, I *am* sorry. Many happy——"

"Thank you."

"I thought it was to-morrow," Miss Middleton went on eagerly. "And I'd bought a cricketing set for you, but I had to send it back to have the bails sawn in two. Or would you rather have had a bicycle?"

"I'd rather have had nothing. I want to forget about my birthday altogether."

"Oh, are you as old as that?"

"Yes," I said sadly, "I am as old as that. I have passed another landmark. I'm what they call getting on."

We gazed into the fire in silence for some minutes.

"If it's any comfort to you," said Miss Middleton timidly, "to know that you don't *look* any older than you did last week——"

"I'm not sure that I feel any older."

"Then except for birthdays how do you know you *are* older?"

I looked at her and saw that I could trust her.

"May I confess to you?" I asked.

"But of course!" she cried eagerly. "I love confessions." She settled herself comfortably in her chair. "Make it as horrible as you can," she begged.

I picked a coal out of the fire with the tongs and lit my cigarette.

"I know that I'm getting old," I said, "I know that my innocent youth is leaving me, because of the strange and terrible things which I find myself doing."

"Oo-o-o oh," said Miss Middleton happily to herself.

"Last Monday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I—— No, I can't tell you this. It's too awful."

"Is it very bad?" said Miss Middleton wistfully.

"Very. I don't think you——Oh, well, if you must have it, here it is. Last Monday I suddenly found myself reading carefully and with every sign of interest a little pamphlet on—*Life Insurance!*"

Miss Middleton looked at me quickly, smiled suddenly and then became very grave.

"I appeared," I went on impressively, "to be thinking of insuring my life."

"Have you done it?"

"No, certainly not. I drew back in time. But it was a warning—it was the writing on the wall."

"Tell me some more," said Miss Middleton, after she had allowed this to sink in.

"Well, that was Monday afternoon. I told myself that in the afternoon one wasn't quite responsible, that sometimes one was only half awake. But on Tuesday morning I was horrified to discover myself—before breakfast—*doing dumb-bells!*"

"The smelling-salts—quick!" said Miss Middleton, as she closed her eyes.

"Doing dumb-bells. Ten lunges to the east, ten lunges to the west, ten lunges——"

"Were you reducing your figure?"

"I don't know what I was doing. But there I found myself, on the cold oil-cloth, lunging away—lunging and lunging and——" I stopped and gazed into the fire again.

"Is that all you have to tell me?" said Miss Middleton.

"That's the worst. But there have been other little symptoms—little warning notes which all mean the same thing. Yesterday I went into the bank to get some money. As I began to fill in the cheque, Conscience whispered to me, 'That's the third five pounds you've had out this week.'"

"Well, of all the impertinence—— What did you do?"

"Made it ten pounds, of course. But there you are; you see what's happening. This morning I answered a letter by return of post. And did you notice what occurred only just now at tea?"

"Of course I did," said Miss Middleton indignantly. "You ate all the muffins."

"No, I don't mean that at all. What I mean is that I only had three lumps of sugar in each cup. I actually stopped you when you were putting the fourth lump in. Oh, yes," I said bitterly, "I am getting on."

Miss Middleton poked the fire vigorously.

"About the lunges," she said.

"Ten to the east, ten to the west, ten to the nor'-nor'-east, ten to——"

"Yes. Well, I should have thought that that was just the thing to keep you young."

"It is. That's the tragedy of it. I used to *be* young; now I *keep* young. And I used to say, 'I'll insure my life *some* day'; but now I think about doing it to-day. When once you stop saying 'some day' you're getting old, you know."

"Some day," said Miss Middleton, "you must tell me all about the Crimea. Not now," she went on quickly, "because you're going to do something very silly in a moment, if I can think of it—something to convince yourself that you are still quite young."

"Yes, do let me. I really think it would do me good."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Can I break anything?" I asked, looking round the room.

"I really don't think you must. Mother's very silly about things like that. I'm *so* sorry; Father and I would love it, of course."

"Can I go into the kitchen and frighten the cook?"

Miss Middleton sighed mournfully.

"*Isn't* it a shame," she said, "that mothers object to all the really nice things?"

"Mrs. Middleton is a little difficult to please. I shall give up trying directly. What about blacking my face and calling on the Vicar for a subscription?"

"I should laugh in church on Sunday thinking of it. I always do."

I lit another cigarette and smoked it thoughtfully.

"I have a brilliant idea," I said at last.

"Something really silly?"

"Something preposterously foolish. It seems to me just now the most idiotic thing I could possibly do."

"Tell me!" besecched Miss Middleton, clasping her hands.

"I shall," I said, gurgling with laughter, "insure my life." A. A. M.

POST MARKS.

[The following communications, possibly intended for *The Daily Mail*, have been delivered to us owing to the notoriously misdirected energies of the Post Office.]

SIR,—I had occasion recently to dispatch as Christmas presents half-a-gross of Stradivarius violins. It is due to the criminal economy which has induced the authorities to abandon the use of baskets for the conveyance of parcels that seventy-one out of the seventy-two instruments reached their destination in fragments. The recipient of the remaining one has written to say that he has received the battledore but that there were no shuttlecocks.

W. P. B.

SIR,—I sent off a hat-box, which measured eighteen inches in depth. The box, which contained two hats, measured only three inches in depth when it arrived. It is, however, only fair to add that whereas it was but two feet wide when sent, the width each

way on arrival had been increased to four-foot-six, and my customer has been able to use the hats as opera cloaks.'

CAROLINE TESTIT.

SIR,—Publicity in your columns may be the means of solving a mystery which is doubtless due to a confusion of names and addresses. The other day I sent to a London colourman for a canvas and a large number of tubes of oil paint. Yesterday I received from the firm in question a battered parcel, the contents of which, on being opened, proved to be a masterpiece by one of the Post-Impressionists.

V. BROWN-PINKER.

SIR,—I wrote to my lending library for a book on Chinese Porcelain, and I received by return of post a copy of "Broken Earthenware."

REGINALD BUNTHORNE.

SIR,—I lately purchased in different parts of Italy a number of pieces of antique jewellery, and had them sent home by post. Imagine my pleasure on arrival at finding that the postal authorities, supposing the pieces to be broken and that the breakages were their work, had put them together and delivered what is unquestionably the original of the so-called tiara of Saitapharnes.

B. CHEIKENY.

SIR,—I acquired recently a superb painting of a sunset. On obtaining delivery of it by post I have been compelled to re-christen it "Daybreak."

PIERPONT ROCKEFELLER.

SIR,—I have been accustomed for some years to receive a copy of *The Times* each morning by post. Latterly the parcel has arrived in a condition so ragged and dishevelled that my friends accuse me of subscribing to the half-penny gutter press.

CADBURY DONALD.



Tailed-off Sandwich-man (who, in the fog, has lost touch with the main body). "SEEN ANYFING LIKE ME GOIN' DAHN 'ERE, COPPER!"

LONDON'S LATEST LUXURY.

["We are informed by the manager of Wellington House, Ltd., that the Government have purchased Wellington House Hotel, Buckingham Gate, for use as offices by the Insurance Commissioners.

"The building is an extensive one, containing some two hundred rooms, and has been used up to the present as a family residential hotel."—*Observer.*]

WELLINGTON HOUSE HOTEL

Will shortly be re-opened under entirely new management as soon as the NECESSARY RADICAL ALTERATIONS have been made.

This magnificent Hotel will be adapted to the requirements OF INVALIDS AND SICK PERSONS.

Its patrons will derive *benefits* such as are given by no other hotel in England.

MODERATE CHARGES!
(Subject to amendments.)

FREE DOCTORS!!
(Perhaps.)

FREE MEDICINE!!!

LIBERAL TABLE.
(Special Terms for Servants if required.)

NOTE.—A novel feature is the GREAT CONSERVATORY with its RARE AND REFRESHING FRUITS!

THE HOTEL has been fully licensed by His Majesty's Government, and the Proprietor, MR. D. L. GEORGE, is renowned for his Excellent Spirits.

The Wellington House Hotel will be conducted on the best German lines.

'Bus meets all Trains.
Proprietor meets all Objections.

OPENING DAY, JULY 15TH.

All communications should be directed to

ROBT. MORANT,
General Manager.

[For Sanatoria in connection with the above Hotel, see separate advertisements.]

MR. CHERRY KEARTON, interviewed by *The Evening Standard*, says:—

"The tiger came towards me bellowing and grunting, and when he got opposite the screen he gave one of those fearful coughs which only the man who has been close to such a beast can appreciate. It was eleven feet long."

This is the longest cough known.

HOPWOOD THE HANDYMAN.

It is understood that the engagement of Sir FRANCIS HOPWOOD as Business Manager to the Admiralty is only temporary. By the end of March he hopes to have established the buying and selling department on so unassailable a foundation as to enable him to take up the following series of appointments elsewhere.

On April 1st Sir FRANCIS has, at the urgent solicitation of the Purple Emperor of the Press, Mr. J. L. GARVIN, kindly consented to undertake the office of Colonial Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, at a salary of £4,000 a month. The letter in which Mr. GARVIN conveyed the offer is, we are informed by one who was privileged to see it, the most superb exercise in honorific poluphloisboisterosity to be encountered in all the annals of journalistic eulogy. "You are," wrote Mr. GARVIN, "no fossilised bureaucrat, no palæontological survivor of prehistoric Bumbledom *in excelsis*, but, on the contrary, an inveterate foe to the asphyxiating influences of red-tape routine. I am confident therefore that your accession to the staff of the Great Organ over which it is my privilege to preside will be fraught with results which will reverberate into the remotest recesses of the cosmic system."

Here again, however, it will be impossible for Sir FRANCIS HOPWOOD to stay longer than four weeks and a day. At midnight on Tuesday the 30th of April, he passes into the service of the Automobile Club, the Committee of that Sardanapalian institution having retained his services for two months as Majordomo and Grand Master of the Ceremonies, at a salary which we are positively afraid to mention. It will be the duty of Sir FRANCIS to introduce millionaire members of the club to one another, or to countesses "who have not previously taken part in the conversation," and in general to promote the solidarity of the Club by knitting together the plutocratic and feudal elements in an indissoluble union.

When this end has been completely and satisfactorily achieved, as it is bound to be, Sir FRANCIS HOPWOOD will proceed, on the 1st of July, to take up his abode in Amen Court. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, recognising that it is desirable to temper their high seriousness with a radiant serenity, have decided to invoke his assistance in the capacity of a Lay Gloom-Dispeller. Sir FRANCIS will not, of course, in any way invade the duties of the Dean and Canons. He will simply diffuse an atmosphere of optimistic urbanity and, to quote a writer in *The Daily News*, "fulfil the function of a spiritual Tapley."



"MRS. JONES, MY EGG IS BAD AGAIN THIS MORNING; I CAN'T POSSIBLY EAT IT!"
"HAVE YOU TRIED THE OTHER END, SIR?"

August naturally suggests a holiday, but Sir FRANCIS HOPWOOD cannot be spared altogether from the service of humanity. The Government has accordingly arranged to send him out in a warship to Constantinople, where he will be lent to the SULTAN for the purpose of mollifying the Chauvinistic aspirations of the Committee of Union and Progress, tranquillising the Albanians, and carrying out the irrigation of Mesopotamia.

Sir FRANCIS HOPWOOD'S engagements for the remaining months of the year are not absolutely fixed yet, but it is generally believed that they will include a special mission to Dahomey to report on the commissariat department of the Amazons; the amalgamation of *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily News* under the editorship of Lord LONSDALE; the squaring of the circular of HOLMES; and finally an administrative demonstration of perpetual motion.

PROOF POSITIVE.

In connection with a statement in *The Standard* respecting the religious character of *The Miracle* at Olympia a gentleman at Lewisham writes:—"As regards the allegation that religion of any kind is held up to ridicule, I consider it nonsense. I saw King Manuel there, and also Mr. W. T. Stead. I watched their faces, and gratification and enjoyment were written upon them."

Here we have a new vehicle for the conveyance of truth, as the following specimens illustrate:—

"Nothing," writes a leading Hither Green resident, "could be more absurd than the accusation that our War Office is not at the highest point of practical efficiency, for did I not recently see both Sir JOSEPH LYONS and Mr. BERNARD SHAW on the pavement just outside it? Everything about both these notable, capable men spoke of satisfaction and confidence."

"I am surprised," writes a well-known Bermondsey man, "that there should be even a whisper that the playbills of our theatres are not written in good literary style, for I have seen both Mr. EDMUND GOSSE and the author of *The Rosary* reading them, and neither gave any indication of wounded sensibilities."

"The statement that there are any picture palaces left in which the piano-playing is indifferent," writes a lady at Gunnersbury, "is false. Yesterday I was present at the Brooklands Bioscope Bower of Bliss, and noticed among the audience Sir HENRY J. WOOD and Miss VESTA TILLEY. Both were obviously not in pain."

"Dr. Winnington-Ingram will visit several places of interest in Egypt and the Soudan, and will return to Cairo up the Nile."—*Morning Post.*

Only a Bishop could do this. The ordinary Dean would have to go down the Nile.



Town Youth (explaining things in the West-End to country cousins). "ER—THEY'RE REBUILDING THIS PLACE!"

FOUR MORE STARS;

OR, LONG JANE AT IT AGAIN.

LONG JANE, who is nothing if not alert and doctorcookish, has just alighted upon another bunch of those geniuses which no one else ever seems to find. To be precise, four, and each a perfect example of the Fictional Nut.

A New Realistic Genius.

THE EPIC OF A BUMPKIN.

6s. By MORDAUNT MIDDEN.

A record of personal experience which blends with amazing force the elemental frankness of the cowshed, the polished sincerity of CASANOVA and the almost savage candour of *The Police Gazette*. The effect upon Long Jane when perusing this masterpiece in manuscript was galvanic. What then must it be on less practised readers? [*January* 18.

A New Historical Novelist.

THE POWER OF FASCINATION.

6s. By JOSEPH POND-SPIER.

A great romance of the most fascinating period in history—the rise of Sir CHRISTOPHER HATTON, under Good QUEEN BESS, to the highest position and authority. A magnificent study of success—the triumph of Sir CHRISTOPHER'S twinkling feet as he danced his way to wealth which enabled him to acquire the property now known as Hatton Garden. History has few such romantic stories, and Long Jane's newest young man has naturally done wonders with it, with due insistence upon passion—without which where are we? [*January* 20.

A New Territorial Novelist.

HORATIO FFOLLIOTT.

6s. By EVELYN BENTWOOD.

An enthralling novel of Territorial and Boy-Scout life in Austria. The hero is a most extraordinary personality—a born leader—whose dislike of obeying orders and cruel individuality militate against his chances of success. It is impossible to convey in a few words the strength of this study, and no more therefore is said; but Long Jane just wishes to add that the complex nature of the Austrian Boy-Scout has never been so amazingly dissected as by Evelyn Bentwood. And whether Evelyn is a man or a woman ah! The reader must discover that for himself. Long Jane is (for once) mum. [*January* 25.

A New Poet from Cayenne.

DIONYSUS UNDRESSED.

3s. 6d. *net.* By LAURA LYRER.

It is not often that Long Jane goes to Cayenne for a poet, but the result, when such a course is taken, is terrific. In Miss Lyrer's book will be found verse which surpasses in passion (which is of course the only thing that anyone wants in verse) the kindred poetry of Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who cannot but be pleased with this free advertisement. Perhaps no writer of such poems to-day displays a more complete mastery of form, such glowing colours, and such meteoric flashes of the Orient. And perhaps not. It is left for readers of Miss Lyrer to decide. With every copy of the book a wet towel for the head is supplied. The whole stock is kept by Long Jane in cold storage until required.

[*Ready February* 14.



Old Lady (to new arrival at Riviera Hotel). "AND ARE YOU HERE FOR TENNIS OR GOLF?" *Newcomer.* "NEITHER—BRONCHITIS."

"THE MAN IN THE STALLS."

(An Appreciation.)

THE row was front, the place was Pit,
And in the centre seat of it
It was my privilege to sit.

And, sitting there, I sat behind
A Stallite of the larger kind,
Who, having previously dined,

Arrived some twenty minutes late,
For reasons which he did not wait
A more convenient time to state.

He did not drop into his seat
At once, but stood upon his feet
And looked about for friends to greet.

And, when he settled down at last,
I caught the judgment which he passed
On every member of the cast,

And overheard his loud regret
That time had not arrived, as yet,
To go and smoke a cigarette.

When he could stand the strain no more,
He made his preparations for
Departing by an early door.

Then, daring much but much afraid,
I tapped his restless shoulder-blade.
This is the little speech I made:—

"To you, whom theatres clearly pall,
The Pit is much obliged, O Stall,
For bothering to come at all.

"There is about your splendid back,
That now familiar stretch of black,
A movement which the others lack.

"Your comings in, your goings out
Were things to watch and think about,
Which we could ill have done without.

"Your fluent talk, your frequent jest,
Your inner thoughts, so well expressed,
Have been of endless interest.

"We shall return to-morrow night;
But, though to us it will be quite
A dismal thing to miss the sight

"And sound of you, we shan't complain,
So do not give yourself the pain
Of worrying to come again.

"For, please, to-morrow, if we may,
We'd like to see and hear the play."

Discouraging Efficiency.

"A batch of Territorials were fined this afternoon at Greenwich Police-court for failing to attend camp and making themselves efficient."
Evening News.

As regards the second offence they might have been let off with a caution.

"In the Court of Cassation, a suitor, dissatisfied with the progress of his case, fired two shots from a revolver at M. Ditte. . . . The man who fired appears to be insane. He only fired blank cartridges."—*Reuter.*

Idiot.

THINGS OVERHEARD.

By Mr. Punch's Unscrupulous Reporter.

THAT Mr. CADBURY is joining the noble regiment of race-horse owners, and will race this year under his well-known colours—a star on a chocolate ground—with a two-year-old named George Fox.

That the Editor of *The Spectator* has presented the Editor of *The Daily Chronicle* with a priceless Tabby cat, in recognition of his advocacy of the Referendum on the question of Woman Suffrage.

That Lord LONSDALE has joined the staff of *The British Weekly*, and will collaborate with "Lorna," Mrs. ANNIE SWAN and Mrs. SARAH TOOLEY in a new column to be entitled, "Pacific Prattlings."

That the Nobel prize for Literature is to be awarded to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL for his services in embellishing the diction of State Papers.

That Lord TANKERVILLE will shortly be appointed headmaster of Eton and transfer his famous herd of wild cattle from Chillingham to Windsor Park, with a view to instruct the decadent sons of the aristocracy in the art of bull-fighting.



THE HELPERS' LEAGUE.

British Lion (*to Russian Bear*). "I JOIN YOU, THOUGH UNDER PROTEST. AFTER ALL, WE UNDERTOOK TO ACT TOGETHER."

Persian Cat (*diminuendo*). "IF I MAY QUOTE FROM THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN AGREEMENT OF 1907, THIS UNDERSTANDING 'CAN ONLY SERVE TO FURTHER AND PROMOTE PERSIAN INTERESTS, FOR HENCEFORTH PERSIA, AIDED AND ASSISTED BY THESE TWO POWERFUL NEIGHBOURING STATES, CAN EMPLOY ALL HER STRENGTH IN INTERNAL REFORMS.'" [*Prepares to expire.*



Huntsman (to old Cottager, who has complained about losing poultry). "WELL, MISTRESS, WE'VE KILLED 'IM FOR YE."
Old Cottager. "IT'S MAYBE NOT THE ONE AS 'AD ALL MY BEAUTIFUL WHITE PULLETS."
Huntsman. "NOT A DOUBT ON IT! WHEN 'OUNDS BROKE 'IM UP, HE WAS JUST STUFFED FULL O' FEATHERS—ALL WHITE 'UNS."

THE CRACKSMEN.

(*A Moral Tale for our Young Folk.*)

"I SAY, Pug," said Harold to Vivian, "how does a burglar open a safe?"

"Jemmy," said Vivian. "Why?"

"My aunt's just given me a money-box, and, like a silly ass, I put fourpence in, and now I want it."

"Why don't you open the box and take it, then?"

"Open it! Can't—it's one of that beast LLOYD GEORGE's inventions, my boy. And I could just do with that fourpence, too."

"Ha, ha! can't open a money-box!" sneered Vivian, to which Harold replied with a bet involving half the contents.

In the tool-shed they worked hard for an hour and a half. Harold's mother's scissors proved an ineffectual jemmy; even the carving-knife only made dents in the thing, which the thing acknowledged by making dents in the carving-knife. The moment of highest hope was when Harold held the money-box down with the garden fork while Vivian tried to find an opening with the spade. But despair quickly returned.

"Better not try that any more," said Harold gloomily, removing the fork, "or we may spoil it."

"As you like," said Vivian, examining the spade, "but it seems a fairly strong one. How about the sardine-opener?"

The kitchen was invaded; but Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's alleged invention was mightier than tin-openers. It was also mightier than mangles and the weight of passing motor cars.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked Millicent, appearing suddenly from nowhere in a sisterly way.

"Just what we jolly well like, and what's it matter to you?" replied her brother Harold affectionately.

"Oh, what a shame to spoil Aunt Anne's lovely present like that!" said Millicent, her eye on the box.

"'Lovely present'!—it's the balmiest present I've ever had to put up with," Harold replied. Here Vivian plucked Harold's sleeve and whispered to him until Harold's face was suffused with geniality.

"Awfully generous present, I call it. She was telling me about it; and I think you're very lucky," Millicent continued.

Harold retained his new expression with difficulty, and said sweetly, "Yes, I was only joking; it's a decent present and all that, of course. But I want the fourpence I put in, and I can't get it out. I'll sell it to you for sixpence, Mill. Fourpence for the fourpence, and twopence for the box. A bargain; have it?"

"Rather a lot for the box, isn't it?" asked Millicent, looking sharply at Harold. "I—I'll give you fivepence for the lot," she said.

"Done!" said Harold.

"Done!" said Millicent, with a little smile, as she handed over the money. Nobody saw the *pas seul* she danced behind the laurels.

Aunt Anne met her in the hall. "I hope you haven't told Harold of the half-crown I put in his box. I want it to be a pleasant little surprise for him, dear."

"No, Auntie, I think it a lovely secret, and I wouldn't tell him for worlds," said Millicent.

"Wind between north and south, fresh in places."—*Glasgow Herald.*

It sounds rather like the Curate's Egg.

THE CHATTERBOX.

I took her ankles firmly in my hands and we started off down the road together. I was seated on my toboggan and she was seated on her toboggan ("luges" they call them out there) just behind me.

I had not known her for very long and yet already she had entrusted her life to my care. It seemed to me symbolical. Perhaps some day ——? She was very beautiful and very wonderful and she had entrusted herself to me. The sky was a rich blue. The snow glistened and sparkled in the sunshine. The spirit of harmony was abroad. My soul thrilled with a longing for song. I could have filled five bathrooms with melody——but out there in the open——! I kept silent. I had not known her very long.

Smoothly, swiftly, we glided forward. The keen air tingled against my cheek. Faster—faster——

"What?" I asked, slowing up reluctantly.

"Do you like the Smythe-Robinsons?" she repeated.

"No," I replied.

Once again our pace quickened. This was better. In another minute we should be skimming gloriously over that frozen surface. Faster — faster we went—— "What?" I shouted as I brought the luges to a standstill.

"Why do you keep stopping?" she asked.

"Because I can't hear you properly. The wind makes such a noise in my ears. What did you say?"

"Do you call that Smythe-Robinson girl pretty?"

"No," I replied.

We restarted. The road was steep, and in a few seconds we had got up our pace once more. Where is there a more exhilarating feeling than that of rushing through the air with this silent gliding motion? It is a feeling that grows and grows as the speed increases. "What?" I shouted, as I braked suddenly with my nail-shod soles.

"Lots of people do," she said.

"Do what?"

"Think that Smythe-Robinson girl pretty."

For half a mile the road dropped without a bend. I glanced down it and set my teeth. A whole hotel-full of Smythe-Robinsons should not spoil this next run. We gathered speed rapidly till it seemed almost as if we were skimming through the air itself. "What?" I roared back—but without stopping. It was no good. I couldn't hear. I answered, "No" on chance. Eventually we slowed up at the corner. My conversation had consisted of "No" at intervals of five seconds. What hers had consisted of I have not the remotest idea. I had kept to the word "No" in the hope that she was still discussing the Smythe-Robinsons. She was beautiful and wonderful,—but lugeing *is* lugeing. Doubtless in time she would learn that I did not wish her to talk during the run. That was her one fault.

"Oh, do stop!" she pleaded. "Look! What are those people doing?"

I stopped. She picked up her luge and ran to where a little crowd of people stood by the roadside. As we arrived a man started to luge down across country. We watched him till he reached the bottom of the field and turned a somersault. He was followed by several more men and one or two girls.



The Smitten One. "'ERE! WOT CHER DRIVIN' AT?"

"Do take me down there," she pleaded.

"You wouldn't like it," I replied, "it's too bumpy. There's scarcely any depth of snow, and the ground is all nubbly and frozen, and it will shake your teeth out."

"I'd love it!" she cried. "*Do* take me. Oh, I *must* go! I can't go alone—and you steer so well—and we'll go as fast as we can. *Do!*"

"No," I said, "it's too bumpy."

"You are horrid!" she pouted. Then her face lit up. "There's Captain Hilliard. He'll take me down. He's not afraid of bumps."

She was beautiful and wonderful, and I detest Hilliard. "I'll take you," I said.

"Fast? *Really fast?*"

"Rather! That's the one thing in its favour!"

Once again I took her ankles in my hand and we leaped forward down the steep incline. Fast? The pace was terrific—maddening—glorious! Afraid of bumps? Why, it was worth any number of bumps to rush down a hill at this speed. "*What?*" I bellowed back at the top of my voice. Ye gods—what a moment to choose for discussing Smythe-Robinsons!

"No!" I roared. On we dashed—faster and faster—leaping and bounding as the slope grew steeper—but always faster. "*No!*" I shouted to her at intervals. Talk! I have never known a woman talk as she did. It was one continual flow of chatter the whole way down. Had she no sense of the fitness of things? What did a whole universe of Smythe-Robinsons matter at such a moment?

At that frantic speed the bottom of the field was reached all too soon. At last we slowed and stopped. If only the field had been ten times as long!

I dropped her ankles and rose to my feet. "By Jove! wasn't that glorious?" I cried as I turned to pick up her luge.

Her woolly cap was over one ear. Her hair was half down. In her lap was an enormous mound of frozen snow. Behind us, up the hillside ran a dark line where the black and icy ground showed through the white snow.

I lifted her to her feet. "Where on earth is your luge?" I asked.

The vacant expression faded from her face. "I lost it right at the top," she said, "at the very first bump. Why did you bring me down that frightful place?"

Perhaps, after all, it wasn't the Smythe-Robinsons she had been discussing all the way down. She was such a beautiful girl, too—and so wonderful. She is much too good for Hilliard.

"The value of a Boy Scout's training was shown a few days ago at Spalding, when Fred Pickworth was thrown out of a motor-cycle side-car, in which he and another boy were riding. His training taught him to recognise at once that his collar-bone was broken, and, accompanied by his companion, he started to walk three miles to Spalding. Half-way they fell in with a brewer's dray, which took them to the town. Here young Pickworth walked into a doctor's surgery, told him what was the matter, and had the broken bone set."—*Daily Express.*

Doctor (wiping the moisture from his brow): **Heavens! and I was just going to set his leg!**



1914.

THE RETURN FROM BELFAST

(AFTER MEISSONIER'S "1814" ... AND A DHIVIL OF A TIME WID CARSON AND THE BHOYS.)

[Messrs. JOHN REDMOND, WILLIE REDMOND, FLAVIN, T. P. O'CONNOR, JEREMIAH MACVEAGH and SWIFT MACNEILL.]

A WALK WITH THE DOGS.

Scene—*The hall of a country house on a rainy day in January.* Time—3 p.m. *He in knickerbockers, shooting cape, thick boots, etc., is about to go out, when She appears descending the stairs humming an air.*

She. Halloa, where are you off to?

He. Going for a walk with a dog or two. I must get some fresh air. Simply can't stand it any longer indoors.

She. Gallant fellow! Well, I hope you'll enjoy yourself. Shall I come too?

He. *You!*

She. Oh! don't mind *me*. Say you don't want me, if that's what you mean. Say it right out at once, and don't beat about the bush. I can bear it. Come, say it.

He. Don't talk nonsense. I was only thinking it was very wet——

She. You've hit it. "Wet." That's the very word. What a brain!

He. And you'll take an hour to put your things on, and it'll be tea-time before we start.

She. No, it won't, because my boots are on, and I've only got to slip on this old waterproof (*slips it on*) and pin on this old hat (*pins it on*) and there I am. Come on.

He. Right. Let's get a few dogs. (*They go out.*) My eye, this is a drencher!

She. How many dogs are you going to take?

He. We must take the two Great Danes. Why don't you take Chang?

She. It's no weather for a Pekinese. Still, I'd better have him. (*He opens front-door and calls. A black-faced streak of fur comes racing out and disappears round the corner.*)

He and She (*together*). Chang! Chang!! Chang!!! Chang!!!!

He. Let's go and leave him. He never follows, anyhow.

She. Leave my little Chang? Never. Chang! Chang!! Chang!!! (*Chang reappears unabashed and races down the drive.*)

He. Let him go. We're going that way.

She. Yes, and we shall have to go *his* way all the time. Trot along and get the big ones. (*He goes, and shortly returns with two Great Danes, who prance up to Her and caracole round Her.*) Down, Lufra; down, Duke; keep your dirty paws—there, he's done it! I'm all over paw-marks. Down! Down! I wish you'd control your dogs, Charles. I'm a sight.

He. Who cares? We shan't meet anyone. It's only the dogs' fun.

She. Well, I don't like that sort of fun. (*They proceed.*)

He (*in a panic*). Where's Chang?

She. Chang! Chang!! Chang!!!

He. There's the little fiend a hundred yards ahead. Upon my word, you've trained that dog well. You've only got to call him and away he goes across country a thousand miles an hour.

She. There's a motor. Rush for Chang. (*He rushes; so does Chang. The two Danes think it's a game and prance after him. He pounces on Chang just as the motor-car flashes by within six inches of man and dogs.*)

He. Too near to be pleasant, and all on account of this inf—

She. Tut-tut. You mustn't give way to temper; and—(*laughing*)—oh, my dear Charles, if you could see your face. It's all *over* mud splashes. There's the dearest, jolliest little blob right on the tip of your nose, and there's a big brother-blob under your right eye, and there are three or four more on your cheeks, and—— Look out; here's the Elmores' carriage. (*The carriage passes, while He, stuffing away his handkerchief, raises his hat and smiles a genial smile of recognition.*) Oh, if you could only have seen how funny you looked with all that mud. I wonder what the Elmores thought.

He. Who cares what the Elmores think?

She. You're generally so particular about Maude Elmore, dear. Never mind; I'll write and explain it was only mud.

He. You're quite capable of it; but ——

She. There's a retriever coming, and you've let Chang go. Chang! Chang!! He'll be eaten, I know. Chang!

[*Chang defies the retriever. The Great Danes are called in by Chang to arbitrate.*

The Dogs (*together*). Wurr—wurr—wurroo—wuff—worry-worry—wuff—wiff—wuff—worry—wug—wahrrr.

She. Beat them. Get them apart. Chang's got him by the hind-leg. Beat them, I tell you. (*The dogs are parted, and the retriever limps swiftly away.*) I can't stand any more of this. I'm going home.

He. So am I. [*They go home, calling on Chang to the last.*

DRAWING-ROOM APARTMENTS.

(*To my Landlady.*)

I like the blooms that decked your wedding cake,
Now sheltered under glass secure from harm;
I like the curtains, blue and crimson-lake;
The rubber-plant is not without its charm;
I recognise the worth as ornaments
Of song-birds nicely stuffed and dormice sleek;
The goldfish in his bowl my eye contents;
I count *him* cheap at two-pounds-ten a week.

I like "The Soul's Awakening" on the wall;
I catch the humour of the china pugs;
The chandelier offends me not at all,
Nor brackets made of plush nor fleecy rugs;
I merely raise my voice, a gentle one,
To hint that I from shelf and mantelpiece
Could spare perhaps the portraits of your son,
Your husband, sister, uncle, aunt, and niece.

For when, from out your not too easy chair,
I view these scions of a fruitful tree,
Who, all in Sunday raiment, smirk or glare,
A sense of vague discomfort troubles me;
Bidding me sigh, "O company unknown
Of men and maids and infants not a few,
Pity a lodger living all alone,
And lonelier still, not being one of you!"

"She had sent a cheque for five pounds to him. She put neither name nor address into the slip of paper that held the cheque, but of course he would guess where it came from."—*Home Chat.*

Watson, at any rate, would have been on it like a bird. "I perceive, my dear Holmes," he would have said, "that the cheque is signed."

"The Lady Mayoress (Lady Taylor) has presented Mr. W. G. Layton (Deputy-Town Clerk) with a gold match, as a mark of esteem."
Sydney Daily Telegraph.

Workman: Got a match, guv'nor?

Mr. Layton (*producing it from his waistcoat pocket*): I cannot give it to you, for it is a presentation match, but you may look at it if you like.

"Mr. Curtis-Bennett said that no one could doubt that this was a bogus blub."—*The Umpire.*

Mr. Curtis-Bennett might think what he liked of the genuineness of the club in question, but after fining one official £221 and another £121 he had no right to question the sincerity of their tears.



OUR VILLAGE DANCE.

Local Nut (after the polka). "Shall we promenade, or may I lead you to your shawl?"

THE SOLACE OF THE CENSORED.

(*By a Pantomime Author.*)

I had striven for years to write plays:
  "*Dum spiro*," my motto was, "*spero*,"
I had seen myself lifting the bays
  From the glowering brows of Pinero,
The Managers read "with delight"
  My work—or pretended to do so—
And at last one engaged me to write
  The libretto for *Robinson Crusoe*.

With all innocent fun 'twas equipped
  (Not a speech had so much as a "damn" in),
And they duly submitted my script
  For the Censor of Plays to examine,
When I learned, after several days,
  That my views on decorum and his met,
But he wished me to alter *one phrase*—
  Then I folded my arms and said, "*Kismet!*"

As a subject of Georgius Rex,
  Imperator, Fidei Defensor,
I should deem it disloyal to vex
  His servant, the Chamberlain's Censor,
I was moody and sad, but resigned,
  Dejected, but *not* with contrition,
Till a brain-wave revealed to my mind—
  To be censored compels recognition.

Then why should my spirits go down?
  How oft, in the years when I lay low,
Had I yearned to illumine my crown
  With the genius-martyr's own halo,
I could enter the Temple of Fame,
  And Redford had shown me the doorway!
I was one with the Johnnies who claim
  To be greater than Henrik (of Norway)!

I have idolised Barker and Shaw,
  But no longer I think them above me,
Yes, I look not on Granville with awe,
  I am certain that Bernard would love me!
So of Housman's unorthodox play
  I have thought with a jealous abhorrence,
But if I were to meet him to-day
  I should lightly address him as Laurence.

O Redford, dear excellent man!
  Your pencil has changed my life's story,
For the bards who come under its ban
  Reflect its caerulean glory!
Ungrateful and garrulous tribe
  Who yelp at its chastening slashes!
Be sure, Sir, *one* disciplined scribe
  Will mourn your retirement in ashes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE always liked the characters of Mr. THOMAS COBB. They are all such thoroughly nice people, who not infrequently reside in West Kensington, and are seldom guilty of an act or an emotion such as would bring discredit upon even that neighbourhood. *Enter Bridget* (MILLS AND BOON) shows them worthily maintaining the traditions of their race. I must confess that for about half the book I thought that their very proper aversion from sensationalism was going to be carried to the extreme length of giving us no story at all. Then however *Carrissima*, who liked *Mark Driver*, came to call on *Bridget*, and found *Mark* kissing her. She pretended not to have noticed anything, and went home and was quite miserable about it, in a ladylike Kensingtonian way. Mishandled, the thing might have led to broken hearts and all sorts of bothers. But one of the strongest charms of Mr. COBB's personages is their practical common-sense, which in this instance enabled *Carrissima* to believe *Mark* when he said he hadn't really meant anything by it. *Bridget* meanwhile had engaged herself to a nice young man with pots of money, so there was no reason why the other couple should not pair off; and I am convinced, though we are not told so by the author, that they had numerous and costly presents, and spent their honeymoon on the Italian lakes. I'm afraid that, without intending to, I have told you the whole plot. But it really doesn't matter. You will read the book in order to meet a number of pleasant, not too clever, human beings; and if you like that kind of society you will enjoy it very much.



MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR GIVES QUEEN MATILDA AN EQUESTRIAN POSE FOR A BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

Mr. RALPH NEVILL's *Floreat Etona* (MACMILLAN), conventionally bound in cloth of the colour proper to its subject, is more lively than most blue books, and, I may add, than most of the books about Eton on which it is founded. I even find it more entertaining than the one I wrote myself. He begins—like the rest of us whose immortal works have been collected by Mr. "LULU" HARCOURT—with HENRY VI. and WILLIAM OF WAYNFLETE (and WINCHESTER) and the Maidenhead migration, and the other heroes and heroic events of the early days. He sings—as we all have done—of the horrors of Long Chamber, of Pop and Tap, and Montem and Absence, and Furking and Shirking, and Sense and Nonsense; of KEATS and his birch, of PORSON and SHELLEY and J. K. S.; of the IRON DUKE and the Playing Fields, and many other themes that recall the warmed-up cabbage of the JUVENAL crib. But, besides the anecdotes of which it is chiefly composed, the book is rich in illustrations, many of them taken from rare and valuable prints; and the stories, if mostly old, are agreeably put together. Amongst those which he publishes, as far as I know, for the first time, is one about the present Headmaster and the remarks which he addressed to the Sixth Form, soon after his appointment, to allay their fears as to the changes which he might introduce as the result of his advanced views on hygiene and the gospel of Jaeger underclothing. According to a variant, which I offer for what it is worth, what Canon LYTTELTON actually told them was that he had no intention of making them wear Plasmon next their skin.

I suppose I must have an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of beginning a story before the principal lady gets married, and that in spite of such charming novels as Miss ANNE SEDGWICK's *Valerie Upton*. At any rate, in the case of *The Doll* (STANLEY PAUL), which is the title of Miss VIOLET HUNT's latest novel, I found myself getting less and less interested in the plot as the book went on. Its name, I ought to say, has no connection with IBSEN's use of the word, but refers to a real plaything, the dirty and tattered treasure of *Master Hawtayne*, son of *Ralph Hawtayne*, successful barrister, and his wife *Minnie*, a prominent suffragist and a talented actress, who has divorced one husband already. In some way or other, more clear to the authoress than to me, this toy is regarded as a poignant symbol of the strained relations between the *Hawtaynes*, which are further complicated by the fact that one of *Mrs. Hawtayne's* hangers-on falls in love with *Isabel Agate*, her grown-up daughter by her first marriage. A large part of the book is devoted to the wife's contention that in case of divorce the woman, even if convicted of misconduct, should have custody of her children. *Mrs. Hawtayne* herself happened to be innocent, but that, as I understand her, does not affect the plea. It is perhaps a sign of merit in a novel that the reader should sympathise with the characters' emotions, and certainly neither husband nor wife can have been more wearied by their continual bickerings than I was. For the rest, I can only say that the theme of *The Doll* is well abreast of the times.

"He uttered a warning as to the national importance of the scientific conversation of forests."—*Pioneer.*

We have often heard of trees whispering, but supposed that it was only scandal they were talking.

"Dr. Schurig, of Munich, claims to have found a remedy for the fatigue of climbing stairs by means of a slipper with a sole two and a half inches thick, to be worn on one foot only."—*Daily Express.*

Far less fatiguing than ascending the stairs with both feet in one slipper.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE Alphabet of the National Insurance Act" has appeared. Few persons get further than "D."

* * *

How fleeting is fame! An Institute of Inventors is to be formed, and there have been nominated as President and Vice-Presidents the Earl of MINTO, Lord HALSBURY, Lord Justice FLETCHER-MOULTON, Mr. MARCONI and Sir HIRAM MAXIM; but not Mr. URE.

* * *

Suggested motto for the Trade Union which advises men to starve rather than work an extra hour a day: "*L'Union fait la farce.*"

* * *

It looks as if Saturn as well as Mars were inhabited. It is reported from a Massachusetts Observatory that Saturn's ring is breaking up. This is possibly due to the agitation against trusts in the United States.

* * *

The Committee of the Royal Naval and Military Tournament have decided this year to offer a £100 prize in addition to the challenge cup for the Officers' Jumping Competition. This seems the right thing to do in Leap Year.

* * *

Which reminds us that, in the announcements of Engagements which *The Express* publishes, in some cases the gentleman is said to be engaged to the lady, and in others the lady to the gentleman. The former, we presume, are the result of Leap Year proposals.

* * *

Mr. GORDON CRAIG's production of *Hamlet* in Russian has been such a success at Moscow that there is a talk of bringing the entire production to London. Indeed it is said that an erudite Russian has already started translating the play into English.

* * *

The Sunday Chronicle informs us that both Mr. Justice Bucknill and the Court of Appeal refused the application of the Palace Theatre for an injunction against "Mr. Arthur Bourchier, the well-known actor, and Mrs. Bourchier, professionally known as Miss Violent Vanbrugh." A name like that may well have terrorised their Lordships.

* * *

The HOME SECRETARY, in the execution of his undoubted prerogative, has ordered the release of an innocent man. This seems only fair.

* * *

It sounds incredible, and we give the rumour under all reserve, but it is said that the grounds of the new hotel for convicts shortly to be opened at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, do not comprise a golf course.

* * *

The legal rights of pavement artists were questioned at the Kingston Police Court the other day. We understand that a special meeting of the Society of Pastellists has been summoned to consider the situation.



SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO MEET THE EVER-GROWING TASTE FOR LONGER AND LONGER CORSETS.

The Sardinian Archway in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with the three houses adjoining, which were erected by INIGO JONES in the 17th century, are now being demolished. "It is said that many crimes have been committed in the archway." Archæologists are of the opinion that this last is not the least of them.

* * *

According to M. BONNAIRE, the agent-general for the great International Musical Tournament which is to take place at Paris in May, the excellence of English choirs is due to the national habit of tea-drinking. There may be something in this. We have even known the water in a kettle to sing beautifully when ready to join the tea.

* * *

Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, the manager of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, says it is a very rare event for an artiste wilfully to refuse to perform unless prevented by illness. Yet surely not so long ago there was a strike of Carmen.

* * *

Professor REINHARDT has informed an interviewer that he would love to have the Albert Hall. If only someone could persuade the Professor to take the Albert Memorial instead!

THE CULT OF THE GLAD EYE.

["'The Glad Eye' at the Apollo Theatre is to be the basis of a novel by Mr. Ranger Gull, and 'The Glad Eye Two Step' by Mr. Ernst Bucalossi."—*Evening News.*]

"THE Glad Eye" will be the subject next Sunday at the Temple Tabernacle.

The authorities of the London Ophthalmic Hospital have determined to move with the times and to re-name the institution "The Glad Eye Hospital."

Dr. INGE's recent cheerful lecture on "Christian Joy" has earned for him the title of "The Glad-Eyed Dean."

Smart dances in Society this Season are termed "Glad Eye-Balls."

A new Liberal morning paper, *The Daily Glad Eye*, will shortly appear. Its professed policy will be to look at everything from an optimistic point of view.

Just before he went abroad Mr. ASQUITH was called on by a militant suffragette, who was informed that the PREMIER was not at home. On her return to Clement's Inn she found a telegram waiting, with the mysterious message, "Glad Eye was out."

"On Sunday afternoon the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Pressley was baptised in the Parish Church. Mr. Pressley is chauffeur to Mr. W. Douro Hoare, of the Guessons; and although the church was built during 1,100, this is the first child of a chauffeur christened in it."

Hertfordshire Gazette.

But possibly the church's motoring records are not quite complete for the first few centuries.

"Thereby hangs (or used to hang) a tail."

The North China Daily News, writing on the theme of the discarded pig-tails, says: "Queues are no longer to the front." And not nearly so long behind. "Many," it continues, "have a tale to tell about the way they were cut off." Altogether a very humorous passage.

STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

[This series is designed to assist parents in choosing a career for their sons. The author has devoted considerable time to research among the best authorities, and the results are now laid before the public in the hope that they will bring encouragement to those who are hesitating at the doors of any of the great professions.]

I.—The Solicitor's.

The office was at its busiest, for it was Friday afternoon. John Blunt leant back in his comfortable chair and toyed with the key of the safe, while he tried to realise his new position. He, John Blunt, was junior partner in the great London firm of Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton!

He closed his eyes, and his thoughts wandered back to the day when he had first entered the doors of the firm as one of two hundred and seventy-eight applicants for the post of office-boy. They had been interviewed in batches, and old Mr. Sanderson, the senior partner, had taken the first batch.

"I like your face, my boy," he had said heartily to John.

"And I like yours," replied John, not to be outdone in politeness.

"Now I wonder if you can spell 'mortgage'?"

"I think so," John had replied, "but I am not sure."

Mr. Sanderson was delighted with the lad's caution, and engaged him at once.

For three years John had done his duty faithfully. During this time he had saved the firm more than once by his readiness—particularly on one occasion, when he had called old Mr. Sanderson's attention to the fact that he had signed a letter to a firm of stockbrokers, "Your loving husband Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton." Mr. Sanderson, always a little absent-minded, corrected the error, and promised the boy his articles. Five years later John Blunt was a solicitor.

And now he was actually junior partner in the firm—the firm of which it was said in the City, "If a man has Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton behind him he is all right." The City is always coining pithy little epigrams like this.

There was a knock at the door of the enquiry office and a prosperous-looking gentleman came in.

"Can I see Mr. Macnaughton?" he said politely to the office boy.

"There isn't no Mr. Macnaughton," replied the latter. "They all died years ago."

"Well, well, can I see one of the partners?"

"You can't see Mr. Sanderson, because he's having his lunch," said the boy. "Mr. Thorpe hasn't come back from lunch yet, Mr. Peters has just gone out to lunch, Mr. Williams is expected back from lunch every minute, Mr. Gourlay went out to lunch an hour ago, Mr. Beamish——"

"Tut, tut, isn't anybody in?"

"Mr. Blunt is in," said the boy, and took up the telephone. "If you wait a moment I'll see if he's awake."

Half an hour later Mr. Masters was shown into John Blunt's room.

"I'm sorry I was engaged," said John. "A most important client. Now what can I do for you, Mr.—er—Masters?"

"I wish to make my will."

"By all means," said John cordially.

"I have only one child, to whom I intend to leave all my money."

"Ha!" said John, with a frown. "This will be a lengthy and difficult business."

"But you can do it?" asked Mr. Masters anxiously. "They told me at the hairdresser's that Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton was the cleverest firm in London."

"We can do it," said John simply; "but it will require all our care, and I think it would be best if I were to come and stay with you for the week-end. We could go into it properly then."

"Thank you," said Mr. Masters, clasping the other's hand. "I was just going to suggest it. My motor car is outside. Let us go at once."

"I will follow you in a moment," said John, and pausing only to snatch a handful of money from the safe for incidental expenses and to tell the boy that he would be back on Monday he picked up the well-filled week-end bag which he always kept ready, and hurried after the other.

Inside the car Mr. Masters was confidential.

"My daughter," he said, "comes of age to-morrow."

"Oh, it's a daughter?" said John in surprise. "Is she pretty?"

"She is considered to be the prettiest girl in the county."

"Really?" said John. He thought a moment, and added, "Can we stop at a post-office? I must send an important business telegram." He took out a form and wrote "Macmacmacmacmac, London. Shall not be back till Wednesday.—Blunt."

The car stopped and then sped on again.

"Amy has never been any trouble to me," said Mr. Masters, "but I am getting old now, and I would give a thousand pounds to see her happily married."

"To whom would you give it?" asked John, whipping out his pocket-book.

"Tut, tut, a mere figure of speech. But I would settle a hundred thousand pounds on her on the wedding day."

"Indeed?" said John thoughtfully. "Can we stop at another post-office?" he added, bringing out his fountain pen again. He took out a second telegraph form and wrote: "Macmacmacmacmac, London. Shall not be back till Friday.—Blunt."

The car dashed on again, and an hour later arrived at a commodious mansion standing in its own well-timbered grounds of upwards of several acres. At the front-door a graceful figure was standing.

"My solicitor, dear, Mr. Blunt," said Mr. Masters.

"It is very good of you to come all this way on my father's business," she said shyly.

"Not at all," said John. "A week or—or a fortnight—or—" he looked at her again—"or—three weeks, and the thing is done."

"Is making a will so very difficult?"

"It's a very tricky and complicated affair indeed. However, I think we shall pull it off. Er—might I send an important business telegram?"

"Macmacmacmacmac, London," wrote John. "Very knotty case. Date of return uncertain. Please send more cash for incidental expenses.—Blunt."

* * * * *

Yes, you have guessed what happened. It is an every-day experience in a solicitor's life. John Blunt and Amy Masters were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, last May. The wedding was a quiet one owing to mourning in the bride's family—the result of a too sudden perusal of Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton's bill of costs. As Mr. Masters said with his expiring breath—he didn't mind paying for our Mr. Blunt's skill; nor yet for our Mr. Blunt's valuable time—even if most of it was spent in courting Amy; nor, again, for our Mr. Blunt's tips to the servants; but he did object to being charged the first-class railway fare both ways when our Mr. Blunt had come down and gone up again in the car. And perhaps I ought to add that that is the drawback to this fine profession. One is so often misunderstood.

A. A. M.

"The evening session was somewhat peculiar as Stevenson averaged 40, but only totalled 160. . . The explanation was that he only had four innings."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Another minute and we should have guessed it by ourselves.



THE SUFFRAGE SPLIT.

Sir George Askwith . . . . *Fairy Peacemaker.*
Mr. Asquith . . . . *Master of the Horse.*

Asquith (*to Askwith*). "NOW THAT YOU'VE CHARMED YON DRAGON I SHALL NEED YE TO STOP THE STRIKE INSIDE THIS FRACTIOUS GEE-GEE."



Soft-hearted Mistress. "OH, NO; PLEASE DON'T DISTURB THEM JUST YET. THEY WERE UP SO LATE LAST NIGHT, POOR DEARS. I'LL WALK HOME, AND YOU TELL THEM TO COME ON WHEN THEY WAKE."

A PATRIOTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

["On the ground that it would 'altogether upset the routine of business,' and would 'greatly interfere with the comfort and convenience of visitors,' Sheringham District Council, Norfolk, has declined a proposed visit, in August, by 10,000 Territorials, with several thousand horses and 70 guns, for a training camp.

The Finance Committee instructed the clerk to ask two landowners not to afford the authorities facilities for obtaining the necessary ground."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

To the General Commanding Army of Invasion, Aug. 1, 1913.

SIR,—On behalf of the Sheringham District Council I must make a formal protest against the highly irregular and illegal conduct of certain persons under your command. The Council is credibly informed that at 7 A.M. this morning several thousand troops were disembarked on the portion of the shore especially reserved for lady bathers—a distinct violation of By-law No. 153. The Council desires me to warn you that all these persons are liable to a penalty of 40*s.* and costs. In the second place all the donkeys on the sands have been illegally secured by one of your officers, thus depriving the watering-place of one of its chief attractions. In the third place a missile (discharged in direct violation of By-law 63 prohibiting the use of air-guns, catapults and other dangerous weapons within the area of the Council's authority) has wrecked the band-stand, causing damage which can only be covered by a halfpenny rate. Finally, the unexpected arrival of so many strangers—without the ordinary courtesy of a formal notice to the Council—has created quite a panic amongst the regular visitors.

The Council is of opinion that a continuation of this conduct will ruin the summer season and greatly interfere with the routine of business. The Council therefore requests you to withdraw your troops at once and re-land them either at Lowestoft or Yarmouth. At these places, which are the resort of the vulgar excursionist class, the arrival of foreign troops is less likely to cause painful annoyance.

On behalf of the District Council,

J. SNOOKS, *Clerk.*

To the General Commanding Army of Invasion, Aug. 2, 1913.

SIR,—The Council instructs me to say that it is in receipt of your letter of to-day and that it notes with deep regret your threat to flog the members of the Council (in distinct violation of By-law No. 81 prohibiting all violence in public places). The Council is of opinion that this threat is not only unkind but altogether uncalled for. The position of the District Council has been absolutely consistent on this subject. In the interests of business and the visitors it has always objected to the arrival of English or foreign troops at Sheringham as being a drawback to trade, demoralising to maid-servants and disturbing to visitors. We must also point out that the amenities of the golf links—one of the town's main attractions—have to be considered.

On behalf of the District Council,

J. SNOOKS, *Clerk.*

To Admiral Commanding British Fleet, Aug. 3, 1913.

SIR,—The District Council instructs me to make an emphatic protest against the disturbance of our attractive watering-place. The Council understands that the firing of heavy guns has a ruinous effect on plate glass windows. Many of our visitors are confirmed invalids and elderly ladies, and the medical men of the town decline to be responsible if shells and other dangerous missiles are allowed to wander at will through the streets. Though the Council wishes you success in your undertaking, yet it thinks it reasonable to suggest that the Foreign Fleet be removed at least five miles out to sea before operations begin. Or perhaps some other watering-place on the coast (patronised by a vulgar type of visitor) might think the contest would be an attraction for excursionists.

On behalf of the District Council,

J. SNOOKS, *Clerk.*

From Admiral Commanding British Fleet to District Councillors of Sheringham, Aug. 4, 1913.

GENTLEMEN,—When I have done my business and broken your plate glass and frightened your old women I will give instructions that the members of your Council shall be publicly smacked on the sea front.

"Wanted capable man to braze and swage saws."—*Advt. in "Sheffield Daily Independent."*

This is appositely headed "Musical Appointments Vacant."

"LABBY."

By TOBY, M.P.

WHO was the genial philosopher who said, "If you want to know how the Universe will get along after you have passed away, stick a knitting-needle in a pond, withdraw it, and look for the impression it made on the surface"? The lesson here indicated has particular applicability to the House of Commons. Some of us remember a time when DIZZY sat on the Treasury Bench, cynosure of all eyes, his lightest word eagerly listened to, his slightest movement commented upon. More still recall the time when the mighty presence of GLADSTONE filled and dominated the House. It seemed that if in the course of nature they must needs go, we might as well stow away the Mace, put up the shutters, and sadly go our ways.

It is a curious fact that in the Parliament of to-day and yesterday their names are mentioned extremely seldom. Half-a-dozen years ago, when PRINCE ARTHUR was still Premier, someone quoted a declaration of DIZZY'S, hostile to an argument he had just submitted. "Mr. DISRAELI," said PRINCE ARTHUR, turning an angry countenance upon his abashed follower, "has been dead for some time."

On a lower plane, but after the same fashion, was the effect of LABBY'S withdrawal from the familiar scene. Through a succession of Parliaments his had been a prominent and popular figure, few members more constant in attendance. He loved the House of Commons, and was never so happy as when taking part in its inner or outer life. His preference was, perhaps, for the former condition. He was even happier in his chair in the Smoking Room, surrounded by a delighted audience, than he was in his corner seat below the Gangway, impartially chaffing Ministers or right hon. gentlemen on the Front Bench or on the other side of the Table. He was at his worst when delivering a sedulously prepared speech in exposition of not infrequent Resolutions submitted by him. He did not carry weight enough for the operation of a 12-inch cannon. It was as a quick-firing gun in Committee or at Question time that he was most effective.

As a Parliamentary power, and his influence was considerable, he was more in his element about the ante-rooms of the House than when under full view of the SPEAKER'S eye. He had a passion for intrigue. If there was any undercurrent of feeling hostile to the Government of the day, to the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION or to any individual Member of personal distinction, be sure LABBY knew all about it and played a considerable part in its direction. This habit did not arise from envy, hatred or malice. From these weaknesses of temperament LABBY was absolutely free. He was animated solely by desire to be behind the scenes of everything that was going on—an impulse perhaps born of tendency to sheer mischief. A cynic in speech, he was at heart one of the kindest, most genial men in the world, preserving to the last his personal popularity with both sides and all sections of Party in the House of Commons.

A born strategist, master of the forms of debate, he did substantial service to the Liberal Party in Opposition in the Parliament elected in 1886. When, largely owing to his unremitting efforts, the Unionist majority was whittled away, the General Election of 1892 finally disposing of it, he had good reason to believe that acknowledgment of his yeoman service would be made by appointment to office. It is no secret that GLADSTONE, reinstated in power, was prepared to meet the claim, but was over-ruled by a higher authority.

LABBY, though reticent on the main question, delighted to tell how one afternoon, when the Ministry was completed and the name of the Member for Northampton did not appear in the list, Mr. G., uninvited, dropped into tea at Old Palace Yard. He won the heart of his hostess by his enchanting manner. One likes to think of LABBY looking on, smoking his eternal cigarettes, whilst "the old man," as he called the chief, discoursed upon all subjects in the world save the one which at the moment filled his mind—a desire to make known to the man whom he personally liked, of whose services he was fully conscious, how profoundly he regretted inability to gratify his just expectation.

And now LABBY has gone the way of DISRAELI, GLADSTONE and a crowd of other men who for awhile filled large spaces in the House of Commons. And still the House will unconcernedly go its old familiar way. The SPEAKER will take the Chair at the appointed hour; the Orders of the Day will be called on; the Division Lobbies will fill and empty, and at the close of the day there will echo through the House the old cry, "Who goes home?" the crowd hurrying off, forgetful of some who have already reached their last rest.

Sing low, my lute, sing low, my lute,
We fade and are forgotten.



"MARY, HOW WAS IT I SAW YOU ENTERTAINING A POLICEMAN TO SUPPER LAST NIGHT?"
"I DUNNO, MUM, UNLESS YOU WAS PEERIN' THRO' THE KEY'OLE."

From a letter in *The Westminster*:—

"Most people ignore the decimal nature of our natation."

The reference must be to the submerged tenth.

"MONEY MARKET.
SOVEREIGNS WITHDRAWN FOR INDIA."
Times.

Fortunately another week or so sees them back again.

From an advt. in *The North China Daily News* of a Cinema exhibition:—

"ANNUAL FAT CATTLE SHOW.
300 ALDERMEN MARCH TO CHURCH."

We can picture the whole scene.

STARTLING RESULTS OF EXOTIC INFLUENCE ON THE PERSIAN NATIVE.



I.—IN THE RUSSIAN SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.



II.—IN THE BRITISH SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.

THE ALIEN LAUREL.

I.

(*Extract from the literary columns of "The Universe."*)

IN *The Pan-English Review* there are several contributions of exceptional merit, but we venture to doubt if the editor was well advised in printing "The Lure of Her Lips," a poem by Mr. Williamson Jelfe. It contains some powerful lines, but the subject is, to put it plainly, repulsive, and Mr. Jelfe's treatment does not make it less so. We think Mr. Jelfe would do better to confine himself to the geological studies with which his name has hitherto been honourably connected.

II.

(*Extract from an article on "The Monthlies" in "The Cross Bow."*)

The poetry this month is not of a very high standard, but from this judgment we must except "The Lure of Her Lips," by Mr. Williamson Jelfe, in *The Pan-English Review*. This is undoubtedly the most remarkable poem that has appeared for many a long year. It vibrates with passion, and the writer's power of expression is adequate to the strange beauty of his subject. We do not say that it will please the nincompoops who direct English literary judgment. It is not addressed to the *jeune fille*. But for sheer splendid virility it would be difficult to match it in the poetry of this or any age.

III.

(*From Mr. Williamson Jelfe to the Editor of "The Pan-English Review."*)

SIR,—Words would not be equal to describing my astonishment at finding in your issue of this month that I am credited with the authorship of a poem entitled "The Lure of Her Lips." I can only say that I consider it a most dreadful poem, and I cannot make out its metre. If I understand the intention of the author it is to glorify the most terrible things. I have never read anything worse anywhere. What I want to say is that I did not write it. I could never dream of doing such a thing, and I must therefore ask you to insert an immediate apology in *The Times* and all the other papers. It is true that I did submit to you for insertion an article entitled "Palæontological Aspects of a Neglected District," but that is no excuse for attributing such a poem to me. Kindly let me hear from you at once.

IV.

(*The Editor of "The Pan-English Review" to Mr. Williamson Jelfe.*)

SIR,—I own that your letter has surprised me. You deny the authorship of "The Lure of Her Lips," but you will see that the MS. (which I enclose) bears your name—though the address is different. You will remember that I informed you that your contribution was only just in time for insertion in this issue. I regret that in the hurry of the moment no proof was sent to you. The Poem has, I may tell you, created a great sensation and has materially increased the sale of the Review. I enclose a cutting from *The Cross-Bow*, which will show you how favourably it is being noticed by those who are most competent to judge. It gives me great pleasure to enclose for your acceptance a cheque for £20 in payment for the poem. Kindly acknowledge receipt on the accompanying form.

V.

(*From Mr. Williamson Jelfe to the Editor of "The Pan-English Review."*)

SIR,—I am much obliged for your letter and cheque, receipt for which I enclose. Under the circumstances it will perhaps be better for me to say nothing more about this unfortunate business—though some of my friends may find it hard to understand how I can reconcile the writing of such a poem with the secretaryship of the Palæontological Association. However, they must think what they like. Do you propose to publish my article on "The Palæontological Aspects of a Neglected District"?

VI.

(*From Miss Harrison Bale to her nephew, Williamson Jelfe.*)

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—A little bird has whispered to me that you have added the *laurels of a poet* to your other distinctions, and I am dying to see the poem which has brought you such fame. Here in Wintervale we see no magazines, but I have sent to my bookseller and have ordered a copy of *The Pan-English Review*—what a *strange* name for a paper! It has always been my ambition that my favourite nephew should *shine* as an author, for in these days old-fashioned *morality* requires the defence of everybody who has a *heart* and a *conscience*.

Your advice about my last investments has been wonderfully sound—and yet they say that poets cannot be business men!

Your affectionate aunt, HARRISON.

VII.

(*From Mr. Williamson Solfe to the Editor of "The Pan-English Review."*)

SIR,—I see you have published my poem, "The Lure of Her Lips." Kindly send payment for it to the above address, and be good enough to note that my name is "Solfe," not "Jelfe," as you print it—a very annoying error. A word to that effect in your next issue will oblige. I cannot understand why no proof was sent to me.

Yours faithfully, WILLIAMSON SOLFE.

(*This correspondence is still continuing, but we can print no more.*)

TWO THAT PARTED.

I KNOW not when the severance began,
  Now plain, alas! for every eye to see,
And, though full many friends conferred, no man
  Could place before the twain a remedy.

Themselves could never state the actual cause,
  And neither owned an unforgiving heart,
Nor ever sinned against good-feeling's laws,
  Yet day by day Time saw them draw apart;

Time that from infancy had watched their rise
  Through blameless early years passed each by each;
Even I, close knit to them by natural ties,
  Strove unavailingly to mend the breach.

And still our best endeavours prove in vain
  To bring together that divided pair;
And now I know they will not meet again—
  Those two sides of the parting in my hair.

"Again the electric tramcar is threatened. This time it is from the convenience and adaptability of the petrol-driven vehicle that danger is scented."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

Tramcar (with its nose to the wind). Jockey Club? N-no. . . . Lavender Water? N-no. . . . I shall get it directly. . . . Heavens, it's petrol! I must fly!

"The prosecutor alleges that the evidence disclosed only a part of the truth about the network of pies with which English gold is covering Germany."—*Statesman.*

A dignified reply to the network of German sausages with which Teuton gold is covering England.



Corporal (to soldier reporting sick). "What's the matter with you?" *Tommy.* "Pain in my abdomen."

Corporal. "Abdomen! Abdomen, indeed! *You* don't 'ave no abdomen, you 'ave a stomick. It's only officers what 'as abdomens."

THE LATEST EPIDEMIC.

Great and widespread unrest has been caused by the devastating declaration of Mr. Hammerstein to the representatives of the Press, that, unless his Opera House met with more effective support from the British public, it would probably be impossible for him and his daughter to continue their residence in London. The scene on the Stock Exchange on Wednesday baffled description; several stock-brokers were seized with cerebral conjunctivitis and Consols fell to 68. The Rubber Market quivered like a jelly, and Hoffmann Prefs. dropped to a fraction below zero.

Even more formidable, however, than these seismic perturbations in the world of finance has been the contagious influence of Mr. Hammerstein's example in other quarters.

Consternation is still raging in Printing House Square owing to the receipt of an ultimatum from Sir Henry Howorth. In this remarkable document, extending to no fewer than 33 folios of closely written script, the veteran historian of the Mongols states that, unless the Editor of *The Times* will pledge himself in future to print his communications in large type and without excisions, he will emigrate to Mongolia and stay there indefinitely. According to latest advices Mr. Buckle, who has summoned Sir George Askwith and Sir Francis Hopwood, is bearing up heroically and taking nourishment, though naturally much distressed by an announcement which may seriously complicate our relations with Russia and China.

A marconigram from New York, delayed in transmission by contact with an irrelevant iceberg, states that Lord Tankerville has informed the headmaster of the school at Boston where he proposes to enter his son, that unless the game of baseball is played on Socialist principles he will send the boy back to Eton. A telegram from Windsor states that Canon Lyttelton remains calm.

A painful sensation has been caused in Fleet Street by the rumour that the Proprietors of *The Daily News* have threatened to change the title of their journal to *The Mourning Leader* if Sir Edward Grey does not resign office in a month's time.

To be Concluded in our Next.

"The Very Newest Golf Story.—A pleasant story comes from a Cornish golf-course. A visitor entered for a bogey competition with another visitor to mark for him, but when his card was duly sent in neither secretary nor committee could make head or tail of it. They therefore cross-examined the player as to what it meant."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*

The idea here seems to be that, as it takes a Scotchman a long time to see a joke, it is just as well that the point of it should be postponed for twenty-four hours, during which interlude he can be getting ready to laugh.

"Bradford had wandered in the wilderness since September 16th without recording a solitary win away from Park Avenue, and that being the case very few held the belief that they would be able to break the ice at Nottingham."—*Bradford Daily Argus.*

Of course they wouldn't have had much practice at these winter sports in the wilderness.



THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Stud Groom. "'OF STUFF THAT 'ORSE IS WHEN 'E'S FRESH." *Spectator.* "EVER RIDE HIM YOURSELF?"

Stud Groom. "NO, SIR, CERTAINLY NOT. I PUTS UP ONE OF THE LADS AND INSTRUCTS 'IM. IN A CASE O' THAT KIND, SIR, THE BRAINS OUGHT TO BE ON THE GROUND."

THE RESCUE;

OR, GALLANT BEHAVIOUR AT OXFORD.

(A melodramatic piece designed for recitation.)

[During a fire which recently broke out in the Pathological Department of the Oxford Museum, considerable apprehension, we are told, was felt with regard to a number of bottles containing bacteria of several diseases; happily, however, these were safely removed.]

FIRE! and the people's faces
Blanch with a sudden dread,
And the firemen leap to their places,
And the merciful car is sped;
And the thundering rush of the horses' feet
Clears a space in the crowded street.
Whose house is that in the hot embraces
Of amorous arms and red?

Are they caught? Shall we have to free 'em
From the death that burns and clings?
"It's only the old Museum,"
A cry from the background rings.
Thank Heaven! and now the firemen close
And drench the flames with their sibilant hose;
They have simply to save a mausoleum
Of dead and mouldering things.

But stay! from an upper storey
Scared little eyes look out,
Young heads in the mad smoke's fury,
Ah, Saints! there can be no doubt.
Is there none to help them, none to aid,
Ye gallant lads of the Fire Brigade?
Yes! one with a dream of "death or glory"
Goes up by the water-spout.

He has thought of his tiny midgets
At home, and their romping games,
Whom he sometimes calls, "you fidgets,"
And other endearing names;
He has thought on them, and for them he strives
To save those poor young innocent lives;
He has scaled the pipe with his heels and digits,
He has caught them out of the flames.

Was ever a deed done bolder,
Or battle on stiffer terms?
Oh, say not the heart beats colder
In Englishmen's epiderms!
And the women sobbed and the eyes were wet
Of hard, rude men as the hero set
Safe at our feet from his manly shoulder
That bottle of cholera germs.

EVOE.

Nurseryman's Candour.

"EULALIA JAPONICA and CYPERUS NATALENSIS—Once bought you never want them again, 6 plants, 6d."

"The children of the Fellows of the Royal Botanic Society have just had a fancy dress ball, in which some costumes were seen."
Daily Graphic.

Just as well that they were visible.



A SILLY GAME.

Sir Edward Carson. "ULSTER WILL FIGHT!"

Mr. Punch. "WHAT! AGAINST FREE SPEECH? THEN ULSTER WILL BE *WRONG!*"

A DREAM.

AND at night we'd find a town,
Flat-roofed, by a star-strewn sea,
Where the pirate crew came down
To a long-forgotten quay,
And we'd meet them in the gloaming,
Tarry pigtails, back from roaming,
With a pot of pirate ginger for the likes of her and me!

She was small and rather pale,
Grey-eyed, grey as smoke that weaves,
And we'd watch them stowing sail,
Forty most attractive thieves;
Propped against the porphyry column,
She was seven, sweet and solemn,
And she'd hair blue-black as swallows when they flit beneath the eaves.

On the moonlit sands and bare,
Clamorous, jewelled in the dusk,
There would be an Eastern Fair,
We could smell the mules and musk,
We could see the cressets flaring,
And we'd run to buy a fairing
Where a black man blew a fanfare on a carven ivory tusk;

And we'd stop before the stall
Of a grave green-turbaned khan,
Gem or flower—he kept them all—
Persian cat or yataghan,
And I'd pay a golden guinea
And she'd fill her holland pinny
With white kittens and red roses and blue stones from Turkestan!

* * * * *

London streets have flowers anew,
London shops with gems are set;
When you've none to give them to,
What is pearl or violet?
Vain things both and emptinesses,
So they wait a dream-Princess's
Coming, if she's sweet and solemn with grey eyes and hair of jet!



LUNCHEON AT THE NUTTERIES.

Fair Hostess. "AND NOW YOU MUST LET ME BUY YOU A CIGAR."

The Guest. "OH, THANKS! THAT'S JOLLY; AND—ER—WILL THIS TOO HAVE A NUTTY FLAVOUR?"

SERVICE INTELLIGENCE.

(*Answers to Correspondents.*)

TIRED OUT (ALDERSHOT).—This is undoubtedly the Leave season, but Leave is a privilege, not a right. "Travelling in Switzerland to learn the language" is a feeble excuse. Why not try "A Big Game shoot with the Secretary of State for War," or "A Yachting Cruise off Ulster with the First Lord of the Admiralty"?

"PADRE" (DOCKYARD).—We agree with you. It seems a perfect scandal that sailors should be forced to go to church when they are obviously suffering from whooping cough, St. Vitus's dance, and hay fever. Perhaps if you would let us know the length of your sermons we might suggest a remedy.

"SQUIRE" (HAMPSHIRE).—Yes, rabbits are to be issued shortly as Army rations, and we see no reason why the authorities should not issue pheasants as well. Your suggestion that the War Office might rent your shooting and allow Regimental Officers (below the rank of Major) to procure their own company rations seems an excellent idea from every point of view.

"SENEX" (WEYMOUTH).—We know of no regulation which would prevent you, as an officer, from applying for an Old Age Pension. Perhaps this concession was in the minds of the authorities when they promised something would be done "shortly" for the Royal Garrison Artillery subaltern.

"FISHING TO LET" (THAMES).—See answer to "SQUIRE," substituting "trout" for "pheasants," and "fishing" for "shooting."

"Much material has been accumulated for the new ship, which will be slightly larger than King George the Fifth."—*Daily Telegraph.*

God bless him, all the same.

"The Bavarian stamp is said to be one of the best designed in Europe. It is the work of the great German artist, Stuck."—*Newcastle Daily Journal.*

Thus differing from ours, which is the work of the great English artist Unstuck.

"The Lady Howard de Walden of the future has an ample scope. Seaford House teems with possibilities, and to those of Audley End there is no end" [*jeu d'esprit*]. "'It is too much for a King, but might fit a Lord Treasurer,' was James the First's estimate; but Miss Van Raalte is not aboshed."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*

We are very glad to hear this. If there's one thing we dislike more than another, it is being "aboshed."

AT THE PLAY.

"ŒDIPUS REX."

WHEN a Professor of Spectacular Drama exploits an English version of a Greek tragedy (under a Latin title) for the benefit of the modern side, I must suppose that some service is done to the cause of popular education. But I am pedant enough to doubt whether such service is not greatly overrated. Even at Cambridge, where *Œdipus* was given in Greek and put on by scholars, it was impossible to reproduce the atmosphere and conditions of the Theatre of Dionysus. Any fifth-form boy can tell you that Attic drama was an act of religious worship; that the horrors of a legend like this, that deals with parricide and incest, had been softened for the ancients by familiarity, as happens with us in the case of many of our Biblical episodes; that a Greek audience was deeply concerned with the workings of Destiny, which meant so much to them and means so little to us; and that, in respect to the literary handling of the theme, they were vastly more intrigued than we of to-day by the "ironic" method.

Now, nobody imagines that Professor REINHARDT selected *Œdipus* for the sake of the opportunities it affords for a display either of the workings of Destiny or the ironic method of presenting them. These features he might have found in a dozen other Greek tragedies far less harrowing and offensive to the modern mind. Nor can it have been the life-story of *Œdipus* that was the attraction, for his adventures are all over before the play begins, and most of his time on the stage is taken up with retrospective enquiry touching the possibility of his being his own step-father. No, I must believe that, with a single eye to his own peculiar art, the Professor selected *Œdipus* for the sake of its final horrors.

And, to do him bare justice, he rubbed them in. No one who saw it is likely to forget the repulsive hideousness of the scene where the *King* rushes out with bloody eye-sockets, flings himself against a pillar of the palace and howls at the top of his voice. We were spared nothing. No suggestion was permitted of that artistic reticence which is of the very essence of Attic tragedy. If we except the face and figure of *Jocasta* (and she was far too young for a grandmother) there was scarce a note of pure beauty to serve for relief. Much might have been made of the men-at-arms and the handmaidens, but they were not a great attraction. As for those among the audience who were having their first experience of Athenian drama, I shudder to think what mental impression they took away of the dignity and stately grace of the noblest of the arts of Greece. At the opening of the last scene one lady in front of me turned her eyes away from the stage and refused to look at it again.



MR. MARTIN HARVEY (*as Œdipus*). "How 's that, Reinhardt?"

The fact is that Professor REINHARDT has experimented brilliantly with an Arabian Night and a mediæval legend, where the artist, let loose on virgin soil, could be a law to himself; but here there are sacred traditions, and, though he may ignore them, they remain a standard to judge him by.

In certain details he might well have kept more closely to precedent without damaging his scheme. Some of the dresses were none too Greek; those, for instance, of the torch-bearers and female attendants suggested an Oriental Hareem rather than a Theban Court. And if there is one gesture more than another about which we may be certain that the Greeks would have insisted on it, it is the gesture, traditionally symbolic of grief, by which *Jocasta* should have drawn the folds of her *himation* over the back of her head and across her face. But Miss MCCARTHY wore no *himation*, and in any case she would have been fearful of deranging her barbaric headgear.



DANS LE MOUVEMENT.

Terrible predicament of stall-holder who arrives late for the performance of *Œdipus*.

And what was she doing with that big vase held at arms' length over her nice head—an attitude for which I know no Greek authority? And a steaming vase, too! Did the management suppose that they served their libations hot and hot? Besides, the whole proceeding was totally meaningless, since there was no visible altar or tomb to account for it.

I cannot speak as highly as I should like of the chorus of doddering elders, though they were well led. Their jerky entrance to slow music was ludicrous, and the length of their hoary beards hardly excused their lack of intelligent emotion during a series of most unusual announcements. I think, too, that they should have been told to chant their words. The convention which allows a company of people to express their views in identically the same language at the same moment, as though by collusion, is permissible in song, but becomes absurd in spoken speech. And it was unfortunate that the greater part of the stalls could see almost nothing of either the chorus or the populace of the pestilence-stricken city except their heads and lifted arms. However, it is not for me to complain, for at the Dress Rehearsal I sat in the front row, and so was right in the thick of things and had every chance I wanted of catching the plague.

A curious feature of the production—you find it also in *The Miracle*—was its striking mixture of realism and convention. On the one hand we were invited to imagine the rich colour and splendour of a Royal Palace by the aid of an unadorned and purely conventional façade, painted black, with rectangular columns and a single copper entrance. On the other hand our imaginations were not trusted to develop a multitude out of a few scattered figures. The crowd had to be all there before our eyes; just as in our ears we had to suffer those devastating screams in all their horrific realism. No symbols here, if you please.

But, when once we had recognised that no attempt was being made at

archæological accuracy, there was little offence in any realism so long as it was not too ugly. I confess I heartily enjoyed the activities of some of the supers. Their free and natural movements as they raced up and down the steps in the panic that followed the *Queen's* death were the most engaging feature of the evening's novelty.

After seeing all three of Professor Reinhardt's productions in London, it is clear to me that his art is not so well suited to spoken drama as to dumb-show. To those who wish to give their minds to the text, his searchlights, especially when, as at Covent Garden, they are operated in full view of the audience, are almost as distracting as the elaborate decoration of, say, His Majesty's, from which he has come to wean us. Nor could I find that his illuminations were always in harmony with the action. Thus the two garish beams that played steadily on *Œdipus* in all the glory of his unsoiled kingship still followed and blazed upon him, with only a change in the angle of their incidence, as he groped his way out to the darkness, bodily and spiritual, of lonely exile.

Admirable artist as he is, Professor Reinhardt is suffering just now from a good deal of indiscriminate flattery, and for much that I have here said I shall be called Philistine by his devotees. Yet if Matthew Arnold, that robust Philhellene, could have assisted at this performance and made an "essay in criticism" upon it, he too, I doubt not (horrible irony!) would have received the same opprobrious epithet in that quarter. So we other Philistines would have been in good company.

Mr. Martin Harvey as *Œdipus* did some brave work. Physically, he misses the imposing air desirable in a first-class monarch, and a pair of stout *cothurni* were called in to redress his deficiency of stature. He indicated well the slow dawn and reluctant progress of self-suspicion. He was justified, too, in those sudden flashes of temper that recalled his inexcusable conduct at the cross-roads, which (under Providence) was the cause of all the trouble. Perhaps he showed too indecent a joy at the news of the death of Polybus, his supposed father. True, it seemed to rid him of one of the oracle's haunting threats; but, after all, in this good old Corinthian he had lost a very amiable parent.

Miss Lillah McCarthy as *Jocasta* was a splendid figure, and she played with a very sincere intensity. A friend protested to me that her manner was too "temperamental." But in a modern production where so little pretence was



A contemporary has noticed that foreign ladies have the greatest admiration for our London policemen. One lady made a practice of asking the same policeman the way several times a day, just for the joy of talking to him. Soon we shall see the traffic held up while a popular constable signs his autograph for his admirers.

made of reviving the Greek manner, I cannot blame her for behaving (I don't say she did) as if this were a tragedy from the pen of Mr. Granville Barker.

The enunciation of all the actors was sound, with the notable exception of Mr. Louis Calvert. His *Creon* from time to time was frankly Metropolitan. And I have to complain of the pronunciation of the name *Tiresias*. The *e* in the middle of that word is by nature one of the shortest I have ever met; yet, on the appearance of the veteran seer at the back of the stalls, the leader of the chorus, as he hailed him, made it long, and kept it long with a remorseless insistence—"Tireeeesias"!

Perhaps the single performance that came most near to the Greek quality of restraint was that of Mr. Dyall, as the Messenger from the Palace. But the chief honours (Sophocles himself being *hors concours*) were due to the translator, Professor Gilbert Murray, whom nobody thought of inviting to take a call.

On the whole I must felicitate everybody on a sporting spectacle, sufficiently well-adapted to the kind of general audience that was likely to assemble in Covent Garden, never the peculiar home of scholarship. But it would be easy to attach too much importance to the event, as in the pardonable exaltation betrayed by Mr. Harvey in his First Night Speech. Which reminds me to ask, by way of a final grumble, why Professor Reinhardt, that master of artistic illusion, did not forbid the deadly disillusionment of these reappearances in response to popular applause and clamour. I shall have a more profound belief in the New-Dramatic-Art-For-Art's-Sake when I read in my programme: "No calls, and no flowers, by request." O. S.

THE ROGUES.

ARTISTS in fraud are always with us, but it is unusual to meet with three good examples in one week. Yet I have just done so. I had drifted into a billiard saloon in the West Central district, where there are many tables, including French ones without pockets, and I noticed two men playing. Their game was indifferent, but they themselves were so difficult to place that I was interested. Not bookmakers on the one side, or dealers of any kind on the other, but a type, distinctly Hebraic, between. They were carefully dressed, but very common, and they had both time and money, for here they were idling as early as half-past four.

They left before I did, and passing out soon afterwards into a busy street I found myself looking into one of those shops from which the windows and door have been removed in order that sales by auction may be the more easily carried on in them. The auctioneer was shouting in the rostrum, and behold he was one of the billiard players! Pictures, busts, watches, jewellery and ornaments were the stock, and a gaudy pair of vases was being put up. There was hesitation in bidding, and at last a voice offered five shillings. After a few languid bids the vases were knocked down to this speculator, whom I could not see, for a pound.

"Some people think these sales are not genuine," the auctioneer said, "but I give you my word they are. Some say that these bids are made by our own friends, just to encourage the others; but it is untrue. You, Sir," he added, turning to the successful bidder, "you have never seen me before, have you?"

We all looked towards the gentleman in question and a displacement of heads permitted me to see him clearly. It was the other player in the game of billiards.

"You 've never seen me before, have you, Sir?" the auctioneer inquired again.

"Never," said the man.

That was on a Thursday. The next day I met by chance an old acquaintance, in whose curiosity shop in the seaside town that I was now visiting again I had, twenty and more years ago, spent far too much time, drawn thither partly by a natural leaning towards pictures and books and pottery and all the other odds and ends which come from every corner of the earth and all ages to make up the stock-in-trade of such places, but more by the personality of the dealer. Nominally he was a goldsmith and jeweller, as every great artist in Italy used to be, but actually he was an amusing loafer. He sat at his little vice, with a file in his hand, and did nothing but talk. He passed his fingers through his bushy iron-grey locks, glanced at the reflection of his bright eyes and ruddy cheeks in the mirror—there was always a mirror—and talked. His pet illusion was that he was Byronic. He had a scorn for revealed religion that he thought Byronic, although it was really of the brand of FOOTE and TAXIL; he had a contempt for the moral code which he thought Byronic, although it was merely the most ordinary self-indulgence. But BYRON having been loose in such matters, he was looser with a greater courage. He had a mischievous, sardonic view of the world which he thought was Byronic, but which was quite genuine and belonged to his nature. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to watch the swindlers of his secondary profession at work. We used to discuss poetry and painting, but above all the riddle of life, and on his part always destructively. It was a very school for cynicism, this little shop, where nothing, so far as I knew, was ever sold and I was the only *habitué*. He had an adopted niece, aged about seven—a pert, pretty little creature whom he spoiled utterly; he had a complaining wife who had no patience with his treatment of his niece, his Byronic airs, his verbose sloth or his prevailing gaiety, and affected none. He also had a retinue of complacent servant-girls whom his tropes and flashy theories delighted.

Such was my Byronic friend in 1887 to about 1890; and I must confess not often to have thought of him since; and then last week, on this flying visit to my old town, I saw him again. He was bending over a portfolio, but I knew his back at once. His hair had become white and a little thinner; but everything else was the same: the ruddy cheek, the sparkling eye, always lighting up at the originality of some world-old denial or affirmation, the Byronic open collar, the Byronic necktie. He did not recognise me at first; but instantly afterwards we resumed the intercourse of twenty years before; although now it was I who was the older, not he. With him time had stood still. The only change in his talk was a tinge of embitterment, not that he had failed financially, but that his friends had left him. The complaining wife was dead, nor did his references to her dim his brilliant orbs; but his adopted niece—it was her hostility and her husband's to himself that he found such a pill. The old burden, "After all I had done, too," rolled out once more, that phrase which summarises so much of man's dealings with man and perhaps more of woman's dealings with woman.

He soon checked himself, however, remembering my ancient tastes, and clutched my arm. "What a world!" he chuckled, "what a world! I'll show you something—something to interest you. It 's not far," and he pulled me along to the window of an old picture shop. "Hush," he said, "be careful: walls have ears; but just look at that painting there, that portrait. What do you make of that?"

It was a woman's face, obviously eighteenth century, of the period, say, of RAMSAY and REYNOLDS. She glimmered at us through layers of grime and blister. "When do you think that was painted?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "1780 perhaps."

He doubled himself up with wicked joy. "What a world!" he exclaimed. "Three weeks ago! What a world!"

"Nonsense!" I replied.

"Truth," he said. "I know the painter."

He again pulled my sleeve and we retired to a passage. He looked fearfully round and drew from his pocket a creased page of a magazine. It was an art magazine of recent date, and the plate represented another eighteenth-century lady. Underneath was printed "Newly discovered Romney."

He leaned against the wall and squirmed. "Same man," he gurgled at last. "Same man. I watched him paint it. What a world! Law, I don't want to die yet!"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MEN.

THE comments of various distinguished publicists on Mr. CARNEGIE'S list of the Twenty Greatest Men have appeared in *The Review of Reviews*. We are glad to be able to supplement these by a batch of letters from some of the Twenty Greatest Editors.

Mr. HARRY AUSTINSON, who has an undoubted right to be regarded as the greatest living authority in the world of gastronomic journalism, was the first to whom the list was submitted, and his comments are thus racily expressed:—

"Not being myself a Scoto-American ironmaster, and having some interest in the palpitating actualities of life and letters, I am not satisfied with a selection which omits BRILLAT SAVARIN, SOYER, Captain HANK HARRIS, the famous Old Brandy Blender, Sir KENNEDY MARLOW, the importer of the Bologna y Bologna cigar, and CHARLES



MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.

ONCE MORE KING ALFRED TELLS HIS FAVOURITE STORY OF THE BURNT CAKE.

WELBY, the renowned chocolate liquorice manufacturer. I confess to some surprise also that WAGNER, who is, I am proud to say, a contributor to *The Great Senile Review*, does not figure in the CARNEGIE Twenty, for WAGNER was undoubtedly a man of Big Brain Stuff, and Mr. CARNEGIE, I have been led to suppose, enjoys his music on the pianola. But there is no accounting for tastes in greatness any more than in cigars or old brandy. My list runs as follows: (1) CASANOVA; (2) Sir KENNEDY MARLOW; (3) BENVENUTO CELLINI; (4) FILSON YOUNG, inventor of sandpaper; (5) HANK HARRIS, inventor of the Big Stick Brandy, (6) WAGNER, inventor of Adult Opera, (7) Sir ALFRED MOND; (8) Marshal TUREEN; (9) HANNIBAL, inventor of the Caudine Fork; (10) ARNOLD BENNETT, inventor of rotary romance; (11) JOHN MASEFIELD, inventor of the detonating hot-blast rhyming jenny; (12) SOYER; (13) BRILLAT SAVARIN; (14) FORTNUM; (15) MASON; (16) HENNESSY; (17) CHAS. WELBY, conversationalist and confectioner; (18) Lord MOUNT-CARMEL, the inventor of pineapple wood-pulp (19) JULIUS CÆSAR (20) HARRY AUSTINSON, the destroyer of juvenile journalism

The Editor of *The Morning Leader and Star* simply contents himself with sending the following list. (1) Captain COE, (2) Mr CADBURY, (3) Lord LONSDALE, (4) Mr ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P., (5) Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH, (6) Old JOE, (7) ARISTIDES, (8) Mr. MASSINGHAM (9) The KAISER, (10) M. CAILLAUX, (11) Lord PONTYPRIDD, (12) Rev. C. SILVESTER HORNE, (13) Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, (14) Dr. SUN YAT-SEN; (15) Baron DE FOREST, (16) Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, (17) Sir VICTOR HORSLEY, (18) Dr. CLIFFORD, (19) Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. (20) Mr. URE.

The Editor of *The Nation* writes: "In my opinion the cataloguing of the World's Greatest Men is invidious. Far more valuable and helpful would be a list of the World's Worst Enemies—the leading *hostes humani generis*. I do not wish to imply that the subjoined list is exhaustive, but I do think that it may serve a useful purpose in holding up to well-merited infamy some of the most conspicuous miscreants of the moment (1) Sir EDWARD GREY; (2) Sir EDWARD CARSON, (3) Lord CROMER, (4) Lord ROBERTS, (5) Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, (6) M. BRIAND, (7) Mr. BLATCHFORD, (8) Lord ROTHSCHILD, (9) Mr C. R. L. FLETCHER, (10) Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, (11) Lord CLAUD HAMILTON, (12) Lord LANSDOWNE, (13) The Dean of St. PAUL'S, (14) Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD (15), The LORD CHANCELLOR, (16) Lord HALSBURY, (17) Sir EDWARD FRY, (18) M. PAUL CAMBON, (19) M. JULES CAMBON, (20) M. DELCASSÉ."

"In future all sausages made by this butcher will be the result of an electrically driven machine."—*Electrics.*

The day of the horse is over.

"It is difficult to believe that Sir James Crichton Browne, the seventy-two-year-old bridegroom, is half his age."—*Western Daily Mercury.*

Knowing that he isn't, we shan't try.

"LAD CHARGED WITH SHOOTING AT BLACKPOOL."—*Standard.*

Did he get nuts or a cigar? He can't have missed.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM going to give myself a rare pleasure. I am going to praise whole-heartedly a novel by an author whose work was previously quite unknown to me. I see from the advertisements, and indeed now remember to have heard, that Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE has already written a story that was very well received; but, as this had escaped me personally, I approached *Carnival* (MARTIN SECKER) with a mind wholly free from bias. After reading a couple of pages I settled myself in my chair for a happy evening, and thenceforward the fascination of the book held me like a kind of enchantment. I despair, though, of being able to convey any idea of it in a few lines of criticism. To say that *Carnival* is the story of a modern dancing-girl is nothing; there have been twenty such. But this book, I give you my word, is different. *Jenny Pearl* herself, the central figure, is so alive in all her tricks and mannerisms; her slang, her independence, and the strivings of her small spirit are all so real; and the incidents of her short life follow so naturally and inevitably that only in retrospect does one appreciate the tragedy of it. This partly is why the book impressed me with such an effect of truth. Actually Mr. MACKENZIE has written one of the grimmest tragedies that I remember to have met with; but because he has never once forced the note, being content rather to let events and characters speak for themselves, it might pass on a casual reading for a record of trivial happiness. As for the style, I will only add that it gave me the same blissful feeling of security that one has in listening to a great musician—the knowledge that every tone will be exquisitely right. This may seem extravagant praise, and may turn out to be an entirely personal impression. We shall see. In the meantime, having recorded my delight in it, I shall put *Carnival* upon the small and by no means crowded shelf holding those works of fiction that I reserve "for keeps."



Coster (to his wife, who has fallen off the barrow). "WHEN I STARTS AIRYOPLANIN' I SHALL 'AVE TO LEAVE YOU AT 'OME, I CAN SEE THAT."

Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY achieves a result which I am forced to admire, but against her methods I find myself in constant revolt. It is true that in *Maid's Money* (HEINEMANN) her sentences are a little less abrupt and *Jingle*-like than in *A Large Room*, but they still produce a curious effect of looseness and haphazard arrangement. She would reply, I suppose, that this is the way in which her characters are looking at life, and that it is their story, not hers. To pass on from manner to matter, the subject of *Maid's Money* is one of such apparent barrenness that it might well have given pause to the author of *The Old Wives' Tale*; for Mrs. DUDENEY begins by introducing us to four people—two men and two women—all past forty, with no previous love-affairs, none of them good-looking, and two at least distinctly repellent; and she then proceeds to describe their efforts in the direction of romance. These are hampered by the facts that both bachelors are poor, and that the two spinsters, who are cousins, have been left a small fortune by an aunt upon the condition that if either marries she must lose her share. In *Sarah*, the vivacious and sympathetic heroine, the authoress has, I think, drawn a really live and haunting character: for the rest, I must find this further fault with *Maid's Money*, that, though the scene is laid near the Lizard, and though a considerable part of the book is concerned with the dyspeptic troubles of *Amy*, the other legatee, and the greediness of *Dr. Bosanquet*, her admirer, there is no mention anywhere of Cornish cream.

Miss ELLEN ADA SMITH has a kind heart and a fluent pen, some skill in handling a theme and a sense of romance. Nevertheless I found *The Last Stronghold* (LONG) little to my liking. Of *Lucy Kaye* and all the other good people who ran the gratuitous asylum for impoverished workers at *Loventor*, Miss SMITH writes with a single eye to their good qualities and from a loyal point of view, which would have been staunch and admirable in a friend of real life, but lacks the criticism necessary to an author of fiction. We novel-readers are not above backbiting; we are out to learn the defects, as well as the merits, of the characters we study. We like here and there a touch of oblique motive, an act or two of unpremeditated selfishness, at least some show of temper. It is hopeless to expect a novelist's idea of crime to have anything in common with the lawyer's, but even a moral fraud, if the story is going to hinge on it and a term of imprisonment result from the confession of it, ought not to be entirely honourable, altruistic, even heroic. Yet, when *Miss Kaye* impersonated her brother at his examination, her intentions were of the best, her justification almost complete, and the effects very nearly innocuous. Again, if only one of the people on whom she lavished her subsequent legacy had shown a grasping nature, the splendid conduct of the others would have carried more conviction. I like contrast; but there may be a section of the public with a taste for unrelieved magnanimity and undiluted worth, which will find the unfailing gentleness of the dialogue an adequate substitute for the humour that is wanting. Let me encourage that section to buy the book, for Miss SMITH means very well by the world, and her optimism, if it could be made a little less promiscuous, should be encouraged.

From a circular—

"Please send at the same time particulars of the First Sale of —— Corsets now on."

Perhaps it 's better to wait till they 're off before proposing to buy them.

THE SORCERESS.

WE have received from Messrs. Breitel and Herzkopf a copy of Professor Quantock's remarkable exegetical monograph on his new orchestral work, "Circe's Swine." After an interesting preliminary chapter on the pig in history, on pig-sticking as a fine art practised by the Moghal Emperors, on learned pigs, and on the range and timbre of their voices, the Professor expounds the psycho-philosophical motives which led him to choose this particular episode in the *Odyssey* for orchestral treatment.

No one, as he points out, has ever yet endeavoured fully to depict the emotions of Odysseus' companions when they were transformed by the sorceress. To do so in words would be obviously illogical, because they were deprived of human speech. Now the resemblance of the sound of the double bass to the grunting of a pig has been noted by BERLIOZ, and Professor Quantock has accordingly laid out his score for forty double-basses—he is incapable, owing to the development of his orchestral sense, of writing in fewer than forty parts—a solo violin (*Circe*) and a solo saxophone (*Odysseus*). The symphonic poem is in four movements: an *Allegro feroce*; a *Largo, Riposo del porcile*; a *Presto* entitled *Strillo del Diavolo*; and a *Marcia Trionfale—Salvezza di Lardo*, dedicated to Sir THOMAS LIPTON, and referring to the re-humanization of the captives.

The score of Professor Quantock's great work is the most monumental that has ever been published. It is six feet high, four feet broad, and two feet thick; it is appropriately bound in pig-skin, and it involves the use of a special desk patented and constructed by Professor Quantock himself. A point on which he lays peculiar stress is the employment of an illuminated *bâton*. That which he recommends is made of Tibetan bamboo lit by acetylene gas; but by an ingenious process the colour can be varied on the principle of railway signals; thus in easy passages a green light is diffused, while danger or difficulty is indicated by red. Purple signifies *nobilmente*, while striking effects are appropriately heralded by a change to pink.

Another point on which Professor Quantock lays great stress in his masterly introductory monograph is the costume of the conductor. As he wisely observes it should be at once hygienic, non-inflammable and picturesque. Accordingly he strongly deprecates the use of flannelette or celluloid collars. They are, he asserts, not only dangerous but antagonistic to the exotic and Oriental mysticism which is the very life-blood of his work. He therefore recommends a blue-green *himation* of Esparto grass, with an indigo-coloured fustanella, Afghan puttees with crocodile-skin spats, and sandals made of compressed vegetable marrow. "Such a garb," observes the Professor in an impressive passage, "will not only enable a *chef d'orchestre* to indulge freely in all the gesticulatory *bravura* necessary to the interpretation of the score, but it will harmonise with the esoteric *ethos*—in short, the quintessential *βλαθερσκίτησις*, on which I have invariably relied in my appeal to the culture-hunger of the million."

The whole passage, which is redolent of the joyous egotism of genius, is deserving of citation, but we must reluctantly content ourselves with this brief but poignant excerpt. Nothing is so typical of the tender-heartedness of the Professor as his splendid resolve to redress a crying grievance of the animal creation—the exclusion of the porcine genus from the domain of romance. HOMER had dim gropings after justice, but it has been reserved for our greatest composer to achieve this final triumph of humanitarianism. In short, whether we regard Professor Quantock's superb disregard for the fetters of an effete classicism, his magnificent protests against British insularity—even to the length of his living on sherbet and Turkish Delight when composing his opera *Some Experiences of a Turkish R.M.*—or the glowing paganism of his sacred music, we are staggered alike by the dimensions of his intellect and the touching fidelity of those who regard him as our greatest Comic, we mean Cosmic, Force.



She. "JUST LISTEN TO THE BIRDS!"
He (fed up with the country). "POOR LITTLE BEGGARS! MUST AMUSE THEMSELVES SOMEHOW, I SUPPOSE!"

WANTED: CARS FOR "MEN ONLY."

[A contributor to *The Daily Chronicle*, commenting upon the reservation of certain L.C.C. tramcars for "ladies only," remarks that "unquestionably the fiercest tramcar hustlers are women."]

LADIES, your loyal servant! I will suffer
None to allege that in the crowd's alarm
You need my generous body for a buffer,
Or want the stay of my protective arm;
What though your instincts may be soft and loving,
And feminine your nature to the bone,
I know for sure that when it comes to shoving
You fairly hold your own.

If in the seething mob I 've sought a carriage
Reserved for smokers on the District Rail,
Seldom have I had reason to disparage
A prowess proven at the Great White Sale;
Competing with a sex that 's learnt to wrestle
For faded chiffon or a half-soiled hat,
I 've frankly owned myself the weaker vessel
At elbow-work like that.

And when, considerably hurt and heated,
With buckled ribs I penetrate the door,
I find a score of ladies firmly seated,
Leaving no site for me except the floor;
And there, like poor old Œdipus, my near eye
Gouged with a hat-pin in the recent scrap,
Riskily poised, a spectacle *pour rire*, I
Lurch with the lurching strap.

At last, aweary of the rough-and-tumble,
Acknowledging my manly spirit broke,
I stamp on my cigar and blindly stumble
Into the neighbouring place where none may smoke.
That chaste zenana, mostly meant for women,
Holds nothing but an agéd man or two,
And there I rest each sore and aching limb in
A wilderness of pew.

Such are the horrors we endure in Hades,
And doubtless, 'tis the same in upper air;
We are no sort of match for you, sweet ladies,
In the ferocious art of "getting there";
"What every woman knows" is known to BARRIE,
Yet even he has not explained the fact
That you prefer to rush our sanctuary
And leave your own intact.

So, while I praise the L.C.C.'s invention,
I still foresee its failure at a glance;
No "Trams for Ladies" can relieve the tension,
Though well designed to give the men a chance;
Nor shall the unequal strife be else abated
Till companies adopt the needful checks
By having cars expressly consecrated
To us—the feebler sex.

O. S.

THE INTERPRETATION.

CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA.

Thirteenth Match of the Tour.

THE M.C.C. Team to-day, against twenty-seven of Kimbangeroo and District, had six wickets down for 59—Woolley, Hobbs, Rhodes, Hearne and Douglas all being caught in the slips. Foster and Barnes put on 91 before the former was bowled off his pads by Tarvin. The innings closed for 209. The home side scored 103 for twenty-two wickets before rain stopped play. Barnes had 17 wickets for 60. The heat was oppressive. Gunn, Hitch and Mead stood down.—*All-Red Cricket Cable.*

FLEET STREET COMMENTS, BY OUR LONG-DISTANCE EXPERT.

Cricketers are proverbially superstitious, and we may be sure that the sinister fact that this was the thirteenth match of the tour was seldom absent from the minds of those who watched from the steps of the pretty little Kimbangeroo pavilion the startling collapse of our early batsmen. There is in reality no ground for surprise that five out of the first six batsmen should all have been caught in the slips, for if TARVIN opened the attack—as is almost certain—we may be sure that he had at least nineteen of his fielders behind the wicket on the off side—a number, if one comes to consider it, capable of forming almost a solid phalanx. It should also be borne in mind that TARVIN was bowling, without doubt, from the Oil Tank end, so that he was swerving sharply with the north-east wind (which prevails at this time of year in that neighbourhood). WOOLLEY was the first to go—off a bumping ball, we may be certain. That uppish stroke of his to third man has all too often cut short a promising innings. And after that—well, it became almost a procession. The brief cabled report does not, unfortunately, tell us how SMITH got out, but it is pretty safe to surmise that he got his leg in front of a straight one from TARVIN. I wish him better luck next time!

Then came a fine stand by FOSTER and BARNES, which put an entirely new complexion on the game as before they got together the first six wickets had fallen for 59, and by sterling cricket they amassed no fewer than 91 in the course of an hour and a half. (We may take that as a fair average rate of scoring, I think.) It is particularly interesting to note, in the light of what I have said above, that FOSTER was bowled at last—by TARVIN—*off his pads*. The bowler had probably changed by this time to the Rope Works' end. The total of 209 may be considered quite satisfactory under the circumstances. I happened to be speaking last week with a member of "W. G.'s" first Australian Team, who assured me that the wicket at Kimbangeroo was always soft on the top and surprisingly hard underneath. I repeat his words for what they are worth, merely adding the comment that they are not worth much, as I learned afterwards that he was speaking of another place of the same name, several thousand miles distant. Still the observation was interesting.

Faced with the formidable total of 209 the home side began batting in the full glare of an oppressively hot afternoon. When TARVIN and his companion issued from the pavilion the heat was indeed quite enervating, but heavy rain cut short the day's play when 22 wickets had fallen for 103 runs. This astounding collapse had been brought about by BARNES. His figures—17 wickets for 60—speak for themselves. But it is worthy of remark that this works out at something very like 3½ runs per wicket. The popular little professional has seldom done anything finer.

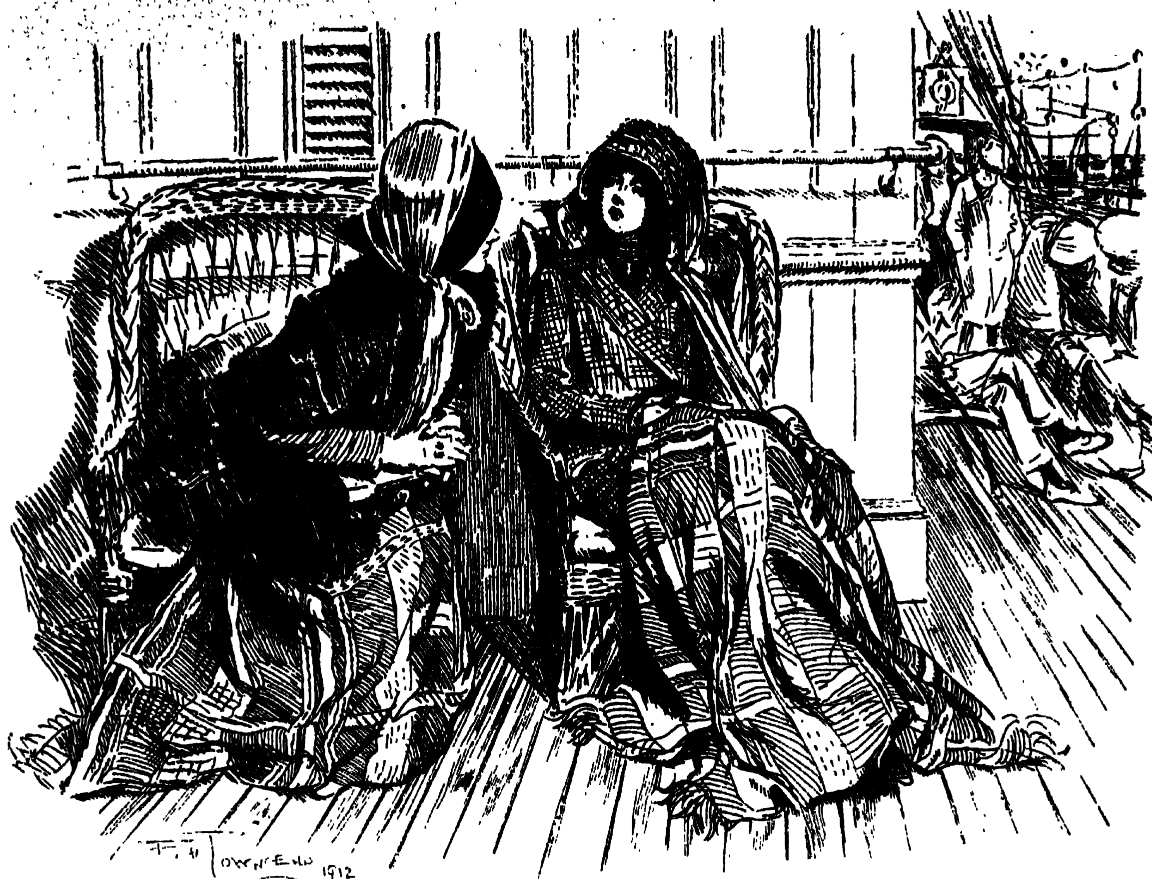
To sum up—the home side are now 106 runs behind with four wickets to fall. I think we have every reason to be satisfied with the position. Nevertheless, in trying to estimate what to-morrow will bring forth there are two outstanding factors to be reckoned with. There is first of all the weather. Should the home side have to bat upon a wet wicket, the visitors will in all probability have to field with a wet ball. That must not be forgotten. Finally, there is the question that springs at once to the mind, and as yet we have no means of answering it—Is TARVIN out?

I have only to add that GUNN, HITCH and MEAD stood down.



THE ENEMY THAT WAS.

Chorus of Music-Hall Artistes. "GLAD YOU'RE ONE OF US NOW, SIR BEERBOHM."



"OF COURSE YOU'VE HEARD OF MRS. SILAS P. BLICK, THE MRS. MALAPROP OF AMERICA?"
"WHY, YES; BUT I HAD NO IDEA SHE'D BEEN MARRIED BEFORE."

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

[A brief diary of events that might have happened but for Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's Great Renunciation.]

January 27.—The Ulster Liberals are not dismayed by the determination of the Unionist "stalwarts" to prevent Mr. CHURCHILL's meeting. The fact that the hall has been let to the Unionists for February 7th will make no difference, for the Liberals have now booked it for the 6th, and will hold it against all comers till the night of the speech.
Reuter.

January 29.—The Unionists are determined not to be outdone by the Ulster Liberals, and arrangements have just been completed to hire the Ulster Hall for February 5th and to remain in it till the fateful date is over. Beds and bedding are now being moved into the hall, which is rapidly assuming the appearance of a first-class hotel.
Our Own Correspondent.

January 30.—The Ulster Liberals are not in the least put out by the Unionists' latest dodge. They have now booked the hall for February 4th. The days of waiting till Mr. CHURCHILL's arrival will be spent in decorating the hall in the party colours, and cinematograph entertainments will help to pass the evenings.—*Marconigram.*

January 31.—The Ulster Hall has just been hired to the Unionists for February 3rd. Piles of foodstuffs are being carried in.

Later.—The Liberals have booked the Ulster Hall for February 2nd. The Belfast Corporation state that there has never been such a demand for the hall before.—*Our Own Correspondent.*

STOP PRESS NEWS.

Rumour current in Belfast that Unionists are negotiating for ninety-nine years' lease of Ulster Hall from February 1st.

Another report states that all engagements have been cancelled by the Corporation and subsequently confirmed, with the option of re-cancelling.

"The song by Miss Phyllis Bradley 'Robert my beloved,' or in Italian 'Robert le Diable.'"
Dudley Herald.

How very coarse the Italians are getting.

THE THIRD BIRTHDAY.

THREE candles had her cake,
Which now are burnt away;
We wreathed it for her sake
With currant-leaves and bay,
And the last graces
Of Michaelmas Daisies
Pluckt on a misty day.

Curled (as she cut her cake)
In mine her fingers lay;
Purple the petals brake,
Bruised was the scented bay;
Like a yellow moth
On the white, white cloth
One currant-leaf flew away.

Three candles lit her state;
Dimmed is their golden reign—
Leaves on an empty plate,
Petals and tallow-stain;
Nor will she
Nor the candles three
Ever be three again.

"The attendance was larger than last year, 257 against 220. . . . A special spring floor was laid affording a space of some sixty square feet for dancing."—*Newbury Weekly News.*

Sardine (to his partner): "Very hot to-night—what? Lucky we're in the top layer."

STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

II.—The Painter's.

Mr. Paul Samways was in a mood of deep depression. The artistic temperament is peculiarly subject to these moods, but in Paul's case there was reason why he should take a gloomy view of things. His masterpiece, "The Shot Tower from Battersea Bridge," together with the companion picture "Battersea Bridge from the Shot Tower," had been purchased by a dealer for seventeen and sixpence. His sepia monochrome, "Night," had brought him an I.O.U. for five shillings. These were his sole earnings for the last six weeks, and starvation stared him in the face.

"If only I had a little capital!" he cried aloud in despair. "Enough to support me until my Academy picture is finished." His Academy picture was a masterly study entitled, "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll," and he had been compelled to stop half-way across the Channel through sheer lack of ultramarine.

The clock struck two, reminding him that he had not lunched. He rose wearily and went to the little cupboard which served as a larder. There was but little there to make a satisfying meal—half a loaf of bread, a corner of cheese, and a small tube of Chinese-white. Mechanically he set the things out. . . .

He had finished and was clearing away when there came a knock at the door. His charwoman, whose duty it was to clean his brushes every week, came in with a card.

"A lady to see you, Sir," she said.

Paul read the card in astonishment.

"The Duchess of Winchester," he exclaimed. "What on earth—— Show her in, please." Hastily picking up a brush and the first tube which came to hand, he placed himself in a dramatic position before his easel and set to work.

"How do you do, Mr. Samways?" said the Duchess.

"G—good afternoon," said Paul, embarrassed both by the presence of a duchess in his studio and by his sudden discovery that he was touching up a sunset with a tube of carbolic tooth paste.

"Our mutual friend, Lord Ernest Topwood, recommended me to come to you."

Paul, who had never met Lord Ernest, but had once seen his name in a ha'penny paper beneath a photograph of Mr. Arnold Bennett, bowed silently.

"As you probably guess, I want you to paint my daughter's portrait."

Paul opened his mouth to say that he was only a landscape painter, and then closed it again. After all, it was hardly fair to bother her Grace with technicalities.

"I hope you can undertake this commission," she said pleadingly.

"I shall be delighted," said Paul. "I am rather busy just now, but I could begin at two o'clock on Monday."

"Excellent," said the Duchess. "Till Monday, then." And Paul, still clutching the tooth paste, conducted her to her carriage.

Punctually at 3.15 on Monday Lady Hermione appeared. Paul drew a deep breath of astonishment when he saw her, for she was lovely beyond compare. All his skill as a landscape painter would be needed if he were to do justice to her beauty. As quickly as possible he placed her in position and set to work. . . .

"May I let my face go for a moment?" said Lady Hermione after three hours of it.

"Yes, let us stop," said Paul. He had outlined her in charcoal and burnt cork, and it would be too dark to do any more that evening.

"Tell me where you first met Lord Ernest?" she asked as she came down to the fire.

"At the Savoy in June," said Paul boldly.

Lady Hermione laughed merrily. Paul, who had not regarded his last remark as one of his best things, looked at her in surprise.

"But your portrait of him was in the Academy in May!" she smiled.

Paul made up his mind quickly.

"Lady Hermione," he said with gravity, "do not speak to me of Lord Ernest again. Nor," he added hurriedly, "to Lord Ernest of me. When your picture is finished I will tell you why. Now it is time you went." He woke the Duchess up, and made a few commonplace remarks about the weather. "Remember," he whispered to Lady Hermione as he saw them to their car. She nodded and smiled.

The sittings went on daily. Sometimes Paul would paint rapidly with great sweeps of the brush; sometimes he would spend an hour trying to get on his palette the exact shade of green bice for the famous Winchester emeralds; sometimes in despair he would take a sponge and wipe the whole picture out, and then start madly again. And sometimes he would stop work altogether and tell Lady Hermione about his home-life. But always, when he woke the Duchess up at the end of the sitting, he would say, "Remember!" and Lady Hermione would nod back at him.

It was a spring-like day in March when the picture was finished, and nothing remained to do but to paint in the signature.

"It is beautiful!" said Lady Hermione, with enthusiasm. "Beautiful! Is it at all like me?"

Paul looked from her to the picture, and back to her again.

"No," he said. "Not a bit. You know, I am really a landscape painter."

"What do you mean?" she cried. "You are Peter Samways, A.R.A., the famous portrait painter!"

"No," he said sadly. "That was my secret. I am Paul Samways. A member of the Amateur Rowing Association, it is true, but only an unknown landscape painter. Peter Samways lives in the next studio, and he is not even a relation."

"Then you have deceived me! You have brought me here under false pretences!" She stamped her foot angrily. "My father will not buy that picture, and I forbid you to exhibit it as a portrait of myself."

"My dear Lady Hermione," said Paul, "you need not be alarmed. I propose to exhibit the picture as 'When the Heart is Young.' Nobody will recognise a likeness to you in it. And if the Duke does not buy it I have no doubt that some other purchaser will come along."

Lady Hermione looked at him thoughtfully. "Why did you do it?" she asked gently.

"Because I fell in love with you."

She dropped her eyes, and then raised them gaily to his. "Mother is still asleep," she whispered.

"Hermione!" he cried, dropping his palette and putting his brush behind his ear.

She held out her arms to him.

* * * * *

As everybody remembers, "When the Heart is Young," by Paul Samways, was the feature of the Exhibition. It was bought for £10,000 by a retired bottle-manufacturer, whom it reminded a little of his late wife. Paul woke to find himself famous. But the success which began for him from this day did not spoil his simple and generous nature. He never forgot his brother artists, whose feet were not yet on the top of the ladder. Indeed one of his first acts after he was married was to give a commission to Peter Samways, A.R.A.—nothing less than the painting of his wife's portrait. And Lady Hermione was delighted with the result.

A. A. M.

"5 h.p. Rex de Luxe: take purchaser 200 miles; £45 10s."—*Advt. in "Motor Cycle."*

Nearly five shillings a mile. Too much.



Van Driver. "Nah then! W'ere yer gowing?" *Urchin (in transit).* "Keep yer eyes owpen. Can't ye see me 'and?"

THE RETURN OF THE BORES.

(An exhortation to all true golfers.)

From Greenland's icy mountains home returning,
Or prodigals from India's coral strand
(When I said Greenland, I was simply spurning
Dull Truth, and what I meant was Switzerland),
They shall have lots of lies, my friends, to tell us
About their bob-sleighs and their blest Durbar,
And possibly they think they'll make us jealous,
Knowing not who we are.

Henry, for instance, o'er a mild Havannah
I see resuscitate his earliest "run,"
Harp on the morning snow that tastes like manna
(Suppose one gets a toss), and how the sun
Blazed over Wengen, and the wondrous carry
He did with skis on some confounded hill—
Was it the Jungfrau?—well, so much for Harry;
Now let us turn to Bill.

He shall be full of rickshaws and chupatties,
And saises and Pathans and native chiefs,
The purdah, too (I never know what that is),
And immemorial gods and quaint beliefs;
He shall go on perpetually rippling
On whether East is East and West is West—
All the good stuff we learned at school from
Kipling—
And shall we be impressed?

No. When the weary catalogue is finished,
Waking a little from our stertorous nap,
We shall explain to them how *we* diminished
By one, this winter-tide, our handicap;
As who should calm a madman or a drunkard,
We shall describe that memorable scene
When we got out, though absolutely bunkered,
Dead on the eighteenth green.

Deaf to their stories of the tramp of legions,
The lightening of their luges, we shall tell,
How in the old familiar wave-kissed regions
Last Saturday we did the ninth hole well;
They may have seen the Orient ope her coffers
Or slid on tea-trays from the Schreckhorn top,
But hanged if we shall heed, my brother golfers,
Their miserable "shop."

Evoe.

"The girl did not answer. She bowed her head, over which the waters of bitterness had met, and then, receding from it, left it upright and proud."—"*Daily Mail*" *feuilleton.*

"Excuse me, madam, is this *your* head?"

Another "head" joke, if you don't mind:—

"Representative Russians accompanied the special train which conveyed the deputation, and when it crossed the frontier line the English bishops and Lord Weardale, bearing their heads, saluted Russian soil."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We hope they'll bring them back safely. St. Denis for Merrie England!

CHARIVARIA.

To state that the strained relations which prevailed recently between Italy and France were viewed by Turkey, or even Germany, with extreme regret, is inexact.

* * *

Care was taken to emphasise the fact that the recent visit of the Duke of CONNAUGHT to New York was an unofficial one, many Americans being afraid that the GOVERNOR-GENERAL had come to negotiate the annexation of the United States by Canada.

* * *

Princess PATRICIA, it is stated, lunched with Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES DANA GIBSON. It is also said that the artist declared with delight that he had at last met the typical American beauty whom he had been drawing for so long.

* * *

According to some of the papers the DUKE was strolling in Fifth Avenue when he accidentally came into collision with a messenger-boy carrying a parcel. His Royal Highness turned about and begged the boy's pardon. This was the first intimation the boy had that H.R.H. was not a free-born American.

* * *

Distressing reports reach us from Cannes and Nice as to the deplorable weather which is in vogue there. "The English Riviera" may not be so inaptly named after all.

* * *

The appearance of another spot on the sun is recorded. Has Germany, then, succeeded at last in her ambition?

* * *

The Saturday Review publishes a suggestive article entitled an "Anglo-German Deal." This looks bad for the well-known golf courses in that neighbourhood.

* * *

"MARKSMEN ALL!
INVENTION TO MAKE EVERY SOLDIER A DEAD SHOT."

Thus a contemporary. We cannot help thinking that the expression "a deadly shot" would express the meaning—or, anyhow, the desideratum—more effectively.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette points out an interesting variation in the version of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S telegram to the Liberal Candidate for Carmarthen as published in the Press. According to one paper the CHANCELLOR wired, "I look forward to your victorious return to aid *me* in the great struggles that lie ahead," according to others the words were, "to aid *us*." But do not the two versions amount to the same thing? In the latter it is the Royal GEORGE who speaks.

* * *

"When we see the palaces built by publishers, it is nice to feel that we authors have contributed some of the bricks," says the REV. P. H. DITCHFIELD. Or some of the "half-bricks," anyhow.

* * *

Home Notes tells us that the latest novelty is a "Horror Tea," the invitation running, "Please bring your pet horror." As a result of this not a few husbands are hanging back when their wives suggest they should come out to tea with them.

* * *

A lady writing in *The Express* declares that women have no antipathy to the wedding ring. Many indeed are even prepared to have it supplemented by other and more costly emblems of servitude in this kind.

* * *

The same writer suggests that it would be a good thing if men also were to wear a wedding ring after marriage. Certainly this might lead to their receiving fewer proposals, and thus many women would be saved much cruel disappointment, especially in Leap-year.

* * *

The King's Bench Divisional Court has decided that a stranded whale is not entitled to any protection under the Wild Animals in Captivity Act—and the prisoner who was charged with atrocious cruelty is at the present moment unfortunately not an Animal in Captivity. Meanwhile it is of the greatest importance that the decision should be made known as soon as possible to whales intending to visit this country for the benefit of the climate.

* * *

We are informed that there is no truth in the sensational statement that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is shortly to be Prime Minister. There is no intention of putting an end to the present working arrangement whereby Mr. ASQUITH acts as Prime Minister under the leadership of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

A member of the Zoological Society has been complaining of the behaviour of the Sunday visitors. "You often," he says, "find rowdy youths mimicking the animals, especially the monkeys." But, we would ask, is it not just possible that this mimicry is unconscious and chronic?

* * *

A painting by RUBENS, representing Lot fleeing from the Cities of the Plain, has been sold in Brussels for £4. If it be at all like the Lots one sees put up at certain picture auctions in London, the purchaser, we should say, is in possession of a doubtful bargain.

* * *

By the by, *The Daily Chronicle* heads one of its paragraphs:—"Two NEW RUBENS DISCOVERED." Please, what is a Ruben?

UNAUTHORISED AND UNREVISED.

MISS MARGARET COOPER'S recent experience of seeing her name as author of a first-person-singular article that she never wrote, and suffering damage in her profession through its rough treatment of some of the hostesses for whom she had sung, leads to certain reflections on the new journalism which are not too reassuring. The excuse of the offending journal was that it was only by an oversight that a proof was not supplied to the lady. A similar oversight has occurred, on the part of *Mr. Punch*, in the case of the three articles that follow, respectively by Mr. HERBERT TRENCH, Mr. F. E. SMITH, and M. MAETERLINCK.

I.—THE STAGE FROM WITHIN.

By Mr. HERBERT TRENCH.

Writing as one who is about to re-embark on the stormy waters of theatrical management, I should like to say a few genial things about actors, actresses and dramatic authors, by way of a good spring off. If my experience at the Haymarket—where I am glad to see that my bold and original policy is being continued—taught me anything, it taught me that the theatrical profession is overweeningly egotistic. No manager can succeed who does not treat each author and performer in turn as the centre of the universe. I will not mention names, but I could were I so disposed; I will merely say that there are no lengths of flattery to which the wise manager will not go in his dealings with these creatures, if he wishes for any peace of mind at all. Here and there no doubt an author with a normal size in hats is to be found; but they are so infrequent that you never forget them, whereas the names of the others are quickly crowded from the memory. It is no uncommon thing to meet with an author who loses his temper because his manuscript has been mislaid, when it was sheer rubbish from first to last; while I have known more than one, when accepted, to demand not only a written agreement, but a say in the choice of the cast. Actors are not less unreasonable and exacting, even to the point of



First Rough. "This is 'im what said that abaht you."
Second Rough. "'Im! Why, if I knocked 'im dahn 'e wouldn't 'ave no way to fall."
First Rough. "Well, stand 'im on a chair first and then give 'im one."

criticising scenery and general stage settings, while as for actresses—words for the first time fail me! Unhappily no theatre has ever yet been found to succeed without plays and actors; except, of course, those which have been converted into picture palaces. That, however, is the theatre-of-the-future, for which I shall strive: a theatre where there are no performances at all, but only a cultured management and a periodical pronouncement in all the papers as to its artistic plans.

II.—RESERVE.

By the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, P.C., K.C., M.P.

Of all the qualities that human nature possesses, reserve is, I think, the most beautiful. From my earliest days I have made it a star. My one wish has been to be silent, austere, a figure of dignity and wisdom. "Think ten times," I have said to myself, "before speaking once, and when you do speak be brief, moderate, just and above all courteous." Nothing is lost by politeness—of that I am convinced by considerable experience of public and parliamentary life; nothing is gained by rudeness or exhibitions of smart forensic diatribe and pumped-up excitement.

III.—AMERICA.

By Maurice Maeterlinck.

(Translated by Taxeira de Sutros.)

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To write with any weight and acceptance of so vast a continent as America after but a brief visit would be perhaps to border upon the presumptuous. And yet the trained observer, keeping alert all his faculties of eye and ear, should be able in two days to come to conclusions as valuable as those of ordinary persons in two years. Amid all the crowd of impressions of New York which I find buzzing in my brain like bees, perhaps the most vivid, the most astonishing, the most arresting and remarkable, is its total absence of reporters. It was in vain that I exhibited myself in public hoping for an interview; no one came. I did everything that man could do to advertise my whereabouts; I never walked out without being accompanied by several blind men with long boards, a few vague and wistful females of surpassing loveliness with little on, a highly-trained blue bird, and all the ordinary paraphernalia of a busy bee-master. But whatever attention we may have attracted did not materialise, as the Americans say, in an interview. I had a large placard stating that I was staying at the Waldorf Astoria exhibited outside the hotel; I sent up my card to editors; but all in vain. In pique therefore I curtailed my visit and returned to a better-mannered country.

That, then, is my dominant impression of New York—its curious and even pathetic lack of journalistic enterprise.

From a letter in *The Daily Mirror*:—

"Last year, at the request of a leading London actor-manager, I sent him a play to read which I wrote myself. Without wishing to dwell for a moment on the merits of the work, I had hoped at least that its novelty of conception and treatment would command some little attention; but apparently it didn't, for after a lapse of several months it was returned to me without the slightest trace of a finger mark upon its pages."

Extract from our next letter:—"The Editor of *Punch* regrets that he is unable to use Mr. Smith's article, but he has read it with great interest, as will be seen from the large thumb-mark on page 3. The opening paragraphs (over which he spilt the gum) he found intensely humorous, while the pathos of the close is indicated by the two tear-marks on the outer cover. The Editor hopes that Mr. Smith will be encouraged by the fact that the office-boy has trodden freely on the article, and will try his luck again."



Brown. "I SAY, ISN'T THIS GRAND?" *Jones (faintly).* "C'EST MAGNIFIQUE, MAIS CE N'EST PAS LA *TERRE!*"

IN THE CART.

THE street was full. The noonday traffic swelled
Into full current down its twofold course;
And, in the midst, I suddenly beheld
An aged and shaggy horse.

Also a cart. A thing by no means strange,
I know, no novelty to warm the heart
To an awed rapture; but, by way of change,
He was inside the cart.

Oft, doubtless, as his daily ways he took
He must have longed to know what 'twas to ride;
And, now the time had come, he wore the look
Of one well satisfied.

His eye was calm. Immovably serene
He watched the hurrying throng without alarm;
The freshness of the whole unblinkered scene
Possessed him with its charm.

The shrilling taxi-hoot did not upset
His marble gravity. Without a pang
He saw the blundering bus's rearward throat
And did not give a hang.

So rapt his gaze, he hardly seemed to hear,
Till, when some stormy Jehu, waxing wild,
Called on his gods, he pricked a conscious ear
And, for a moment, smiled.

But he grew grave, remembering ancient woes;
And once again a look of bland content
Softened the rigour of his Roman nose,
As on his way he went.

One felt that in his heart he blessed his lord,
Who, having seen him well and truly strive
So long, had hit upon the apt reward
Of giving him a drive.

And I, too, being moved beyond control,
Spake out aloud to an astonished street,
"That horse's lord," I said, "is just the soul
That one would like to meet."

But even as the words were on my tongue
The chariot turned—his amiable regard
Was on me—then behind a great gate swung:
It was a knacker's yard. DUM-DUM.

THE PROVINCIAL TOUCH.

[Plays in the Midland Metropolis begin at 7.30.]

BIRMINGHAM, you begin to boast your state
As second city, populously dense—
Second at last to London only (whence
You get your modes and morals, up-to-date).
Well, then, why do your theatres dictate
This silly hour at which their plays commence,
When even a stage-struck youth finds no defence
For getting dinner done till close on eight?

O Brum, it is indeed a bitter pill!
For by this trait we see that you have got
At least one touch of the provincial still.
People will murmur, "Can it—can it be
That this, the New Metropolis, does not
Dine, but indulges in the Higher Tea?



OUT OF THE SHADOW.

The Kaiser. "WHAT BUSINESS HAVE YOU HERE?"

German Socialist Party. "I TOO WANT 'A PLACE IN THE SUN.'"



A CHOICE OF CHARACTERS.

Our one and only Winston. "Let's see, now; shall I go as Demosthenes, d'Artagnan, Dan O'Connell-Leno, or merely the usual Daniel in the lions' den? The last, I think; and, for all I care, let 'em choose their own den."

THE OLD ADAM.

He was a gentleman of pious mien,
And we were playing for the Captain's Bowl;
We stood all square upon the eighteenth green,
Eight inches from the hole.

I played the odd—a gentle tipping shot,
Tipping so tenderly that nothing stirred;
Then, in my agony, I quite forgot
And said the usual word.

My parson was the very best of men—
No sombre prude, though clerically draped;
He only smiled—smiled like a seraph when
The impious blank escaped.

Nor was that all: he also boshed his stroke;
His rutted "remake" lipped the gaping can;
There was a hushful moment—then *he* spoke,
Spoke like a fellow-man.

Hub Notes.

"London, being the hub of the universe, revolves the quickest," says "A South African Woman" in *The Daily Mail.* Since reading this we have spent an hour in Fleet Street watching hubs, and have arrived regretfully at the conclusion that they revolve the slowest.

"I hear the pattering feet of the nuns as they fly like a frock of frightened birds."—*Daily Mail.*

This is the very latest fashion in "nun's veiling."

THE BOY AND THE AVERAGE CLASSIC.

"Is there anything in the papers this morning, dear?"

"Eh, what? No, nothing. Got any more tea?"

"Bring me Daddy's cup, Jack. That's what you always say, Harry."

"Oh, well, my dear, nothing you would understand. Besides, I've got to catch my train."

"How's the Test match getting on, Dad? Uncle Tom's backed England for a fiver."

"I do wish Tom wouldn't bet. It's so——"

"Hullo! Here's something in *The Times* for you, Jack. 'Classics and the Average Boy.' A letter signed 'Edward Kingsway.' Isn't he one of your masters?"

"Kingsway? Yes. You know, The one who always umpires in Field matches. He's jolly good at Classics. I wish to goodness I was. Uncle Tom was rather a flier too wasn't he, Dad?"

"Tom? Oh, pretty good. He only got a third, didn't he, Sal? Never done anything since, anyhow."

"Oh, but, Harry, he took honours, remember. I wonder why he's not down. Ah, here he is. Good morning, Tom."

"Morning, old girl. Sorry I'm late Harry. That young brute bagged my bath, as usual. It's always a case of 'Your time is my time, Mrs. Brown,' in this house. Well, what's the news? Milk in first, please, Sal. England winning?"

"Ah'm. Perhaps I'd better leave you *The Times*—unless you prefer *The Sportsman*. I must be off."

"Will you be home early, dear? Don't forget the Haycocks are coming."

"Oh, *burn* the Haycocks."

"Harry! How can you? Come, dear, I'll get you your hat and coat. I must go and order dinner. Look after your uncle, Jack; and do talk of something sensible, instead of your stupid old cricket."

"Right, Mummy. . . . I say, Nunks."

"Well, what's up?"

"Looks bad for your fiver. They're making an awful lot of runs."

"Oh, my fiver's all right. It's not billiards, thank the Lord. Young GRAY nearly ruined me."

"Did you play billiards a lot when you were at Cambridge?"

"Me, my boy! No fear. Wasn't any time. Had to work."

"Did you work awfully hard at school too?"

"Ra-ther. Had to in my day. Not like you young slackers. Give me the marmalade."

"Did Kingsway work hard?"

"Kingsway? Why, what d'you know about Kingsway? Oh, yes, he's one of your beaks. I forgot. Yes, he worked all right. He got a first."

"Were you better than him at Classics?"

"Well, n-no. If I'd worked. . . . Course I got an exhibition of sorts. I was sort of average."

"Oh, but if you got an exhibition, that means you were frightfully good, doesn't it?"

"Oh, well——"

"I suppose Classics does teach you more than anything else, doesn't it? Dad always says it does. And verses and so on. I don't mind Latin so much, but I do hate those beastly Greek verbs. They muddle me so."

"Ah, but, old chap, that's just where Classics comes in. Jolly good *for* you to be muddled. It's like gymnastics—makes your mind active. And then there's all the history and poetry and philosophy and—er—ethics. Splendid fellows, those old Greeks. Fine chaps, SOCRATES and PLATO and—er—ALCIBIADES, and, ah, PARIS, and—oh, lots of 'em. And then there were the gods, Jupiter and Venus and——"

"But I thought Jupiter and Venus were awful rotters."

"Ah, well—yes, I was forgetting. Of course the gods were rather a mixed lot. Besides, Jupiter and Venus were Romans. Still it's a good thing to know all about 'em. Makes a man of the world of you. And you can't get all that without mugging up the verbs and prepositions and things. And then it's jolly useful to know what English words are derived from, like theatre and—let's see—currants and pheasants and Virginian—all that sort of thing. I say, where does your father keep his cigarettes? D'you know?"

"Yes, they're here. American or Turkish? I say, did the Romans smoke?"

"Well, 'pon my soul—yes, I suppose so. Aren't they always digging up old Roman pipes and things? Or—no, I'm wrong. It was that fellow—what's-his-name—the chap with the cloak, wasn't it?"

"Sir WALTER RALEIGH?"

"Yes, that's the chap. No, they can't have. I've a shocking bad memory for those sort of things."

"Did they have saying lessons when you were at school?"

"Rather. Any amount."

"Suppose you must know tons of poetry?"

"Oh, well—let's see. HORACE and VIRGIL, of course. *Arma virumque cano, conticuere omnes*; and what was that ode—*Vides ut alte, Postume, Postume?* Well, no, hardly tons. But still——"

"It's much harder to remember Greek than Latin, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. No. Why?"

"I was only wondering. I suppose, when you went to Athens, you found it quite easy to talk to the man in the street?"

"N-no. I wouldn't say that. You see that's modern Greek. Rather different. But you can always pick up modern languages if you know Greek and Latin."

"That's what Daddy always says. He can't understand Mamselle a bit; but then he wasn't at a public school. I suppose you're frightfully good at French and German?"

"Oh, yes, pretty good. I can shove along all right."

"I wish I could. It's such beastly rot doing lessons with her in the holidays. She always comes just when——"

"*Jacques, Jacques! Ah! pardon, M'sieur.*"

"Oh, hang! *Non, Mamselle, ce n'est pas le temps pour moi encore.*"

"*Mais oui, Jacques. Il est dix heures et demi.*"

"Bother! *Permettez-moi introduire mon oncle.*"

"*Bon jour, M'sieur. M'sieur vient d'arriver? Quel beau temps, n'est ce pas?*"

"Er, *ya—oui.*"

"*Monsieur parle Français?*"



THE TRAINER ADVERTISED FOR "TWO GOOD SEVEN STONE LADS," SO THIS OLD LADY BROUGHT HER NEPHEW AND ASKED THE TRAINER IF ONE VERY GOOD LAD, WEIGHING FOURTEEN STONE, WOULD DO AS WELL.



Second Arrival (*in snowdrift*). "WHY THE DEUCE DIDN'T YOU HOLLER?"

First Arrival (*digging a way to his mouth*). "YOU WOULDN'T HOLLER MUCH IF YOU'D SWALLOWED TWO OR THREE POUNDS OF SNOW AND A CIGAR!"

"*Oui. Un peu.*"

"*Un peu seulement? Monsieur se moque de moi, n'est ce pas? Avec cet accent merveilleux étonnant . . . mais tout-à-fait Parisien!*"

"Er, *oui*, that's to say—well, old chap, I'd better be off if you've got to work."

"*Mais, M'sieur, ne vous dérangez pas, je vous en prie. Si M'sieur veut que Jacques reste encore quelques minutes . . .*"

"Er, *oui*."

"*Oh, merci, Mamselle. Vous êtes une des noisettes.*"

"*Qu'est ce que c'est que ça, Jacques—une des noisettes? Comprends pas. Savez-vous qu'est ce qu'il veut dire, M'sieur?*"

"*Non.*"

"*Ni moi non plus. Eh bien, méchant, en cinq minutes, c'est entendu. Pardon, M'sieur. À bientôt.*"

"*Oui—er—adieu.*"

"Doesn't she jabber at a frightful pace, Nunks? That's the worst of those foreigners. And they're so beastly full of compliments. What was that she said about your accent? You only said *oui* and *non*. But you understood her all right, didn't you?"

"Ah, yes, of course. It's only a question of practice. Hullo, Sal!"

"Well, you two—what have you been talking about? Cricket, I suppose. Wasting your time as usual."

"No, we haven't, really, Mum. He's been jawing about Latin and Greek all the time. Haven't you, Nunks?"

"*Jacques!*"

"Oh, all right, I'm coming. *À bientôt, ma mère.*"

"*À bientôt, mon enfant.* Don't slam the door, darling. Really, I think he's getting on quite nicely with his French, don't you, Tom? I wish he could do more of it instead of those stupid Classics. I always think it's so far more useful."

"Well, if you ask me, so do I."

"So does Harry, really. But he's so afraid of the masters."

"Oh, d—— the beaks."

"That's what he always says. But no one ever does it."

"ROYAL VISIT TO CALCUTTA.

THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE ZOO.

THE KING KILLS 21 TIGERS."

Advocate of India.

In a Zoo! Was this quite sporting?

A LOWLAND ROMANCE.

STILL do I haunt the woodlands, O my sweet,
Where we together in the pride of June
Wandered throughout a blazing afternoon,
Till, halting where o'erhead the branches meet,
I cast myself in suppliance at your feet
And begged you fervently to grant that boon
Which forms the first step to a honeymoon,
And make your Donald's happiness complete.

Even though you scorned the offer of my heart
When pressed upon you in imploring tones;
Even though henceforth we're doomed to walk apart
(You now, in point of fact, are Mrs. Jones);
Ofttimes I seek the spot whereon we stopped,
Hoping to find that half-crown which I dropped.

THE TRIUMPH OF VICTORINE.

This morning I discovered that most of my time for the last twenty years seems to have been spent in agreeing with people about the weather, and it annoyed me.

Then I happened to meet Victorine.

"Yes," she smiled; "shopping and things. Do come; then you can hold Nibs when I get to the purse part. Isn't the sun scrumptious?"

I couldn't help sighing.

"*Et tu, Brute?*" I said sadly.

Victorine gazed inquiringly at me through the mauveness of her veil.

"What do you suppose," I said, "that quite half the people of England are talking about at this moment?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Stamps or Ulster or Germany or something, I suppose."

I shook my head.

"I think I'll let him walk a little now," she said thoughtfully. "And if a motor comes you must pick him up. What is it, then?"

I was used to Victorine.

"It doesn't matter," I went on determinedly, "whether it's the milkman as he goes along handing people milk, or your Aunt when she pays her afternoon calls or watches her partner's first deal at bridge—they all discuss the same thing. Even you just now——"

"Jack!" she cried. "Quick; I can hear a motor!"

I grabbed Nibs by the scruff of his neck and dropped my walking-stick, then waited triumphantly for the motor. It went the other way.

"Let him down," ordered Victorine; "you're hurting him. What were you saying just now about Auntie and the milkman?"

Of course I had to tell her all over again.

"If you mean the weather," she said, "I think you're quite wrong. Besides, I only said that the sun was nice."

"I will bet you," I said firmly, "that the first four people that you speak to this morning will all have some rotten remark to make about it."

Victorine laughed. "Right you are," she said, "I just love betting. A pair of gloves against a new tie? If one of the first four people I speak to doesn't mention the weather, I win. One—two—three—off! Library first."

"A lovely morning," said the Librarian, as I took charge of De Morgan's latest novel.

Victorine's smile was angelic.

"Lovely," she agreed.

"Of course I *know* they'll talk about the weather here," she said a few minutes later, as we entered the Bank.

They did.

After five minutes of it Victorine was a little ruffled.

"Two up," I said, stopping for a moment at a neckwear window. "Do you think that green one would go with this suit?"

But Victorine was examining a small piece of paper and we went on in silence.

"Stores next," she said presently. "Do *not* wriggle so, Nibs!"

Outside the stores we were stopped by a tall lady with an immense hat.

"My dear," said the tall lady, "you're just the person! And what a darling! Will it bite? All that hair, you know, hides the expression of its eyes. And have you heard that dear Miss Ray has fallen into a gas-stove? Simply charred all over, my dear. So tiresome and careless of her. And she says she can't sing at my 'Atrocities' concert to-morrow. And what I'll do I'm sure I don't know, unless you *could* perhaps——"

The worst of Victorine is that she is so frightfully good-natured to people that really don't matter.

"But of course I will," she said.

The tall lady burst into a pæan of joy.

"So kind and delightful of you, my dear," she ended up. "Yes, four songs, if you don't mind. *Do* look at that poor man sitting in the gutter with the tram-conductor's hat and the boot-laces! And gutters *are* so damp. This weather too! So cold. Three pipes burst this morning. Simply oceans of water!"

"It would probably save time," I remarked as soon as the tall lady had quite gone, "if you choose as your last despairing hope the man that keeps the tie department."

Victorine smiled sweetly.

"One minute," she said, "I want some boot-laces—wild ones. Hold Nibs while I get my purse."

She darted away, and by the time that I had sorted Nibs to our mutual satisfaction she was purchasing large and sticky-looking boot-laces from the man in the gutter.

"I've won my bet," she said as I came up; "I've said heaps of things to him and he hasn't mentioned the weather once. And I'll want some long white gloves for to-morrow night. Let's get them now."

I managed to drop the boot-laces when she wasn't looking, and followed her meekly to the department where they sold gloves.

Ten minutes later, as we left the stores, the man with the boot-laces was still there, and I saw something that I hadn't noticed before.

It was a dirty card, with the inscription: "Deaf and Dumb."

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

["The same publishers issue a waltz founded on the idea of the romance entitled "Thais." The composer of the Thais Waltz, which is dedicated to Miss Constance Collier, is Miss Elizabeth Cromwell Knox, who is a descendant of the great John Knox."—*Trade Announcement.*]

A new translation has been prepared, and will shortly be published, of Leopardi's poems; while an eccentric two-step founded on this work, to be called "The Pessimists' Tangle," has been written by Miss Dinky Huss for simultaneous publication. We need hardly remind our readers that Miss Huss is a lineal descendant of John Huss. The dedication is to Mrs. Elinor Glyn.

Now that Mr. Frank Harris's forthcoming work on the Women of Dickens ("O my friends, what a book is here!" to quote the judicious Blatchford) is so far advanced, there is perhaps no reason why we should suppress the fact that the great aunt of England's premier critic was none other than *Mrs. Gamp's* famous friend and confidante.

The publishers of Sir Sidney Colvin's new edition of the *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* wish us to state that the impression which is gaining ground in Methodist circles that Sir Sidney is a descendant of the great Calvin is erroneous.

An entirely new comic opera, called *The Dromedary and the Darning Needle*, has been written by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., and composed by Miss Vesta Tully. Additional interest is lent to the collaboration by the fact that Miss Tully is a lineal descendant of Marcus Tullius Cicero. The great aria in waltz *tempo* in the Second Act, "I've got the double hump," is said to be the finest solo ever written since Hannibal crossed the Alps.

THE EXCUSE.

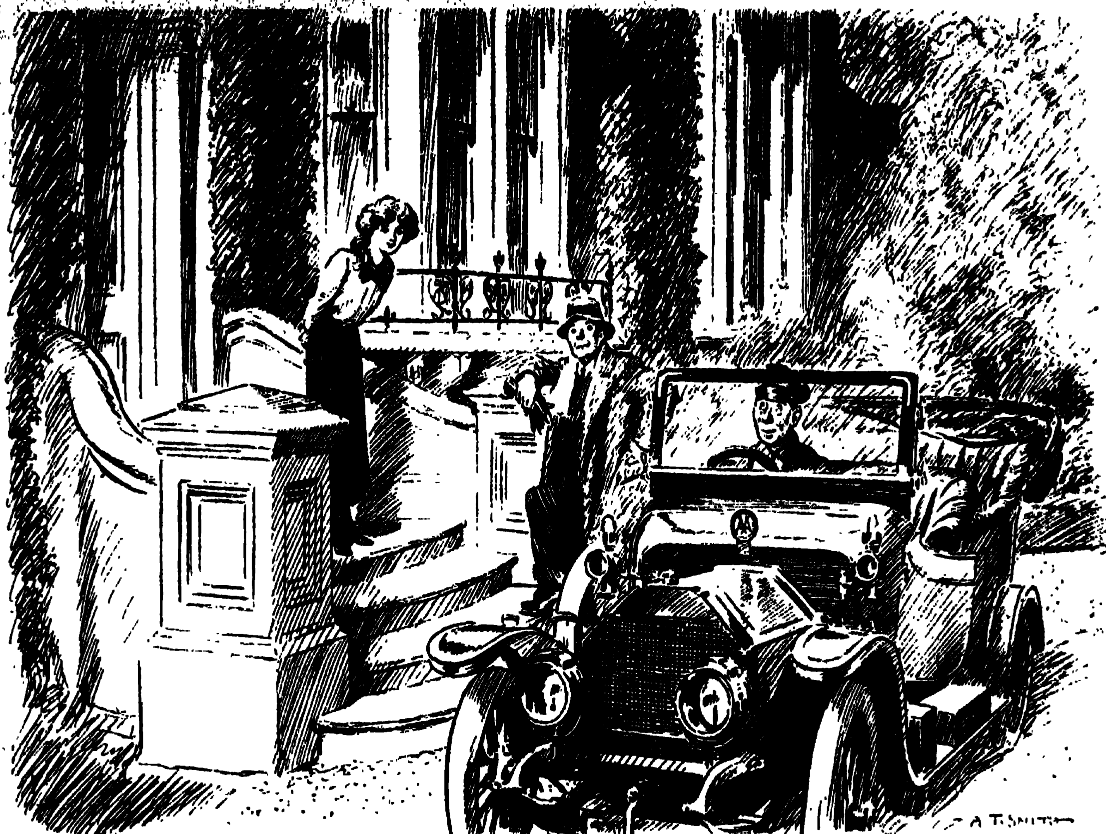
I met him in Bond Street, and I vowed that, if I could only get out of Bond Street alive, alone and free, I would never trouble it again.

"Hullo, my dear old man," said he. "How's yourself?"

I gave him the required information, keeping nothing back. That was not what I was afraid of.

"And how are your people?" he continued. Never was such a thirst for information; but I went through the family one by one, doing full justice to all their several limbs and internal mechanisms.

"It is ages since I have seen anything of you," he went on, and now I



Bettie. "So John hasn't managed to turn you out into a ditch yet?"
O'Rafferty. "No, but he would have if I hadn't been with him."

knew that we were getting into the zone of danger.

"You can see the whole of me now," I quibbled, "if you look carefully."

He looked me up and down with a dreadful air of proprietorship. "That's right," said I; "and now would you like to have a look at the back?" I started walking away, but he followed me.

"You must come and dine with me one of these evenings," he declared, getting right on to it.

"Why?" I asked in self-defence.

"What about Wednesday?" he continued. Why I disliked the idea of dining with him was that he always does continue.

"What about it?" I asked again, but without any real hope of escape.

"Can you dine with me next Wednesday?"

"Let me see," I said, meaning "invent." "Next Wednesday I am dining with the Robertses."

There are no Robertses, but he believed me implicitly.

"What about Thursday?" he asked.

"Thursday I have a seat for His Majesty's."

He believed that, too.

"Friday?"

"I am going away for the week-end."

He believed that.

"Monday?"

"I shall have gone away for the week-end."

"Tuesday?"

"The same argument applies."

"Wednesday?"

"My week-ends," I said confidentially, "are all week and no end."

He believed all these, but he jumped a period. "What about Thursday fortnight?" he asked, with unflinching optimism. I saw that the old line of resistance was not worth pursuing, and resolved on a desperate course. "To tell you the truth—" I began.

He became suspicious at once.

"You are going to dine with me on Thursday fortnight," he said firmly.

"No," said I, smiling with equal firmness.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I don't want to."

At the exact moment when his credulity ought to have begun, it ended.

"Right O!" he said, laughing (a bad habit). "Thursday fortnight, at eight o'clock sharp."

Commercial Candour.

From an advt. of collars in the Underground:—

"Quarter sizes which fit. 70 other styles."

A Paradox.

A physiological expert has recently asserted that when a man is angry he is boiling over with sugar, and is sweeter than at any other time. This saccharine result is due to a greater demand for sugar on the part of the muscles affected by emotional excitement. Here is a hint and a warning to Leap-year suitresses:—

Your swain is sweetest when he's on
 the boil
With rage, well nagged; but he *may*
 crystallize
To Candied Lover, and, for all your toil,
 You'll get no comfit from his frank
 replies.

"During his tour to Muang Nyow last year Mr. Callender found time to translate into the Laos language the first verse of 1st Thessalonians. Now at the end of a year, by special good fortune, he has found time to revise it."—*Laos News.*

Serial publication will probably delay its appearance in book form till next year.

From an interview with Mr. Oscar Browning in *The Morning Post*:—

"It is a curious coincidence that the chief dates of his career are also those of great events in English History."

But did "O.B." say it was a coincidence?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is not often that I see eye to eye with the writers of the potted eulogies that figure in the "announcements" of publishers, but the case of Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole's new novel, *The Order of Release* (Hutchinson), forms a notable exception to this rule. "A story," says the announcer, "sparkling with brilliant dialogue and crowded with extraordinary, dramatic and humorous situations"; and I am prepared to let that stand as my own verdict. It is a tale of the Paris of 1770, and its strength of plot, swiftness of movement, and deftness of character-drawing place it well apart from the mass of machine-made historical novels. I am no amateur in this kind; no plain, unlettered chronicle of the adventures of "John Blunt and his dear lord" can hope to separate me from four shillings and sixpence. But I raced through *The Order of Release* at a sitting. I followed the *Comte de Lussac* in and out of the Bastille like a lamb. The duel of wits between the admirably drawn *Baronne Linden* and *M. de Sartines*, the Minister of Police, never ceased to hold me till it finished dramatically on the last page. It is a fault in most historical novels that, while they almost invariably have to do with the quest of "the papers," there is often a doubt in the readers' mind as to why these papers are so valuable. Mr. Stacpoole scorns vagueness. *M. de Sartines* has been cornering wheat, and has a perfectly natural desire to conceal the fact from a quick-tempered populace on the brink of starvation. Consequently, when he has refused to release the *Baronne's* lover from the Bastille, and she, drawing him aside, informs him that she holds the documentary proof of his little pre-Patten flutter, it is not to be wondered at that he starts back "as if she had struck him." Mr. Stacpoole has an unfortunate habit of not following up a success in any given line of fiction. His motto appears to be "one atmosphere, one novel." But I remember *M. de Sartines* as the hero of some short stories of his, so that there is a reasonable hope that we shall meet this polished sleuth-hound again some day. He will be welcome.

The Human Cry (Methuen) begins on a note of interest that is not quite sustained. You have a Sussex squire, *Tremayne* (M.F.H., plain, just, dull); *Eva*, his wife, an ignobly pushful, incredibly resilient "political woman," and fad-hunter; their niece, *Violet*, whose life is clouded by the looming shadow of an hereditary taint; *Aubrey Mossmore*, an astutely rising political luminary, drawn somewhat from the orbit of his calculating worldliness by this shy, prevailing star. His resistance, his surrender, her renunciation, and then the tragedy of her predestinate doom make the warp of Mrs. Ritchie's story; for woof you have the ineffable manœuvres of *Eva*. But for all the weaver's skill something's amiss with the finished pattern. You only see the charm of *Violet* indirectly through its alleged effect on *Mossmore*; certainly not enough to account for that effect. More real is the presentment of the girl's self-torturing scruples. As for *Tremayne* it is possible that in such a fit of absent-minded fervour as sometimes bemuses the simple male, he should have fallen in love with *Eva*, but that he should have lived with her fourteen years without sounding the shallows of her brain and discovering the range of her suburban malignities is quite inconceivable. *Eva*, in simple fact, is overdone. *Mossmore* is described by his publisher as a "brilliant political comedian." But his sense of comedy does not always show the resourcefulness that one looks for in a climbing cross-bencher—or a good story-teller. Still, the book has humour, observation, feeling, incident—good stuff worthy of a better design. And I must solemnly protest against a shocking libel, *obiter dictum*, on Devonshire cream—enough to prejudice any reviewer.



MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.

It is probable that Blondel made a few mistakes before he discovered Richard the Lion-Hearted.

My feeling about *The Lure* (Mills and Boon) is that it really contains two quite separate plots, neither of which Miss E. S. Stevens found to be quite sufficient alone for a novel of the length dictated by commerce; so that she has been forced to hang them both upon the same heroine. This certainly is the impression produced upon me by the very abrupt change of setting and motive in what is called Part Two. Plot the first revolves about a now almost forgotten venture of journalistic snobbery, the scene of it being laid in the office of *The Orb*, a paper written and edited entirely by persons of title. Here *Anne Moorhouse* takes an appointment as one of the unmentioned commoners who are to do the real work of running the gilded toy; and the whole fantastic business, part bluff, part fraud, is excellently told. The guiding spirit of the affair is one *Huntly Goss*, a charlatan of compelling personality, who at once makes love to *Anne*; unavailingly, however, since, with the instinct of the true heroine, she quite rightly mistrusts him and marries somebody else. This, of course, is the end of the story; but, as we are still only halfway through the book, Miss Stevens starts again with a married *Anne*, a far more melodramatic *Goss* for villain, and the scenery (very well done) of the Upper Nile. This last part is thrilling enough, but I fancied somehow that the air of Egypt had an injurious effect upon *Goss*, causing him to lose in reality, and to take on a generally transpontine manner, for which the fascinating editor of *The Orb* had not prepared me. Still, both stories are good of their kind, even if they are obviously a little less than kin.

CHARIVARIA.

The Tsar of Russia, our newspapers tell us, made a joke about the weather on meeting a deputation of the British visitors. It should soon be possible to publish an Anthology of the Jokes of Continental Royalties. It will be remembered that the Kaiser made one in 1903.

At the Labour Party Conference, Mr. Brace, M.P., declared that the sentences passed by Mr. Justice Lawrence on the men concerned in the Llanelly riots "reached to the highest standard of savagery." This is a literary way of saying that the punishment fitted the crime.

Mr. Churchill is to speak at Belfast from a boxing platform. This is not altogether inappropriate for one who has, politically, boxed the compass.

They are proudly boasting in Carmelite Street that, while *The Daily Mail* is with us, Miracles will never cease.

The Cologne Gazette is pleased to confirm the allegation that English women cannot manage figures. Anyhow, the figure of the average English woman compares favourably with that of the average German Frau.

A contemporary published, the other day, an article entitled "Health and the Nose." Which reminds us that one meets not infrequently, especially in cold weather, a nose which, to judge by its complexion, is obviously enjoying ruder health than the face to which it is attached.

The Rev. Leon Linden, of Aurora, Illinois, suggests that, as soon as a man is married, a small hole should be punched in the lobe of his left ear as a token of his matrimonial status. It is felt that this would be less humiliating than the black eye which is the vogue in certain circles.

No subject would appear to be too gruesome to be treated of in a modern book. A volume entitled *Our Weather* has just appeared.

An ostrich which recently passed away at a private Zoo in Bedfordshire was found to have eaten seven pounds of stones and a bicycle puncture outfit. It is thought that the intelligent creature had tried to cure an internal cut caused by the sharp edge of one of the stones.

* *

An outbreak of measles in the vicinity of Rosyth, where many naval base employés reside, is causing some anxiety. According to one account the epidemic is German measles, and the microbes have been deliberately let loose by an emissary of the German Government.

The latest rumour about the Censor is that there is trouble in regard to two artistes now appearing at the Hippodrome. It has been suggested that Max and Moritz in the course of their performance make remarks absolutely unfit for publication, but there is some difficulty in the matter owing (1) to the fact that there is no one in the Censor's office, or even on the Advisory Committee, who has a knowledge of the language of monkeys, (2) to the further fact that their remarks are inaudible.



Mary Ann. "'ULLO! YOU'RE A DIFFERENT GENT TO 'IM WOT COME LARST WEEK."
Teuton Bandsman. "JA, DIS TIME I BLAY FASTER AND FINISH FIRST."

"MONTE CARLO PIGEON SHOOTING.
A TIE FOR FIRST PRIZE."

Thus *The Pall Mall Gazette*. It seems a very shabby prize.

From the Annual Report of the Hibernian C.M.S.:—

"We sent out sixty dresses to Miss Forsythe in December, and we have just heard she is using our gift in roofing the Mission House."

A word of explanation should have accompanied the dresses, and the mistake would have been avoided.

"Renfrew police are going in for a course of ju-jitsu. After some disappointing trials with dogs, they have now trained an Airedale terrier that is likely to be of the greatest use in the service."—*Glasgow Record.*

You should see him putting the wrist lock on a burglar.

STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

III.—The Barrister's.

The New Bailey was crowded with a gay and fashionable throng. It was a remarkable case of shop-lifting. Aurora Delaine, 19, was charged with feloniously stealing and conveying certain articles the property of the Universal Stores, to wit thirty-five yards of book muslin, ten pairs of gloves, a sponge, two gimlets, five jars of cold cream, a copy of the Clergy List, three hat-guards, a mariner's compass, a box of drawing-pins, an egg-breaker, six blouses, and a cabman's whistle. The theft had been proved by Albert Jobson, a shopwalker, who gave evidence to the effect that he followed her through the different departments and saw her take the things mentioned in the indictment.

"Just a moment," interrupted the Judge. "Who is defending the prisoner?"

There was an unexpected silence. Rupert Carleton, who had dropped idly into court, looked round in sudden excitement. The poor girl had no counsel! What if he—yes, he would seize the chance! He stood up boldly. "I am, my lord," he said.

Rupert Carleton was still in the twenties, but he had been a briefless barrister for some years. Yet, though briefs would not come, he had been very far from idle. He had stood for Parliament in both the Conservative and Liberal interests (not to mention his own), he had written half-a-dozen unproduced plays, and he was engaged to be married. But success in his own profession had been delayed. Now at last was his opportunity.

He pulled his wig down firmly over his ears, took out a pair of *pince-nez* and rose to cross-examine. It was the cross-examination which was to make him famous, and is now given as a model in every legal text-book.

"Mr. Jobson," he began suavely, "you say that you saw the accused steal these various articles, and that they were afterwards found upon her?"

"Yes."

"I put it to you," said Rupert, and waited intently for the answer, "that that is a pure invention on your part?"

"No."

With a superhuman effort Rupert hid his disappointment. Unexpected as the answer was, he preserved his impassivity.

"I suggest," he tried again, "that you followed her about and concealed this collection of things in her cloak with a view to advertising your winter sale?"

"No. I saw her steal them."

Rupert frowned; the man seemed impervious to the simplest suggestion. With masterly decision he tapped his *pince-nez* and fell back upon his third line of defence. "You saw her steal them? What you mean is that you saw her take them from the different counters and put them in her bag?"

"Yes."

"With the intention of paying for them in the ordinary way?"

"No."

"Please be very careful. You said in your evidence that prisoner, when told she would be charged, cried, 'To think that I should have come to this! Will no one save me?' I suggest that she went up to you with her collection of purchases, pulled out her purse, and said, 'What does all this come to? I can't get anyone to serve me.'"

"No."

The obstinacy of some people! Rupert put back his *pince-nez* in his pocket and brought out another pair. The historic cross-examination continued.

"We will let that pass for the moment," he said. He consulted a sheet of paper and then looked sternly at Mr. Jobson. "Mr. Jobson, how many times have you been married?"

"Once."

"Quite so." He hesitated and then decided to risk it. "I suggest that your wife left you?"

"Yes."

It was a long shot, but once again the bold course had paid. Rupert heaved a sigh of relief.

"Will you tell the gentlemen of the jury," he said with deadly politeness, "*why* she left you?"

"She died."

A lesser man might have been embarrassed, but Rupert's iron nerve did not fail him.

"Exactly!" he said. "And was that or was that not on the night when you were turned out of the Hampstead Parliament for intoxication?"

"I never was."

"Indeed? Will you cast your mind back to the night of April 24th, 1897? What were you doing on that night?"

"I have no idea," said Jobson, after casting his mind back and waiting in vain for some result.

"In that case you cannot swear that you were not being turned out of the Hampstead Parliament——"

"But I never belonged to it."

Rupert leaped at the damaging admission.

"What? You told the Court that you lived at Hampstead, and yet you say that you never belonged to the Hampstead Parliament? Is *that* your idea of patriotism?"

"I said I lived at Hackney."

"To the Hackney Parliament, I should say. I am suggesting that you were turned out of the Hackney Parliament for——"

"I don't belong to that either."

"Exactly!" said Rupert triumphantly. "Having been turned out for intoxication?"

"And never did belong."

"Indeed? May I take it then that you prefer to spend your evenings in the public-house?"

"If you want to know," said Jobson angrily, "I belong to the Hackney Chess Circle, and that takes up most of my evenings."

Rupert gave a sigh of satisfaction and turned to the jury.

"At *last*, gentlemen, we have got it. I thought we should arrive at the truth in the end, in spite of Mr. Jobson's prevarications." He turned to the witness. "Now, Sir," he said sternly, "you have already told the Court that you have no idea what you were doing on the night of April 24th, 1897. I put it to you once more that this blankness of memory is due to the fact that you were in a state of intoxication on the premises of the Hackney Chess Circle. Can you swear on your oath that this is not so?"

A murmur of admiration for the relentless way in which the truth had been tracked down ran through the court. Rupert drew himself up and put on both pairs of *pince-nez* at once.

"Come, Sir!" he said, "the jury is waiting."

But it was not Albert Jobson who answered. It was the counsel for the prosecution. "My lord," he said, getting up slowly, "this has come as a complete surprise to me. In the circumstances I must advise my clients to withdraw from the case."

"A very proper decision," said his lordship. "The prisoner is discharged without a stain on her character."

* * * * *

Briefs poured in upon Rupert next day, and he was engaged for all the big Chancery cases. Within a week his six plays were accepted, and within a fortnight he had entered Parliament as the miners' Member for Coalville. His marriage took place at the end of a month. The wedding presents were even more numerous and costly than usual, and included thirty-five yards of book muslin, ten pairs of gloves, a sponge, two gimlets, five jars of cold cream, a copy of the Clergy List, three hat guards, a mariner's compass, a box of drawing pins, an egg-breaker, six blouses, and a cabman's whistle. They were marked quite simply, "From a grateful friend."

A. A. M.



THE IMMORTALS.

Shades of Dickens and Thackeray (*to one another*). "MANY CONGRATULATIONS! I SHALL BE WITH YOU IN SPIRIT."

[On February 7th, being the 100th anniversary of the birth of Dickens, a ball is to be given in honour of Thackeray.]



UNREST IN THE NEAR EAST.

"Look 'ere, Liza Muggins, did you say as I'd collared the tanner you lost?"
"Nothink of the kind! Wot I said was as I'd 'ave found it if you 'adn't 'elped me to look for it."

THE PEACOCK.

A Journalistic Apologue.

THE peacock is a gorgeous fowl,
Far more resplendent than the owl,
Who, gazing on the peacock's tail,
With envy suddenly turns pale.

I also, when I see him stalk
Along some stately terrace walk,
Admire his iridescent hue
And share the owlish point of view.

His radiant plumes my eyes rejoice,
But, if he should uplift his voice,
Scared by his vile falsetto squeals,
I take instanter to my heels.

Now there are human peacocks too,
A highly decorative crew,
Distinguished by their "mighty pens"
From common barndoor cocks and hens.

And when the human peacock's shriek
Is only heard but once a week
The six days' rest that comes between
Restores us to a mood serene.

But, when the bird elects to preach
In his inflammatory screech
Not merely on one day but seven,
It makes a Hades of a Heaven.

His predecessors plied the pen
Of gentlemen for gentlemen,
Now other times bring other ways,
And peacocks pontify to jays.

ALPINE GAMES.

NEVER MIND THE WEATHER!!

Winter Sport in Any Case!

Visit the EN TOUT CAS Hydropathic in the Bernese Oberland.

The Home of the Alternative!

Telegraphic address:
"Substitute," Switzerland

No more wasted days through rain and thaw!

Always something going on!

BOB-SLEIGHING ON WHEELS!

Colossal New Sensation. The Poetry of Motion. Rubber Tyres. Westinghouse Brakes. Landaulette Body in case of rain.

ROLLER SKATING IN THE BALL ROOM!

UNDERGROUND CURLING!

The Bonspiel in the Basement. Rinks accelerated daily with Soap.

TRY OUR SPECIAL SKI JUMP FROM THE SECOND STOREY!

Take off from Beeswaxed Balcony. No risk whatever. Enormous supply of *Real Sawdust!*

TOBOGGANNING ON THE STAIRS!

Up by the Lift and down on a Tea-Tray!

Howls of Laughter!

Corners banked with mattresses!

No danger whatever!

ELECTRIC TIMING!

(The Winner of last year's Grand National at Davitz writes: "The Cresta is child's play to it. The last flight past the Boot Hall gave me the thrill of my life!")

NEVER MIND THE WEATHER!

Winter Sport in Spite of Everything.

The EN TOUT CAS Hydropathic!

"Dr. and Mrs. Wiggins came together, the latter in pink with brown marabout edgings and a cameleon at the corsage."
Brighton and Hove Society.

The beauty of wearing one of these little fellows is that, unlike dormice, they fit in with practically any colour scheme.

THE TWOPENNY PIERPONT MORGAN.

He met me at the door and led me through the living-room to a room behind the kitchen. "Here's the collection," he said. "This is where I 'house' it, as we say."

I looked round. Every inch of the wall was occupied either by a picture, or by shelves on which were hundreds of miscellaneous articles. Others were on tables or in drawers.

"It's like this," he said. "I've always been a bit of a kernoozer, as you call it, but I haven't had the means to gratify the taste. But when the children were grown up and out on their own and I got an unexpected rise of five bob a week, I said to the missis, I said, 'Now we'll turn that bath-room into a museum, and I'll show 'em what a poor man can do as well as a rich one.' I've been to South Kensington most Sundays ever since they let people in on the Day of Rest, and I know what a good collection is. I've seen the Pierpont Morgan things there's all the talk about and I've seen the Saltings, and I know what wealth can do.

"Now," he went on, "I'll show you what five bob a week can do. Here, for instance, what do you think of this?" and he held up a tiny coin. "The Lord's Prayer on a threepenny-bit. That cost me a bob. Not very valuable, you say, now. Granted. But what about it in five hundred years' time, eh—when everyone's a natheist and there's no more threepennies? We collectors have to look at the future.

"Here's another thing—the very last copy of *The Echo*. That cost me a halfpenny, but it will be a treasure some day. Here's the first copy of *The Daily Mail*. Here's the last Lord Mayor's Show programme. Easily got, but not easily kept. That's the thing—preserving them. That's where one man differs from another.

"Here's a horse-'bus ticket I got on the last day of the horse-'bus from Piccadilly Circus to the Elephant. Here's a scrap of iron from Newgate prison. Whenever anything is being pulled down I get a relic and label it. History, you see. It may be part of a bar which Jack Sheppard may have shaken. Here's a piece of a paving-stone from Christ's Hospital."

I drew his attention to the pictures.

"Plenty of pictures," he said. "What's a collector without pictures? Look at the Saltings at the National Gallery. Mine are all from the portfolios outside the print shops. Every one by hand. Here's a wonderful bit of black-and-white—a drawing for *Funny Scraplings*, I should guess, full of humour and character. Look at the way he's drawn that drunken man. And signed too: 'Wal Smithers.' They're all signed. This one, a friend of mine holds, is a Phil May. What do you think?"

I said I was no judge.

"No," he said, "it's a gift, judging is. Some people haven't any kind of instinct, and others are chock-full of it. It's like a sixth sense, I always say."

I asked him what the books were on the shelves.

"All unique," he said. "Every one. All presentation copies. I don't buy any others. I hunt in the penny and two-penny boxes for them. Poetry chiefly, all signed by the poets. That's the real value. Here, for instance, 'With best wishes from Eliza Pollard.' That's written on the fly-leaf. Then you turn on and find the title-page: 'Pious Musings, by Eliza Pollard.' That makes it interesting. The poet's own hand. Sometimes one gets a double event, like this: 'To William Towle, Esq., with the kind regards of Henry Tuck.' A pamphlet on Free Trade. Now here you get Henry Tuck's autograph and at the same time something that once belonged to Mr. Towle, the great Midland Railway manager.

"I have some valuable autographs too," he said. "They're easily got. You just write a polite admiring letter and enclose a stamped envelope. Two-pence only. These drawers are all full, and all classified. *Divines:* Rev. J. Campbell, Dean Inge, and so forth; *Statesmen:* Will Thorne and Henniker Heaton; *Cricketers:* Joe Vine, Albert Trott; *Scientists:* Eustace Miles, Mr. Sandow, and so on; and hundreds of these, and only two-pence each.

"Then I've a large collection of picture-postcard portraits signed. They cost threepence — a penny for the card, a penny for the letter of request, and a penny for the stamped envelope; but it's value! Actors and actresses chiefly, but a few athletes. The most popular people, too. Here, I pick them at random: Phyllis Dare, right away; Marie Studholme; George Graves. That'll be something for my widow and children, won't it?"

"But haven't you anything beautiful?" I asked. "Is it all merely curious?"

"Well, I think historical interest and uniqueness come first," he said; "but I have a few fine things. Chiefly pottery. Look at those ginger jars. Rich oriental blue, if you like. There's a nice row of mugs, all marked 'A present from——' somewhere. For lovely coloured-glass effects you won't beat these marbles in a hurry. Beauty—plenty of it!"

His wife joined us at this moment.

"I'm just showing this gentleman my things," he said.

"Oh, that rubbish," said she.



Navvy. "Yus, Doctor, I still got that awful pain!"
Doctor. "Does it hurt you much?"
Navvy. "Yus; it gives a awful twinge every time I twist."
Doctor. "But you mustn't twist." *Navvy.* "I *don't!*"

"Idzumitani, ex-champion of Waseda, is making the 100 yard dash in one or two seconds less than the world's record."—*Japan Times.*

That's very nice of him. When he has finished with the sprint he might put a foot or two on to the high jump record.

A MATTER OF BLAZONRY.

Whilst moodily contemplating the walls of my new office and brooding upon the dearth of clients, I conceived the idea of putting up the shields of my University and my College.

Their presence would suggest an air of unremitting application to toil and honour. No thinking beholder, I reflected, could gaze on those triumphs of the heraldic painter's art without being seized with an instant resolve to throw his legal affairs unreservedly into my hands and leave them there indefinitely.

It was within the scope of a trifling outlay to inspire these just and noble sentiments. I took up my hat and went out.

"In the first place," I said to the young woman in the Fancy Goods department, "I want *gules, on a cross ermine, between four lions passant guardant, or, a Bible lying fesswayes of the field, clasped and garnished of the third, the clasps in base.* I might mention," I added, observing an uneasy look upon her face, "that though they are really lions they don't look like it except for their manes and long wavy tails."

She appeared relieved.

"Yes, Sir—if you'll kindly step into the next department."

In stepping there I must have lost my way. I was just moving off in despair to a neighbouring glass to compile an accurate description for the Lost Property Office, when a relief party organised itself at my elbow.

"I beg your pardon," I inquired of her with bitter irony, "but do you happen to have a map about you?"

"Maps, Sir? Yes, Sir, fourth floor, third department on the right."

There you are; that shows how miserably I am misunderstood.

I wandered about a bit until I waylaid another young person, to whom I formulated my wishes. She behaved splendidly. I expect one of her ancestors had been something in the lion-taming line. We traversed many departments, chatting pleasantly during the journey. After twenty minutes or so we arrived at some kind of a destination.

"Miss Jenkins, forward!" called my fellow-traveller.

Looking dispassionately at Miss Jenkins, I shouldn't have thought it of her, but it was none of my business, and I proceeded to acquaint her with the nature of my requirements.

"Yes, Sir. Four, I think you said. Will you step this way?"

I set my teeth, turned up my coat collar and stepped forth, resolutely keeping close behind her. We threaded our way through a kind of primeval jungle, when she suddenly stopped. "This," she said, "is our new Numidian man-eater."

I found myself confronted with a yellow monster of singular personality. He appeared to be endowed with mechanism permitting internal accommodation for children up to ten years of age.

I was about to point out that I was looking for something on a slightly smaller scale when she beckoned to a small boy seated on the back of a crocodile.

"He will show you how it works," she explained.

With an alacrity born of practice he disappeared head foremost into the monster's interior, whereupon its eyes began to roll and its tail to wave in a manner indicative of repletion.

"I hope he will be able to find his way out again," I said anxiously.

I was relieved to see him deposited on the floor through a trap-door in the monster's belly and return apparently undigested to his crocodile.

The lady took up her order-book.

"Where shall I send them to?" she inquired, looking up at me.

Little did she know the man she had to deal with. I should be the last on earth to be bounced into that sort of thing by a mere girl.

"I find after all I shall only require one of them," I replied firmly, "and if you send any more I shall be obliged to refuse delivery."

* * * * *

If you *should* happen to call and find the Numidian in a state of eruption, please accept this (the only) intimation that the office boy is probably inside. I thought I ought to tell you.



Aunt Martha. "And what's all this one hears about the Y.M.C.C.? Didn't you tell me they were all in Australia!"

THE WITCH-PLANT.

(Thoughts on trying a certain cigar.)

Thou dreadful weed, Corona y Doloros,
Thou weed from whom all sins and sorrows bud,
Thou weed that makst me wonder where the door is,
Thou weed that I should trample in the mud,
Only I want thee—twisted by the Furies
And sealed with blood.

I shall not smoke thee longer, but, by Pluto,
I have some work for thee, strange herb, at whom
All lips are pursed with horror to a mute "Oh!"
All nostrils sickened—I shall re-illume
(Banging it out just now against my boot-toe)
Thy baleful bloom.

Deep in some hollow was the poison-thicket
That reared thy spotted leaf in alien climes;
The vulture flew above and could not stick it,
But croaked repentant of his various crimes;
Yes, I shall keep thee—thou art just the ticket
For certain times:

Times when in some small restaurant I dally
Over the Munich beer, and bid the cloud
Of fragrant incense from my pipe-bowl sally,
And some dashed waiter hurries through the crowd
To say that pipes (good ghost of Walter Raleigh!)
Are not allowed.

Then I shall take thee forth and light thee slowly,
And stir the puissance of thy sleeping heart,
Thou stronger much than wolf's-bane or than moly,
Thou deadlier than nightshade; then shall start
One good green whiff, and they shall learn the holy
Horror thou art.

And straightway in that Stygian wave's immersion
There shall be cries of women dolorous,
And going to and fro and loud excursion,
And pouring forth of prayers and fearful fuss
(Very much like the Covent Garden version
Of *Œdipus*);

And crawling to me now, no more indignant,
The manager shall say, "Our sins are ripe;
We never dreamed of odours so malignant;
Release us, gentle stranger, from their gripe;
Descendant of the Borgias, be benignant
And smoke your pipe." Evoe

AUTHER AND ALFRED.

At half-past five a stillness so perfect as to be startling brooded over the library. At this hour it is not unusual for three girls (to say nothing of a boy) to be let loose on the world, which means that they gravitate irresistibly to the library and to me. To-day, however, they were elsewhere, and the consequent peace was so inviting and pleasant that the sordid idea of devoting it to purposes of work was excluded. An armchair before the fire, an easy book—that, obviously, was the way to use this heaven-sent opportunity. I sank luxuriously into the one and took up the other, and made the situation complete with a cigarette.

At this moment there came a sound of plump and slippered little feet advancing cautiously along the passage; the door, after a preliminary struggle with the handle, was gently opened, and John's curly head peeped round it.

"Halloa!" said I.

"I'm a messager," said he.

"Oh, you're a messenger, are you? What's your message?"

"To cut this pencil. Peggy broke it."

I began to cut it and continued the conversation.

"Whose messenger are you?"

"The girlses messager. They're writin'."

"What's Helen writing?"

"A diry."

"What's Rosie writing?"

"Poitry."

"And what's Peggy writing?"

"A theeter."

"Oho," said I, "literature and the drama. That's what's keeping them away, is it? But don't you let them order you about too much. We must stand together, you know, we men."

"I'm not 'we men' to-day," said John, thus indicating that our alliance was at an end. "I'm the girlses messager," and, the pencil being now duly cut and pointed, he departed on his tip-toes noiselessly and with great deliberation, having evidently persuaded himself that mystery was the chief characteristic of the perfect messenger.

There was another half-hour of quiet, and then with a rush the whole party of blue-stockings, headed by their excited Mercury, burst in upon me.

"Helen," I said, "is your diary finished?"

"Yes, every word of it; but you mustn't read it, because diaries are secret."

"Then," said I, "Rosie will show me her poetry. Poetry's meant to be read."

But Rosie excused herself. Her metre, she said, had bothered her; some of the lines had got too long, and others seemed to be too short. Besides, there were one or two rhymes that she must think over again. In the meantime the poem must also be treated as secret.

"But," she added, "Peggy's finished her play, and we all want you to read it. We're going to act it in the nursery to-morrow."

Thereupon Peggy, with all the nonchalance of a hardened dramatist, pressed a sheet of foolscap into my hands and retired to the sofa. The rest grouped themselves about her; and this is what I read to the gathering. I merely premise that in transcribing I have separated the speeches, and that the brackets and the italics are not Peggy's but mine:—

AUTHER AND ALFRED.

Cean 1.

The Untruth.

Julet (handing Auther a sword). Here take this Auther and remember me.

Auther (puting his arm round her). Ar maiden I would not forget the.

[*Auther goes out of the room and Juleet hides her face in her hands and crys Alfred comes in leeving an army outside the door.*

Alfred. Tell me wer Auther has gon.

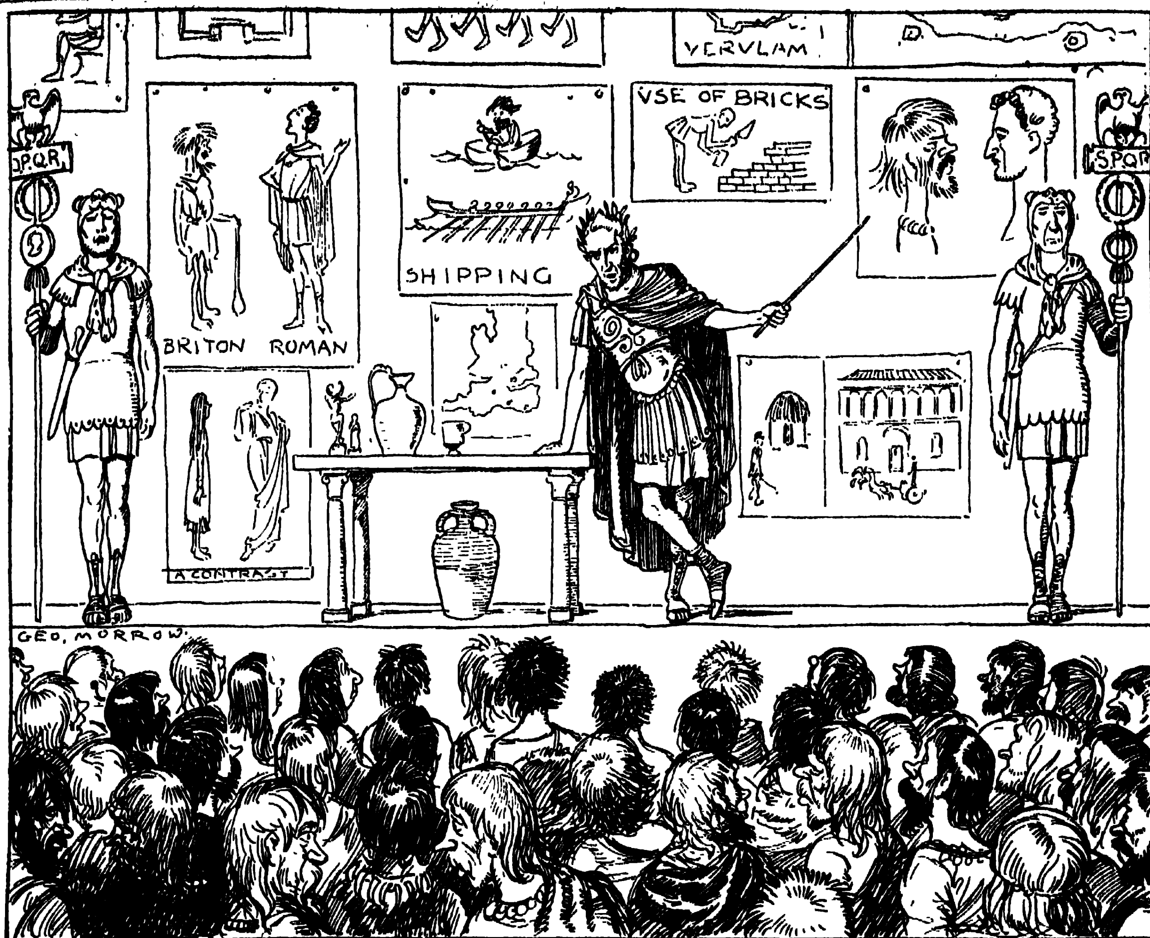
Julet. No I shall not.

Alfred. If you do not tell ile kill you.

Julet (telling the untruth). Oh—he has gon by the —— high road.

[*Alfred goes out of the room and he and his men march on.*

Julet. Ha ha ha ive got him this time he wont find him becaus he isent going that way.



MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.

Agricola lecturing the Ancient Britons on the advantages of Roman civilisation.

Cean 2.

Alfred's Death.

[*Alfred comes in very quirtly his hand on the hilt of his sword.*

Alfred. If I kill Auther the peple of England will make me king.

[*When he turns round he sees Auther runing towards him sword in hand they wave their hats in the air and then begin to fight.*

Alfred. Ile kill him this time.

Auther. Oh will you.

Alfred. Ah I nealy got you that time ou ou ou.

[*Auther puts his sword thru Alfreds body and he falls down half dead once more he trys to rais himself and kill Auther but once more Auther runs his sword thru him.*

Cean 3.

Home Again.

Julet (supriesed). Why are you back so quick.

Auther. Ar I thought better of it and I don't like France much.

Julet. Have you had any Adventures or figts.

Auther. Yes ive kild sombody.

Julet. Oh who do tell me.

Auther (slowly). It is—Alfred.

Julet (flinging herself into Auther's arms). Oh Auther I'm so glad now we ar save.

Auther. We ar we ar WE AR.

The Curten Coms Down.

The first performance is fixed for to-morrow at 5.45. There are still a few stalls left. Will you come?

GET AWAY ON.

Twinkling sterns among the gorse—
(Oh! he's there all right. They saw him go in this morning!)
Eager rider, fretting horse—
Down at the corner a red coat has shone.
"Ger away on to him! Gar'r'r away on!"

What a rush to snatch a start!
(Go on, Sir, go on! After you! Hurry up!)
Pick your panel and steel your heart!
Plenty of room for us all anon.
"Ger away on to him! Gar'r'r away on!"

See 'em pour across the wall!
(Steady, now, steady! Oh, please give 'em a chance!)
Look! A sheet would cover 'em all!
Hark! The glad horn that tells he is gone!
"Ger away on to him! Gar'r'r away on!"

See 'em wheel like driven birds!
(Gently, there, gently I say! Now ride and be hanged!)
Music! and no need for words!
Catch up his head on the grass and begone!
"Ger away on to him! Gar'r'r away on!"



Enthusiastic Youth (seeing hounds diverted by a rabbit). "Grand dogs! Best I've ever seen! They'd hunt *anything*!"

EVIDENCE.

My friend Kerslake has a case in King's Bench, Court C.I., to-morrow, and he thinks he will probably win. What is more, he will tell you why.

"It is all about selling rubber plantations," he said to me, "and, as you might expect, there is not too much honesty on either side. My man is the defendant and a knave, but, the plaintiff is a worse knave, so my man ought to pull it off. It is really for the judge and jury to make up their minds, between them, which is the better of a bad two. My man has, at any rate, been actually *caught* stealing rubber off one of the plantations he had sold. Therefore, I think he ought to get home all right."

"Oh, indeed!" I said non-committally, for I did not quite appreciate the "therefore." But Kerslake explained.

"It shows," he said, in his forensic manner, "that my man did anyhow sell *one* plantation with some rubber on it."

"The report [of the Indian Nursing Association] includes a portrait of Lady Hardinge, prepared by the Survey Department."—*Pioneer.*

One likes to see even these little things done on a Viceregal scale.

TO A BATHING MACHINE.

On desolate abode and damp,
In frigid isolation pining!
Round whom impatient crowds would camp
When hot September suns were shining;
How scant the gratitude they show!
They think of you almost with loathing,
In whom a few brief months ago
They put their trust and all their clothing.

You may not charm the artistic eye
(Perhaps with tears of shame you dim it),
But I am not of those who cry:—
"That beastly thing's about the limit!"
Why scoff at one whose pedigree
To earth's remotest epoch reaches,
Whose changeless form must ever be
Indigenous to British beaches?

Though others viewed with discontent
The simple shelter you afforded,
I never grudged your modest rent
Nor deemed my patience unrewarded;
Though you were bleak and bare inside
How could I find your gloom depressing,
When minstrels with each other vied
To cheer the tedium of dressing?

'Twas then the nigger week by week
Would gaily trip the 'light fantastic,'
The Teuton bandsman's florid cheek
Stretched, as he blew, like strong elastic;
And from your port-hole I could spy
Such sights in half-a-dozen places,
The while I wrestled with my tie
Or got the better of my braces.

And shall I thoughtlessly forget
Those happy hours we spent together,
Or be unmindful of the debt
Of other days and other weather?
Ah no! though all should heartless scorn,
One voice at least a protest raises,
And, thankful for the humblest theme,
This minor poet pens your praises.

"The Cook Tavern awakens an old memory. Here Tennyson frequently dined and was served by the waiter that inspired that poem of his 'O pump-head waited at the Cook.'"

West Australian.

Why was he called "pump-head"?



THE HOME-COMING.

Britannia. "IO TRIUMPHE! CONQUEROR OF HEARTS!"



THE "PUPPY HUG," THE "PARISH PUMP" AND "CRABBING THE CRAB."

Can anyone explain how it is that ordinarily inoffensive young Englishmen, when they dance, suddenly develop the spasmodic automatism of the coloured Coon combined with the suppressed fury of the Paris Apache?

How much longer, may we ask, are our daughters and sisters to be trundled about like wardrobes, their arms worked incessantly like the parish pump, made to slide about sideways like ungainly crustaceans, and submitted to "*Bunny Hugs*" and other exotic abominations, which make them look as supremely foolish and vulgar as they can be made to look? (We hesitate to ask why girls permit it, lest the terrible answer should come that they like it. That we refuse to listen to.) If it *must* continue, for goodness' sake don't let us call it dancing; let's have Isolation Camps for them, and be done with it.

THE SLEUTH STALK.

The Sleuth Stalk is a dance, or rather a terpsichorean gymnastic.

I am the Sleuth Stalker.

I am the Pet of the Ball-room.

"Pet," I said; not "Pest."

I am something later than the Boston, the Half-time Boston, the Dot-and-Carry-One Boston, the Bogie Walk, the Turkey Trot, the Chicken Crawl, the Milwaukee Move-Along-Please and the Monkey Scramble.

When I enter the dancing-room, all the ladies' eyes turn on me. Blue eyes, grey eyes, brown eyes, wicked black eyes and heather mixture eyes, all look to me appealingly. I do not ask the pleasure of a dance. I confer the honour of a Sleuth Stalk.

I am It.

When I dance, my back bends, my arms protrude, my eyes glaze and my cheek, rubbing against that of my partner, produces a sound as of sand-paper. Sometimes my feet are in a hurry, sometimes they are uncompromisingly still. I do not look where I am going because I do not know. I do not merely disregard the time and the beat of the music; I openly defy them. My dancing is audacious, unorthodox, ineffable and wholly unscrupulous. And so it succeeds. It is strange, grotesque, weird, terrific, awe-inspiring and monstrous.

But it is not new.

They all think it is new, but it is not. I have been dancing it for years and years and years, unnoticed or, if noticed, avoided. It was only when I called it the Sleuth Stalk, to give it an air of novelty, that it caught on. To achieve in the ball-room of to-day, your performance must not only be hideous, it must also be novel. I have achieved, not by novelty but by an undetected revival.

Do you remember an old, old dance called the Valse?

No?

Do you remember an old, old dance called the Waltz?

No? Think again. Yes? It all comes back to you from the dim, forgotten, dully respectable past.

You remember the Waltz, but you do not remember *my* Waltz. If you were ever unlucky enough to get in the same room as it, you tried to keep away from it. If, in spite of your efforts, you got mixed up with it, you insisted on forgetting it as soon as you could. It was the best I could do, but it was neither successful nor popular.

My Waltz was a bad Waltz. I was credibly informed that it was a very bad Waltz.

But it is a startling success as a Sleuth Stalk.

Commercial Candour.

"You will find the shop with a stock that will surprise you. It has been there since 1827."
Advt. in "Watford Observer."

The clearance sale will really be a genuine affair this time.

Another American Insult.

"The lecturer assigned for the course is Prof. Ian C. Hannah, M.A., of Cambridge University. In every respect he is a true Englishman, especially in manner and accent, but his brain is full of knowledge of the subjects he has selected to talk on."—*Doylestown Intelligencer.*

"Despite several gowling hangers the luncheon interval was reached without further loss."
The Evening News.

The wild beasts of the Bush are always a source of danger to cricketers in Australia.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Pigeon."

Up to the end of the Second Act I couldn't tell whether it was more the fault of the actors or of the author that I was enjoying myself so immensely. But in the Third Act there was no question about the chief responsibility, for the actors kept going on as well as ever, yet the play came rather tamely to an end that was no conclusion, since it left things pretty much as they were at the start. With the memory of Mr. Galsworthy's *Justice* still weighing heavily upon us we had sat there through two delightful scenes incredulously happy over our luck in finding him in a mood of gaiety, touched, it is true, with pathos, but still gaiety. We had seen that charitable artist, *Wellwyn*, the *Pigeon* of the soft and downy breast, being plucked to heart's content (his and theirs alike) by three ne'er-do-weels—a drunken cabman, a flower-girl of no repute, and a fascinating alien vagabond with leanings to philosophy. (The unusual arrangement—very embarrassing for sitting models—by which the large studio window, bare of blinds, gave to the passer-by an unchecked vision of the interior, was, of course, a constant encouragement to these intrusions.) But as we watched their easy manœuvres we kept wondering, from moment to moment, how soon we should have to pay for our fun by a serious homily on the evils of indiscriminate charity. When in the Second Act Mr. Galsworthy brought together a Professor of Economics and a Justice of the Peace, known to have violently antagonistic views on social problems, we clenched our teeth grimly to face the terrors of a full-dress debate on the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission; and when they were posted into a side room (off), and the play went on without them, we could hardly believe our good fortune.

But we were not to escape in the end; and the Third Act realised our worst fears. Curiously enough the threatened diatribe against our present social system was put into the mouth of the most light-hearted impostor of them all—the alien vagabond. Delivered with a foreign accent and incredible swiftness (for Mr. Dennis Eadie was just as anxious as we were to get it over), it left me a little bewildered. But I vaguely gathered that the machinery of our reformatory institutions was lacking in the human element; that it attempted to coop wild creatures in a common cage, and generally made no allowance for the personal idiosyncracies of the individual. But since the whole play had been an illustration of the other method, and the *Pigeon's* milk of human kindness, a beverage freely imbibed by this eloquent vagabond, had been proved to contain no sort of recuperative qualities, it was clear that the problem, as usual with Mr. Galsworthy, was left without solution. Certainly the epithet "hopeless," so freely conferred upon the *Pigeon* by his commonsense daughter, and obviously applicable also to his *protégés*, seemed to serve equally well for Mr. Galsworthy's own outlook. Indeed, if his seriousness had not been already firmly established, we might have judged him, from the humour of this play, to be just a gentle-hearted



THE TROUSERS OF ALTRUISM;
or, The Charity that began at home spurns.

Ferrand . . . . Mr. Dennis Eadie.
Wellwyn . . . . Mr. Whitford Kane.

cynic. The most irresponsible satirist of human nature could hardly have tickled us more effectively than Mr. Galsworthy does with his portrait of the irredeemable cabman, or given a more piquant turn to a familiar phrase than that which came so glibly from the vagabond's lips when, after telling how the flower-girl had adopted the life "of joy," he goes on to say that in the house where they had tried to reform her by placing her in domestic service she had "got the footman into trouble."

It would be difficult to praise too highly the remarkable performances of the whole cast. The most difficult parts fell to Mr. Eadie and Miss Margaret Morris. As the French vagabond the former was extraordinarily subtle in his suggestions both of race and temperament. The latter, as the flower-girl, a picture of sombre stolidity relieved from time to time by a slow smile of sinister intelligence or a sudden burst of passion, gave a fearless interpretation of a character whose brooding savagery was presented by the author with an unsparing fidelity.

A Constant Lover made a most attractive curtain-raiser, in which Mr. Eadie and Miss Gladys Cooper played with a very natural ease. It contained several happy phrases that fell nicely into their right places—in particular, a definition of genius as an "infinite capacity for making other people take pains." Many of those who listened to this pleasant flow of dialogue must have reflected sadly how good a friend the theatre has lost by the too-early fate of St. John Hankin. O. S.

THE DIARY OF A TWIN SOUL.

"M.P.K." and I have a very great deal in common. I believe we are twin souls, which is a very beautiful and comforting thought. I have never met "M.P.K." and there is no earthly reason to suppose I ever shall, but I have found his diary for last year, and, as I have said, he and I have a very great deal in common. I am going to think of him as Monty—dear old Monty, my twin soul.

The place in which I found dear old Monty's diary proved at the outset the affinity between us. I caught sight of it on the top of a pillar at the end of some railings (shoved back where the beginning of a wall made a little recess) as I was getting off a motor-'bus, and I went over and reached up and got it. (Monty and I are about the same height.) A funny place to put a diary, you will say. True. But it proved that dear old Monty, like me, had suffered the difficulty of getting rid of diaries. Monty had been through it, so to speak. Monty had wrestled with the problem year after year. Monty had realised that nobody wants an old diary, spotless though it be; that you cannot sell an old diary to the man who swindles you over your review copies of new books; and it is a pleasant feature of our character (Monty's and mine) that we cannot bring ourselves to burn a diary.

Personally, I have given up the problem. I keep my diaries. I have got a complete, unbroken set dating from 1887. One of these days I daresay they will be quite valuable—they will be advertised as "almost new," "each copy autographed by the author." Monty, however, is not such a keen book-collector as I am. At the close of every year my dear old chum creeps out at night and gets rid of his old diary as he and I do good—by stealth.

It is a glorious thing to discover a twin soul quite unexpectedly. From that starting-point of finding that Monty had infinite pains in settling what to do with his old diary—thence onwards, as I turned the pages, I think I have never had a more moving experience.

It might have been my own book, so exactly does Monty's character run with mine. All the early pages, the absorbing pages before you come to the diary proper, the Preamble to the Bill, were filled in with the scrupulous care and attention to detail that bespeak a great mind firmly taking over the responsibilities of a new duty. Watch No. —, Stores ticket No. —, Season ticket No. —, they were all there. Weight, height, size in gloves, collar, hat—not an item was left blank. Bills to be paid—I really don't think Monty could have omitted a single one. I hope not, for Monty's sake.

I tell you I was positively trembling in an ecstasy of friendship at its highest level as I finished these exquisitely compiled catalogues and turned to "Jan. 1."

"*Jan.* 1. Dull, but fairer about lunch-time, and then rainy again. Cold evening with some fog. Arose 7.59½. This year I am not going to put down any wild and stupid protestations of my determinations to keep a diary. I think I have done with that kind of thing I think I realise at last my own shortcomings. No, quite simply I here state my resolve to keep a daily check, however trifling, on my life throughout the year. I shall try my best to make the record a full one; but I am not going to aim too high. I do not wish, at the close of the year, to be mocked by any great resolutions that I have written here. No, just a brief note each day is all I shall aim at—*Nulla dies sine linea.* Of to-day's doings I shall say nothing. I have made a good start, that is all. This, the first entry, shall be solely devoted to the little hope and resolve it bears. Midnight is striking; when next I spring out of bed my first action will be to record that I was up at 6.45."

I must confess that for a moment I had doubts of Monty as I finished that. It was just what I had written yearly since 1887; but it had a quiet depth of confidence and determination that was a little quieter and a little deeper than anything I had reached. The unmanly thought arose that I had made a mistake in Monty—that he was going to pull it off—that we were not twin souls after all.

Forgive me, Monty, dear old man! So far as the diary had anything to say about it, Monty did not appear to spring out of bed until June 23rd. No mark, no blemish appears on the pages between Jan. 1st and that date; and further, far from springing out of bed, he then appears to be just getting in again. The entry reads with the faint scratchiness that belongs to nothing on earth but a ball-room programme pencil, and reads:—

"A topping, topping dance. Eleven with A. She wouldn't have let me keep her glove if she didn't. Good night!"

The inexperienced diarist would have paused here in shame to go on. Honour would have prevented his probing further into the romance that burst into those pages on June 23rd. I know Monty better. Passages very similar are to be found in my own diaries of '88, '90, '92-3-4 and 1900. They are invariably followed, moreover, by what I looked with confidence to find on June 24th—and found.

"Met A at lunch at the D's. I have been wasting my life up to now. But a new object has come into it. We had a long talk about self-discipline. She thinks, as I have long thought, that smoking is an enervating vice. I am going to chuck it from to-night. We spoke about the assistance to self-discipline of writing down in your diary the conquests over self that one has made. I shall do so henceforth. I am going to turn over a new leaf."

Dear old Monty did better than that. He turned over about 150 and left them all new and unstained. The next, and last, record is a note scrawled on Dec. 20th.

"Harem cigarettes—930 New Bond Street, 9s. 100."

Monty and I are twin souls.



Head of the firm (entering, to former partner who has dropped in for a chat). "I'VE JUST SACKED THE OFFICE-BOY. I DON'T KNOW IF HE'LL GO, THOUGH."

The Insurance Bill.

IT is rumoured that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's "rare and refreshing fruit" is only Limejuice after all.

"At half-past five by arrangement Vine played free and stylish cricket."

Ireland's Saturday Night.

A rash thing to guarantee.

DACTYLOMANIA.

Methought on the uttermost verges
Of earth and the infinite brine
I stood, and gave ear to the dirges
That make desolation divine—
The voice of the wind in its anguish,
The voice of the ocean at play,
And the voices of Sirens who languish
For lack of their prey.

Sleek Harpies, who jousted with Jason,
In multitudes hurried along,
Still booming in soft diapason
Their old Arimaspian song;
While hippogriffs, hotly careering
Athwart the enamelled abyss,
Slid over the azimuth, searing
My heart with their hiss.

And out of the welter advancing
I saw the great heroes of eld,
Proconsuls renowned for their prancing
And tyrants for heads that were swelled;
And Sappho was smiling at Cato,
Who didn't approve of her dress;
And Raleigh had peeled a potato
To pleasure Queen Bess.

O melodies fitful and plangent,
O mysteries ancient and rare,
O souls that exhale at a tangent
Dim wafts of Elysian air!
Why is it that mortals, unheeding
The rampart that Reason hath set,
Contend, with importunate pleading,
In runes of regret?

Time dulls the gay tints of to-morrow,
Time turns the bright falchion to rust,
And 'tis madness to palter with sorrow
When joy can be bought for a crust;
For Care can resistlessly clamber
To peaks that are hoary and high,
And flies that are prisoned in amber
Must finally die.

Why cannot the amaranth wither?
The seraphs their splendour refuse?
Why must I unfailingly blither
Whenever this metre I use?
For to sense I shall never get back till
I find in the trochee my cure,
And the lilt of the tittuping dactyl
For ever abjure.

MAKING HAY BY MOONSHINE.

The previous day I had taken stock of my age. I manfully faced the facts, which were as follows. In nine years' time I should be exactly the same age as Joseph Williams! Was it possible? But there was worse. In five years only (and what was five years?) I should be as old as Williams was *scarcely four years ago!* Worse still, *in barely two years* I should actually be as old as Williams had been about seven years before! It was horrible. I could scarcely credit it. I discarded Williams and worked out how long it would take me to reach seventy-three, which, for some reason that I do not understand, always seems to me a particularly difficult age to face. When I made the same calculation for Williams, however, I was somewhat inspirited, and I composed myself by recalling that Oliver Cromwell was forty before he was ever heard of, and that Lord Roberts took up the South African command in his seventieth year.

Thus fortified, I had forgotten all about my birthday by the next morning when I opened my Aunt Angela's letter and the money-order fell out on the floor and frightened me. The last commission from my aunt had been to choose prizes for the Village Coronation Sports. On this occasion, however, it was only a present.

"Well," said my wife promptly, "there is no excuse for not having your hair cut *now*."

This remark was most unjust. The facts were that I *was* going to have my hair cut five days before, but Valerie herself rang me up just as I was leaving the office and put it out of my head. I now explained this in detail.

My position was embarrassing. With the intention of securing to me a happy anniversary my aunt had fastened on me an obligation to solve the following problem:—I had to buy myself something I really wanted which was to cost exactly two sovereigns, and which I should not in the ordinary course allow myself. I don't say the task was impossible, I merely say that after contemplating it for half a minute I gave up the problem. I put the money-order into my pocket-book and went about my affairs with a sense of exalted affluence—a vague impression of having more money than I knew how to spend.

That money-order became a talisman. I was the owner of the inexhaustible purse; the hero of the miraculous dibs. I was released from all predicaments of economy. I spent those wretched coins three times a week for months; it became a habit. First, they sprang a new stair-carpet on us. I do not say that I regret that stair-carpet, but I *do* regret the pedigree Airedale pup which yielded to the same charm the very next day, for I understand that it was due to his special purity of race that he died soon afterwards. And I cannot to this day imagine what persuaded me to take an interest in big-game trophies. It was, of course, an extraordinary bargain, but I had no idea, until I got it into the cab, that the head of a hippopotamus is such an enormous size, or that it would so terrify the children. I have proved since, what I did not know then, that the principle of trying to wipe out the memory of a *faux pas* in the auction-room by other enterprises in the same field of action is a wrong one. Knowledge of this kind is only attained by actual experience, but I may remark that it is most undesirable that the acquisition of such experience should be matter for emulation in a household. On the contrary, it should be confined strictly to the head of the family. I had to speak to this effect quite clearly to Valerie on the subject of the antique copper warming-pans. Even when used in a scheme of decoration with ribbons on them and their bows changed once a month, it is easy to have too many warming-pans in a small house.

However, this matter of the warming-pans rescued me, for it gave me an idea, and I began to search my pocket-book. I spread the contents out upon the table and sorted them through.

"*That*'s all right," I said.

"*What*'s all right?" Valerie asked.

"Aunt Angela's money-order. I've lost it."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

[It has been pointed out in the daily Press that, whereas painters as a rule reach a ripe old age, music usually brings an early death to its devotees.]

Painter who serenely painted
Just outside this door of mine,
Till the atmosphere was tainted
With the stench of turpentine,
Little dreamed you of the venomed
Thoughts arising in my chest,
As you whistled, sang and then hummed
"All the latest and the best."

Little dreamed you your melodious
Perseverance oftentimes
Proved particularly odious
To a bard in search of rhymes,
Till his ultimate intention
Was to merit murder's dues—
Ancient Bailey, swift suspension
And his portrait in the *News*.

For I felt your paint portended
You would live three score and ten
Ere at last your music ended,
And I could not wait till then;
So I seized a handy hatchet
And prepared your noise to check;
You, in short, were going to catch it
Violently in the neck,—

When the sudden recollection,
"Music's hold on life is faint,"
Stayed my hand; in your affection
Song so plainly ousted paint;
Swiftly did I lay that burly
Axe aside, appeased to see
That to reach the graveyard early
You required no help from me.



"And what do you think of Home Rule, Pat?" "Sure, Sor, 'twill be like Hiven."
"Like Heavens! What makes you think that?"
"Faith, this, the priests tell us that whin we get to Hiven we'll all be blissed angels wid wings an' harps, whin all the time we'd far sooner stay the way we are now!"

THE PACKING.

"Certainly not," said Alfred, in reply to various well-meant offers of assistance from the family; "I much prefer to do it myself. Packing is one of those things that are perfectly easy if you work them on a proper system."

Alfred had been asked to a "Cinderella and stay the week-end" at the Willmotts'. He has only recently put his hair up—or whatever it is men do to show that they can be invited to grown-up dances—and this was really his first invitation to go unchaperoned by the rest of us, and therefore something of an event.

"The proper system," he explained, about a week before the date of departure, "is to rehearse an imaginary day, and put out everything you are likely to want, as you think of it." After several of these imaginary days, when Alfred's room had assumed an appearance suggestive of something between a rummage sale and an eviction, it was asked him whether the system also included imaginary luggage, "because nothing in the house would hold more than half of these things, let alone your one presentable suit-case!"

So the last forty-eight hours were spent by Alfred in a severe sub-editing of the system. Even here, however, he showed himself intolerant of advice. "Five dress-shirts for a week-end may appear absurd to girls," he said witheringly, "because you don't understand. Besides, they prevent the hair-wash from getting broken."

One is bound to admit that when completed the result really did look rather nice. Alfred's pyjamas, in which he has a remarkably neat taste, imparted a chic and elegance to the top layer, which, it was generally felt, could not fail favourably to impress the eye of a valet. Nothing appeared to have been forgotten, even to two pairs of white gloves and a tin of superfluous shaving-cream. The fact that he was obliged to carry his sponge and tooth-brush in his overcoat pocket was explained by the inventor as a foreseen result of the rehearsal system, which could easily be remedied by keeping duplicates of these articles.

I will say, too, that Alfred accepted our congratulations with a very becoming modesty. "It's just system," he said, as he locked the perfected evidence of success. "I don't suppose I should be any better at it than anyone else if I hadn't taken the trouble to think the matter out."

The actual departure was thus something of a small triumph. As we waved our hands to Alfred's retreating figure there was a general impression that the cadet of the family had proved himself worthy of its best traditions. The journey before him was a longish one, and Alfred's mother had exacted a promise that he would wire news of his safe arrival. Under ordinary circumstances she might have suggested a knotted handkerchief as an aid to memory, but in face of the system any such proposal was felt to be not only unneeded but impertinent. "He'll do it without that," we said.

He did. The wire reached his family just as it was sitting down to dinner, and about half-an-hour after the departure of our last post. It was very brief. "All well," it said; "please send key of suit-case."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I have to thank Mr. Joseph Conrad for taking me so intimately into his confidence, for the confidence was more than worth while and the taking was very pleasantly done. *Some Reminiscences* (Nash), if it defies analysis, makes capital reading. I feel now as a listener might feel who, having been silent by choice during an hour or two's yarning, is suddenly called upon to express an opinion. Bless my soul! I have no opinion, except that I was vastly intrigued and quite oblivious of the passage of time during the recital. The sensations, experiences and observations of a much-troubled Pole, a beloved author and a certified master of the British Mercantile Marine were casually uttered as they cropped up. There was, I remember, some talk of Napoleon and the Russian Empire, and a vivid account of how a novel comes into being. Beyond that, I can only say that I spent a delightful evening in the very best company, and received a cold shock when the reminiscences suddenly ceased and I had to go to bed. I take it that this book will be universally read, without any recommendation from me; but I should like to mention that its 237 pages, though in the first person, are wholly innocent of the slightest egotism.

"The waiter placed before young Mr. Haynes a plate on which were a few white bones, an eye-ball and a piece of black mackintosh. 'Turbot, Sir,' said the waiter in an explanatory voice." And hotel turbot has never been so nicely summed up. But then, Mr. Barry Pain always had a genius for stripping pretenders bare of their pretence and displaying them as they really are. His latest volume, *Stories in Grey* (Werner Laurie), does not show him at his best, for he can do better things than the magazine story; but it contains characteristic touches of observation and humour which make it acceptable. There are included one or two tales of the supernatural; but whenever I read Mr. Pain in this manner I wish that I could read the other Mr. Pain's diagnosis of him. He could expose the charlatanry of the supernatural story with deadly effect. *Stories in Grey* will hardly add to a reputation as high as the author's, but I must confess that it gave me a good deal of enjoyment.



One objection to Tariff Reform is that the smuggling business, which it would naturally revive, would be greatly hampered by the sad change which has taken place in the smugglers' old haunts.

The jingly title of Major F. M. Peacock's *When the War is o'er* (Longmans) dates back to the days when waltzing was waltzing, my boy, and jokes were jokes; it is part of the refrain of the old valse-tune which was attributed by a desperate Victorian wag to the composer of *Moses in Egypt*. You remember the words—"When the war is o'er we'll part once more at Ehren on the Rhine." Yet stay, was it "once more" or "no more"? The question bothered me a good deal after I had read a few chapters. I had got interested in the love-affairs of the tall, slight, anxious-eyed, unselfish Major and the pretty ex-serjeant's daughter, *Agatha* by name and charming as well as good by nature, whom he befriended in the Indian station where his regiment was quartered. And when he stepped aside and let her become engaged to an officer in the Gunners I was weak enough to turn to the last page of the book. I wanted to know the best or the worst at once, before the regiment and the Major and the Gunner moved on to South Africa and the risks of the Boer War. I must not, of course, give away what I found out, especially as Major Peacock has more than one anxious moment in store for his readers. But I can assure them that the war-pictures are excellent, and do not strike one in the least as being belated, and that the naïve style of the soldier-author adds much to the naturalness of his pleasant story.

To the small number of those authors who can write a readable school-story must now be added the name of Mr. E. W. Hornung, whose *Fathers of Men* (Smith, Elder) strikes me as a more than creditable attempt at a notoriously difficult task. One of the most obvious difficulties is the evolution of a new plot in so restricted a medium; this Mr. Hornung has cleverly overcome by the originality of his initial situation. *Jan Rutter*, his hero, is the son of a coachman and a mother who has married so far beneath her as to be disowned by her family. Thus *Jan* is brought up as a stable lad till he is fourteen, when, both his parents being dead, the maternal relatives relent, and, after a scrambled preparation, he is pitchforked into the same school that holds *Evan Devereux*, the son of his late employer. It is a beginning rich in promise, which is to a very large extent, if not wholly, fulfilled. *Jan*, with his uncouthness, his mingling of diverse hereditary instincts, and his devotion to the handsome but worthless "*Master Evan*," is a fine and carefully-studied figure. Perhaps it is all a little too obviously done from the outside. I do not feel that the personages of the tale reveal themselves, as, for example, the boys of Mr. Desmond Coke do. Mr. Hornung has sympathy and observation; but from the first chapter, when the house-master discourses cleverly and pleasantly about the new pupils, I was conscious that the author would rather have stayed chatting with him over a pipe than been forced to ruffle it in study and dormitory with his young barbarians. But it is a jolly tale, and the cricketing parts are worthy of *Raffles* at his best.

The Fatal Mistake.

"He is reputed to have died of confused kidneys."—*Japan Times.*

"By an obvious oversight in the Delsitus of Rossetti, which we published yesterday, the words '*Fui*' and '*Qualis*' were misprinted '*Tui*' and '*Quallis*.'"—*Morning Post.*

We missed our *Morning Post* on the day after this announcement, but no doubt it said: "By an obvious oversight in yesterday's correction of an obvious oversight, 'Detritus' was misprinted 'Delsitus.'"

CHARIVARIA.

IN view of the epidemic of spy-fever in Germany our War Office has issued elaborate instructions concerning the regulations to be observed by British officers when travelling in that country. Surely the whole difficulty could be easily surmounted by insisting on our secret service agents wearing a distinctive uniform?

* * *

Yet another trained monkey has appeared on the stage of yet another variety theatre, and human music-hall artistes are beginning to be seriously alarmed at this rivalry.

* * *

The editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* has discovered that words of wisdom may emerge even from the mouth of a LLOYD GEORGE, and, like the generous foe that he is, he has not hesitated to draw attention to them. We allude to the CHANCELLOR'S reference to the brilliant work of the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

* * *

The Weekly Dispatch publishes an article on "The Need for Cheaper Golf." We believe it to be an indisputable fact that many persons are forced by the expense of the game into taking up rifle-shooting and other pastimes connected with Home Defence.

* * *

We are interested to learn from *The Ceylon Observer* that England and America are not the only countries where sensational dances are the vogue. A recent issue of our contemporary publishes the following telegram from its Nuwara Eliya correspondent: "A small dance is on tapes for the night of the 27th inst."

* * *

A class has recently been formed at the Summer Lane Boys' School, Birmingham, for the purpose of teaching boys to sew. The innovation has evoked a large amount of chaff. Never mind: as you sew, so shall you reap.

* * *

"A robin," *The Evening News* informs its readers, "has been caught in a Derbyshire pit." The intelligent bird, we imagine, thought that we were bound to have a coal strike, and that it would be undisturbed down below.

* * *

Wonders will hardly ever cease. The Phonograph Postcard has evidently arrived—to judge by the following extract from *The Sphere*: "But the child actress for my money . . . . is Moya Nugent. There is someone worth putting on a picture postcard. No deadly tooth smile, I admit, but what a brogue!"

* * *

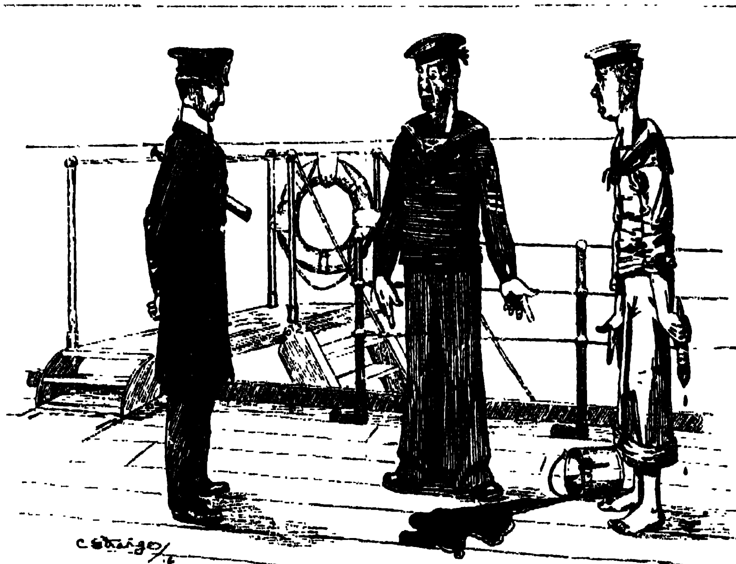
It was reported by the police at the annual licensing sessions of the first petty sessional division of Anglesey that there were in the division seventeen parishes without a public-house. The scandal is to have the immediate attention of the licensed victualling trade.

* * *

According to a French newspaper, the German military authorities have planned, on the outbreak of war, for aeroplanes to drop 4,400 lbs. of explosives into Paris. The French authorities, when they received information of the plan, took expert opinion, and found that the project is perfectly capable of execution. They also found that there is nothing to prevent their providing a similar sensation for the city of Berlin.

* * *

At last we have a practical proposal for improving the value of Consols. It has been suggested that, in order to render it certain that a means will be found to restore them to their original value, Ministers and other Members' salaries shall be paid in Consols—£100 face value for every £100 due.



Petty Officer. "I RUNS UP, SIR, AND AS SOON AS I SEES WHAT 'E DONE I SAYS AT ONCE, LIKE, '*GOOD LAWD, WOT 'AS YOU DONE!*'"

THE GOOD UNCLE.

(An Example.)

"MY dear child," said the Good Uncle, "I have a present for you."

"Oh, Uncle, how ripping!" said the Modern Niece.

"What do you think it is?" the Good Uncle inquired.

"I can't think," said the Modern Niece. "Something topping, I know, because you never give anything else."

"What do you say to a camera?" the Good Uncle inquired.

"Oh, Uncle, how perfectly screaming!" said the Modern Niece. "That's the one thing I want most."

"What's this about a camera?" the stern voice of the Father asked, from behind the evening paper. "Look here, George, we don't want any cameras here. We've had some. It's too expensive."

"Oh, Father!" exclaimed his Modern Daughter.

"It's true," continued her parent. "The kind relation comes in and presents the five-shilling or ten-shilling or guinea or thirty-shilling or two-guinea thing, whatever the case may be, receives thanks and hugs and kisses and all the praise, and disappears. What happens then? The wretched father has to put his hand in his pocket every other day for money for films and developments and printings. No, George, cameras sound delightfully screaming and ripping and topping and all that, but they must be endowed before they're welcome here."

"Be calm, dear brother," said the Good Uncle, who had listened unmoved throughout this lengthy harangue. "This camera is endowed. If you will look inside you will find a banker's order signed by me for a pound a quarter, to be paid to its owner as long as the camera or the craze for using it lasts."

There was a long silence.

"By Jove!" said the Father, "you're a model—a treat for sore eyes."

"Oh, Uncle," said the Modern Niece, "how frightfully decent of you!"

MOTTO FOR SHROVE TUESDAY.—Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we diet.

SLUSH.

Why do I love to ply my rude goloshes
When the warm rain in February comes?
Is it that my emotions gush
For joy of slithering through the slush,
Sprayed, heel to head, by horse-hoof sploshes,
Or that I think my feet look well in gums?

Why do I rather like those showers that soak us,
This hint of April which the damp winds waft?
Is it that in my surging blood
The very smell of vernal mud
Reminds me how the rising crocus
Gets through the ground much quicker when it's soft?

Is it that fancy turns to Love and Beauty,
Topics for which young Spring should set the tune?
That men remark who hear my rhyme
Done, like the birds', before the time:—
"What *ever* makes our friend so fluty?
It is but Feb.—six weeks or more too soon."

Nay, none of these. Not mud nor buds nor women
Urge me to ope so rathe my joyous lung;
It is that he whose limbs have lost
Touch with the Ice Age loathes a frost,
Preferring puddles he can swim in
As usefully as when his heart was young.

Fast in its limbo lies my ancient "Acme,"
The steel on which my doughtiest work was done,
When I would carve no common rings,
But curious arabesques and things—
And now my best friend wouldn't back me
To execute the homely numeral 1.

Nor would I for a moment make excursion
On such an enterprise. There might occur,
Due to a rush of ribald boys,
Some outrage to my equipoise,
Possibly followed by immersion,
To dash the record of the days that were.

So, lest another cold-snap find me craven,
Too cowed to bear the happier time's recall
("*Nessun maggior dolore*"—what?),
I go to seek a guarded spot
Safe in the South, an azure haven
Where no one ever dreams of ice at all.

Thither I journey where a genial Sol lives
In permanence and not by casual spells—
An Eden through whose blessèd gates
No serpent enters in on skates,
A Paradise of pines and olives
And sea-blown airs among the Esterels. O. S.

£10,000.

My friend the stock-broker took up the conversation:—"It's a queer thing," he said, "how differently different people look at money, and what funny ways they have for getting rid of it. Now if any one left me £10,000, I should know what to do with it. It would run to a yacht or a shoot or a stud of motor-cars or a new wing to the house; or, on the other hand, I might put it into a good thing or two, and double it or treble it, or, for the matter of that, lose it all. It sometimes happens that way. But, anyhow, I should try to get something with it or make something out of it. I shouldn't despise it and just chuck it away.

"Old Joe Moggridge, however, thought differently. I daresay some of you remember him: he used to do his bit of stone-breaking or road-mending round about our village. Sometimes you'd see him clipping hedges or trimming banks or doing any sort of odd job—nothing came amiss to him. A rum old fellow he was—looked as if he'd been carved out of mahogany and had never been properly jointed. He had a pair of old-fashioned whiskers to his cheeks and a wisp of beard sticking out from his throat, but his chin was clean-shaved. I always wondered why he took the trouble. It was a hard gnarled kind of face, but the eyes were wonderful. A steely blue-grey they were, and, I tell you, they used to shine like the head-lights of a motor. It always gave me a queer feeling when he faced me, just as if he were looking right through me at something very fine and pleasant far out on the other side of my back.

"The old chap and I got to be quite friendly. I'd often stop and have a chat with him, and sometimes I'd have a go with him about politics; but he bested me there. He didn't have any good to say of Conservatives or Liberals. He thought they were both alike and all for themselves, and there was going to be something much better some day that was going to wipe 'em out and give the poor a chance; and then his old eyes would begin to light up, and I'd change the subject, not wanting to worry him.

"Well, one day he asked me if he might come and see me at home, because he wanted to consult me about something that was troubling him. He'd got some papers, he said, and as he wasn't a 'scholard' he'd take it kindly if I wouldn't mind helping him. So that evening at six o'clock in he stepped. He wouldn't sit down—said he found it easier standing, because his legs had got tied into knots over the stone-breaking. Then he pulled out his papers. One was a letter from a firm of solicitors in Montreal telling him that Henry Moggridge, his brother, had recently died, leaving all his money, amounting to something over £10,000, to his dear brother Joseph, of Lavender Cottage, Great Shakerley, Bucks. They added that it was all invested in good securities and easily realisable, and they would be glad to do anything in their power for the fortunate legatee. They enclosed a copy of the will, and, as far as I could see, it was all in good order.

"'Well,' said I, 'you're a lucky man, Moggridge, and I congratulate you.' But he wouldn't have any congratulations: 'It'll be a peck o' trouble,' he said. 'What's a man like me to do with £10,000?' If it had come forty year ago there might 'a' bin some sense in it; but now it's no manner o' use to me. I don't know what poor old Harry was arter leaving me the money. He might ha' found something better to do with it—but I suppose he meant it kindly by me. However, there it is, Sir, and if you'll help me to get the money we'll settle what to do with it arterwards. I ain't goin' to keep it, that's all I know. The old woman's dead; Tom, he got killed in South Africa, and Jim went down with the *Salamanca* in the Bay of Biscay. There's nobody else left, except me, and £10,000 is a bit of foolishness for a man o' my age.'

"To cut a long story short, I took the business in hand, and eventually the thing was wound up and a draft for the money came over. When I told old Joe that it was safe in the bank and that he'd got £10,106 to his credit he didn't turn a hair:—'Thankee, Sir,' he said, as I showed him his



CHRONIC DEPRESSION.

Dame Consols (*querulously*). "I KEEP ON FEELING SO LOW. WHY CAN'T YOU CALL IN A DOCTOR?"

Sairey Lloyd-Gamp. "WHICH I CAN'T A-BEAR THE NAME O' SICH!"



"I let my house furnished, and they've had measles there. Of course, we've had the place disinfected, so I suppose it's quite safe. What do you think?"

"I fancy it would be all right, dear; but I think perhaps it would be safer to lend it to a friend first."

cheque-book, 'we'll just fill up two o' them slips o' paper and then we'll put the rest in the fire. Write one out for £10,000—that's for the County Hospital, where they took good care o' me when I broke my leg; and the rest I'll have for myself, just to keep under my bed for a sharp pinch. But don't you tell anyone, Sir, or I'll have all the old women in the parish trying to cross lips with me and get me into the church. Just you tell the hospital folk the money's from a man as wants to be known as M., and they're to ask no questions.'

"It wasn't a bit of good my talking to that old image. His mind was made up, and a ton of dynamite wouldn't have moved him. In the end the hospital got the money, and all sorts of millionaires got the credit of having given it. Old Moggridge went on with his stone-breaking and his bank-trimming and road-mending, and when he died two years ago they found twenty £5 notes in a packet under his bed, with a scrawl, signed by him, saying it was to be divided between the Vicar and Ames the brewer. That's the story of the famous anonymous subscription of £10,000 which set everyone talking about ten years ago. I kept the secret as long as the old man was alive, but now that he's passed in his checks there's no harm in telling it."

Doing it on the Cheap.

"The Earl of Northbrook, who is the High Steward of Winchester, has invited the members of the Winchester Corporation and their wives, as well as the chief officials of the town, to dine with him at Winchester last week."—*Standard.*

JANE—A TERRIER.

She's short in the leg and she's long in the jaw,
And the roof of her mouth is as black as your hat,
With her rough little coat and her round little paw,
She's a rum 'un, is Jane, at fox, otter, or rat;
She's the hardest from Bodale to Bicester,
In holt or in earth or in drain,
And she sticks just as close as a blister,
Does good little sister Jane.

She never was willing to learn as a pup
To "die for her country" or carry your stick,
And she always sat down when you bade her "sit up,"
But she's clever as sin, and she's thunder-bolt quick,
And the heaviest badger 'll shirk her,
The biggest dog-fox bolt amain;
She's a wasp for her weight, she's a worker,
Is good little sister Jane!

At night, when she's curled in her place by the fire,
She cocks you a wicked and earth-reddened eye,
To say that her badger "sat up" by desire,
That a hoary buck-rat in the hedge did the "die,"
And she twitches and whines and remembers,
And tackles 'em over again,
Rolled up end to end by the embers,
Does good little sister Jane!

THE CONSOLATIONS OF AN EX-LEADER.

The late but brilliant incursion of Mr. Balfour into the arena of athletics has been the event of the winter season at Cannes. His triumphs as a lawn tennis player have already been chronicled by our contemporaries, but in pastime as in politics the Ex-Premier is nothing if not versatile, and the following succinct account of his further exploits will be read with deep interest by all who delight in the spectacle of genius at play.

Mr. Balfour Becomes Snap Champion.

From our own Correspondent.

I hasten again to put the electric current in motion to inform you that Mr. Balfour last evening astonished the English colony here by his skill and address at Snap. In the Snap Drive instituted in honour of Mr. Bonar Law Mr. Balfour was the winner, and immediately gave a supper party to celebrate the victory. The Rt. Hon. gentleman has a style of play peculiar to himself, and utters the fateful word "Snap" with extraordinary force and decision, in a voice totally free from every trace of doubt, philosophic or other. It was noticed by the other players that Mr. Balfour's right arm, which was bared for the struggle, bore a tattooed design representing the historic encounters of Robert Bruce with the Spider, surmounted by the Royal Arms of Scotland and a portrait of Beethoven.

Mr. Balfour's Success at Polo.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Balfour, who has become indefatigable in his pursuit of athletics, to-day won golden opinions of his dexterity as a polo player. The match was Cambridge Quidnuncs *versus* Pragmatistic Pundits, and Mr. Balfour played for the Quidnuncs. At first the Rt. Hon. gentleman had some difficulty in retaining his pony between his legs, but a taller one was quickly procured for him. Thenceforth his career was one steady triumph. Mr. Balfour has his own way of playing polo, as of doing everything else, and severe classicists might object to his habit of striking the other players over the head and shoulders with his niblick, which he prefers to the usual weapon, in his eagerness to get possession of the ball; but the end justifies the means, and at the close of the game Mr. Balfour was the only player left on the field. A lunch party in his honour is being given by the local Ambulance Brigade.

Mr. Balfour wins the Spillikins Trophy.

From our own Correspondent.

The famous Spillikins Trophy, the struggle for which every February is the very *crise* of the Cannes season, was won last night by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, amid scenes of unparalleled enthusiasm. Mr. Balfour was at once seen to be wearing the very latest Spillikins rig, one of the outstanding features of which is celluloid spats, and his hand was of the steadiness of a rock. It was an intensely thrilling moment when the little fragile ivory sticks were dropped on the table by the judge, and Mr. Balfour, grasping his hook in a manner wholly his own, with his left leg twisted round his neck for increased steadiness, began to pick them out one by one. In recognition of his success Mr. Balfour ordered the Trophy, which is a magnificent gold loving-cup, to be filled with the finest *vin ordinaire* for the benefit of the fashionable company.

Mr. Balfour Loses at Billiards.

From our own Correspondent.

Excitement at Cannes reached fever point to-day when Mr. Balfour nearly carried off the Billiard Handicap organised by the Grand Duke Boleslas of Podolia. The game was 100 up, Mr. Balfour starting from 85. At first everything went the scratch player's way, nice runs of 14, 11, 21, 12 and 23 resulting. Mr. Balfour, whose style is remarkably finished and who never uses a rest, then found his touch, and after two brilliant misses opened with a fine three all off the red. This he followed with a well-aimed shot at his opponent's ball, which placed him *hors de combat* and paved the way for a double baulk. The scratch man failing to negotiate this, Mr. Balfour compiled a clever five (three off the red) before he broke down. It was noticed with interest that it is upon safety play and red losers that the right hon. gentleman chiefly relied. The scores were now—scratch 83; Mr. Balfour 96; the latter, in fact, needing but four to win; but to the intense grief of the whole Colony the scratch man ran out, and the supper party organised in honour of the Ex-Premier by Mrs. Massy Stroker was postponed *sine die*.

Mr. Balfour Wins the Egg and Spoon Race.

From our own Correspondent.

The Cannes Gymkhana, always a popular event, attracted an enormous crowd to-day—including visitors from the Balearic Isles, Stromboli and Dimbovitza, owing to the fact that Mr. Balfour had entered for the egg and spoon race. The number of entrants was 63, and, needless to say, the Conservative statesman was greatly encouraged by the happy coincidence with his own age. Most of the competitors wore flannels, but Mr. Balfour appeared in a suit of Harris tweed of a yellowish tinge, chosen to harmonise with the contents of the egg in case they should escape his control. Of this, however, there never was any danger at any time, as Mr. Balfour succeeded in giving such an undercut to the egg with the magnificent apostle spoon which he used that its equilibrium was maintained throughout. His mode of progress, again, was thoroughly individual, being a sort of ambling side-step, recalling that of a famous Rugby three-quarters, which distracted the attention of his rivals while never impairing his own concentration. On reaching the winning-post Mr. Balfour was carried shoulder high to the pavilion, and a grand banquet was held that evening in his honour by the Mayor and Corporation of Nice, at which his manipulation of the egg was favourably contrasted with that of Columbus.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

WESTMINSTER PALACE OF VARIETIES

(Under Royal Patronage)

Will re-open on February 14th.

Magnificent Programme! Special Attractions!

TWO HOUSES DAILY!

The following are only a few of the Star Turns to be seen daily at the above Hall:—

Wonderful Illusion: "Asquith's Cabinet Trick."

(£5 will be paid to anyone who discovers how the Cabinet is held together.)

"George and the Doctors." A screaming farcical absurdity in one Insurance Act.

"Little Winnie." Serio. (Fresh from the various Belfast Halls.)

Dillon and Devlin. Knockabouts.

Haldane and his Terriers.

("Real Dogs of War. Their efficiency reflects the greatest credit on their trainer."—*The Aldershot Advertiser.*)

Lloyd and Law, Back-chat Comedians.

("Past-masters in invective."—*Vide Press.*)

The Molly Maguires in their comic song (with brogue), "Toe the line, bhoys, toe the line."



Host. "Hoots, man! Yer shairly no gangen the noo! The nicht's jest begun."
Guest. "Na, I'm no gangen, but I thocht I wad jest say guid nicht, while I recognise ye!"

Happy Harcourt in his famous patter-song, "There's no one we like so much as you, Lu lu."

"Samuel at the Telephone." Ten minutes of Fun and Fury.

('Calculated to make even *real* Telephone Subscribers laugh and forget their troubles.')

The following will also appear at intervals:—

Keir and Mac (Scotch Character comedians), Breezy Berlsford (as "Dear Old Charlie"), Austen and Smith (Figure Jugglers), Edward Carson and Co. in the stirring melodrama, "The Only Way," etc., etc.

☞ Don't Forget! Feby. 14th,
The Opening Day.

WESTMINSTER PALACE OF VARIETIES
(Directly opposite St. Thomas's Hospital.
'Buses pass the door.)

N.B.—The only Hall in London which pays none of its artistes *less* than £400 per annum.

THE GINGER CAT

'Tis the old wife at Rickling, she
Has lost her ginger cat; 'twas he
Who used to share the Master's tea
Beside the settle,
Or on his corduroy clad knee
Out-purr the kettle;

Who followed when she pinned a row
Her flapping gowns of indigo,
And watched the apple petals blow
With stealthy rapture,
Rehearsing in a mimic show
Some mouse's capture.

At dew-fall, with uncovered head
What tidings have the old wife led
Hither where oak and hazel shed
Their shadow deeper?
They say the ginger cat is dead,
Shot by the Keeper.

Though coverts dim her searches lie
(Howe'er so hardly sorrows try,
The burden of uncertainty
To bear were harder)
To where things dangle when they die—
The Keeper's larder.

A bough the larder hangs upon—
Rats, and decaying hedge-hogs grown
Shapeless, and owls their features gone,
A grisly freight,
And many a weasel skeleton
With hairless pate,

And trophy of cats' tails arrayed,
Tabby and white and black displayed,
Th' adornment of the still green glade—
More gay for that
Of him who in the morning strayed,
The ginger cat.

She knows it, and she cuts it down,
Then warm beneath her folded gown
Bestows the severed brush's brown
And orange bands—
So soft of fur, the tears fall down
Upon her hands.

The copse-wood parts, 'tis she who goes,
Whom shades obscure and starlight shows,
Treading between the hazel rows
The fallen sticks,
Home, where the careless firelight glows
Along the bricks.

CRITICISM MADE EASY.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier has been asking the world at large, through the columns of *The Daily Mail*, what qualifications a man must possess to entitle him to become a paid critic of art, music, literature and the drama.

As the inquiry arising out of this bold question may lead to unhappy disclosures regarding the lack of training and appreciative sensitiveness among hardened critics, let us hasten to make known the virtues of the new Criticismograph, with phonotint attachment. It may be said at once that Mr. Edison has had nothing whatever to do with this.

The apparatus, neatly packed in a morocco case, which can be easily slipped into the tail pocket of the dress coat, consists of the following ingenious parts, all calculated to save enormous expense and time in the training and education of young critics:—

The Dramaticritophone, readings from which immediately inform the user whether the piece in progress is drama, melodrama, comedy, light comedy, play with music, musical play or comic opera. Should no indication be given, it may be concluded that the piece is grand opera or farce, the distinction between those being easily ascertained by keeping an eye upon the orchestra.

Mr. A. B. Walkley writes:—"I consider this the most marvellous part of the mechanism. When in doubt at the Tivoli, I always pull out my little Dramaticritophone. It has enabled me on several occasions to separate the serious from the gay elements in the songs of Mr. George Robey and Miss Marie Lloyd."

The Hygrodramometer, for use only in pathetic drama. The extraordinary sensitiveness of this instrument to the slightest trace of tearfulness on the part of the house must be experienced to be credited. Entirely unaffected by orange-vapour or influenza.

Mr. J. Binns, editor, printer and publisher of *The Slumpton-under-Nidd Clarion* writes:—"The Hygrodramometer thoroughly justified me in the unconventional attitude I adopted towards the local Amateur Dramatic Society's performance of that rollicking farce, 'When did Billy go Home?'"

The Kinetodrame gives an exact estimate of the foot-pounds of energy employed by the artiste when speaking or singing. Top-scores have been registered by Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Clara Butt.

The Gallophone enables the critic to ascertain at a glance how far, if at all, a piece has been adapted from the French. Quite unmoved by respectable British situations, it responds with startling rapidity to any symptom of Parisian atmosphere by shooting out the exact adjective required for purposes of description.

Mr. W. L. Courtney writes: "Had it not been for this admirable device, I should not have dreamt of characterising *Macbeth* as *risqué*."

The Critartomobile is an invaluable adjunct to the diffident art critic in the performance of his duties. On exposing the sensitive surface to the picture the work of a cubist is at once indicated by the ringing of a bell. Should the work be fairly unintelligible, the bell continues ringing until a lever is pressed. If, however, the painting is sufficiently unintelligible to be considered a masterpiece, the machine immediately explodes.

Mr. Lewis Hind writes: "I have burst some scores of your clever engines already."

The Musicritometer is primarily intended for the appreciation of the modern schools of music. In the presence of traces of Beethoven or Bach a green light appears on the dial; a red light immediately denotes the manner of Ravel or Debussy, this being followed by a general phosphorescence, and, on the sensitised gramophone disc being wound up, alternative reports from the old and new points of view are spun out on the tape machine attachment. This attachment may also be used as a mangle.

Mr. Landon Ronald writes:—"I have sent one of your machines as a present to Sir Henry J. Wood."

A combined use of the various devices makes the complete summing up of any work of art, from a water-colour sketch to a pantomime, a matter of extreme simplicity. Thus, Mr. Winston Churchill writes:—"Fascinated by the variety and charm of the invention, I set a Criticismograph going at Belfast during my famous oration. The result was instantaneous and surprising. I shall never speak without one again—anyhow, not in a damp marquee."

"Edgbaston Reservoir
Skating this Day.
To admit one person (including bathing) 7s. 6d."—*Advt. in "Birmingham Daily Post."*

The bathing would, of course, be optional.

"William ——, a vagrant, was shopping on Saturday afternoon, when P.c. Scott ran him in.—Sentenced to 21 days hard labour."
Sleaford Gazette.

You should see the Sleaford gaol at Christmas time.

HOW TO BUY THINGS.

(*With other relevant advice.*)

Goldfish.

When you go to buy goldfish be sure to take some water with you. They are delicate creatures, and seldom thrive in brown-paper, however carefully packed, or the trousers pocket. Goldfish have never been known to attack a human being, and they make capital pets. To the up-to-date conjurer they are indispensable. Never buy goldfish at an immature age; the simple life of an aquarium is not suited to the *jeunesse dorée*. A very good way to test the fish is to put some acid on it; if it turns black, don't buy it. It is probably a Birmingham fish. At the present rate of exchange, goldfish cost about threepence each, but a big European war would inevitably send the price up. The cost of breadcrumbs must also be considered by the careful buyer. Never buy goldfish before they have learnt to swim, or you will be greatly disappointed. It is quite easy to distinguish the non-swimmers, because they float on their backs on the surface of the water, and open and shut their mouths. A tin of sardines would give more pleasure than a bowlful of these incompetent wasters. Remember that goldfish require amusement. If your purchases show signs of boredom, cheer them up by placing a pebble or two in the bowl; this will give them something to think about. There is nothing like a pebble to brighten things up. At the present time the Metropolitan Water Board make no extra charge where goldfish are kept, though how long this generous policy will continue the writer is unable to say.

A Fountain-Pen.

No one need be without a fountain-pen. They are as common as coal circulars and wrestling champions. The guinea kinds are sold at ninepence, and so on in proportion. To test pen, fill it with ink and jerk it violently in direction of shop-walker's waistcoat. Any kind of ink will do. If he continues to solicit your custom you may conclude that the pen is a good one.

The great advantage of fountain-pens over other pens is that you can carry them about with you in your waistcoat pocket, or indeed anywhere about your person. You can take them to bed with you. At the dentist's you can say to yourself, "I am all right *this* time! I have my fountain-pen with me!" Nothing matters to the man who has a pen. And they are so handy. All you want is a case for the pen, a box, a dip, a squirt thing, a pair of pliers,



"MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE MRS. BROWNE?" "OH! THANKS, DEAR; BUT HADN'T YOU BETTER ASK SOMEONE ELSE?"
"BUT I'VE ASKED *EVERYBODY* ELSE!"

some special ink and—there you are! These will do to go on with, but a complete outfit should include blotting-paper, ink-eraser, and some salts of lemon. Our grandfathers did not have fountain-pens, poor things. But then they were so terribly behind the times.

A SIDEBOARD.

A very good way to buy a sideboard is to get it on the hire-purchase system. You pay the first instalment on it, and then the man writes to you for the others. If he does not write, he calls. If he forgets to write or call for six years, the sideboard is yours. Many young couples start in this way. The best-known styles of sideboards are Byzantine, Perpendicular, Fumed Oak and Tottenham Court Road—Buses and Tubes to all parts. Then there are the sales, which are always worth attending. They are generally conducted by Scotchmen, and take place in noblemen's mansions. All you have to do is to nod your head, pay over the money, and the sideboard is yours. When you get it home and examine it at your leisure, it will be the surprise of your life. There are some sideboards that you can only open in dry weather; if it is wet, the drawers stick; so you have a handy article of furniture and a weather guide all in one. It is very convenient. When buying a sideboard, be careful to live in a flat that is big enough to hold it. The writer knew a man who had to change his flat twice before he could get the marmalade out of the sideboard cupboard. That sort of thing makes marmalade unnecessarily expensive, and the intelligent reader of these hints is not likely to be so improvident.

A PICTURE.

The picture buyer has an almost unlimited range of subjects and sizes to pick from, and they are all good. The important point is to avoid anything painted by a modern artist. They are such rotters. Choice works can be picked up in old cathedral towns frequented by tourists (Americans for choice); also Strand auction rooms. The name is everything in the picture world, and you cannot go wrong if you select a Claude, Velasquez or Reynolds. Any of these will look well in a birdseye maple frame set off by saddlebag furniture, and should prove a permanent investment. You will never sell them. The English School may, however, be studied with advantage by the collector, if only as a matter of interest. It is known as the open-air or pavement school, and deals with *genre* subjects. Typical examples are: A Salmon (in halves); The Sailor's Return; and Heart pierced by Arrow.

It is as well, before handing over your cheque, to examine your purchase. Dealers, with the best intentions, sometimes err in their descriptions of the goods which they handle. There is no doubt that the Old Masters were industrious, but it is unlikely that they painted more than a couple of thousand pictures each. To test the genuineness of your purchase place it under a tap of hot water and scrub it with a hard brush. If it survives this treatment it is indeed a masterpiece, and you may rest assured that your £5 note has not been wasted.

"The man who occupy a high position in the Council of his country, and whose dream is ambition and wealth, and who uses all the incubators Satan has invented, to cover up his footprints and his machinations, that man can never experience the balm which flows from a grateful conscience, as the reward of integrity and the faithful performance of duty."

Fishermen's Advocate, Newfoundland.

As we told our tobacconist yesterday, in reply to his remarks about the weather.



Referee. "Free kick!" *[illegible]* "Who for?" *Referee (absent-mindedly).* "Us."

THE OTHER SIDE.

It is not a theory. It is a fact. I have waited for trains on every platform on the "Inner Circle." The same thing invariably happens. Two trains arrive at and depart from the other platform, going the other way, before any train puts in an appearance on my own side. I have tried it on both sides, though not at once, of course, and the result is always the same.

I will admit that I was in a bad temper that day. As I purchased my ticket I heard the brakes of a train pulling it to rest. I missed it, of course. Half the population of London seemed to get out of that train and come up stairs at the precise moment I desired to go down.

I watched two trains arrive at and depart from the opposite platform.

I sent for the station master.

"I desire," I said, "to make a complaint."

He looked at me sympathetically.

"Fallen down the steps, Sir?"

"No," I replied shortly. "I fell up them three times, if you want to know—but that's *my* affair. What I want to ask is whether you are aware that the last two trains have gone in the wrong direction."

For two seconds he glanced wildly up and down the line.

"There will be no collision," I reassured him, "because they are both upon the line whose business it is to take them in the wrong direction."

"That's all right, Sir," he said soothingly.

"It is not all right. It happens every time. As sure as I wait for a train on one side, I see two come in on the other first. I do not for one instant suggest that it is done intentionally. I attribute it entirely to carelessness on the part of the directors. Please see that the matter is attended to."

"But suppose," he said, "that you were on that side and I was on this, then how could it happen to both of us at once?"

"*How* it happens," I replied, "I should not presume to instruct you. That is *your* affair. All I know is that it *would* happen."

A third train arrived at the opposite platform.

"*Three!*" I shouted. "Do you see that? I have an important engagement at Blackfriars at 2.30. I shall be late for it just because your confounded line chooses to run three trains in the wrong direction first!"

"Blackfriars?" he repeated, gazing thoughtfully at the departing train. "You're on the wrong platform. All those trains have gone to Blackfriars."

"And now," I exclaimed bitterly, "now I shall have to go over there and watch three trains come in at *this* platform!"

And I had to.

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

Once at the restaurant I dined,
The fare was choice, the chef expert,
The waiter civil and alert,
Contentment breathed upon my mind.

A casual gaze I played upon
The well-decked tables far and nigh,
At last the search-light of mine eye
Full on my left hand neighbour shone.

I shuddered and I turned away,
Yet at this dainty board there sate
A youth in garb immaculate,
Well mannered, handsome, clean and gay.

What reason then shall I appoint
For my revulsion so complete?
Why, this: that I had reached the sweet,
While he, coarse brute! *was at the joint.*



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

(This Saint's Day has been selected for the opening of Parliament.)



Newly-arrived Engineer on Indian Railway (full of visions of Indian sport, pig-sticking, etc.). "ARE THERE ANY PIGS NEAR HERE?"
Irish Foreman. "THERE IS, LASHUNS OF THIM." *Engineer.* "WHERE?" *Irish Foreman.* "ALL OVER."
Engineer (thinking of the kind of country). "DO YOU THINK YOU COULD RIDE THEM?"
Irish Foreman. "RIDE THIM? FAIX, IF YOU'LL CATCH THIM I'LL RIDE THIM."

TO AN EARLY DAFFODIL.

RARE, rare bloom of the sun enslaven,
  Laughter-laden and gold-bedight,
How came you to a Northern haven,
  To a sky the colour of anthracite?
To what fair land do your thoughts go homing,
Southern shore with cream waves combing,
Where the birds and bees are all day roaming
  And nightingales sing to the stars all night?

Was it Persephone's guileless finger
  Coaxed you first from Sicily's sward,
Where the herdsmen's steps were fain to linger
  And the cattle splashed in the drowsy ford,
While the Satyrs danced with their Naiad
    neighbours
To a measure of shepherd-pipes and tabors,
And the Cyclops toiled at his endless labours
  By the flaming forges of Etna's lord?

Or were you born by the staid Cephissus
  Where the dull Boeotian days went by,
To mind men ever of fond Narcissus
  Where Helicon climbed to the stormy sky;
Where the clouds still follow the tearful Hyads
By the homes of the oak-tree Hamadryads,
And the Thracian wind with its sough and sigh adds
  Homage to graves where the heroes lie?

I love to think it; but could you tell us
  We should find, I fear, that with all your class
You know as much of the land of Hellas
  As I do, say, of the Khyber Pass.
For I doubt you are none of the old-time lilies
Beloved of Hector and fleet Achilles;
In the Channel Isles, or perhaps the Scillies,
  You were grown in a hot-house under glass.

Another Wrong to Ireland.

"Comment is general in London on the very gloomy spirit in which the Nationa'ists leaders in Ireland are sallying forth to bottle."
Devon and Exeter Gazette.

"CLERICAL PLAYWRIGHTS. -The Rev. the Hon. J. G. Adderley has written a 'Twelfth Night' interlude called 'Epiphany,' which will be given by the Mortality Plays Society."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

We have never heard of this society before; but we hope it will not be reserved for clerical playwrights only.

We have it "from a high diplomatic authority" that Lord HALDANE's interview with the KAISER had reference to the necessary six months' notice required by our Territorial Forces in the event of a proposed landing of the Germans upon our shores.

Commercial Candour.

From an Hotel prospectus:—

"Weissbach is the favourite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude. Persons in search of it are, in fact, constantly flocking here from the four quarters of the globe."

AT THE PLAY.

"Dust of Egypt."

When the *genie* in Mr. Anstey's *Brass Bottle* comes to life the humour lies in the contrast between the British modernity of the hero and the exotic antiquity of the environment which the Oriental arranges for his delight. In *Dust of Egypt* it is largely the other way about. The old-world habits and beliefs of the Egyptian mummy are brought up sharply against the twentieth-century surroundings into which she revives. The humour was bound to be more obvious and familiar. There is not much fresh fun to be got out of the effect produced upon innocence by the magic of the electric light or the devilry of the telephone. Yet, till the charm began to wear off a little, there was always some mirth in the air while Miss Enid Bell, as the *Princess Amenset*, was on the stage, so lofty was the diction she adopted, so devastating was her lack of moral scruples.

The only person who apparently failed to be amused was Mr. Gerald du Maurier. It was his business, of course, to meet the high-flown language of the mummy with a note of bathos; and, anyhow, it is a habit with him to keep his facial muscles in repose, and not to speak in more keys than he can help. It would be wrong, therefore, to attribute his gravity to any personal opinion he had formed of the merits of the play. More probably he had the merits of the critics in his mind, for I saw the play on the second night, and he may at the time have been contemplating that letter of his to *The Daily Mail* in which he invites the public's view as to the qualifications (if any) which a critic has to be a critic.

As for the rest of the play, when I say that the chief humour of one of the funny men consisted in spraying moisture from his lips upon whatever object, human or inanimate, came within range of his guffaws, you will gather that the entertainment did not fail from excess of subtlety. O. S.

[A notice of Mr. Sutro's new play will appear in our next issue.]



Mr. Gerald Du Maurier. "Look out! Cross your fingers and she can't hurt you. She's not a so called dramatic critic."

Princess Amenset ... ... Miss Enid Bell.
Geoffrey Lascelles ... ... Mr. Gerald du Maurier.
Violet Bradley ... ... Miss Gladys Harvey.

"Lost in 10.11 p.m. train from Liverpool, beer stand with musical box attached."
Advt. in "Liverpool Daily Post."

It is estimated that more than a thousand of these are left in trains and cabs every year. We have only just got ours back.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

The Daily Chronicle has recently called attention to the realistic performance of Captain Wood, son of Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, in "Sir Herbert Tree's production of Mr. Kinsey Peile's Kipling playlet, *The Man Who Was*," at the Palace Theatre, and kindly informs us that, although Captain Wood has only a single line to speak—and you can in fact hardly see the Wood for the Tree—he is "very enthusiastic on the subject of acting, and has a great fondness for the stage."

This stimulating connection between the world of action and the stage is, we are glad to say, by no means so infrequent as some unthinking observers might suppose, and of several similar instances that have come within the range of our own knowledge we may be allowed to give special prominence to the following.

Thus, as the old "fold" curtains of the Hippalladium are parted each night upon the opening scene of Sir Squire Harvey's production of Mr. Winsey Wolseley's version of Mr. Anthony Shaw's playlet, *Ninepence for Fourpence*, several officials of the Golders Green Radical Club are discovered holding a committee-meeting. They all enter into their parts with remarkable spirit, but anyone with an eye for "the genuine article" can tell in an instant which is the real Radical stalwart. For while the others display an enthusiasm for Lloyd-Georgian finance, which is slightly histrionic (to use the word in no offensive sense), one of the group shows an unaffected earnestness in his bearing which carries instantaneous conviction. After all, this is only as it should be, for Mr. Ivor Jenkins, the actor in question, is no less than a third cousin once removed of Mr. Sylvanus Horne, and before taking to the stage was secretary to the Pontypridd Land Nationalisation League. Although Mr. Jenkins has never yet been entrusted with a speaking part, his mastery of gesture is so eloquent that he quite dominates the scene for the few minutes during which he graces it with his presence.

Again, a very interesting *début* is promised for the *première* of "The Burnt Cork Girl," in which the Munster Players will make their first appearance in London on St. Patrick's Day. Miss Sheila Scarriff, who impersonates the Banshee, heard "off" in the Second Act, is related, through her stepmother, to the famous Irish patriot, Owen Roe O'Neill, and the tones of her voice, a rich dramatic soprano of extensive range, are so instinct with patriotic sentiment that many converts to Home Rule have been made by its instrumentality. The heroine of the story, it may interest our readers to know, is an innocent *colleen* who is unjustly suspected of witchcraft and consigned to the flames by her lover in the touching belief that the sacrifice of his sweetheart will bring peace to the neighbourhood. The only attempt at a performance in Cork led to a desperate riot, and the play has since been banned by the authorities in New York, Tipperusalem and Sydney. It is hoped, however, that the emancipated intelligence of the Metropolis will appreciate the fine moral and patriotic lesson of the play, which Mr. Bernard Shaw has been at pains to expound in an open letter to President Taft and the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth Government. We had almost forgot to add that, though Miss Sheila Scarriff has never yet undertaken a *rôle* of greater importance than an "outside shout," she is very enthusiastic on the subject of acting and has a great fondness for the stage.

"A mighty naval antagonist suddenly appears in her immediate proximity, who talks about 'snatching the tripod.'"—*Daily Mail.*

Look out for this old Delphic sport at the Stockholm Olympic Games, and don't confuse it with "Pinching the Trident."

"Owing to the continuous rain, the main road from Northorpe to Kirton Lindsey rose to the depth of two feet."—*Hull Times.*

Very intelligent of it.



"The Terrapin Trundle," the "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," the "Catch-as Catch Can" and the "Rough-and-Tumble." The "Scullery Lancers" for those who are constitutionally incapable of learning to dance.



Going down to supper—"The Piccaninny Dandle." An obvious and early development if some rudimentary self-respect on the part of both sexes is not soon restored.

THE WATER-HAZARD.

(A tragedy of lost opportunity.)

There is a pond, a little pond,
Which (driving to the fourteenth pin)
Duncan would put his ball beyond,
But Binks and I are far too fond
Of falling in.

As when the land-blown gulls rejoice
Returning to their home the sea,
So do our balls go there for choice,
And down the wind there drifts a voice
That says "Dear me."

But lately, when the earth was bound
Under the Ice-King's iron rule,
I wandered forth in grief profound
Playing a visionary round,
And marked that pool.

No golfers circumscribed the links;
The club-house windows desolate,
Like the calm features of the Sphinx,
Gloomed o'er the void. Yes, even Binks
Had gone to skate.

All, all was pitiful and drear,
Yet, as I stood beside the trough
I wondered, "Why is no one here?"
This is the day of all the year
For dashed good golf.

Not everywhere perhaps (there lay
Over the earth a shining screen
That might have spoilt men's brassy play);
But what a perfect golfing day
For hole fourteen!

Elsewhere, maybe, the wizard's wand
Had not been ours, nor yet the card
One sometimes sees in fancy fond;
But here, oh here (of course the pond
Was frozen hard).

We had the Colonel fairly trounced,
His head included in our bag;
I feel a confidence pronounced
That Binks and I would just have bounced
Up to the flag. Evoe.

THE OVERLORD.

My friend, Charles Danks, has come into a fortune. It appears to be the easiest thing in the world to do. All that is necessary is to have an uncle, to have no cousins and to sit tight. The rest is done by the solicitor. Charles' fortune is one of four thousand, forty thousand, four hundred thousand or four million pounds; I cannot say which. All I know is that there is a four in it somewhere; but I am told that the noughts are more important. Be that as it may, the pounds are sterling, and they have produced, *inter alia*, a motor car.

After a week of it, Charles came to see me. "A friend in need," he said, "is a friend indeed. May I count on you?"

"My dear plutocrat," I answered, "we have been through the thin of poverty, we will go through the thick of wealth together. You may begin counting now, and go on till I tell you to stop."

"Do you know anything about motor cars?" he asked.

"Do you want me to be your chauffeur?"

"No. I want to introduce you to him. I am going to ask you to talk to him."

I shook my head. "I know that I have an unusually strong and dominant character," I said, "but I do not hold myself out as competent to deal with a chauffeur. I would sooner reprimand Royalty."

"I don't ask you to do that," explained Charles; "I only want you to try to win his respect. Talk to him in his own high language; show or pretend that you understand him; ask an intelligent question or two. I have failed; but I feel that if you could only manage to impress him a little he might take an interest in you. Then, when you have enlisted his confidence, I want you to tell him that I am a friend of yours, and it is just possible that so he might be induced to put up with me, instead of merely despising me. He might even consult me now and then; and there are such a lot of things I should like to do with the car, if only I was allowed to."

"Dash it all," I expostulated, "it's your car."

Charles groaned. "I am not so sure about that."

I was duly presented to Mr. Fitzgerald (we are sure that must be the chauffeur's real name; at any rate he deserves it); I talked to Mr. Fitzgerald; I passed on to him all the curious information about the Otto Cycle which I had that very morning gleaned from a sample of the New Dictionary of Omniscience, very timely sent me by way of advertisement. More especially I listened to him intelligently, and as a result . . . I won't say, I *told* Mr. Fitzgerald, but Mr. Fitzgerald and I *agreed*, to run the car to Virginia Water.

Charles was astounded at my success. Arrived at our destination, he actually conceived the bold idea of not going back at once. To obtain Mr. Fitzgerald's further acquiescence it was necessary for me to do some more listening.

"My engines," he said egotistically, "are six cylinder; my horse power 35 to 40. I reckon I could get sixty miles an hour out of my car as easy as no matter, and the stroke of my piston is . . ." but I cannot repeat it. We went through the whole thing detail by detail, and in an access of enthusiasm I insisted upon going inside.

"And that is an excellent rug," I concluded. "What about that?"

"It is Mr. Danks' rug," he replied, losing interest. Nevertheless we were allowed to stay to lunch.

After lunch, Mr. Fitzgerald was almost affable, and Charles conceived the impudent plan of going on further for tea. It was left to me again to obtain accommodation, and for this purpose I led Mr. Fitzgerald into a comparison of his present car with others of his experience. I might have succeeded but for my mistake in letting Charles, the mere owner, be present at the interview.

"Yes," Mr. Fitzgerald was saying, "I prefer my good old Stepney wheel to those detachable things. I once had occasion to use one of them, and it very nearly came off as we were travelling."

"And what matter if it had?" asked Charles, expanding inopportunely into frivolity, "there would still have been three wheels, enough for any reasonable man, to proceed upon."

Mr. Fitzgerald packed us inside the limousine, wound up the engine hurriedly, and shot us back towards London in disgust.

* * * * *

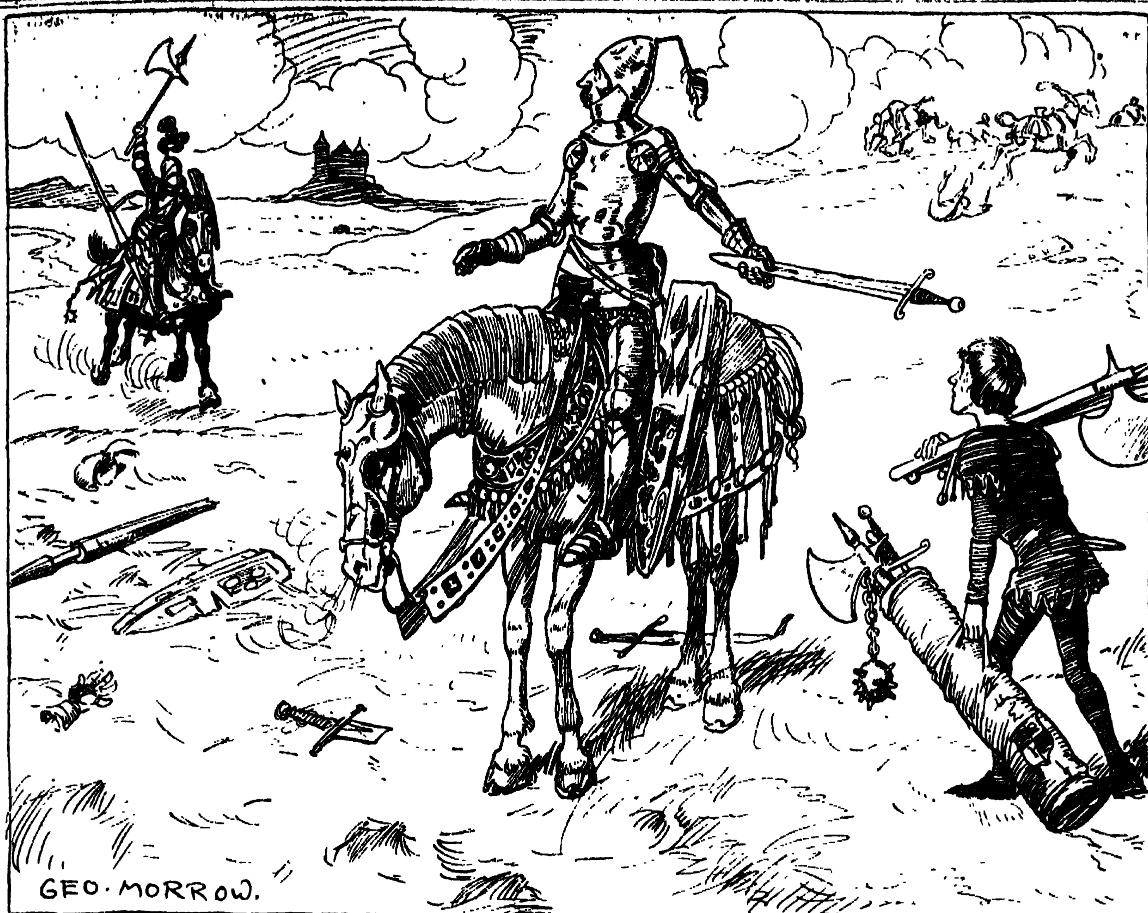
Just past Shepherd's Bush Mr. Fitzgerald met an equal. The equal was bold even for a policeman. He stood in the middle of the road and stopped Mr. Fitzgerald in the midst of his angry flight. He was almost at once joined by a gentleman in a bowler hat, who claimed to have no intimate knowledge of the inwards of a car, but professed to know all about speed. On this occasion he appeared to be particularly well informed. He opened the door and proceeded to discuss the matter with us.

"Pardon me, Sir," he said, addressing me, "but your car has been timed over a measured half-mile, and has achieved the distance in forty-five seconds. Forty miles an hour, I think, Sir."

"Very possibly you are right," I replied; "I am no mathematician. I am also ashamed to confess that I am not a motor-car owner."

He turned to Charles. "Pardon me, Sir, but your car has been timed over a measured half-mile, and has achieved. . . ."

Charles held up his hand, deprecating. "It is a sad story," he said, "but one that hardly bears repetition. Nevertheless," he concluded, pointing to Mr. Fitzgerald, "I think that *he* has a right to hear it. I am credibly informed that this is *his* car."



Knight (who has just put to flight a troop of enemies and sees a fresh antagonist of ferocious aspect approaching). "BOY, GIVE ME MY HEAVY MASHIE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SUSPECT that Mrs. HUGH FRASER is responsible for the plot of *The Satanist* (HUTCHINSON), Mr. J. I. STAHLMANN for the curious information, and Providence for the very happy combination of the two. *Yolanda Schiavone* had dabbled, with excuse, in the Black Mass in her past, and was not by any means quit of that heresy when her *Paolo* took her to wife. I am so lost in admiration for the constructive ingenuity which made *Paolo's* (and so the reader's) gradual introduction to the existence of Satanism an essential to the ensuing nemesis that, with one qualm, I forgive the slight improbability common to most stories which hinge on a guilty secret persistently kept. The virtue of candour might not be enough, but common prudence should have been more than enough to induce *Yolanda* to make a clean, early and spontaneous breast of what she knew must come out sooner or later. This fault noted, I thank her for not doing so, and thereby providing for us a most thrilling melodrama of the better and more reasonable class. *Non constat* that this is a book for promiscuous reading; there may be among the weaker brethren some who will imbibe too voraciously the curious information and fail to appreciate the deadly criticism levelled at the vile thing. But for that the joint authors cannot be blamed; their logic is as irresistible as their demonstration is complete. In postscript, it is to be remarked that the gentleman who first invented "electric torches" has conferred a boon upon the writers of modern adventure, for which they should be eternally grateful.

I suppose the Essay is the easiest thing in literature to do badly. Like the celebrated infant, when they are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are—slush. That is why my heart goes out in admiring sympathy to any author who has nowadays the courage to adventure a volume of such. Mr. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON is the latest stout-heart, with a book called, for some reason that I can't quite fathom, *Couch Fires and Primrose Ways* (KEGAN PAUL). It contains a heterogeneous collection of papers, ranging in topic from "Death" to "The American Woman," and from "Stevenson" to "Midwinter," upon all of which Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON has something pleasant, if not always very original or illuminating, to say. The book talks, in short, as any agreeable and well-educated companion might talk to one over the evening fire. Which really is just what such a volume should do. The only drawback to the interview is that it must necessarily be one-sided. Thus I should certainly have interrupted Mr. WATSON'S rambling monologue on the memorable personages of R. L. S. with a reminder about *Michael Finsbury*, who, in my own taste, should always head such a list. The author appears to have forgotten him. Still, I enjoyed listening. And his remarks upon "The Native English Drama" contain a protest against the modern worship of the unities, a thing that has been waiting for some time to be said, and he has said it well.

Tradition dies hard. Americans have a fixed idea that all Englishmen mismanage their aitches. I have seen, in a New York comic paper, a picture supposed to represent His Majesty King GEORGE THE FIFTH with a balloon con-

taining the words, "Hi s'y!" attached to his mouth. In England the tradition seems to be that all American girls habitually speak like members of a Broadway chorus. I have often wondered why English writers of fiction should imagine that education in speech and deportment spends itself without effect on the American girl. The heroine of *The Activities of Lavie Jutt*, by MARGUERITE and ARMIGER BARCLAY (STANLEY PAUL), had a wealthy father. Presumably, then, she had received a tolerable education. But she talks in the old familiar way. She "allows," she "opines," she thinks her "poppa" "real cute"; and when she goes to a theatre she flings diamonds to the leading lady, saying, "Put them on; they are for you!" She is, in fact, that mixture of kittenish impulsiveness and aggressive glitter which makes up the American girl in English fiction of the baser magazine sort. But if I found her unattractive his lordship, the hero, did not. At first sight he came to the conclusion that she was one of the nicest heiresses he had ever proposed to, and her company certainly had a wonderful effect on his character. We find him in chapter one trimming a hat for the hat-shop of which he is the proprietor. He also sings soprano and confesses to a weak heart. Yet, hardly has *Lavie* come into his life before he is felling assassins with the best of them. Wonderful fellows, heroes. There's no keeping them under. Their appearance may be misleading; they may trim hats and sing soprano, but just as the assassin is saying, "Look at this weak, pop-eyed, pasty-faced, adynamic wreck; let's have sport with him," out flashes that apparently flaccid left arm, and, biff! the assassin has got it right between the eyes. It's a dog's life, the assassin's, especially when an American heiress is stimulating the hero's weak heart.



Verger (to near-sighted vicar who has been preaching such a long sermon that one by one his congregation have got up and gone out). "DO YOU MIND LOCKING UP WHEN YOU'VE DONE, SIR?"

Lafcadio Hearn: his Life and Work, by NINA KENNARD (EVELEIGH NASH), is welcome, not merely on account of the tenderly-charming letters to his unseen half-sister, Mrs. ATKINSON, which are the immediate justification of the book, but for the detached yet not unaffectionate attitude which is preserved throughout by the biographer. It is an unpretentious piece of work, with certain heavy touches in the treatment of narrative and dialogue, and a sense of proportion none too acute; but it has the charm of all naïve and discursive biography. Doubtless the esoteric Hearnite will not be so well satisfied as one outside the borders of a distinguished and considerable fellowship who dares to think that this strange hybrid genius was never quite big enough to carry the handicap of his eccentricities and wayward prejudices. The hard fight he had to make to come so tardily, indeed all but posthumously, by his own—a fight rendered all the more difficult by personal defects and consequent hypersensitiveness, tended perhaps to warp ("embitter" is certainly too strong a word) an already erratic and unbalanced nature. But it is completely disarming to read—"I have more smallness in me than you suspect. How could it be otherwise! If a man lives like a rat for twenty or twenty-five years he must have acquired something of the disposition peculiar to house rodents, mustn't he?"—and it makes you love the man. Like STEVENSON, he belonged to that rare brotherhood of letters whose members weave a curious strand of intimacy into their communion with their readers. One strange blot this volume has—a frontispiece, reproduced, I take it, from the work of some ultra-progressive "photographic artist of Tokyo." Mrs. HEARN ("Setsu Koisumi") sits impassive in her picturesque attire on the most lamentable of worsted tasselled chairs, while HEARN, in an implacably Occidental black lounge suit, stands elbow on pillar, as they do the thing at Southend. Enough to make the ghosts of HOKUSAI and UTAMARO writhe in their shadowy kimonos!

Lovers of the country, and especially of the West-country, are accustomed to sit at the feet of "M. E. FRANCIS," and *Honesty* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) will not help them to abandon the habit. I, at any rate, can vouch for the fact that the atmosphere of this story banished the gloom of a most dreary day. The author reproduces the charm of the country spontaneously, she never forces the note, she does not strive after great effects. But the effects are here, because intimacy and a sense of style are here. With the tale itself I was not deeply intrigued; nevertheless, the commonplace troubles of *Zachary* (who lived in a van) win sympathy partly from their setting, and partly because the fractious pair (he and his wife) do not prattle about their troubles, but are shown to feel them intensely. Hearty hisses are reserved for the villain with his "blond, florid way" and "hard and cold eyes"—a potentate in villaindom. I have added up her list and find that this is Mrs. BLUNDELL's twenty-first work. On such an auspicious occasion I venture to wish both her and *Honesty* the best of good fortune.

Had I desired—which I do not—
To raise that Mid-Victorian wraith,
The Love-in-spite-of-Father plot,
I'd not have gone to Mr. SNAITH.

And yet by him the thing is done:
The Principal (he calls it) *Girl*—
The rich athletic eldest son
Wedding the low-born priceless pearl.

Some points, of course, it does not lack:
Irony, wit. Yet neither these
Nor METHUEN's name upon the back
Can cloke its mild vacuities.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that the real truth about Lord HALDANE, which has not yet been stated, is as follows. It is a fact that the KAISER invited him to Berlin to discuss University affairs. His Majesty was anxious to know who was likely to win the Boat Race. The conversation led, not unnaturally, from racing craft to larger vessels, and so it ultimately came about that navies were discussed.

* * *

"Her Majesty the Queen," we read, "has been pleased to accept a copy of 'Chinese Porcelain and Hard Stones.'" If Mr. CHURCHILL had persisted in his original plan a somewhat similar presentation was to have been made to him at Belfast.

* * *

The rumour that Mr. HAMMERSTEIN is going in purely for Comic Opera has no foundation. It seems to have arisen from the nature of some of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's remarks when appearing on the great impresario's stage.

* * *

"MALEDICTIONS ON DOCTORS"
was the title given by a contemporary to its description of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's speech at the London Opera House. Look out for
FEMALEDICTIONS ON MINISTERS
at the forthcoming suffrage meeting.

* * *

The appointment of Mr. E. A. BENDALL to be joint Examiner of Plays with Mr. CHARLES BROOKFIELD caused no little surprise in the theatrical world, where it was expected that Mr. HAWTREY, who is producing Mr. BROOKFIELD's *Dear Old Charlie*, would have had the post.

* * *

"The freak dinner at a Tottenham Court Road hotel on Saturday night was held by the members of the Studio Club, and not by the Irish Literary Club." This correction, we cannot help thinking, came from the Irish Literary Club and not from the Studio Club.

* * *

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL states that his decision to remove the telephone factory from Nottingham to Birmingham is irrevocable. He refuses to tie himself up in Notts.

Some idea of how the competition of the monkeys—referred to in this column last week—is making itself felt on the music-hall stage may be obtained from the fact that at the Alhambra a human artiste—one of the Nathal Trio—has found it necessary to disguise himself as a monkey.

* * *

We cannot help thinking that some of our contemporaries have been making too much of Lord AMPTHILL's remarks to a German interviewer on the subject of the British Press. It is stupid to make a mountain out of an Ampthill.



CRUEL SPORTS OF THE PAST.
BREAKING THE CAMEL'S BACK.

Twenty men named Solomon were summoned on a jury at Whitechapel County Court the other day. A further coincidence was the fact that—according to our information—they were all of Jewish extraction.

* * *

Reading that divers at work at Cowes had found the ram of the cruiser *Hawke*, weighing several tons, a dear old lady remarked that she did not know that ships as well as regiments had pets.

* * *

Burglars who broke into a confectioner's shop at Newport, Isle of Wight, last week, carried off not only a number of bottles of whiskey and gin, and the contents of a patent till, but also a quantity of chocolates and other sweets, and slabs of cake. It was pretty of them to think of their little ones at home.

* * *

An Austrian gentleman, *The Express* tells us, has taken out a patent for a discovery whereby new cheese can be given all the qualities which pertain to old cheese. This seems to point to a successful experiment in colonisation.

* * *

Theatre managers in Vienna are considering a proposal to bar the matinée hat even in boxes. But if it is brought in a box it can't do much harm.

* * *

"How to write for the Papers" is the title of a little volume which we see advertised. Surely there is no better formula than the following:—"DEAR SIR,—Please send me 100 copies of *Punch* each week."

* * *

LATER.—The truth about Lord HALDANE is gradually leaking out. Our information is to the effect that, upon reaching this side of the Channel, our War Minister was noticed suddenly to look very thoughtful. "There now!" he murmured, "I knew I had forgotten something. . . That University Commission I went over about."

Scotch Disestablishment.

"Following a free kirk, taken by England's full back, there was an exciting scramble near the Irish posts."—*Evening News.*

"Many old Bedfordians will remember the mother of Mrs. K——, who died in 1883, and was interred in Bedford Cemetery. While a schoolgirl in Paris she had the strange experience of carrying secret despatches, bringing to England the first news of the escape of Napoleon from Melba."
Bedfordshire Standard.

Perhaps he didn't like music.

"By dress I mean the appallingly intricate gallimaufry of luxurious insanities which is necessary to satisfy the morbid craving of the modern slave of fashion."—*London Opinion.*

But, as one can't keep on saying that, one calls it quite simply "dress."

"He was quite sure that Sydnicalism was the last word in Socialist lunacy."
Cambridge Magazine.

He is wrong; we can think of another word. Sydniwebbicalism.

Commercial Candour.

"Lawn Sand.—Destroys Weeds or Lawns."
Advt. in "Amateur Gardening."

OF PARLIAMENTARY REPORTS.

Upon the day when Cupid's darts
Are timed, by old and hallowed custom,
To perforate the rockiest hearts
And to his gentler ends adjust 'em;—
Upon the day of Valentine's rotation
They met together and the row began
For which the various brawlers charge the nation
£400 *per ann.*

And now henceforth till crops are ripe
The Press will give them full recital
And relegate to smaller type
Topics that count as far more vital—
Things that we want to know particularly:
As, How will Mr. Brookfield cut the knot?
Will dear old Charlie buck at *Dear Old Charlie*,
Or find it harmless rot?

To kindly luck our thanks we owe
That some events which really matter
Occurred in time to get their show
Before the House began to chatter:—
Thank Heaven! we'd heard of Douglas and the ashes;
We'd read the rout of Hordern's googly lobs;
And now no editor's blue pencil-slashes
Can prune the praise of Hobbs.

But those who deal in Culture's news
No more are free to go and spill pots
Of precious ink on authors' views
Touching the art of Eden Phillpotts;
Even the best Society divorces
Must not usurp the acre (such it seems)
Reserved for what each Parliamentary bore says—
Reams of it, reams and reams.

What have we done, I wish to ask,
What sin that calls for castigating,
That we must read, for daily task,
These sorry bouts of shrill debating?
Not that I do it; surely no sane creature
Within that waste of dismal verbiage delves;
Those only take it for a newsy feature
Who spoke the stuff themselves.

I may be wrong; I often fear
My country's vein is not convivial;
That she derives a curious cheer
From what is deadly dull and trivial;
If so, I also, like the politician,
May hope to please her taste from time to time;
Let others make her laws; give *me* permission
To build her doggrel rhyme.
O. S.

"We venture to believe that we have lighted upon a possible answer, which may or may not entirely change the face of the situation, and this before much more water has passed under the bridges."—*Financier.*

The position of *The Financier* seems fairly safe.

The Cork Constitution of the 13th inst., in its report of Mr. Lloyd George's speech, has the following interesting passage:—

"He had been trying to explain to Lord Robert Cecil that if one got so much for four pence, one would get more than double for ninepence. At first he thought such misrepresentation was wilful. Not at all. (Laughter.) It was not misrepresentation. It was not misrepresentation :d(iPa£. xflf8' sheer muddleheadedness. (Cheers.) That they could never cure."

Fortunately Mr. Lloyd George has an iron, not a cork, constitution.

PERVERTED PUPILS.

The astonishing discovery made by Mr. Guy Livingstone, Secretary to the Chelsea Golf School, that it is not necessary to keep one's eye on the ball, has thrown the golfing world into the wildest commotion, and, like most of his contemporaries, *Mr. Punch* is being inundated with correspondence on the subject. From a perfect cataract of interesting communications we strain off the following:—

Dear Sir,—I am a hearty supporter of Mr. Guy Livingstone's scientific theory, so far as tee-shots and long play generally are concerned. Since it is the object of the player to get the ball away with the greatest possible speed and with the best trajectory, it is obvious that any downward external pressure upon it at the time of starting is deleterious. The aerial vibrations set up by the retina when glued on the sphere naturally retard its speed at the moment of impact, and largely counteract the top spin so essential to a good drive. Yours faithfully,
P. A. Vaile.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I am neither a long nor a straight driver, but I feel obliged to enter my humble protest against Mr. Livingstone's revolutionary tenets, so far at least as our jolly little course at Fobzleby is concerned. What with the amazing intricacy of the "rough" on both sides of our fairway, the high price of rubber, and the dishonesty of the caddies, I find that to keep my eye on the ball the whole time, so far as is possible, is the only way to save myself from financial ruin. Yours faithfully,
Minus Thirty.

Dear Sir,—I have always found that to keep my eye on the ball entailed, by a natural association of ideas, getting a hook on it as well. Yours truly, C. Leitch (Miss).

Dear Sir,—Which eye?
Yours, etc., S. K. Wint, Westward Ho.

Dear Sir,—Which ball?
Yours, etc., Heavy Luncher, Stoke Poges.

My dear Sir,—There is not the smallest doubt that in addressing the golf ball, the head should be held firmly as if in a vice, and the tip of the nose pointed at an imaginary spot on the hinder part of the globe's circumference, suitable allowances of course being made in cases where the nasal organ is of a *retroussé* or Aramaic character. The eyes do not matter a bit. In support of my principle I am prepared to play any ten-handicap man over thirty-six holes for half-a-crown, rolling up my eye-balls before each stroke until only the whites are visible, after the manner of a man possessed by evil spirits. Yours ever,
Toogood Toby Trew.

My dear Mr. Punch,—About the Chelsea Arts Club, and keeping an eye on their Ball——

(*This correspondence must now cease*—Editor.)

"The King has consented—probably some time in July—to cut the first sod of the new dock about to be constructed south of the Royal Albert Dock."—*Times.*

It is interesting to know when the King consented, but we should also be told when His Majesty is going to do it.

Alderman Flanagan (no less) as reported in *The Sligo Times*:—

"He sent you a bull on his own recommendation that cleared the decks at all the shows last year."

This is not the one, however.



DOWN UNDER.

THE KANGAROO. "NO MATTER! WE MEET AGAIN IN ENGLAND."
THE LION. "YES, BUT LET'S BE PHOTOGRAPHED LIKE THIS FIRST."



THE HIGHER-CRITICISM.

Conductor (after village choir has massacred a sublime passage at oratorio rehearsal). "Ye'll hae to dae better than that. I can a'maist see Handel himsel' lookin' doon frae heaven an' sayin', 'Man Jamie, but ye're makin' an awfu' bungle o't.'"

INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATIONS.

[Mr. Vaughan Nash's appointment to the Development Commission has led a number of minds to the conclusion that this is only a preliminary to dissolution. Some days before the announcement of this promotion for the Prime Minister's Private Secretary, the statement that Mr. Lloyd George had bought a house at Putney had led to an expectation of the Government's resignation.]

The rumour that Mr. Bonar Law has begun a study of Bergson and is in negotiation with the Editor of *The Hibbert* for an article on that most fascinating of modern philosophers has led to reports that the right hon. gentleman is already weary of leadership, and is about to follow Mr. Balfour into retirement.

A confirmation of the sanguine hopes of Home Rulers is to be found in the statement that, on his recent visit to Belfast, Mr. Churchill was induced to sign on for the Celtic F.C.

That the Insurance Bill will not be amended out of all recognition is indicated by the rumour that during the past few days Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Masterman, who had secretly been undergoing the full medical course in anticipation of difficulties with the doctors, have taken a house in Harley Street and are now only waiting for the engraving of their brass plate to take possession of the premises.

If the statement be true that important communications in cypher have been passing between Downing Street and Melbourne, there seems ground for the suggestion that it should be coupled with the fact that the post of Lord Privy Seal is to be held, for the present, by the Secretary for India. Whether, however, on returning to England, Mr. Douglas will care to relieve Lord Crewe of his added responsibility, remains to be seen.

If Mr. Ramsay Macdonald defeats the Government, as he threatened to do in the event of the Suffrage Bill not being of a universal character, it will not be in order to put the Conservatives in. Light, at any rate, would seem to be thrown on the Labour Party's intentions by the report that Mr. Will Crooks is taking lessons in the French language and trying the effect of a broad blue riband fastened obliquely across the chest.

The Age of Specialisation.

From a catalogue:—

"This small tent is specially made to meet the requirements of Officers proceeding on service where tents are not allowed to be taken."

"We drew attention to the results which he achieved when they were published in *The Indian Medical Journal*. Briefly, they are that the lepra parasite is not an acid-fast bacillus belonging to the fission fungi, but that it is a pleomorphic streptothrix. This constitutes a very great advance in our knowledge."

Times of India.

Anyhow, in ours.

THE GUARDING OF EDEN.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, having written a play which that popular functionary, the Lord Chamberlain, refused to pass in its entirety, a number of Mr. Phillpotts's fellow authors have written to the papers expressing their intention of performing it free, so that the public may judge for themselves of the Lord Chamberlain's wisdom. An excellent idea; and it is to be hoped that the passages which caused the refusal of the licence will be underlined in some way, to make the public understanding of the situation the more complete. They might perhaps be prefaced by an orchestral crash of warning. Meanwhile, when next a body of distinguished authors sends a letter to the press, perhaps they will write it in piquant individual sentences rather than with the composite pen of comparative dulness, especially when the writers include such popular names as Mr. Barrie, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Hewlett, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Zangwill.

Mr. Archer would of course begin:—

Deer Ser,—Our old and esteemd frend the Sensor haz been at it again. It is eesi enuff to reform orthografi, but to reform the Sensor is anuther pare of shoos. Still justiss must be dun tho the hevens fawl.

Then Mr. Barrie:—

Clearly the man has no mother or he could not be so heedless; but, be that as it may, this puir Devonshire body has been roughly handled.

Mr. Hewlett:—

As to the plot, a murrain on it. That's nought. The crux is this: Should men of genius—or approximately so—be censored by a jack-in-office? There's the rub. Dramatic art's the lady; no wanton she.

Mr. Henry James:—

Or, to put it in another way, whatever scheme of correlated and reticulated values, moving in their divers planes, the author, with due apportionment of his energies, may have beautifully envisaged and subtly translated in terms of architectonic finality, cannot, if the matter be dispassionately contemplated, amount to, figuratively speaking, a row of pins. But that our young gentleman from Devonshire, who so beautifully, in repeated romances, has depicted, with admirable reiteration, the unending misery of mankind, should be subject, at this stage of his prosperous career, to the illiterate regulation of official pedantry, this is a point on which, with all the involutions and commas at my disposal, I cannot insist too clamorously.

Mr. Galsworthy:—

But it must be understood that we have no quarrel with the Lord Chamberlain as an individual. It is his arrogation of power that we object to. Similarly, if in the night, any one of us—vastly inferior to, or, at any rate, different as we may be from, Mr. Phillpotts—should chance to throw a boot at a cat, it would not be the cat that we wished to criticise, but the scheme of things which had provided cats with a genius for nocturnal discord. Nor would the cat have reason for resentment.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome:

So this 's what we're going to do, we other authors. We're going to give free performances of Phillpotts's stuff and issue an invite to the world at large.

Mr. John Masefield:

And should the Censor
ever be
As useful as a farmer
—he!—
And play us still such
dirty tricks,
We'd—— well burn
his —— ricks.

Mr. Alfred Noyes:—

As a noise annoys an
oyster and his placid
calm alloys,
So the Censor in his
cloister shall be terrified by Noyes.

Lastly, Mr. Shaw:—

The pleasure of defending Mr. Eden Phillpotts is a pure luxury to me, because I am entirely out of sympathy with his choice of subjects, his scenery and his treatment of women. I dislike country folk, I hate Dartmoor, which is one of the worst places for motoring that I know of, Devonshire cream always disagrees with me, and Devonshire was the home of those buccaneering malefactors who invented Imperialism, despoiled the courteous Spaniards, and were the spiritual progenitors of Rhodes and Kipling. Then Phillpotts's women are strong, masculine, meat-eating viragoes. But all these grounds of antipathy are as nothing compared with the fact that his play has been banned and therefore must be moral, instructive and salutary. If Mr. Brookfield would have the sense to ban the revival of *Dear Old Charlie* I should be the first to lead a crusade in its favour.



Ex-Servant. 'So you won't give me a character!"—(*with deep scorn*)—"you—you *lady!*"

Monty. "You're not, are you, Mother?"



Bold Sportsman. "Is there a ditch the other side of that hedge, boy?" *Boy.* "Yes, Sir."
Bold Sportsman. "Pull that hurdle away, then, and I'll have a cut at it!"

WITH ANY LUCK.

[A delayed and slightly longer answer to the lady who asked three times on a Hampstead tube train going south, whether the author was sure she was all right for Charing Cross.]

BECAUSE of that old error made by ADAM
 There is no certainty in human life,
Changes and chances come to us, dear madam,
 Suddenly, ere a man can call out "Knife!"

Earthquakes, for instance. It has not escaped you
 That, wearied now and then with folly's load,
The world appears to think a kind of gape due,—
 One might occur at Tottenham Court Road,

Or Goodge Street, let us rather say at Goodge Street,
 Where things so seldom happen. Earth, I say,
Might open to the Stygian halls a huge street,
 A speedier route than ours and less to pay.

Then the young man in front, who drives the engine,
 May have some rival for his lady fair
Here in the blooming train and seek revenge in
 Bashing us all to bits at Leicester Square.

You know what love is, if his brakes and levers
 Have any power at all to wreck the show
We may be rid for ever of life's fevers
 And jerked, in half a jiff, to Jericho.

Sewers again, beneath a town so pompous,
 So swathed in luxuries, what pipes, what vats!
And one of these might spring a leak and swamp us—
 A strange drear death, or are you fond of rats?

Man is a butterfly, a mere *papilio*,
 And on the knees of the Olympian gods
It lies to send him suddenly to billy-oh,
 Or keep him safe, and who can judge the odds?

Therefore I cannot say (I, too, am mortal,
 Although the Muses' child) what chance you stand
Of breathing the fresh air about the portal
 In Villiers Street, or did you want the Strand?

It may be, when you set at stark defiance
 The sister Fates, and plunged in realms like these,
They doomed you nevermore to see the lions
 That skirt Lord Nelson, nor the A B C's.

But, putting risks aside, I'd have you notice
 The maps, the bills, the schedules, wreath on wreath,
With darts, designed to pierce rhinoceroses,
 Showing you how from Hampstead's swarthy heath,

Ay, and beyond it, from the Green of Golder,
 Unswervingly these trains are due to run
Slick to their terminus, till time shall moulder
 And the moon wane and darkling grow the sun.

Look at these well, dear lady, and be certain,
 So far as earthly clerk or railroad boss
May lift with trembling hand the future's curtain,
 This train will struggle through to Charing Cross.

EVOE.

From a letter in *The Mirror*:—

"The earthquakes, upheavals and other terrible things referred to by your correspondent are best explained by the hypothesis that limitation has its analogue in the nature of the ultimate reality."

LLOYD GEORGE seems an easier explanation.

"Hollands was frequently prominent in the rushes, his face being very useful.—*Bristol Sports Times.*

This reminds us somehow of the finding of MOSES, though others, of course, have had faces that have been of some use.

STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

IV.—The Civil Servant's.

It was three o'clock, and the afternoon sun reddened the western windows of one of the busiest of Government offices. In an airy room on the third floor Richard Dale was batting. Standing in front of the coal-box with the fire-shovel in his hands he was a model of the strenuous young Englishman; and as for the third time he turned the Government india-rubber neatly in the direction of square-leg and so completed his fifty the bowler could hardly repress a sigh of envious admiration. Even the reserved Matthews, who was too old for cricket, looked up a moment from his putting and said, "Well played, Dick!"

The fourth occupant of the room was busy at his desk, as if to give the lie to the thoughtless accusation that the Civil Service cultivates the body at the expense of the mind. The eager shouts of the players seemed to annoy him, for he frowned and bit his pen, or else passed his fingers restlessly through his hair.

"How the dickens you expect anyone to think in this confounded noise," he cried suddenly.

"What's the matter, Ashby?"

"You're the matter. How am I going to get these verses done for *The Evening Surprise* if you make such a row? Why don't you go out to tea?"

"Good idea. Come on, Dale. You coming, Matthews?" They went out, leaving the room to Ashby.

In his youth Harold Ashby had often been told by his relations that he had a literary bent. His letters home from school were generally pronounced to be good enough for *Punch*, and some of them, together with a certificate of character from his Vicar, were actually sent to that paper. But as he grew up he realised that his genius was better fitted for work of a more solid character. His post in the Civil Service gave him full leisure for his *Adam: A Fragment*, his *History of the Microscope*, and his *Studies in Rural Campanology*, and yet left him ample time in which to contribute to the journalism of the day.

The poem he was now finishing for *The Evening Surprise* was his first contribution to that paper, but he had little doubt that it would be accepted. It was called quite simply, "Love and Death," and it began like this:

> Love!
> O love!
> (All other things above).—
> Why,
> O why,
> Am I afraid to die?

There were six more lines which I have forgotten, but I suppose they gave the reason for this absurd diffidence.

Having written the poem out neatly, Harold put it in an envelope and took it round to *The Evening Surprise*. The strain of composition had left him rather weak, and he decided to give his brain a rest for the next few days. So it happened that he was at the wickets on the following Wednesday afternoon when the commissionaire brought him in the historic letter. He opened it hastily, the shovel under his arm.

"Dear Sir," wrote the editor of *The Surprise*, "will you come round and see me as soon as convenient?"

Harold lost no time. Explaining that he would finish his innings later, he put his coat on, took his hat and stick, and dashed out.

"How do you do?" said the editor. "I wanted to talk to you about your work. We all liked your little poem very much. It will be coming out to-morrow."

"Thursday," said Harold helpfully.

"I was wondering whether we couldn't get you to join our staff. Does the idea of doing Aunt Miriam's Cosy Corner in our afternoon edition appeal to you at all?"

"No," said Harold. "Not a bit."

"Ah, that's a pity." He tapped his desk thoughtfully. "Well then, how would you like to be a war correspondent?"

"Very much," said Harold. "I was considered to write rather good letters home from school."

"Splendid! There's this little war in Mexico. When can you start? All expenses and fifty pounds a week. You're not very busy at the office, I suppose, just now?"

"I could get sick leave easily enough," said Harold, "if it wasn't for more than eight or nine months."

"Do; that will be excellent. Here's a blank cheque for your outfit. Can you get off to-morrow? But I suppose you'll have one or two things to finish up at the office first?"

"Well," said Harold cautiously, "I *was* in, and I'd made ninety-six. But if I go back and finish my innings now, and then have to-morrow for buying things, I could get off on Friday."

"Good," said the editor. "Well, here's luck. Come back alive if you can, and if you do we shan't forget you."

Harold spent the next day buying a war correspondent's outfit:—the camel, the travelling bath, the putties, the pith helmet, the quinine, the sleeping-bag, and the thousand-and-one other necessities of active service. On the Friday his colleagues at the office came down in a body to Southampton to see him off. Little did they think that nearly a year would elapse before he again set foot upon England.

I shall not describe all his famous *coups* in Mexico. Sufficient to say that experience taught him quickly all that he had need to learn; and that whereas he was more than a week late with his cabled account of the first engagement of the war he was frequently more than a week early afterwards. Indeed the battle of Parson's Nose, so realistically described in his last telegram, is still waiting to be fought. It is to be hoped that it will be in time for his aptly-named book, *With the Mexicans in Mexico*, which is coming out next month.

On his return to England Harold found that time had wrought many changes. To begin with, the Editor of *The Evening Surprise* had passed on to *The Morning Exclamation*.

"You had better take his place," said the ducal proprietor to Harold.

"Right," said Harold. "I suppose I shall have to resign my post at the office?"

"Just as you like. I don't see why you should."

"I should miss the cricket," said Harold wistfully, "and the salary. I'll go round and see what I can arrange."

But there were also changes at the office. Harold had been rising steadily in salary and seniority during his absence, and he found to his delight that he was now a Principal Clerk. He found too that he had acquired quite a reputation in the office for quickness and efficiency in his new work.

The first thing to arrange about was his holiday. He had had no holiday for more than a year, and there were some eight weeks owing to him.

"Hullo," said the Assistant Secretary as Harold came in, "you're looking well. I suppose you manage to get away for the week-ends?"

"I've been away on sick leave for some time," said Harold pathetically.

"Have you? You've kept it very secret. Come out and have lunch with me, and we'll do a matinée afterwards."

Harold went out with him happily. It would be pleasant to accept the editorship of *The Evening Surprise* without giving up the Governmental work which was so dear to him, and the Assistant Secretary's words made this possible, for a year or so anyhow. Then, when his absence from the office first began to be noticed, it would be time to think of retiring on an adequate pension.

A. A. M.

HOW TO BUY THINGS.

A Railway Ticket.

Railway tickets can be purchased at all prices and, like Cleopatra, they are of infinite variety. Each to his taste, therefore. Those coloured white cost most. Keen buyers used to favour Weston-super-Mare (4/6), Brighton (half-a-dollar), and Southend (purely nominal sum); these prices are now out-of-date, to be sure, but there is no harm in mentioning them. Persons of leisure have been known to buy tickets to Folkestone and Herne Bay. It all depends on your class of life. The worst of buying railway tickets is, you have to pay cash for them. Booking-clerks are not a bit like tailors in this respect: they book nothing. On the contrary, they take a sour view of life. The compiler of these hints once offered a booking-clerk an electric lamp and a recipe for catching rats in exchange for a shilling ticket. Just a twelve-mile ride. What did that booking-clerk do? He refused to part, and he couched his refusal in terms which were the reverse of affable. And the writer walked home—twelve miles. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that you can get a twopenny ticket for a penny out of an automatic machine. True, this does not happen often; but the mere possibility of its occurring adds a fresh zest to life.

A Hat.

This is obviously a very important subject for the shopper's consideration, for nearly all of us have to buy a hat at some time or other. The people who don't wear hats are people who never buy anything—except nuts, and fret-saws, and things like that. Buying a hat, therefore, is not a labour of love; it is one of the elemental obligations of our human existence.

Hatters are notoriously mad, so go armed, and stand no nonsense. If he shows you a green velvet thing with a bow at the back, draw on him at once; you will have rendered a public service. If possible, get a hat that fits. It is true that Nature, foreseeing and bountiful, has provided us with ears in order to keep our hats at a suitable elevation; but it is better, in the long run, to get a hat that will keep up of its own accord. It is quite easy, after all. If the hat makes your nose bleed it is too small; if it makes your ears ache it is too large. Bear this formula in mind, and you cannot go far wrong. Then there are women's hats. The right way to buy a hat, if you are a woman, is to take a friend with you, have a simple lunch, talk it over in the Silence Room, spend the afternoon in trying on, take tea, complete purchase of hat, and send it back next day if it does not suit. Some very Smart Women keep hats that they can't wear two or three weeks before sending them back. That is what makes female hatters mad.

A Suit of Clothes.

Next to a wedding ring, a suit of clothes is the most important purchase a man can make. You should exercise great care, therefore, before taking the final plunge, and it is worth while to consult some reliable authority. Carlyle has written a book on the subject which every Man About Town should study. The Sunday papers, too, publish articles on sartorial matters, and should be carefully filed by dressy men. If money is no object, go to a West-end tailor; it is no object to him either, so you will both be satisfied—for a time, at any rate. Another way to dress economically is to send a postal order to some man who sells clothes on the instalment plan. After one postal order you can go and live in South America. The effect to aim at, in matters of dress, is the happy medium between untidiness and undue brilliance. Trousers should always have a crease down the front, though it is only fair to say that many well-known men (Julius Cæsar and William Tell are two names that occur to one) have been notoriously careless in this respect.



Father (to Margery, who has been a long time fetching the newspaper). "When you're asked to do anything, Margery, you should always *run*."

Margery. "Yes, I will, Daddy; except, of course, I can't when my legs ache."

Father. "Rubbish; *your* legs never ache."

Margery (indignantly). "Hoo! What's the use of the word 'ache' then?"

"POLIOMYELITIS.
Plain words to Devon and Cornwall authorities."

That's only one plain word; there are worse to come.



First A.B. (*mess cook*). "Wot 'll we give 'em to-morrow for afters? Tapioker?"

Second A.B. (*mess cook*). "That 'll do; bung it down; you 'll want four pounds."

First A.B. (*spelling audibly as he writes*). "4 lbs. T-A-B-A—T-A-B-I-"—(*hesitates*)—"We 'd better 'ave macaroni."

Second A.B. "All right; bung it down, then."

First A.B. "4 lbs. M-A-K-A -M-A-K-I -oh, we'll 'ave rice! 4 lbs. R-I-S-E!"

THE ENTHUSIASTS.

A week has passed since then, but I recall every detail as clearly as if it had only happened this morning.

Barton had gone out to discover the score at the close of play, and he returned to the office even more radiant than we had expected.

"We 've won," he cried. "We 've won by an innings and 225. Gentlemen, the Ashes are ours!"

There was a burst of frenzied cheering, followed by a brief silence during which every face assumed that expression of abandoned recklessness which is the mark of supreme triumph.

"I say," exclaimed Peterson, "let 's all throw ink over Wilkie's new trousers."

I am Wilkie.

Fortunately I retained sufficient self-control to negative the proposed outrage very sternly. Though not a dude, I am considered to have a nutty flavour.

"Well, anyhow," said Peterson, baffled but exuberant, "I don't care now if it snows."

"And I don't care," said Holloway incoherently, as he clasped his hand—"I don't care if I have to pay Lloyd George 4*d.* a week every day of my life."

"And I don't care," chimed in Barton, a glow of sublime renunciation on his features,—"I don't care now if Pauline Chase gets married to-morrow."

But it was left to me, I think, to express adequately the feelings of us all. I seized a telegraph form and wrote as follows:—

Asquith,
Downing Street,
London.

You may now proceed with Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and Manhood Suffrage. I don't care a blow.—Wilkie, Bournemouth.

It cost me 11½*d.*, but the occasion more than justified it.

IN AN OLD NURSERY.

A prim old room where memories stir
Through faded chintz and wall-paper,
Like bees along the lavender
Of some dim border;
Bay-windowed, whence at close of day
You see the roosty starlings sway
High on the elm-tree's topmost spray
In gossip order.

In its quaint realm how soon one slips
Back to an age of treasure-ships,
An atmosphere of cowboy-trips
And boundless prairies;
And when the red logs fret and fume
(They 're lit to-night to air the room)
Here come a-tip-toe in the gloom
Old nursery fairies.

Here come dear ghosts to him who sees—
Fat ghosts of long digested teas,
Thin little ghosts of "saying please,"
Big ghosts of birthdays,
And sundry honourable sprites
To whisper those foredone delights
Of hallowe'ens and stocking-nights
And other mirth-days.

Its walls are full of musics drawn
From twitterings in the eaves at dawn,
From click of scythe on summer lawn,
From Shetlands pawing
The gravel by the front-door yew,
And, wind-tossed from the avenue,
Fugues of first February blue
And rooks a-cawing.

Old room, the years have galloped on,
The days that danced, the hours that shone
Have turned their backs on you and gone
By ways that harden;
But you—in you their gold and myrrh
And frankincense of dreams still stir
Like bees that haunt the lavender
Of some walled garden!



TURNED TURTLE.

The War Minister. "A LITTLE MORE OF THIS AND HALDANE'S OCCUPATION'S GONE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Valentine's Day.—So much obliged to Mr. Hogge, just returned for East Edinburgh. One of our youngest Members, he has established precedent which, to certain extent, cheers Bonner Law in his lamentations over a shattered Constitution. Some men would have been upset by embarrassment accompanying approach to Table to be sworn in. As usual, escorted by couple of Members—on right hand Gulland, the Scottish Whip; on the other Lyell. Ordered ceremony is that, standing in line at Bar, when Speaker calls out, "Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table," they bow in unison, advance a certain number of paces, halt, bow again, and so complete journey.

In Mr. Hogge's case what should have been stately procession became disorderly trot. It was Lyell "began it," as did in other circumstances the kettle known to *The Cricket on the Hearth.* He bobbed a pace and a half too soon. Mr. Hogge, thinking he knew all about it, bobbed in turn. Gulland, whom practice had made familiar with the precisely proper spot, went on till he reached it, and there made obeisance. Mr. Hogge's blood now being up he came along, got in an extra bob, and so they arrived at the Table not, of course, all sixes and sevens, but quite twos and threes.

It was now that Mr. Hogge, left to himself, triumphantly asserted his individuality. Instead of taking the Oath and kissing the Book, he elected to affirm. Procedure in such cases is for Members to hold in left hand card on which is printed the form of affirmation, uplifting right hand. Approaching House, however, new Scotch Member much struck with action of police in charge of crossing from Parliament Street to Palace Yard. On appearance of Member they, automatically as it seems, hold out their right arm with open hand, at which signal traffic stops and Member crosses road in safety. In moment of happy inspiration, Mr. Hogge introduced this gesture into familiar Parliamentary procedure. Holding affirmation card in left hand as directed, he extended right arm to full length with peremptory palm opened.

Accidental circumstance added interest to gesture. Cousin Hugh, hurriedly entering, crossing the Bar with long stride and making for corner seat by Gangway, observed extended hand. Recognising that traffic was temporarily stopped, he halted, faced about, returned to Bar, where he stood till Mr. Hogge, having completed recital of affirmation, dropped his arm and advanced to sign the Roll of Parliament.



Mr. Hogge, newly-arrived from East Edinburgh, holds up the Traffic.

(If this bears no resemblance to the gentleman referred to, the artist pleads that he was so hypnotised by the peremptoriness of the uplifted hand that he quite forgot to look at the face.)

As a rule, moving and seconding of Address perfunctory drear performance. To-day proved to be of especial interest. Sir Harry Verney, who well became the velvet Court suit which upon occasion relieves the monotony of an Englishman's dress, won the heart of House at outset by confiding to it interesting fact that he was born at Llanfairpwllgwyngyll. That was good. But when he was able to add that he spent his honeymoon between this pleasing conglomeration of consonants and Llanerchymedd a burst of hearty applause greeted him from all quarters of crowded House. Here at least was a man who had mastered the Welsh question which is to occupy considerable portion of Session.

Uprising of a tall figure arrayed in uniform of Lord-Lieutenant reminded House that once more it numbered William Gladstone among its members. Neither in face, figure nor voice was there resemblance to the illustrious grandfather. Sufficient that here was the grandson. Home Rulers and Unionists joined in welcoming cheer, responded to by modestly delivered speech.

At opening of last Session it was Prince Arthur who at this stage of proceedings followed with attack on policy of Government, past, present and to come. To-day Bonner Law attempted to stretch the bow of Ulysses. Effect rather marred by early firing off of diresome threats of something terrible to come.

"Now I have done with compliments," said Bonner, when he concluded customary tribute to speeches of mover and seconder of Address.

Amid loud cheers from expectant followers proceeded (of course in parliamentary sense) to take off coat and turn up shirt-sleeves, preparatory to punching Premier's head. Action and words fatally reminiscent of remark and attitude of curate in *The Private Secretary* when, goaded into condition of feigned ferocity, he exclaims, "If you don't take care I'll give you a good hard knock."

One of Bonner's knocks unfortunately struck his own breast. In course of commentary had spoken disrespectfully of the Insurance Act. Even ventured on prediction that it will never come into operation.

"Why not?" asked Asquith, who was in exceptionally thumptious form—if new word may be coined for the occasion. "Who is going to prevent it? Is the right hon. gentleman, if and when he comes into power, going to repeal it?"

"Certainly," said Bonner, nodding assent.

Exultant shout rose from Ministerial benches at this remarkable giving-away of self and party. Master of Elibank nearly rolled off Treasury Bench in ecstasy. On reflection Bonner saw his mistake. After House adjourned sent round letter to papers explaining, as in analogous circumstances *Benedick* attempted to explain away his declaration of love, that when he said "Certainly" he had (on the whole) meant "Certainly not."

Polemics apart, most valuable passage in Premier's animated speech was that in which he dealt with Napoleon B. Haldane's expedition to Berlin. In accordance with his habit when interpolating in a speech remarks affecting international policy he read from manuscript. Statement listened

to amid strained silence broken now and then by outbursts of applause. With evident satisfaction House gained impression that the plump dove despatched to Berlin had brought back over land and sea an olive branch promising early termination of misunderstanding between Germany and this country.

When PREMIER sat down a strange thing happened. Customary order of things in opening debate on Address is for the Premier to be followed by Leader of Irish Party, to whom in turn succeeds Leader of Labour Members. To-night no one rose to take up threads of debate. JOHN REDMOND'S place unoccupied. After moment's murmur of bewilderment RAMSEY MACDONALD interposed to move adjournment of debate. Before Members quite knew where they were they found themselves streaming forth through the open door, the clock pointing to half-past six.

Business done.—Both Houses reassembled for the second Session of new Parliament.

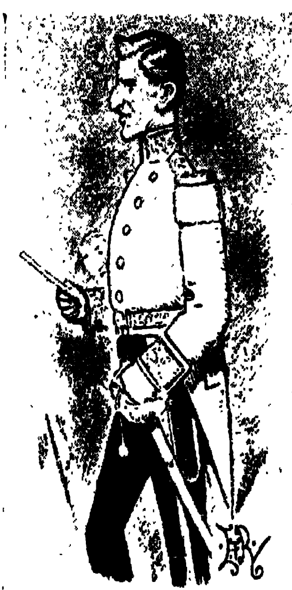
Friday.—During last two days BONNER LAW'S comings and goings, his rising up and his sitting down, have been watched with keenest interest. During recess, in speech delivered at Albert Hall, he accused Ministers of being guilty of corruption inasmuch as they had created a number of paid offices and distributed them amongst their political partisans as reward for political service. In speech of Wednesday PREMIER, recognising in this



NO WONDER HE MOVED THE ADDRESS.

"Last month, Mr. SPEAKER, I spent my honeymoon between Llanerchymedd and Llanfairpwllgwyngyll." (Loud laughter.)

(Sir HARRY VERNEY, Bart., distinguishes himself.)



DISGUISED AS THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A new WILLIAM GLADSTONE seconds the Address (in Lord-Lieutenant's raiment).

"the most serious accusation that could be made against a democratic government," challenged LEADER OF OPPOSITION to repeat the charge in the House upon an amendment to the Address.

Such accusation made by private Member in heat of platform oratory would not particularly matter. Different when accuser occupies position of Leader of a great Party. According to a long-established parliamentary usage such a one is bound either to accept the challenge delivered across Table by Leader of House or to withdraw accusation.

BONNER as yet has made no sign. But the session is young. Debate on Address will run through greater part if not the whole of next week. In meantime may hear more of the matter.

Business done.—Third day of debate on Address.

THE MORE THAN ANDY BOOKS.

A MODEL PROSPECTUS.

BOOKS, there is no doubt, have hitherto been too dear. The time has come, not for talk about cheap books, but for cheap books. Not reprints of old books, but new books written by live authors for live readers. The best pens for the best perusers at the lowest figure. The maximum of mental pabulum for a minimum of financial outlay. Such books are those which Messrs. A. B. & C. D. Jill are issuing under the title of THE MORE THAN ANDY BOOKS at a farthing each, bound in cloth. The name of the series has been carefully constructed not only to suggest extreme portability and convenience but to indicate that people need no longer wait for Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE to endow a free library, because at the low price of a farthing each they can get for themselves all the books they want.

The First Thousand Volumes are now nearly ready, a selection of subjects and authors being given below:—

The Choice of Parents	by ANNIE WILLIAMSON, M.D.
Turkey	by Professor TROTT, B.Sc.
Disestablishment	by the Rev. HOBSON CHOYCE, D.D.
Shaw	by the Rev. PRINCIPAL LOST, D.D.
The Golf Stream	by Prof. DRIVER, F.R.C.S.
Plowden	by HILARY SESSIONS, B.A.
How to Write Poetry	by Prof. ERIM MAUNDER, M.A.
Rhodes	by Professor YORKER, Litt.D.
Torophily	by WILLIAM ARCHER.
Hobbs	by Rev. LONG HOPPIE, D.D.
The Uses of Candour	by ERNEST TREND, M.A.
Allsopp's Fables	by Professor STOUT.
Demosthenes De Corona y Corona	by AUSTIN HARRISON, O.M.
Oliver Lodge	by HAROLD BEGBIE.
Harold Begbie	by Sir OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.
The Noble Art	by Rev. F. B. MEYER, D.D.
Jack Johnson	by Lord CHESTERFIELD.
Kant	by Rev. R. F. HORTON, D.D.
George Cadbury	by Captain COE, R.A.
Luther	by Sir ALFRED MOND, Bart.
Bacon	by Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart.
Cremation	by JOHN BURNS, P.C.
Sigismund Goetze	by ROGER FRY.
China and San Marino	by Professor EASTON WEST.

Intimidation in the Poultry World.

From a cook:—

"Dear Madam,—I write to you in the compacity of a cook, and i think i shall shute you."

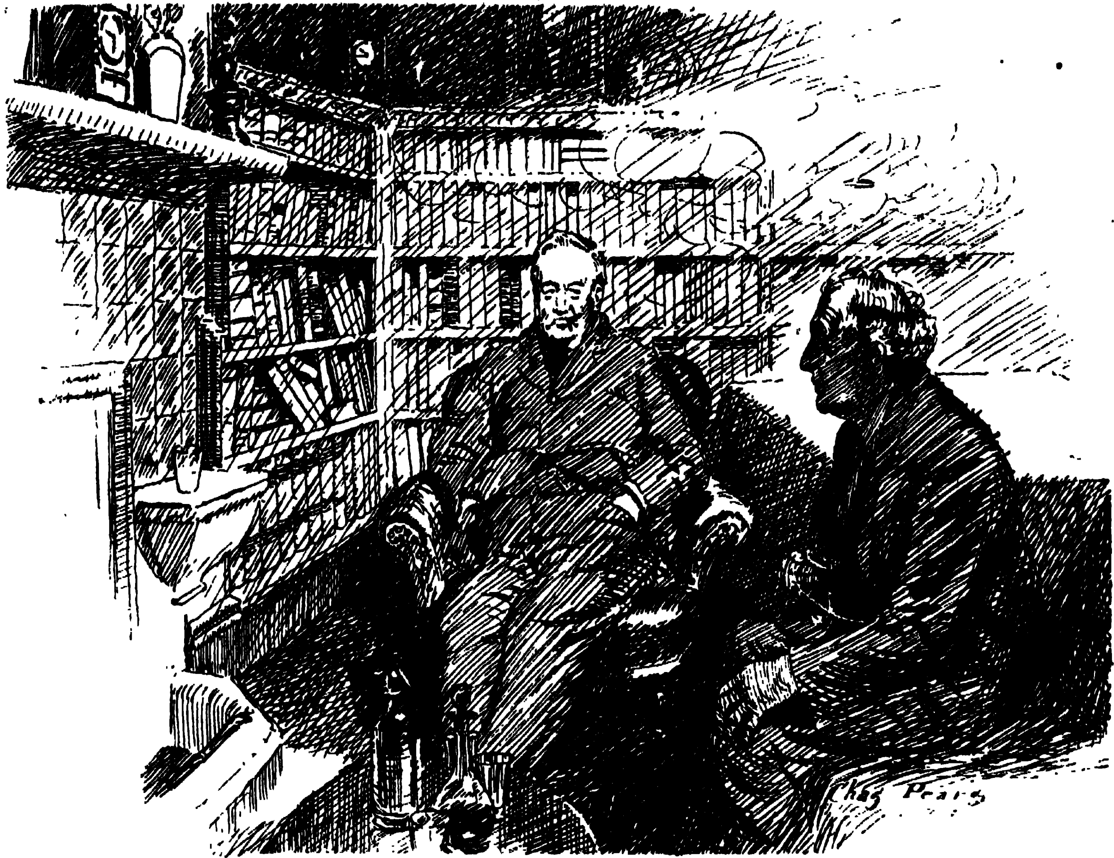
"FOR SALE—A MALTESSE PUDDLE."

Advt. in "Statesman."

Thanks; but we have plenty of our own.

"We respect and like Shelley better after reading his letters, and frequently there comes a flash like the 'I am bathing myself in the light and odour of the flowery and starry Autos,' which reveals the enthusiast."—*Morning Post.*

Certainly, only an enthusiast would care to bathe in petrol.



"Which of these clocks is right?"

"I don't know. We've five clocks. When we want to know the time we add 'em together and divide by five, and even then we're not certain."

WHAT MR. ROGERS THINKS.

[A Mr. Rogers (U.S.A.) proposes that, as an assistance to the other sex, every bachelor should be compelled to wear a badge.]

Attend to the words of the eminent Rogers,
  The fruit of whose wonderful brain
Would doom the most artful of masculine dodgers
  To ply his devices in vain.

How often a maiden's affairs have miscarried
  And come to a desperate hitch
For want of a line between single and married,
  Distinguishing t'other from which.

She may have been wooing with earnest intentions
  A youth of most promising sort,
When, just at the crisis, the gadabout mentions
  A wife who 's his only support.

Moreover, the swain she 's been ardently plying
  Can always escape from the lure
By saying he 's married—he 's probably lying,
  But how can the lady be sure?

It 's hard to be wasting her time on a quarry
  That proves in the end but a rat;
It 's all very well to explain that he 's sorry,
  But what does she get out of that?

And Rogers, aghast at this sad situation,
  Would stamp on each unmarried man
Some brand, or a means of identification—
  And let him dodge that if he can.

But, oh, Mr. Rogers (I take it you 're wedded),
  Whatever your daughters may say,
Beware, I implore you, of getting light-headed,
  And don't you be carried away.

Those ladies, no doubt, with their excellent mother,
  Combine to consider alone
The sex that they honour; but is there no other?
  O traitor, reflect on your own.

The man who is not by profession a rover,
  Whose views on the holier state
Are limited mainly to thinking it over,
  Has done pretty well up to date.

But though, given care and attention, he 's able
  To order his ways with success,
To stick the man up in the mart with a label
  Is asking for trouble, no less.

Your scheme may be subtle; but, once you begin it,
  As sure as he 's known by his marks,
A bachelor 'd never be safe for a minute
  (Apart from occasional larks). Dum-Dum.

"Hill was dismissed by a beautiful bail-high ball from Douglas at 112, and Ponsford followed in. The new batsman straight drove Barnes to the boundary, and then with another beauty clean bowled Minnett at 117."—*South Wales Echo.*

"*Et tu*, Ponsford?" said Minnett reproachfully, as he wended his way to the pavilion.

AT THE PLAY.

"The Fire Screen."

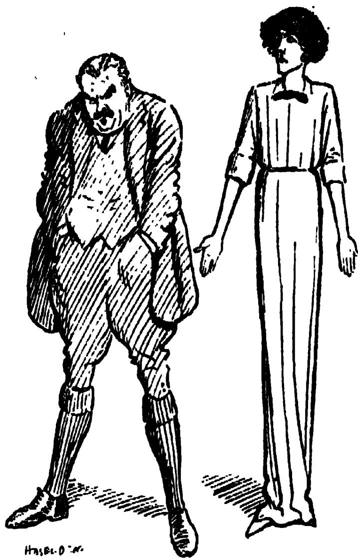
Mr. Sutro must have been asleep for twenty years; so only can I account for his beautiful innocence. Much has happened to the drama in the last two decades, but it has missed Mr. Sutro. He is still ingenuous enough to be pleased with the play of intrigue; he still thinks that no woman can set foot in a bachelor's flat without being compromised for ever. Innocent Mr. Sutro! How shocked he will be when he hears of the suffragettes!

Oliver Hadden was innocent too; but then he was a stage scientist and man of genius, and such men are always innocent. He was so innocent that he failed to see through his wife's cousin, *Angela*, notoriously wicked woman as she was, when she set herself to make love to him. *Martha Hadden* had no illusions, of course; and she thought of an elaborate plan (the dear!) for making everything come right in the Fourth Act. She asked *Horace Travers* down, and persuaded him to make love to—no, not herself this time; no, there are limits even to the *naïveté* of the eighties—she persuaded him to make love to *Angela*. She hoped to keep *Angela* away from her husband by this means; but alas, the plan miscarried. A second plan had hastily to be formed. *Horace* would ask *Angela* to his rooms, and *Martha* would see to it that *Oliver* discovered them together.

Oliver was a Galahad among men—a pure innocent soul who had refused to hear a word from his wife against *Angela*. Yet no sooner did he see her in *Horace's* rooms, whither she had come to tea at four o'clock in the afternoon, than he staggered back, convinced of the worst. *Angela* was having tea with a man! Her reputation was gone for ever.

O noble sweet-minded *Oliver*! O delightfully ingenuous Mr. Sutro, who still absorbs life eagerly from the boards of twenty years ago!

The First Act was as dull an Act as I remember ever to have seen. Mr. Fisher White (*Oliver*) and Miss Kate Cutler (*Angela*) did their best with it, but they never had a chance. Later on, Miss Cutler had opportunities, of which she availed herself successfully; but Mr. White's great powers were always wasted on an impossible part. Mr. Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, as *Horace* and *Martha*, were perfectly suited, and though they could never make the play alive, their presence on the stage generally made it theatrically effective.



Mr. Arthur Bourchier (*Horace Travers*) to Miss Violet Vanbrugh (*Mrs. Hadden*). "Yes, Angela Verinder is coming to my rooms to tea. But I don't see what you're making such a fuss about. You know very well that if it was anywhere else but on the stage it wouldn't compromise her a bit."

And I must congratulate Mr. Sutro on one excellent remark he gave to Mr. Bourchier. "I know him," says *Horace*, "to nod to, and to say 'Ah!' when I hear he's dead." M.

"The Easiest Way."

I don't know if American ideas of honour differ from ours, or whether it is just that, like other things, they lose all sense of consistency when they find themselves on the stage. Here, for instance, is *Brockton*, a patron of the drama, whose method it is to induce managers to dispense with the service of an actress in order that she may be forced to come under his protection. In this way he has secured *Laura Murdock* for his mistress. But, before the play starts, she has, like the lady in *He Who Passed*, met with a man (*Madison*) who wants to marry her; but with this difference, that he is conversant with the lurid character of her career. She begs *Brockton* to let her off. He consents, but warns *Madison* that, while waiting for him to become eligible, she will miss the luxuries to which she has become habituated, and, as a struggling actress, may easily relapse. In that contingency he promises to keep the hero *au courant* with the facts. So *Laura* takes up her work in New York, loses her part, and is reduced to the extremities of poverty. At this point *Brockton*, who no doubt has been assisting his own prophecies to verify themselves, intervenes and offers to relieve her on the old terms. She reluctantly consents. Instead of writing to tell *Madison* of the restoration of the *entente*, he prefers a more improbable course of action and makes Laura take down from dictation a letter to her lover, informing him that she has no further use for him. In a spasm of reaction she burns the letter. Meanwhile *Madison* has struck metal in Colorado, and comes to claim her. *Brockton*, on discovering that the letter was never posted, is furious at the outrage done to his reputation as a gentleman of his word. He has been made a liar in the eyes of *Madison*. He will therefore expose her. Such, it would seem, are the niceties of American honour—on the stage.



The Business-like American. "Impending suicide! Witness, forward!"

John Madison ... ... Mr. Godfrey Tearle.
Laura Murdock ... ... Miss Sarah Brooke.
Annie ... ... Miss Violet Rand.

Madison, I need hardly say, proposes to shoot him at sight; but *Laura* objects to this. She will commit suicide instead. "Commit it, then," says he, and calls in a coloured slavey to witness the discharge of the pistol, so that nobody can say that he has done it. *Laura* gives the matter her full consideration, and then thinks better of it; and *Madison* leaves her for ever, after a brief but poignant lecture on her bad

habit of always choosing "the easiest way."

The other Acts had been received surprisingly well, but this gloomy solution seemed to offend the gods. Possibly the ending may have to be made happier. This would only necessitate a slight modification of the title, which might be changed to "The Easiest Way Out."

Miss SARAH BROOKE as *Laura* had a very heavy part, being always there or in the next room, and she played with unsparing energy. She has, of course, a charm of her own, but it is not perhaps quite the peculiar charm that was needed to give the right attraction to this character. If she had not from time to time shown an unconscious staginess and a good deal of stocking, I might never have recognised her profession. Mr. GUY STANDING (*Brockton*) acted with an easy aplomb. It was not his fault that, having started out as a fairly reasonable type of rascal, he should have had to serve the purpose of the author (Mr. WALTER) by developing into an unspeakable brute, on a plea of punctilio. Try as he would, he could not convince us that his honour was capable of sustaining any severe damage.

As for Mr. GODFREY TEARLE (*Madison*) he was away most of the time in Colorado, and I imagine that the unrestrained life of a mining camp suited him best. He had good moments, but he is really meant for a gallery-hero. He should never be allowed to be anything but the soul of chivalrous generosity. Mr. O. B. CLARENCE played pleasantly in a part that didn't matter. The *clou* of the evening was the delightful performance of Miss NELSON HALL in the character of *Elfie St. Clair*, a child of freedom and a friend of *Laura's* in the old days, who comes to cheer her poverty and to weaken the resolutions of virtue with an object-lesson on the advantages of the looser life.

One naturally wishes success to Miss SARAH BROOKE in her first trial of management. But when Londoners hear that a play has had a wide success in America they have their misgivings. The States are so easily pleased. This time it can hardly have been the humour of the piece that did it, for the things at which our first night's audience laughed loudest were those exotic phrases which would escape the notice of anybody familiar with the American language. O. S.

The Neutrality of Peace.

The Sphere last week had an illustration entitled, "Visible signs of the Pax Britannicum." This, of course, is preferable to a Bellum Germanica.



SCENE—*Crowded Restaurant—all seats taken.*

Harold (*who has been earnestly watching gentleman evidently enjoying his luncheon*). "I SAY MOTHER, I DO HOPE WE'LL GET A SEAT SOON; THAT MAN'S MAKING ME FEEL FRIGHTFULLY HUNGRY."

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

(*After the Halfpenny Press.*)

CRASHERS CONFIDENT.

CONFIDENCE is the note which greets one at the headquarters of the Crashers. The men are in the highest spirits and are convinced that they will beat the Rushers on Saturday in spite of the fact that, owing to injuries, the team will consist of eleven reserves. "We shall win," was the confident remark of the genial Trainer, as he sprinted round the field with his charges and applied wet sponges to their foreheads.

RUSHERS READY.

Confidence is the note which greets one at the headquarters of the Rushers. As a result of the desperate struggle in the last round the team is seriously depleted, but the men are positive that they will triumph over the Crashers on Saturday. "We are going to win," said the smiling Trainer confidently, as he stroked the head of the fair-haired right-half and read passages from GRAY'S *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

SWANKERS SERENE.

Confidence is the note which greets one at the headquarters of the Swankers. Owing to recent injuries six new men have hurriedly been acquired at enormous cost, but all anticipate an easy victory over the Clinkers on Saturday. "You will see us win," exclaimed the urbane Trainer with the utmost confidence as he poured out hot beef-tea and cautioned his centre forward against damp feet.

CLINKERS CHEERFUL.

Confidence is the note which greets one at the headquarters of the Clinkers. Owing to injuries the third eleven are playing, with the exception of the goal-keeper, who is drawn from the fourth; but all are certain that they will overcome the Swankers on Saturday. "We shall win easily," whispered the courteous Trainer confidently as he tucked his "boys" into bed for their afternoon siesta. (And so on.)

THE PATH TO REALITY.

(Hints for the representation of our everyday joys and sorrows in the Greek form.)

I.—THE DOMESTICS.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Master of the House.
Mistress of the House.
Buttons.
Chorus of Footmen and Housemaids.

SCENE—*The Hall of the House at* 10 *a.m.*

CHORUS.

A fate is waiting for all of us; it's waiting for you and me;
But only the dim far gods can tell the day when the fate shall be;
For one may be drowned and one be shot, and one of us die in bed;
And it doesn't matter a feather's weight so long as you're really dead.
For ourselves we know that the work we have is more than we ought to do,
Being out of our beds at six A.M. and at it the whole day through.

Sometime since our lady went,
Humming tunes and well content,
Making still her venturous way
Through the passage reft of day,
Till she paused where oft before
She had paused—the kitchen-door,
Opened it and smiled and so
Entered in some time ago.
Ai-ai-ai and well-a-day!
What is happening? Who can say?

HALF-CHORUS OF FOOTMEN.

We are rather afraid we must side with the maid, that is, with the cook in her distress.

HALF-CHORUS OF HOUSEMAIDS.

You're as blind as a bat and a poor one at that. Now for our part we side with our mistress.

FULL CHORUS.

The amount of the books is the curse of all cooks; the addition would puzzle a BABBAGE,
But as often her grief is a question of beef or the manner of boiling a cabbage.
Oh, it's meals for us all (which we take in the "hall"); and it's meals for the Mistress and Master;
And the meals of the nursery are part of the curse, and the total implies a disaster.

(Enter the Master and the Mistress.)

Master. Well I know whither we are tending, for to me a revelation has come.

Mistress. Is it of bankruptcy thou speakest, not weighing well thy words?

Master. Ay, of that and of other things, for they too add to a burden already intolerable.

Mistress. Nay, but to me it seems that I have heard thy speech before.

Master. To an understanding woman the familiar words of a husband are beautiful.

Mistress. And a wise husband is to his wife a happy purveyor of money.

Master. But to me the happy and the unhappy are not far apart.

Mistress. Do thou speak things of fair import, handing to me the necessary cheque.

(The Master draws the cheque and exit followed by the Mistress.)

CHORUS.

Woe is coming to our roof;
Weave the weft and weave the woof.
She has got her cheque; why, dash it,
All she needs is just to cash it.
But the cook, our food-provider—
Oughtn't we to stand beside her,
Who, by nobody defended,
Now perhaps her life has ended,
Flying from a load of sorrow
To a bright Elysian morrow?

For her never again shall the Sussexian uplands the world-renowned furnish the bleating sheep, fit subject for her skill; nor in Wales the gallant, nor in Canterbury the glory of New Zealand shall any four-footed wool-bearer meekly submit to inexorable fate so that she may prepare it for feasts. Woe is me, woe, woe, for to this we must all come biding our time. Over us too the black wings shall beat; but to her all is summed up and finished.

(The Buttons rushes in.)

Buttons. Dreadful things I have seen and these I would fain reveal.

Chorus. Speak on, for thy aspect forebodes calamities.

Buttons. Calamities, indeed, but of such there is already a superfluity.

Chorus. What art thou about to relate, thou many-buttoned bearer of tidings?

Buttons. Nay, but I know not how to apply my tongue to the words.

Chorus. But do thou proceed, for not to deliver one's message is shameful.

Buttons. Shame is to the shameful, but me no guilt overloads.

Chorus. Speak on then, for to the innocent to speak is to be relieved.

Buttons. Know you the cook who in the rearward parts of the palace bore rule?

Chorus. Is it of her thou speakest having thy lips framed for tidings of evil?

Buttons. Of her and of no other, but the gods lay this upon me.

Chorus. Is the much-endurer now haply lapped in slumber?

Buttons. Slumber may come in many ways, but she will wake no more.

CHORUS.

Now is the fate, ordained of old,
The terrible fate that our minds foretold,
Now at last is the fate fulfilled
In the blood that a pitiless Mistress spilled.
On high Olympus the gods at ease
Look down with a smile on things like these:
Guilt for some and for others woe,
For the gods, the mighty, must have it so.

R. C. L.

"AN ELDERLY SCHOLAR.—Mr. Edmund Herring, aged 55, has just been selected as a Rhodes scholar.
The veteran, Mr. Morris Herring, aged 129 (?) is the uncle of Mr. Edmund Herring.—REUTER."—*North China Daily News.*

Although herrings frequently attain to a great age this paragraph ought not to come under "Fish Notes," but under "Cricket Notes"—the actual facts being that, playing against M.C.C., a Rhodes scholar and his uncle made 55 and 129 respectively.



Affable Alf. "BEEN 'AVING A BIT O' CROKEY, MISTER?"

DID SHAKSPEARE PLAY FOOTBALL?

OR, TO PLEASE ALL PARTIES,

WAS BACON A SPORT?

ALTHOUGH SHAKSPEARE only makes one direct reference to the football player, a close study of his plays has convinced us that he himself followed the game.

His one allusion to a footballer is in itself strong evidence of this. "Base football player" are the words he uses in *King Lear*, Act I., Scene 4. The reference is probably to foul play—on the other side.

But if this example fails to carry conviction, we can find confirmatory evidence everywhere throughout the plays. In *Hamlet*, Act III., Scene 3, for instance, occur the words "trip him," which, to have their full value, should be read in conjunction with *Twelfth Night*, Act I., Scene 3, where we find the frank confession, "I have the back trick."

This confession brings us to the consideration of SHAKSPEARE as a player. When he talks of "the virtue of a good wing" (*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I., Scene 1), we see that he learned the back trick against forwards of merit; and we know him at once as a back of the robust, stick-at-nothing school ("not nice but full of charge"; *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V., Scene 2), when in the first part of *Henry IV.*, Act V., Scene 1, we read that "nothing can seem foul to those that win."

Of the team for which he played all we know with any certainty is that it was famous for its striking and artistic colours. For SHAKSPEARE was too good a partisan to intend the phrase "Heavenly harnessed team" in *Henry IV., Part I.*, Act III., Scene 1, to refer to any opposing eleven.

It would almost seem that on one occasion at least the poet was to be found keeping goal, but that was probably only in a friendly match not taken too seriously. Perhaps it was at a stage *fête*. At any rate, "the net has fallen upon me" (*Henry VIII.*, Act I., Scene 1) suggests a practical joke or faulty materials such as would never be tolerated in a League contest.

"The premiere of Sir Arthur Pinero's new comedy 'The Mind, the Pain, and the Girl,' is fixed for Saturday."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

The great Christian Science drama.

RELICS.

["A log of wood, supposed to be part of the famous apple tree in Sir Isaac Newton's garden, has been presented to the Royal Astronomical Society. According to tradition the scientist's attention was directed to the subject of gravity by the fall of an apple from the tree."

Daily Mail.]

WE understand that a jet of steam, if not the same as, at least similar to, one which issued from the spout of the kettle of JAMES WATT'S mother, has been secured by the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, in whose museum it now rests.

A tin pot, very like the tin pots which JOHN BUNYAN must have mended, has been prevented from going to America by the public-spirited action of a gentleman who has procured it for presentation to the Baptist Union.

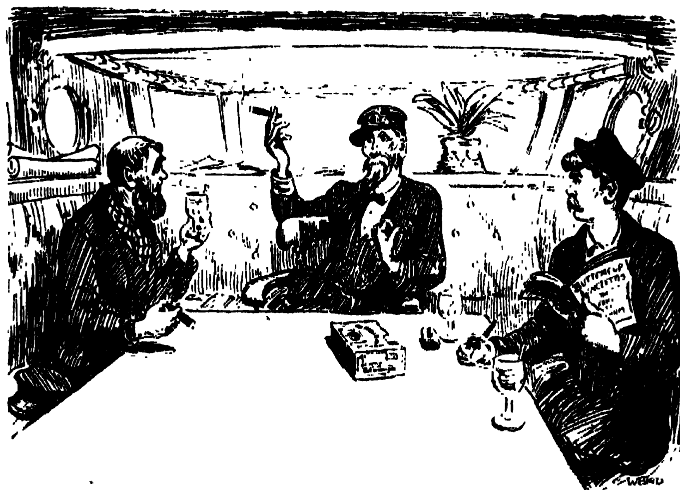
A biscuit, one of those named after the famous physician, Dr. ABERNETHY, has been presented to the British Museum; where it resides next to the Garibaldi biscuit recently lent by the Italian Government.

Some soap-suds, believed to be from MARAT'S last bath, are to be sold at the hammer next week.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I confess that Robert Hugh Benson is an author from whom I myself can only snatch a joy that is more than half fearful. For one thing, when he sets out to make my flesh creep, he can do it with a cold and logical completeness that is very unnerving. *The Coward* (Hutchinson) shows him at his best and worst. It begins quite pleasantly, with one of those charming descriptions of life in the stately old country homes of England at which Father Benson is an adept. But I knew it couldn't last like that; the more peaceful the opening, the more I felt, as in a kind of conscious nightmare, the terror that was bound to be in store. It came, a glimpse of it, when the boy *Val*, having been thrown from his horse, pretends that he is too stiff to ride again next day. Then I saw what we were in for—an extraordinarily subtle and detailed analysis of the physical coward, done in Father Benson's most merciless and convincing manner. Of course it is tremendously clever. Poor, haunted *Val* (that he is otherwise so delightful and promising a lad is only what another author has called an extra turn of the screw) is laid bare to the very springs of his miserable life. His self-hatred, varied with flashes of glorification, when under press of nerves he exhibits the reckless daring that is really the concomitant of cowardice, is traced step by step, from incident to incident. For a long time I hoped that the wise and sympathetic priest, who was obviously being held in reserve, would be allowed to work one of those miracles of regeneration which Father Benson has given us before. But—however, you must read the end for yourself. It is very well written and quite horrible.



"When he fired the pistol at you, what did you do, Captain?"
"I moved to one side and the bullet sped harmlessly by and buried itself in the thick part of the mate's head."

When two people fall in love, and one of them is a Catholic and the other is not, the safer and more prudent plan is, I am told, for each to start again and fall in love with somebody else. But in the case of *Evodia Essex* and *Felix Scaife* inquiries had elicited that both were of the same Protestant faith, and it was considered right to proceed. I do not think those inquiries can have been very searching, or it would have transpired that the belief of *Felix* was very wobbly. Certainly, it was easily reversed in less than a week, and reversed to such good purpose that he deserted his love for a whole fortnight in order to become better acquainted with his new religion, and that without warning or explanation almost on the eve of their wedding-day. The call being assumed to be a right call and irresistible, two interesting problems at once arose: what under the circumstances he should have done, and in what spirit his conduct should be treated by his betrothed? Some will hold that creed should come before affection, others that affection is more important than creed; but all will be interested to learn how things, in this instance, worked themselves out—who gave in, and how. For this purpose *Prisoners' Years* (Methuen) must be bought and read. In complimenting Mr., Mrs. or Miss I. Clarke on a fine study I feel bound to protest that justice has not been done to the Established Church or the language of my country. The former is not wholly without hope for the faint-hearted, support for the afflicted, and ideals for the spiritually earnest. The latter is strong enough to manage for itself without the assistance of at least one French word to every page. I conceived a dislike, of which I never quite got rid, for one character who was *émotionné* no fewer than three times in the first five minutes of our acquaintance.

There are some rather curious people in *The Story of Clarice* (James Clarke), as Katharine Tynan has named her latest novel: there is the hero, for instance, *Hugo Venning*, of whom we are told, when he is proposing to marry on a pittance of six hundred a year, that previously his cigars and his button-holes had cost him as much. Also he is made to say in one place to *Clarice*, "Why, I stroked my college boat last July twelvemonth at Henley." (Do they really say "last July twelvemonth" at Eton? Perhaps it is this that has been worrying Lord Tankerville.) And there is *Jerry Polkinghorne*, who took a First-Class in the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge, and is subsequently spoken of as debating "with the best temper in the world and the training of the Oxford Union." And there is *Mr. Maulleverer*, who eats (absently-mindedly) fourteen chicken sandwiches at tea on a fast-day, and is contrasted unfavourably by the authoress with the Nonconformist minister, because of his narrow-mindedness. The story is once more a very pleasant love-tale, with an element of mystery not too terribly dark for the reader's intelligence to unravel; but I could have wished that the promise of rivalry between the two extremely eligible suitors for the hand of *Clarice* had been maintained. As it is, the man of two universities rather tamely throws up the sponge, and in a chapter entitled "*Io Hymen*" (practically equivalent to "*Floreat Etona*") the old school comes by its own.

The Moving Staircase.

"The osculator at Earl's Court has been so successful that a number of others are to be installed at various places."

We compliment our contemporary (who shall be nameless) on this pretty example of *esprit d'escalier.*

"The adoption of the garter as its sign is explained by the famous story that the Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter at a state entertainment, whereat there was much tittering among the courtiers. Edward III. picked it up with the words 'Honi soit qui mal y pense'—'Accursed be he who sees shame in a garter.'"—*Daily Mail.*

We prefer the older and more elastic rendering.

CHARIVARIA.

A eulogistic article in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, on the work of Mr. Leslie Ward, entitled "Forty Years' Work as 'Spy,'" has, we hear, attracted considerable attention in Germany.

* * *

By-the-by, the Anglo-German Friendship Society, it is announced, is in future to be known as the British-German Friendship Society. "We are getting on," as the Premier would say.

* * *

In reply to a question in the Upper House, Lord Haldane acknowledged last week that our present rifle was in some respects inferior to others, but tests, he said, were being carried out with a new rifle, which it was hoped would ultimately prove to be the finest in the world. It is nice to know that even if we do not win the war which breaks out, say, to-morrow, we may yet win the next one after that.

* * *

The Nanking Republicans telegraphed to Yuan Shi-Kai to say that he was second only to Washington, who was the only other President of a Republic elected unanimously. It was not, however, pointed out that Washington retained his Georgian pig-tail even after election.

* * *

Some of our living novelists are protesting against the Dickens boom. The free advertisement given to Dickens's Immortal Works is said to be doing serious harm to their own.

* * *

No fewer than 20,000 persons applied for free tickets to see Mr. Eden Philpotts' prohibited play. We cannot help thinking, however, that the audience of guests were disappointed, and did not find the play so improper as they expected.

* * *

It is denied that Mr. Neil Forsyth and Mr. Hammerstein have agreed to amalgamate in a firm to be entitled Hammerandtongstein, Ltd.

* * *

A millionaire Pittsburg merchant, aged seventy-five, has just married a beautiful young girl of nineteen, and several of our newspapers have referred to the event as a "Romance."

* * *

There is nothing new under the sun. We now hear that the Freak Dances which have made their appearance in our ball-rooms have been the vogue for many years past in our lunatic asylums.

* * *

This statement gains probability from the rumour that at a certain ball the other night a number of patients from a neighbouring hospital who were suffering from St. Vitus's dance took part and failed to attract attention.

* * *

Meanwhile it occurs to us, would it not be possible to arrive at a compromise in the dramatic censorship question by altering the scope of its duties? If the censors were to leave the drama alone and devote their energies to keeping our ball-rooms clean many of us would be more than pleased.

* * *

We beg to extract, with grateful acknowledgments, the following rule from the Weybridge Golf Club card:—" When laying in a gorse ring the ball must be lifted, penalty 1 stroke." Seeing how many balls one loses, we must say it seems a pity to disturb one when it is laying others.

* * *

We hear that many golfers who have had no luck the other way intend to try the blindfold game, on the chance of their doing better when they cannot see what they are about.



THE FORLORN HOPE.

"Hello! Could you suggest the wrong number I ought to ask for, Miss, in order to get 2-double 0-9-2 Mayfair?"

A medical contemporary points out that "it is gradually becoming realised that singing is an excellent cure for weak lungs." This explains, and perhaps almost excuses, what we had hitherto looked upon as a most heartless practice on the part of some of our friends.

* * *

The Sphere mentions each week the price it gives for its Short Story. One could wish that it were compulsory for every paper to state what it pays its contributors. Some of our periodicals badly need shaming.

"A correspondent sends us the programme of a recent organ recital at a church on a Sunday evening in a Staffordshire town, at which the selections were all by Wagner, except two by Tannhauser."

Staffordshire Sentinel.

And a comic song by Lohengrin.

The Indispensable Tidings.

The audience at *The Parable* yesterday numbered, in the afternoon, 7,328, and in the evening 8,419. This constitutes a record for February 26, 1912, for never before have so many persons witnessed this wonderful and beautiful performance on that date.

"Amid all that eclat and elaborationness of ceremony which constitute the stage property of the gilded Chambeer, Lord Pontypridd was to-day sworn in as a member of the House of Lords."

South Wales Daily News.

It seems to have carried away the writer entirely.

Gog and Magog.

"The Great Successful Drama,
'The Two Orphans.'
(Over 3,000 ft. in length)."
Advt. in "Radcliffe Times."

"SLICED LEMON PIE.
(Kindness of Mrs. K. D. G.)
Line a deep pie tin with a good crust, sprinkle it with a cup of sugar, pour in a cup of water, sift a tablespoonful of flour over it, put on the top crust, and bake."—*New York Globe.*

Is it quite kind of Mrs. K. D. G. to leave out the lemons?

"DOCTORS & THE ACT.
Cardiffian in the Chair.
Vote of censure on him not carried."
South Wales Daily News.

Another triumph for Cardiff.

OUR MAGAZINE PAGE.

Something of Interest for Everyone.

Entertaining and Edifying.

OUR SERMONETTE.

Commit this to memory; it will help you through the day:—

However strong the impulse, never, if it can be avoided, commit suicide. When tempted, repeat the following words:—

Stay the rash hand! Though life be
grim and gray,
To-morrow, recollect, succeeds to-day.

A BIT OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The Agile Grasshopper.

Most of us have observed the extraordinary jumping powers of the common grasshopper. If human beings possessed such powers in proportion to their size, we should have the privilege of watching Mr. G. K. Chesterton bound nonchalantly to and fro across the Thames. Grasshoppers do not build their nests in trees, nor, as a rule, migrate in winter.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

Select a well-known poetical quotation and replace some of the principal words by others. Very surprising results can be obtained in this way, as is proved in the following instance, where the famous lines:—

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown"

are transformed into:—

Go into the kitchen, Jane,
For the milk-boy, Thos., has come.

We offer a first prize, consisting of a bag of nuts, and a second prize consisting of the published sermons of Dr. Clifford, for the two best "transformed" quotations sent to us by wireless telephony in 1912. The example given above must not be used except in cases of sheer desperation.

TO-DAY'S POEM.

The Two Violets.

Two Violets bloomed in a garden
When the bluff March breezes blew,
And they loved each other fondly,
As Violets often do;
But shyness kept them from speaking
Till death had torn them apart,
And neither knew that the other
Had died of a broken heart.

Take warning, you who are lovers,
By the Violets' hapless fate;
Don't wait till you're dead and buried,
For then it may be too late;
Don't foolishly let your passion
Remain locked up in your breast,
But speak to your loved one boldly
And so get it off your chest.

"NUMENES,"

A Fascinating Pastime for the Winter Evenings.

Try it to-night.

"Numenes" (*i.e.* New Meanings) is the title given to a game which is exciting the greatest enthusiasm in intellectual circles. It can perhaps best be described by means of example. Take the letters N, E, S, W, which are always to be seen on wind vanes. They indicate the four points of the compass (North, East, South and West), but with a little ingenuity one can easily apply "Numenes" to them. Thus one might say:—

Never Employ Sultry Words.

Or, again, keeping the letters in the same order, but commencing with E:—

Eat Sparingly When Ninety.

Other "Numenes," beginning respectively with the letters S and W are:—

Sow Wurzels Near Easter.
Warble Nicely Every Sabbath.

The game can also be played in French. The letters S. V. P. can thus be made to represent the exhortation "Soyez Vraiment Poli." It could doubtless be done in German but for the fact that the only member of the staff acquainted with that language is on his holidays.

PITHY PARS.

You have doubtless remarked that full descriptions of a day's cricket in Australia are frequently printed in English newspapers apparently before the play has concluded. This is accounted for by the rotation of the earth upon its axis and forms yet another illustration of the marvels of Science.

Bombardier Wells, the heavyweight champion of England, was at one time in the Army, but he has never been known to take an unfair advantage of this fact when boxing.

To clean cycle tyres, moisten the tyres thoroughly with a large-sized shaving brush, rub briskly with a stick of shaving soap, dip the brush in hot water and work up a good lather. Lay sheets of blotting-paper along the garden path and ride the machine up and down until the tyres are dry. Repeat the process until all dirt is removed.

The Battle of Waterloo was fought upon a Sunday. This, however, was before the invention of aeroplanes.

Lady Howard de Walden (*née* Miss Van Raalte), whose photograph has been appearing in the Press, is the same lady whose same photograph recently appeared as that of Lord Howard de Walden's *fiancée.*

A TRIBUTE TO A GOD.

If any cynic still refuses
The island people's claim
Not least to love the heavenly Muses
And the bright Sun-god's name,
Or thinks in vain he held his chorus
On that Parnassian height,
For souls that never shall be porous
To Hellene points of light;

To such as these I say, "Why raven you?"
Your bookish notions leave,
Come out with me along the avenue
Called Shaftesbury, at eve;
Come out with me and show repentance:
Illumed against the sky
Observe that solemn, awful sentence
"Apollo: *The Glad Eye.*"

Could any land but ours have fashioned
So glorious a sign,
Have hailed with tribute so impassioned
The lord of things that shine:
The god whose pæans strike the rafter,
Who wreathes the laurel crown,
Who brightens heaven and earth with laughter
When his glad eye looks down?

Instinctively I stand and watch it,
And dream of Hellas gone;
The constables respect my crotchet,
And spare to say, "Move on;"
I seem to hear the psalm that waxes
From Delos' sacred shore,
I take no notice of the taxis
Outside the Lyric door.

About me burns the panorama
Of night's electric glare,
Announcing patent soaps and drama,
But this is far more fair:
This surely makes the pulse beat faster,
This wild spontaneous burst
Of adoration for the Master
Who gave men culture first.

You tell us there is some confusion?
Some trifling error? What?
Then let us clasp the old delusion,
Nay, undeceive me not;
Still let me stand as though in fetters
While the rude crowd goes by,
And gaze on those tremendous letters,
"Apollo: *The Glad Eye.*" Evoe.

The Lack of Humour in the Animal World.

"Cows Killed by Chaff."
People.

"Conscience Money.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges the receipt of two postal orders of £1 each—total, £2."—*Times.*

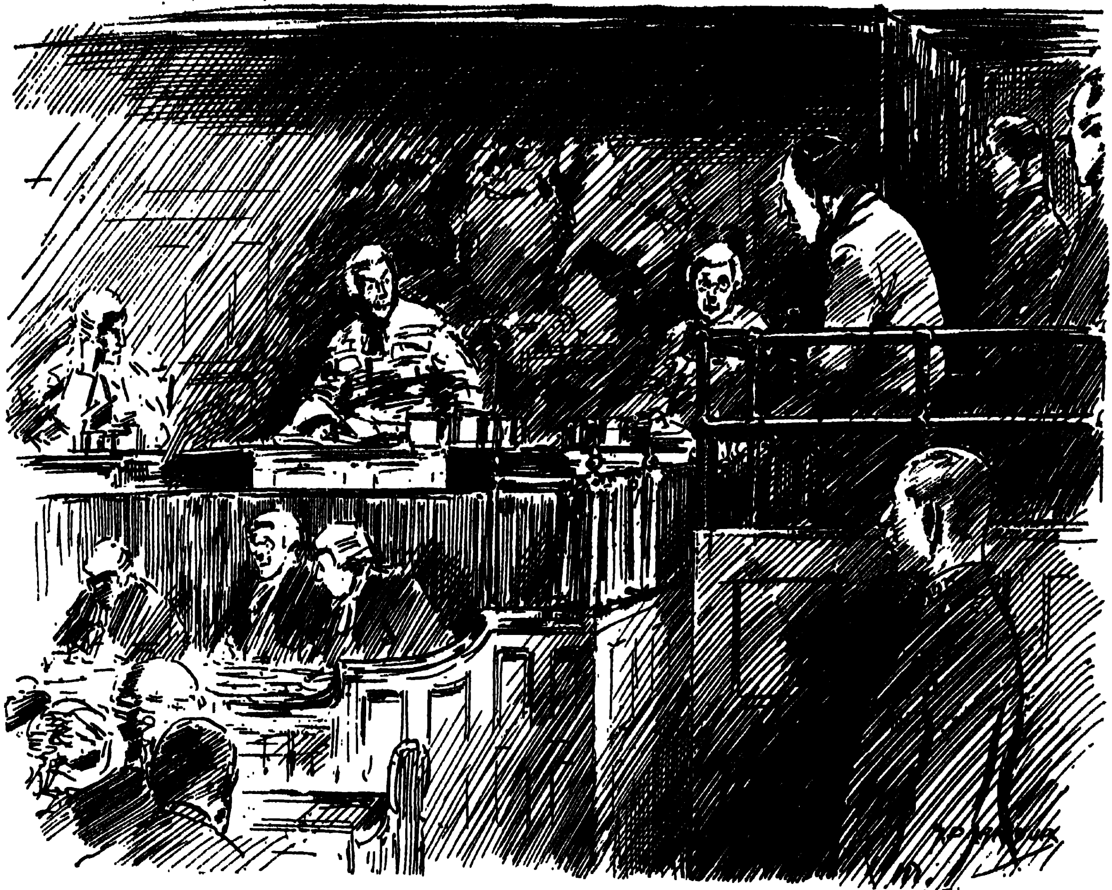
And they find fault with the accuracy of his figures!



THE OLD ORDER CHANGES.

Call Boy (*Chief Whip*). "IRISH PIG READY?"

Manager Asquith. "NOT YET. NOBODY SHALL SAY WE RUSHED *THIS* STAR TURN BEFORE WE'D THOUGHT IT OUT. SEND THE WELSH RABBIT ON TO KEEP 'EM QUIET."



HUMOURS OF THE APPEAL COURT.

Judge (reading from prisoner's record). "In 1885 you were sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for fraud?"
Prisoner (indignantly). "No, m'Lord!" *Judge.* "In 1888 you were sentenced to five years' penal servitude?"
Prisoner. "Certainly not, yer Lordship!" *Judge.* "From 1895 down to this year you have been in prison under sentences varying from two years' imprisonment to six years' penal servitude?"
Prisoner. "Ain't a word of truth in it, yer Lordship!" *Judge.* "I'm afraid you must have forgotten."

PLAYING AT PLAY.

["Toogood, playing every shot, whether from the tee, through the green, or on the putting green, with his eyes blindfolded, met A. Tindal Atkinson, a scratch player of the Sunningdale Club, playing in the orthodox manner, over eighteen holes, upon level terms. The result was absurd."—*Press.*]

The final test match opened to-day in fine weather. An interesting novelty was introduced into the game, each batsman being compelled to use, to defend his wicket, some article from his travelling bag, in accordance with the claim put forward by several admirers of Warner's XI. that it is not necessary for an England player to use a bat in order to keep the ball off the wicket. Rhodes, who compiled a neat 59 with his hairbrush, was loudly cheered, as was Hobbs, who, using his Thermos flask, gave a perfect display, including all his best strokes. It is some evidence of his activity that, on his arrival at the pavilion, the milk, which had been the original contents of the flask, had become cheese. Foster, who, with Hobbs, was not out at the close of play, gave a fine exhibition with his trousers-press, his drives past very silly mid-on being greatly enjoyed by the crowd.

The final at the Crystal Palace will be of unusual interest this year owing to the decision of the committee to vary the character of the play by substituting a glass marble for the ball generally used. This change is made to prove that it is not necessary, so exact are the expert player's movements, for the sphere to be as large as that now employed. Sir Olley Lodge has consented to kick off.

The Channel Swim will, this year, take a new form, as Burgess will dive off hand-cuffed and with his feet attached by a chain cable to a grand piano. It is hoped to show that it is not necessary for any expert swimmer to enjoy every possible advantage on entering the water before he can cross the Channel. The proposal that he should be allowed to carry between his teeth a small file was vetoed on the ground that if this was permitted the value of the test would immediately disappear.

Bricklayers were at work yesterday at Wimbledon erecting the ten-foot brick wall which is to take the place of the net in the Tennis Championship this year. The new feature is being introduced to prove that it is not necessary for the player receiving service to see the ball as it leaves the server's racquet, before he can make a smart return.

From a speech as reported in *The Berkhamsted Gazette*:—

"Dr. —— had been heard frequently to refuse to put into his pocket that which he felt ought to go into the stomachs of his patients."

The waistcoat pocket, after all, is no place for the ammoniated quinine.

STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

V.—The Actor's.

Mr. Levinski, the famous actor-manager, dragged himself from beneath the car, took the snow out of his mouth, and swore heartily. Mortal men are liable to motor accidents; even kings' cars have backfired; but it seems strange that actor-managers are not specially exempt from these occurrences. Mr. Levinski was not only angry; he was also a little shocked. When an actor-manager has to walk two miles to the nearest town on a winter evening one may be pardoned a doubt as to whether all is quite right with the world.

But the completest tragedy has its compensations for someone. The pitiable arrival of Mr. Levinski at "The Bull's Head," unrecognised and with his fur coat slightly ruffled, might make a sceptic of the most devout optimist, and yet Eustace Merrowby can never look back upon that evening without a sigh of thankfulness; for to him it was the beginning of his career. The story has often been told since—in about a dozen weekly papers, half-a-dozen daily papers and three dozen provincial papers—but it will always bear telling again.

There was no train to London that night and Mr. Levinski had been compelled to put up at "The Duke's Head." However, he had dined and was feeling slightly better. He summoned the manager of the hotel.

"What does one do in this dam place?" he asked with a yawn.

The manager, instantly recognising that he was speaking to a member of the governing classes, made haste to reply. "Othello" was being played at the town theatre. His daughter, who had already been three times, told him that it was very fascinating. He was sure his lordship. . . .

Mr. Levinski dismissed him, and considered the point. He had to amuse himself with something that evening, and the choice apparently lay between "Othello" and the local Directory. He picked up the Directory. By a lucky chance for Eustace Merrowby it was three years old. Mr. Levinski put on his fur coat and went to see "Othello."

For some time he was as bored as he had expected to be, but halfway through the Third Act he began to wake up. There was something in the playing of the principal actor which moved him strangely. He looked at his programme. "*Othello*—Mr. Eustace Merrowby." Mr. Levinski frowned thoughtfully. "Merrowby?" he said to himself. "I don't know the name, but he 's the man I want." He took out the gold pencil presented to him by the Emperor—(the station-master had had a tie-pin)—and wrote a note.

He was finishing breakfast next morning when Mr. Merrowby was announced.

"Ah, good morning," said Mr. Levinski, "good morning. You find me very busy," and here he began to turn the pages of the Directory backwards and forwards, "but I can give you a moment. What is it you want?"

"You asked me to call on you," said Eustace.

"Did I, did I?" He passed his hand across his brow with a noble gesture. "I am so busy, I forget. Ah, now I remember. I saw you play *Othello* last night. You are the man I want. I am producing 'Oom Baas,' the great South African drama, next April, at my theatre. Perhaps you know?"

"I have read about it in the papers," said Eustace. In all the papers (he might have added) every day, for the last six months.

"Good. Then you may have heard that one of the scenes is an ostrich farm. I want you to play 'Tommy.'"

"One of the ostriches?" asked Eustace.

"I do not offer the part of an ostrich to a man who has played *Othello*. Tommy is the Kaffir boy who looks after the farm. It is a black part, like your present one, but not so long. In London you cannot expect to take the leading parts just yet."

"This is very kind of you," said Eustace, gratefully. "I have always longed to get to London. And to start in your theatre!—it's a wonderful chance."

"Good," said Mr. Levinski. "Then that 's settled." He waved Eustace away and took up the Directory again with a business-like air.

And so Eustace Merrowby came to London. It is a great thing for a young actor to come to London. As Mr. Levinski had warned him, his new part was not so big as that of *Othello*; he had to say "Hofo tsetse!"—which was alleged to be Kaffir for "Down, Sir!"—to the big ostrich. But to be at the St. George's Theatre at all was an honour which most men would envy him, and his association with a real ostrich was bound to bring him before the public in the pages of the illustrated papers.

Eustace, curiously enough, was not very nervous on the first night. He was fairly certain that he was word-perfect; and if only the ostrich didn't kick him in the back of the neck—as it had tried to once at rehearsal—the evening seemed likely to be a triumph for him. And so it was with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation that, on the morning after, he gathered the papers round him at breakfast, and prepared to read what the critics had to say.

He had a remarkable Press. I give a few examples of the notices he obtained from the leading papers:—

"Mr. Eustace Merrowby was Tommy."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"The cast included Mr. Eustace Merrowby."—*Times.*

". . . Mr. Eustace Merrowby . . ." *Daily Chronicle.*

"We have no space in which to mention all the other performers."—*Morning Leader.*

"This criticism only concerns the two actors we have mentioned, and does not apply to the rest of the cast." —*Sportsman.*

"Where all were so good it would be invidious to single out anybody for special praise."—*Daily Mail.*

"The acting deserved a better play." —*Daily News.*

". . . Tommy . . ."—*Morning Post.*

As Eustace read the papers he felt that his future was secure. True, *The Era*, careful never to miss a single performer, had yet to say, "Mr. Eustace Merrowby was capital as Tommy," and *The Stage*, "Tommy was capitally played by Mr. Eustace Merrowby"; but even without this he had become one of the Men who Count -one whose private life was of more interest to the public than that of any scientist, general or diplomat in the country.

Into Eustace Merrowby's subsequent career I cannot go at full length. It is perhaps as a member of the Garrick Club that he has attained his fullest development. All the good things of the Garrick which were not previously said by Sydney Smith may safely be put down to Eustace; and there is no doubt that he is the ringleader in all the subtler practical jokes which have made the club famous. It was he who pinned to the back of an unpopular member of the committee a sheet of paper bearing the words

KICK ME

—and the occasion on which he drew the chair from beneath a certain eminent author as the latter was about to sit down is still referred to hilariously by the older members.

Finally, as a convincing proof of his greatness, let it be said that everybody has at least heard the name "Eustace Merrowby"—even though some may be under the impression that it is the trade-mark of a sauce; and that half the young ladies of Wandsworth Common and Winchmore Hill are in love with him. If this be not success, what is?

A. A. M.

A PRELIMINARY PRATTLE WITH LADY PRECIOSA PIPKIN.

(*In the fearless manner of "The Daily Chronicle."*)

To enter the library in Arlington Street where Lady Preciosa Pipkin writes and reads is indeed a privilege which an ordinary journalist can hardly taste without fainting from sheer ecstasy. One is reminded alternately of Corinna and Marie Corelli, of Madame de Staël and Madame Sarah Grand. The atmosphere of the room is charged with pastoral serenity, and Lady Preciosa's voice, the ethereal tones of which remind one of harp harmonics, helps to enhance the illusion.

When I commented on this she smiled an exquisite smile and observed: "People think I live out of the rush, and often tell me so; yet, all the same, life, I think, is a terrible rush. Even some of our bishops have recently rushed to Russia and back again. . . . But I fear that I am in a minority, having always been a very unrushful person. Rapid locomotion is always distasteful to me, and I would infinitely rather be a tortoise than a hare. Indeed, I think that in a previous existence I must have been a tree, for I have roots and move them with great difficulty."

Lady Preciosa would have made an ideally lovely Hamadryad, and I longed to tell her so, but, after all, the object of my visit was not to discuss her previous existence but her forthcoming book, *The Silver Satchel*.

"How did *The Silver Satchel* come to be written? Well, on the principle that silence is golden, I hit upon the epithet 'silver' as appropriate to the outpourings of my pen. 'Satchel,' you see, begins, like 'silver,' with an 'S.' It is simply a commonplace book filled with extracts culled from various sources and supplemented with a few pieces of my own."

The Satchel which Lady Preciosa Pipkin so modestly describes as a commonplace book contains many rare and radiant effusions from her own gifted pen. Extracts of which the source is unknown are marked by one star, as distinguished from two stars which indicate anonymity, three stars which are affixed to pieces of a spirited and convivial type, and forty-two stars which indicate an American origin.

But Lady Preciosa, though so generous in admitting other writers to her *Silver Satchel*, is nothing if not original, as the following intensely interesting *obiter dicta* clearly show:—

"Personally I think the average modern book is very good; but as I only read those which I like, you will see that my point of view would inevitably differ from one who read no books except those which he (or she) disliked.

"One must, I think, use patience in dealing with young people's reading tastes. For instance, my youngest son, aged four, is suffering from an epidemic of infatuation for the lady whom he calls 'The Baroness Corkscrew.' The only thing to be done is to wait till it passes—like mental measles. I remember that I myself at the age of five was quite unable to appreciate Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. But my second son, aged seven, positively revels in the romances of George Meredith. He almost seems to draw sustenance from them, and one week he put on no less than 10 lbs. weight while he was reading *The Egoist* from morning to night."

Lady Preciosa Pipkin considers a love of reading to be one of the greatest of life's boons. "Better a thousand times that one should spend five shillings on Milton's *Paradise Lost* than on beer, tobacco, or even chocolate creams."

The Silver Satchel follows on other books—*Hushful Whispers*, *In Quest of Calm*, *The Log of the Dormy Houseboat*—characteristic of the same peaceful pen and refined yet catholic taste.



Fair Guest. "Then you absolutely deny, General, the possibility of such a thing as Platonic friendship between a man and a woman, even in the case of a philosopher?"

The General (slightly deaf). "Yes, absolutely. There are no exceptions, not even in the case of a Field Officer."

THE PATH TO REALITY.

(Hints for the representation in the Greek form of our everyday joys and sorrows.)

II.—THE TWINS.

Persons of the Play.

The Husband; the Wife; a Butler; a Constable; a Goddess.

Chorus of Squires, Vicars and Tenants.

Scene—*The lawn in front of a manor-house.* Time, 3 p.m. *Many tea-tables are set out.*

Butler.

Thou whom obedient to a changeless law
With equal speed thy flaming coursers draw,
Whose azure robes are dipped in molten gold
And strewn with jewels rich and manifold,
Great Sun, I hail thee, and I bid thee be
The kind sustainer of our festal tea.
Shine on my master, also on his wife,
Who after fifty years of wedded life
Shall from their friends, no matter what their stations,
Receive to-day the due congratulations,
With gifts of massy gold, embossed or chased
Or hammered, as may suit the giver's taste.
And I may add that I have laid each table,
Faithful in heart, as well as I was able.

Squires and Vicars.

Faring hither from glebes and manors,
Where we have dwelt as man and boy,
Through a flame of flags and a flush of banners,
Now we are come to our task of joy.
Landlords, justices, godly sages,
We who rule over man and beast,
Leaving our halls and our vicarages,
Lo, we are lured to the golden feast.

Squires.

He deserves a show of bunting
And the tribute of our tongue,
Who is just as fond of hunting
As he was when he was young;

Vicars.

Who in large ways and in small ways
Never left us in the lurch
With his cheque-book, and is always
Very regular at church.
In subscribing he looks pleasant
Where another man might blench.

Squires.

He can shoot a soaring pheasant,
And is Chairman of the Bench.

Tenants.

The Wife is as good in her way
As her lord and her master is in his;
She never presumes to play
A part in her husband's business.
She humours his every whim,
And thinks him the first and the best of us;
And she always looks after him,
While he looks after the rest of us.

Full Chorus.

Hymen, giver of reasonable happiness to them that are unpuffed-up in expectation, on thee we call and bid thee leave the rose-decked glades and hasten hither on odorous wings. Yet not as a boy shalt thou come, but grave and reverend, a fifty-yeared unwithholding offerer of connubial love. For now the half-centuried companions, the gold-gifted pair, are approaching, and in their train we behold a bevy of sons and daughters, and of grand-children a shouting many-aged host, yea and of great-grandchildren not a few, long-clothed and borne in arms and with high-pitched unhappy voices wildly clamouring for sustenance. But who is this, the sad-browed wearer of a black helmet, who behind the joyous throng stalks immitigably, a gloomy threatener of woe to the ancestral palace? Surely for no festival was he intended; but we in silence must await the fulfilment of doom.

[*The Husband and Wife advance to the front.*

Husband (to her). Dearest, thy hat is of a size unmeet for the aged.

Wife (to him). And across thy forehead a black smudge has been smeared.

Husband (to the guests). Friends, forgive, if with my faltering tongue I speak not words of due thanksgiving.

Constable (intervening). Pause, rash ones, for I too have a word to speak.

Husband. Words are for the high-born, but go thou within the house.

Constable. Not so, for to you black fate is now come.

Husband. How sayest thou, and what warrant hast thou?

Constable. Thee for burglary the law demands, but for theft the lady.

Husband. Terrible things, indeed, thou speakest to me who was never yet a burglar.

Wife. And to me, being guiltless, thy speech is bitter.

Constable. Will ye forbear resistance, coming quietly?

Husband. Yea, for it is better to endure that which cannot be avoided.

Wife. And to be crushed with suffering is the lot of women.

Chorus.

Ot-ot-oi, ot-ot-oi! for now woe brings woe upon woe. Whither shall we fly? In what dark forest by men unvisited shall we hide our faces? Now, indeed, are the foundations of the Palace uprooted and all the walls are shattered. Avert thy face, O Sun, and let black Night, the merciful, hide us in the folds of her garment.

[*The Goddess descends in her machine.*

The Goddess. Hold on, for I indicate a way of honour and safety.

Constable. Me thou shalt not rob of my lawful capture.

The Goddess (ignoring him and addressing the Husband). Was there not formerly to thee a twin-brother, all but simultaneously born and like unto thee as pin to pin?

Husband. Yea, there was; but what news bringest thou of the long-forgotten?

The Goddess (to the Wife). With thee, too, many years ago, a twin-sister sported in thy paternal home?

Wife. Ay, in truth she did; but her we do not mention, having thrust her out.

The Goddess. These, then, being your twins, are the culprits; but for you two let the revelry proceed.

[*She re-ascends.*

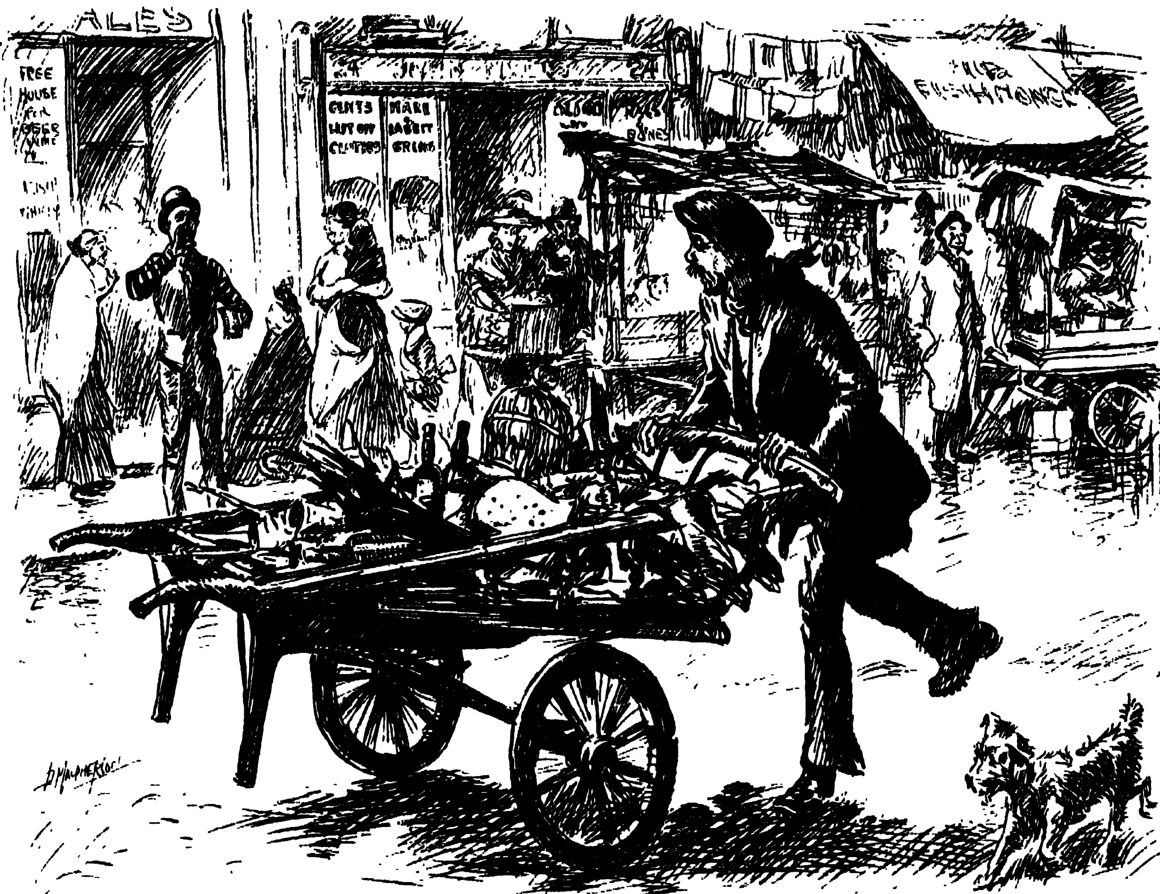
Chorus.

Now surely no course is left to the mistaken seizer of non-delinquents save to plunge the sharp steel in his breast, seeking death as a refuge. But to us the Goddess hath brought a return of joy, and Justice resumes her sway.

R. C. L.

"Wanted, a respectable baby to adopt."
Advt. in "Glasgow Herald."

"My baby's always kept 'isself respectable, Sir."



WOT CHEER!

Pal (on pavement). "ALLO, JOE; 'OW YER GETTIN' ON?"
Joe. "ORL RIGHT, OLE SPORT, ORL RIGHT. PLENTY O' MONEY, BUT NO TIME TO BLUE IT."

LIFE AND ROMANCE.

THE function of the novelist is less to invent a new and non-existent life than to collect actual incidents of life as it is lived, to place these in a juxtaposition which they did not previously enjoy, and to draw the deduction. For the several incidents of actual life as it is, one turns instinctively to the several columns of *The Daily Mail;* to achieve the juxtaposition, one has only to take a pair of scissors, to cut out and up the columns, to mix judiciously the fragments, and there you are. Avoid, of course, such side issues as Coal Crises and political happenings, and confine yourself to the more important chit-chat about Leap Year and the Telephone Trouble. If you had done this this week, this would have been the correct result:—

CHAPTER I.

LEAP YEAR.

How the Fair Sex Will Avail Themselves of their Privilege.

To the Editor of "The Daily Mail":—

SIR,—Any leap-year proposals I may make I shall effect by telephone. In this way a girl can preserve her blushes and her modesty and at the same time put her question.

It is all so simple. You ring up the number, say, "Is that 999?" and then ask if the young man, like *Barkiss*, is willing . . .—K. F., Norwood.

CHAPTER II.

TELEPHONE CHAOS.

To the Editor of "The Daily Mail:"—

SIR,—A postcard sent to me says: "I have just been on the telephone from 12.5 to 12.25 trying to get your number, P. O. Hampstead, but have been told you were engaged all that time. Is this correct? I called up the clerk in charge and complained."

When I tell you that my telephone was not in use at all during the times named, you will agree that further comment is needless.—G. S., Agamemnon Road, West Hampstead.

CHAPTER III.

We agree that further comment is needless, as witness our hand this twenty-ninth day of February, one thousand nine hundred and twelve.

Scenes from the Nile.

"It is a matter fresh in the minds of all how in April, 1907, the bottom fell out of the Egyptian booms, and brought down the Khartoum bubble in its wake."

Soudan Herald.

Hence the Great Dam.

"A large silver salver and four entrée dishes were from the Kilmarnock tenants, but the inscription on the former gave the bridegroom's names as Thomas Evelyn Ellis Scott instead of Scott Ellis." *Evening News.*

We hope more care will be taken in christening the billiard-room.

"The new enterprise will enable Londoners to breakfast at home on one day and to dine in Halifax four days later."—*Standard.*

Too long to wait. We shall therefore continue to dine in London on the same day.

"From 27,000 minutes of Scottish League football only 1220 goals have been extracted this season. Remarkable to state, the goals 'for' are identical with those 'against'—viz., 610."—*People's Journal.*

And it 's as far from London to Glasgow as it is from Glasgow to London. What a world!



THE RAGGING CASE.

The Oracle of the Sergeants' Mess (after much heated discussion). "Ah donn't caer whit ye say, it's no' a gentlemanly thing fur a gentleman tae pit strobbery jaam on anither gentleman's haer!"

THE DISAPPOINTED DEMON.

A Japanese artist of old took a chisel,
And a chunk of smooth ivory, soft as is such,
And, wrinkle by wrinkle and bristle by bristle,
A little old demon had life at his touch, -
A squat little figure
All sword-belts and vigour,
With claws that could clasp with a terrible clutch!

A tea-house acquired him, he sat in its porches
For years of red lacquer and joss-stick and fan,
The sun on the fir-trees at noon, and the torches
Of gay paper lanterns at nightfall, he'd scan,
Blind to both for a geisha,
The brightest in Asia,
Whom he loved, as a demon in ivory can!

She was small and delightful, her silk robes would rustle
When she slid o'er the matting with tea-tray and pot,
She'd a flower in her hair and a sash like a bustle,
And she loved her old demon, he fancied, a lot;
For she laughed at him often,
He'd thrill then and soften:
She was called something San, though I never learnt what.

But alas for his fancies, he'd misunderstood her;
One day, when the peach-bloom was pink on the trees,
There came a Mikado's Court Captain who wooed her
And wed her and carried her off at his ease;
And a P. & O. seaman
He looted the demon,
And brought him to London across the high seas!

* * * * * *

Now he sits on my chimney in all his regalia,
As bored as a Bhudda. He dreams of Japan,
Of hill-sides of cherry and banks of azalea
And pines that would whisper to maiden and man,
But mostly of laughter
That rang to the rafter,
The laughter of blossom-cheeked somebody San!

THE STATISTICIANS.

The English innings was opened by Hobbs and Rhodes, and an outburst of cheering was raised when the batsmen had got half-way to the wicket, it being recognised that they had then accomplished one mile in walks to and from the crease since the start of the tour. . . . Rhodes cut Hordern prettily to the boundary, and cheers were raised when it was seen that he only required 96 for his century. . . . Armstrong went on at 75, and a burst of applause announced that this was his first over in Test cricket since his last one. . . . With his score at 7, Woolley gave a chance to Hill, and cheers testified to the fact that this was a more difficult chance than the one given by Hobbs to Trumper at Adelaide. . . . An ovation was accorded Vine when he equalled Spofforth's score in the Test Match of 1882. *(And so on, till close of play.)*



MEAN PROFITS.

Coal Merchant (*to Miner*). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, I'M AGAINST STRIKES, I AM; BUT THE MORE THREATS OF 'EM YOU CAN GIVE ME, THE BETTER IT SUITS MY BOOK."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE PROFESSIONAL DUELLISTS.

Both of 'em full of lead after a few minutes, but, bless you, it made no difference really.

(MR. F. E. SMITH and SIR JOHN SIMON.)

House of Commons, Monday, February 19.—Excellent stage management of debate. F. E. SMITH led off with amendment to Address charging Government with breach of faith in the matter of the famous preamble to Parliament Bill promising reform of House of Lords. SOLICITOR-GENERAL put up to reply. Result, brilliant duel vastly enjoyed by thronged House.

Rarely are combatants so nicely balanced in skill; two capable of prettier swordplay not easily found. Born within a year of each other, neither "too old at forty," nurtured in the same college at Oxford, in succession President of the Union, both going to the Bar, each rapidly making his mark, both returned to Parliament, where early success was again secured, they met to-night rapier in hand, with nothing between them but that "substantial piece of furniture" for the intervention of which, on a far-gone day, DIZZY thanked Heaven, since it separated him from GLADSTONE in one of his fits of oratorical fury.

It was F. E.'s first speech delivered with advantage of accessories of Front Opposition Bench. His delayed appearance there recalls a story not generally known, which redounds to his credit, and rebukes familiar sneer at the moral and intellectual adaptability of the barrister working his way in House of Commons. Two sessions ago, at personal invitation of PRINCE ARTHUR, F. E. quitted his accustomed place behind his Leaders and, using the phrase in the Parliamentary sense, "took silk" and a seat on Front Bench. After a while it was observed that he had returned to his former quarters. Much inquiry into the why and wherefore, but no explanation forthcoming.

Fact is F. E. differing from his Leader, who, in conjunction with LANSDOWNE, thought it politic to refrain from dying in the last ditch in opposition to Parliament Bill in the Lords, fully conscious of the sacrifice he was making, relinquished his privilege. Went back to share the lot of the Private Member who, in order to secure a seat, must needs be in his place at Prayer-time and take his chance of catching SPEAKER'S eye at some uncertain period of debate.

Expectation ran high in anticipation of this bout at arms between the rising hope of the Unionist Party and his old college-mate. It was not disappointed. Each was at his best, and the level is lofty.

Business done.—Amendment to Address moved from Front Opposition Bench.

Tuesday.—Not much heard of the

WINSOME WINSTON since he genially backed up the WAR MINISTER'S mission of peace to Berlin by describing the German Fleet as a luxury, a sort of extra glass of beer or a superfluous pipe. Whilst on his own part he lays low and says comparatively nuffin' he finds himself to-day in both Houses dragged into what BONNER describes as the "limelight." In the Lords, CAMPERDOWN moves for return of military and civil forces specially detached to Belfast in connection with his recent visit and the cost thereby incurred.

CAMPERDOWN expressed regret at absence, through illness, of Lord PIRRIE, chairman of WINSTON'S meeting. He would therefore, he said, abstain from making certain remarks. Amid buzz of approval of this generous conduct he continued: "Any one who knows Belfast as Lord PIRRIE knows it, and who allowed his name to be used as Chairman of the Ulster Liberal Association, incurred a very culpable, indeed an almost criminal responsibility."

Pondering over this remark, made under restraining circumstances delicately alluded to, noble Lords wondered what CAMPDERDOWN would have said had PIRRIE been present in his habitual state of bounding health.

In the Commons shower of Questions on same subject rained on Treasury Brench. SEELY boldly asserted that the right of free speech must be safeguarded at any cost. This sentiment visibly affected WINTERTON, whom everyone is glad to see back from his trip to South Africa in fully restored health.

"Bayonets! bayonets!" the Noble Earl shouted, waving his right arm as if he were charging at head of his regiment.

As far as relevancy is concerned might as well have shouted, "Pickles! Pickles!"

That other man of war, MOORE of orth Armagh, took more practical view of situation. When SEELY, repeating statement made in other House by HALDANE, said cost of the entertainment amounted to £2,700, to be borne on the Army Estimates, NORTH ARMAGH rapidly scribbled some notes on his copy of Orders of the Day. Seizing opportunity for interposing, he asked if UNDER SECRETARY was aware that the estimate worked out at about 15/- a word of WINSTON'S speech?

Purists might say this was taking Minister and the House at unfair disadvantage. NORTH ARMAGH had worked out his sum. No one had opportunity of testing accuracy of his statement of result. Would have been just the same had he put cost down at 17*s.* 6*d.* or 11*s.* 9*d.* a word. Anyhow, it seemed a lot of money. If speech ran into silver at this rate silence certainly would be golden. SEELY sheered off with lame excuse to effect that if, when GENERAL CARSON, K.C., visited Dublin it had been necessary to make similar effort to ensure him the right of free speech, equal cost would have been met. Everyone felt that NORTH ARMAGH had the best of it.

Business done. — F. E. SMITH'S Amendment to Address negatived by 324 votes against 231.

House of Lords, Friday.—Not much heard of late of WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. Naturally inclined to take period of rest after supreme exertions in the historic



"WINSOME WINNIE."

Diehard campaign. But as a Parliamentary force he is not dead or even sleeping. Quick as ever to see opportunity of dealing damaging blow to adversary. Nothing lacking in ingenuity and skill in fashioning weapon. Early in the week, TULLIBARDINE in other House gave notice of motion for Return calculated to cloud Treasury Bench with confusion. As is well known, BONNER, during the Recess, publicly charged Ministers with corruption, basing accusation on statement that they had deliberately, unnecessarily, at the charge of the taxpayer (already burdened with task of providing shilling dinners for M.P.'s in receipt of £400 a year, paid out of fourpences contributed by domestic servants under pressure of the Insurance Act), created some thousands of paid offices. These judiciously distributed as bribes or rewards among their political partizans.

At earliest possible moment after meeting of Parliament PREMIER challenged LEADER OF OPPOSITION to repeat this charge on floor of the House, where it might be directly met. BONNER, refraining from prompt acceptance of this challenge, that fiery SCOT TULLIBARDINE leapt on the war-path. Gave notice of motion for return of all additional appointments made in public departments during existence of present Government.

"That'll fetch 'em," WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE assents. But it doesn't go far enough. It misses opportunity of showing by contrast what was done in this matter under other and nobler auspices.

Accordingly he intends to move in this House for an additional Return, setting forth in detail particulars of appointments made by his revered Leader, Lord HALSBURY, in the dispensation of the patronage of the Lord Chancellor exercised by him over an exceptionally long period.

Business done—Address agreed to.

A TIP IN TIME.

["Socks are to show less 'fireworks' and more art this season."—*Fashion's Edict.*]

No more, Lothario, dear old friend,
Killer of each suburban fair,
Can you attain your amorous end
With pyrotechnic pedal wear—
Wear that has made me fancy it
Was Mr. BROCK his benefit.

Hope not the female breast to move
With garb at which Dame Fashion jibs,
Your firework socks henceforth will prove
But veritable moistened squibs,
Things to be resolutely cut
By any self-respecting nut.

Yet don't despair; along the road
The smile of welcome still will greet
Your passage, if you mend your mode
And wear your art upon your feet,
Inserting, when you wish to shine,
A nocturne in each Number Nine.

"England . . . may form the keystone of a new European Concert; but if she were tied either to one or the other of the European combinations this noble part would be lost to her."—*Manchester Guardian.*

A keystone, in whatever key, and tied to whatever combinations, ought not to be allowed at a concert.

The Physique of the Army.

Notice on a Burma railway:—

"This carriage will accomodate 18 Passengers or 13 Soldiers."



MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.

Family Physician (to Cleopatra). "AH! WE'VE BEEN DRINKING PEARLS AGAIN, HAVE WE!"

THE GOVERNOR'S GARDEN PARTY.

MOST puissant lord, in vassal fear
  I bow to your august dominion,
And pray that you will lend an ear
  To one poor woman's frank opinion

Of you and all your mimic court,
  Your A.D.C.'s and other flunkeys,
Who think of nothing else but sport
  And chatter like a cage of monkeys.

When I survey your gorgeous suite
  And all your quasi-regal splendour,
I see the flagship of the fleet
  Aped by a little harbour tender.

And when you hold the shears of fate
  By virtue of the KING'S commission
I recollect your larval state—
  A pushing party politician;

But now you are the full-fledged thing,
  Pro-consul, peer, *in loco regis*,
Flaunting the trappings of a king
  Amid the laughter of your lieges.

My lord—or should I say Your Ex?—
  No plea for mercy shall avail you;
It is the custom of our sex
  To grant no terms when we assail you.

And I have reason to be hard;
  You—or your clerks in cloak and
    sabre—
Have left me out, and sent a card
  To Mrs. Brown, my next-door neigh-
    bour.

THE *DRUM* AND FYFE.

(*A Self-satisfied Monologue.*)

HEAVEN forbid that I should be conceited, but of course when a fellow has turned a German spectacle in London from a failure to success by a few strokes of his pen, he can't help feeling pleased about it, can he? Because, say what you will, it was I and *The Daily Drum* that did it. There was the beautiful German-made thing, with all its German capital sunk in it, and no one cared a rap for it, and in a moment I had transformed depression into triumph. Quite simple when you have a trick of enthusiastic writing and write in the right paper.

Henceforward there need be no failures in London. If a play fails to attract, the managers know what to do. Sir ARTHUR PINERO, for example, if his crisply-named drama, *The "Mind the Paint" Girl*, shows signs of flagging, has only to enlist my sympathies and there won't be a seat empty. But of course my sympathies as well as my pen must be enlisted. That is the one condition.

Those that say that the Society paragraphs of *The Daily Drum* also had a hand in this wonderful achievement don't know what they are talking about. There are some people so devoid of sense that they believe that the little paragraph every morning, saying that Lord FitzNoodle was seen lunching there yesterday, and Lady Boomster had a large party with her, really did the trick. Not a bit of it; it was the white flame of genuine enthusiasm, and nothing else, except the power of the paper.

Papers are, I admit, not always powerful. *The Drum*, for example, could not win London at the last election. But that is only politics. When it comes to German spectacles it is different. *The Drum* cannot fail there. Nor can it—nor can I—resist the temptation to proclaim our victory. If we did, that would indeed be the Miracle.

AT THE PLAY.

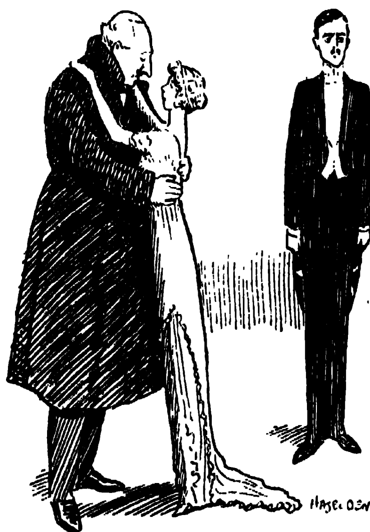
"The 'Mind the Paint' Girl."

Having missed the first night performance, when the occupants of the gallery appear to have misbehaved themselves, I can only vaguely guess what it was in the play that disturbed their Olympian calm. It may possibly have pained them to find Sir Arthur Pinero trying to disillusionize their innocence as to the *vie intime* of the musical comedy ladies from the "Pandora." The very name "Pandora" may have been an offence, reminding them, as it would, of the mythical female who had all gifts bestowed on her for the express purpose of bringing ruin on the human race.

Personally, I could not discover that the author had any particular object, sinister or elevative, in writing his play. Sir Wing is, of course, too old a bird to be snared into pointing a moral or allowing his tale to be adorned with the salt of a serious purpose. With a nicely balanced detachment he permitted his *personæ*, according to their respective tastes and experience, to abuse or defend the character of these girls. One said that they were designing minxes, another that they performed a useful part in the social order by introducing fresh blood into the pallid veins of an effete aristocracy. The author tried to portray the type dispassionately, neither making it too sordidly vulgar nor presenting it in that atmosphere of glamour which is the despair of dowagers. Yet he showed himself a moralist *malgré lui*, for dulness is the most damning vice of all, and the ladies were, frankly, a rather dull lot.

I have read so much of the marvel of Sir Arthur's stagecraft that I was rightly shocked at the crude arrangement by which, in a scene which would naturally have been crowded during the dance intervals, a solitary couple would enter, do its little turn, and go out, to give place to another in strict rotation. Even when the stagecraft was good, one was often conscious of the medium. Nobody supposed for a moment that a man like young *Lord Farncombe*, so hesitant about his own claims, and so sacrificial in his homage of the "Mind the Paint" girl, would have chosen the hour of 4 A.M., and a situation that offered every sort of embarrassment, to offer her his heart and prospective coronet; nor could anybody suppose that a girl like *Lily*, thoroughly hardened to flattery, would be melted to wax for love of a man on the strength of a single night's dancing. Yet almost everyone could appreciate that, as we were getting to the end of the Third Act, it was essential, for stage purposes, that something definite should be done, and done at once, if matters were to be got ripe in time for the final Act.

It was unfortunate too that one of the leading characters, *Captain Nicholas Jeyes*, was a figure straight out of stageland; and that Mr. Allan Aynesworth's interpretation of the part, clever as it was, seemed to contribute to its staginess. The most effective Act—the Third—was spoiled by the unbelievableness of this man's conduct. It was incredible that "an officer and a gentleman" should throw off, for the better enlightenment of his rival, that long and pitiless tirade against the girl they both loved, before her very face. Something like the same error of judgment was shown when another officer and gentleman, who had married a Pandora star in the old days and had led a dog's life of it, seized the occasion of a dance to which he had brought his wife to warn *Farncombe* against the peril of making a similar ass of himself.



On with the Old Love, before being off with the New.

Lily. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Nicko, when I called you those filthy names. If you'll forgive me I'll marry you and raise your general tone."

Lily Parradell ... Miss Marie Löhr.
Captain Nicholas Jeyes Mr. Aynesworth.
Lord Farncombe ... Mr. Vernon Steel.

But my chief complaint is still that the author was not nearly so funny as he might have been. True, the humour of Miss Clare Greet as *Mrs. Upjohn* was always delightful, and Mr. Nigel Playfair as a Semitic patron of musical comedy was most attractive; and Miss Nina Sevening as one of the Pandora Girls was admirable in her suggestion of stupidity and affectation; but the rest of the gaiety was rather effervescent than exhilarating.

As for Miss Marie Löhr, the trouble is that she has a particular charm so personal to herself that, when she is playing any part but the very nicest, either she fails to convince me, or else I resent the fact that she of all people should have been asked to play it. I am conscious here of both these effects. When *Lily* is required in a fit of anger to throw off her carefully adjusted veneer and expose her inherent vulgarity, I am not persuaded that anything of the kind really occurs, and yet I am annoyed that Miss Marie Löhr should have been called on to make the attempt. Her vivacity, her warm-heartedness, her generous remorse, sudden as the outbursts for which it makes amends—all these were a delight; but there are things which by the very sweetness of her nature she was never meant to be and should never be asked to pretend to be.

On the last occasion when I had the pleasure of attending one of Sir Arthur Pinero's plays, I said that "I was sorry that Miss Löhr was made gratuitously to appear in a scratch costume, *minus* gown and stockings, because it looks as if this kind of episode, coming so soon after her pyjamas scene in *Tantalising Tommy*, might grow into a habit with the people who write for her or manage her." Well, my fears have been realised. It *has* grown into a habit, at any rate with Sir Arthur. This time, in one Act, he gets somebody to unlace her bodice on the stage, and in the next, having presented her in *négligé*, he makes her put on her stockings with new blue ribbon garters for the reception of an admirer.

Apart from its many obvious merits—notably the picture of *Lily's* home-life in Act I., with its deadly odour of footlights and *foyer*—the play should attract by the allurement of its title. But it was also excellently staged, and the acting throughout could not easily have been improved. I have not yet mentioned Mr. Dion Boucicault who, as a nondescript *attaché* of *Lily* and the girls, bounded as to the manner born; and among the minor parts I liked the adoring reticence of Mr. Steel as *Lord Farncombe*, though his speech was a shade too exalted in tone; and I liked Mr. Fitzgerald as one of the "boys" when he was drunk without being disorderly.

O. S.

"Captain Pirie, M.P., Raises a Storm.
Indignant Fishermen."
Dundee Advertiser.

No wonder.

OUR MODEST PRESS.

FROM *The Daily Watchman*:—

The Government has at last responded to the insistent demand of *The Watchman*, and has intervened in the threatened strike of Dustmen. The scheme of conciliation outlined in these columns a few days ago has been adopted in its entirety, and it is confidently expected that the trouble will soon be at an end.

From *The Evening Reflector*:—

The Reflector has at length aroused the Government to a sense of its duty in regard to the Dustmen danger. Negotiations are now in progress, and will follow the lines laid down in these columns the day before yesterday.

From *The Morning Megaphone*:—

The grave danger of a universal Dustmen's strike has been considerably lessened by the action of *The Megaphone*. In accordance with the directions clearly laid down in these columns, the Government has intervened in the crisis, and a settlement is anticipated on the lines of *The Megaphone's* article of Monday last.

From *The Daily Lantern*:—

The efforts of *The Lantern* to bring about Government intervention in the Dustmen's trouble have met with success, and, as Mr. ASQUITH has decided to adopt *The Lantern's* attitude, peace will in all probability be quickly restored.

From *The Crier*:—

Our readers will be grateful to *The Crier* for bringing about Government intervention in the threatened Dustmen's strike. There is no doubt that, thanks to *The Crier's* agency, the crisis will soon be over.

Statement in the House of Commons:—

It is not true, as reported in the Press, that the Government has intervened in the Dustmen dispute.



THE BURNING QUESTION.

"MUMMY, IF THE COAL STRIKES, WILL THE FIRE GO OUT?"

THE PUNCTILIOUS FAMILY.

CAN anything be much more annoying than to have one's good sayings appropriated and used by others, without acknowledgment? Everybody will agree that this really is one of the most irritating and infuriating calamities of life. Judge then of my pleasure when I was introduced to the Sandersons and found them meticulously scrupulous about giving honour where honour is due. Not that they were universally witty; indeed many of the things said by them struck me as almost ordinary, if not commonplace; but a radiant intellectual honesty made it imperative that anything in the nature of a quotation should be in quotation marks and have the author's name set to it. A lesson indeed for others.

Thus, when I entered, Mrs. Sanderson, in reply to a remark of mine about the weather, said that, "to use Mr. Sanderson's vivid words at breakfast, 'it was raining cats and dogs';" and a little later Mr. Sanderson himself, also referring to the weather, quoted Mrs. Sanderson as having called the day "uncompromisingly humid."

"A very accurate description, don't you think?" he inquired of me; and I agreed.

"Mother's always saying the exact thing," said Enid, one of the daughters. "As Jack says, 'she hits the nail on the head every time.'"

"Yes," said Gwennie, another daughter, "but you put it better than that, Enid dear, when you said, 'Mother's got the gift of epithet.' That's exactly what it is—the gift of epithet."

"I always say," said Mr. Sanderson, "that Enid inherits the capacity from her mother. As Tom says of her, 'she's a chip of the old block.'"

"Or, as Uncle Will said, don't you remember?" said Jack: "'like mother, like daughter.'"

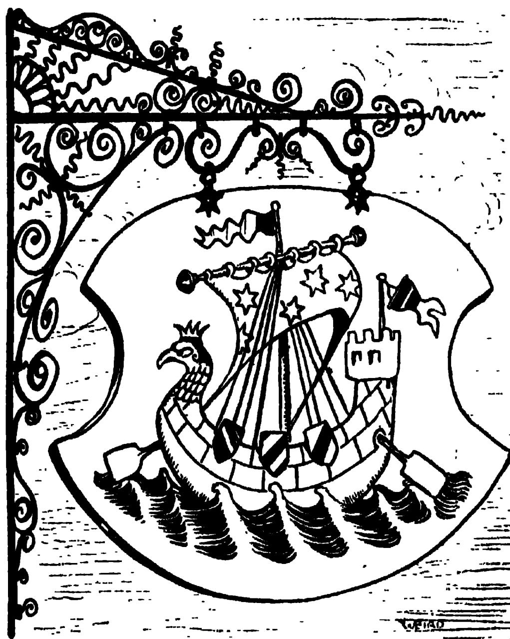
And so they went on, each being fair to the other, until I (who have been so often robbed) thought the age of gold was here once more.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I LIKE to think of Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS as a cheery doctor bringing comfort and hope to the bedsides of moribund ideas for stories. "I'm done for, doctor," moans some poor battered patient. "They've worked me too hard. Man and boy, I've served the magazine public for twenty years, and now there's no life left in me." "Nonsense," replies the kindly physician. "Put yourself in my hands and I'll have you young and lively again in no time." Take, for instance, the first story in *The Man Who Could Not Lose* (DUCKWORTH). I would have been prepared to swear before witnesses that the idea of a man miraculously possessed of the power of predicting racing-results a day in advance of the race had been worked to death. As Mr. DAVIS presents it, it glows with the freshness of youth. Buried treasure, again. Under Mr. DAVIS's treatment the doddering theme throws away its crutches and gambols. The secret, of course, lies in the never-failing charm of the author's style. He is so cosy and friendly and confidential. He takes you by the button-hole. "Just the fellow I was looking for," he says. "I've got a topping story to tell you. It'll just hit you right." And it does. Even if you have heard something of the sort before, the quiet humour with which he tells it makes you go on listening. And every now and then you suddenly find yourself in the middle of a masterpiece. "Gallagher" was such a one; so was "The Derelict," and so, in the present volume, is "The Consul." It is right. There is no more to be said about it. It is so right, indeed, that even when I read the next tale, "The Lost House," and found that Mr. DAVIS, as background for a damsel-in-distress melodrama, had cheerfully "bagged" the whole of the late Sidney Street affair, even down to sharp-shooting Guardsmen and "the youthful Home Secretary," I forgave him almost without hesitation.

WHEN CAPTAIN RAGBOLT TOOK THE "SHIP INN" AT SALTWORTHY HE ORDERED A NEW SIGN-BOARD FROM THE SALTWORTHY ARTS AND CRAFTS GUILD. THIS WAS THE SPECIFICATION HE MADE OUT:—"*A FULL-RIGGED SHIP*, BLACK, WITH PAINTED PORTS AND UNDER *HER HEAD SAILS, FORE, MAIN, AND TOP-SAILS AND T'GALLANTS, MAIN TOP-MAST STAY-SAIL AND CROJICK, AND HER SPANKER*, CLOSE-HAULED ON THE STARBOARD TACK, ENTERING THE HARBOUR OF LALLAIALOOGA, ABOUT TWO BELLS IN THE SECOND DOG-WATCH; CLEAR WEATHER; WIND, N.E. BY E."



THIS WAS THE SIGN-BOARD AS SUPPLIED BY THE ARTS AND CRAFTS GUILD.

Let anyone who opens *The Cure* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) and finds that Mr. DESMOND COKE labels it "A Psychologic Farce," not be discouraged. That Mr. COKE is a psychologist is well known to readers of his novels and of his excellent studies of boyhood; but in this book he is out primarily for fun; and although a moral is to be found by those who look for it, I rejoice to say that what can be found without any hunting is a very genuine fund of amusement. The action of the story takes place, for the most part, in the Selton-on-Sea Hostel, "a happy retreat for all who find life weary, civilisation a disease, society a canker, or loved ones unkind." *Lady Medwin's* trouble was that her loved one—namely, her husband—had stated that a large mauve hat made her "look like nothing on earth." No insult could have struck straighter home, so just to teach him a lesson she bolted precipitately to the Happy Retreat. There she was surrounded by cranks of every kind and shape, people poisonously depressing to meet, but vastly entertaining to read of. Mr. COKE says that his book is "For the Life-long Children, and them only," but I recommend everybody—those who want to laugh, and those who, not wanting, ought to be made to—to take *The Cure*.

To a reader with any practical experience of the atrocious and delightful difficulties that beset the dramatist's art, perhaps the only literature more interesting than a play that has made a successful popular appeal is one that has failed. To suggest, however, that this was my sole reason for enjoying the volume that Mr. MAURICE BARING has published under the title of *The Grey Stocking and other Plays* (CONSTABLE) would at once be unkind and untrue. It contains quite enough of the author's admitted gifts of dry humour and a certain easy characterisation to make the three plays agreeable reading. To witness their performance might, I fancy, be a heavier undertaking. *The Green Elephant*, the most recently produced, seems to me the least successful. But even here Mr. BARING has some clever studies of individuals—the vague heroine, for example, and *The Professor*, a kind of *Sherlock Holmes pour rire*. But the intrigue is ever so much too involved, and the personages of the play meander on and off the stage in a fashion which even in print becomes positively maddening. *The Grey Stocking*, a comedy frankly of talk and character, achieves its end more nearly, and the glimpse it gives of modern country-house life is neat and true, if hardly dramatic. The first Act, in which a number of pleasant people sit about in a garden and discourse attractively of art and politics, is an excellent example of a kind of stage traffic, three hours of which would delight the intellectuals and drive the plain, blunt man in despair to a cinema palace. The third and last of the plays, *A Double Game*, which has never been produced, concerns itself almost sensationally with Nihilists and secret police. I fancy it would have the best chance of success of the three; it is certainly the most dramatic.

Indian Unrest.

"My brother Satyendra Nath Das *alias* Manu disappeared, bare-footed and wearing a single dhoti, through religious motives, on 31st January last."—*Advt. in "Statesman."*

"The Clan Line steamer Clan Sinclair left here to-day before yesterday evening."—*Statesman.*

Returning any time last week after to-morrow.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Churchill has sent to the Secretary of the Dundee branch of the Women's Freedom League what a contemporary describes as "a guarded letter." That, anyhow, is to be preferred to "a guarded speech." It will be remembered that the guarding of Mr. Churchill's speech at Belfast cost the nation some thousands of pounds.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette has been hammering away at the question of the merits of our Army rifle. But our contemporary forgets that supposing in the course of a war any of our rifles should fall into the hands of the enemy, it is distinctly to our advantage that such weapons should be inferior ones.

* * *

The firing of a shot by a man in the House of Commons is peculiarly regrettable. A few more such incidents and we shall forfeit our right to be considered the Gentle Sex.

* * *

In view of Mr. Roosevelt's shy disposition and hatred of publicity, his decision to accept nomination for the Presidency in the interests of his country does him credit.

* * *

The report that Lieutenant Brandon had attempted to escape from the fortress of Wesel is officially denied. Lieutenant Brandon is no doubt well aware of the difficulty of catching a Wesel asleep.

* * *

An American tourist was arrested in Spandau as a spy while standing for a moment to admire the Julius Tower, where the money belonging to the German War Office is deposited. It is just possible, of course, that he did look rather greedily at it.

* * *

We are glad to note that Mr. Churchill has decided to add a motor battleship to the British navy and thus do something to promote peace by casting oil on troubled waters.

* * *

In this snippety age there seems to be an increasing demand for potted plays. A compressed version of the "Geisha" has been produced at the Palace Theatre, and the adaptation of "Trilby," revived by Sir Herbert Tree, is, we note, by Mr. Potter.

* * *

We understand that the Censor, who has no wish to be unreasonable, would be willing to withdraw his objection to "The Secret Woman," on receiving an undertaking that all the persons appearing in the play would speak as inaudibly as did a certain actress on its first production.

* * *

"FEWER PIGEONS
MOTOR-CARS SUPPOSED TO BE THE CAUSE."

That is the theory of the Linnæan Society; but Mr. Galsworthy, whose Pigeon has just disappeared from the Royalty Theatre, has other views.

* * *

The latest fashion in New York, we are told, is for an engaged girl to wear the portrait of her sweetheart on her slipper. An ingenious bootmaker, we understand, has invented a contrivance by which the portrait can be frequently changed without injuring the shoe.

* * *

Last week the Great Central newspaper train left the rails between Sheffield and Retford, and was completely wrecked. The accident is supposed to have been due to the foolish ambition of the train not only to carry news but also to make it.

* * *

The Westminster City Council contemplates christening one of its new thoroughfares, "Hollar Place." While we should be pleased to see this tribute paid to the great engraver, we fear that to the general public the name will merely suggest unrestricted street cries.

* * *

Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., has designed a poster for the Smoke Abatement Society. Seeing what fine effects Mr. Brangwyn has obtained from smoke, this seems ungrateful. Meanwhile we hear that all our miners are to be made honorary members of the Society.

* * *

"Miners," *The Evening News* tells us, "marry at an earlier age than any other members of society." So, curiously enough, do minors.



"There's no coal left in the cellar, Ma'am."
"Why didn't you tell me before, Mary?"
"Because there was some, Ma'am."

OUR BUSY CELEBRITIES.

["Mrs. Pankhurst cannot spare time to go to gaol just now."—*Evening News.*]

Mr. Winston Churchill is much too busy just now to make any submarine voyages.

Mr. Lloyd George finds his time so fully occupied that he has delegated the opening of the coming Church bazaar at Llandrwygnog to his daughter Megan.

Mr. Asquith has so much work on hand just now that it is questionable whether he will be able to enter for the Monthly Medal at Archerfield.

Lord Haldane has definitely stated that business will not permit of his making any more week-end visits to Berlin for the present.

Mr. Brookfield is so overwhelmed with work that he has been obliged to decline all invitations to see "Dear Old Charlie."

Sir Robert Morant, who is suffering from a violent attack of "insurenza," refuses to stop working, and declares that if the doctors want to see him they must come to Wellington House.

Mr. Garvin regrets that he cannot find time to read the leading articles in *The Observer* and *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has had his hands so full with other work that he has (luckily) been unable to finish his projected pamphlet, which has for its theme "A National Coal Strike would be England's Salvation."

Mr. D. A. Thomas has found it quite impossible to visit a theatre while in London, though (as he puts it) he is extremely fond of "doing a pit."

[Later.—It is thought perhaps that Mrs. Pankhurst may find time after all.]

"L. L.—Blushing is due to self-consciousness, and can only be cured by cultivating the habit of not thinking about yourself. Apply a mixture of zinc ointment and olive oil to the nose."

Weekly Scotsman.

This always makes us worse. We can never be quite un-self-conscious when we have anything on our nose.

THE ONLY TIME.

I am not a good dancer. I do not like dancing with strangers. When I have been to five or six dances with the same partner she has learned by experience to keep her feet out of the way. We are not popular with the other couples because we take up so much floor space at any given moment; but this is a lesser evil, after all.

I do not know why I accepted Mrs. Walter Hempstead's invitation. I did not know any of her party. It was a Charity Dance. Charity covers a multitude of sins—but not that of bad dancing. However, I learned something for my twenty-five shillings.

My hostess introduced me to one girl and then left me to my fate. Miss Mumble (which was as near as I could get to her name) was a tall, queenly, imperious girl. I like tall, queenly, imperious girls. She handed me her programme without allowing this action to interfere with her conversation. There were five vacant spaces. I scribbled my initials in four of them and returned the programme.

"'llo, Archie," she drawled to a new arrival. She passed the programme on to him without even glancing at it. "'wfly late. 'S'all you can have."

"Oh, I *say*!" exclaimed Archie.

"Mor'n you d'serve," she replied, as the band struck up the opening bars.

"Ours, I think?" I suggested humbly.

"Oh, is it?" she replied with utter indifference.

I smiled grimly to myself. She would not remain indifferent for long! Fortune favoured me at the start. For once in my life I steered a partner half-way round the room without damage. It came to me that for once in my life I was dancing divinely.

"Want to waltz it all the time?"

I gasped and stopped suddenly. The couple behind us stopped even more suddenly. Then we stopped again a foot further on. "Isn't it a waltz? Not a two-step, is it? I forgot to look at the programme."

"Programme? I always prefer to go by what the orchestra is doing. Shall we go on? I don't want to be run into again."

I tried a two-step. I trod upon her right foot, apologised, and stepped off it on to her left. "I don't think it *is* a two-step," I suggested.

"I'm quite sure of it," she replied. "No, please don't stop—at least not in the middle of the room. No, it didn't hurt, thanks. You didn't get the tender place again. Don't you Boston?"

"No," I admitted regretfully. "I can't. I have only learned how to waltz."

"Have you?" she inquired, with great interest, as she put her foot under mine once again.

"How *does* one Boston?" I asked desperately.

"Oh, I really can't explain it. You dance it half-time and it isn't a waltz. Every man invents his own. That's the charm of it. Each man dances entirely different steps. All right, thanks, it was their fault. They ought to have seen us coming, and realised—"

She broke off the sentence abruptly. Whether this was out of politeness or because our feet met again I do not know. I like tall, queenly girls, and I decided to win my way into her good graces. If she desired to Boston—Boston she should. I had never invented a dance before, and it was not till we had bumped our way twice round the room that my invention was perfected in theory.

"The room being now less crowded," I remarked casually, "we will Boston."

"But I thought you said——"

"I have invented one. It is not a waltz and you do it half-time."

As I knew the dance and she did not it was only to be expected that she would not remove her feet at the right time. She fully realised my expectations.

"What *are* you doing?" she asked indignantly.

"My own Boston," I replied triumphantly. "You hop once on each foot, then twice on both feet. Do you see the idea?

"Perfectly," she said coldly. "Do you mind hopping off mine and trying to waltz again? Dancing slippers are no protection to one's insteps."

It was her remark about dancing half-time that suggested a possible clue. Her foot and my own had tried to occupy the same portion of space at the same second of time. I quite willingly ceded the victory to her foot as it arrived there first, but my apologies were beginning to lack novelty. It was then that it struck me that some girls might prefer to dance three-quarter time. Of course, if she was dancing three-quarter or five-eighth time, while I was going full speed ahead with whole time——

"Oh, by the way," I inquired lightly, "what time do you prefer dancing?"

Her reply was unnecessarily frigid. "In time with the music, please. Shall we sit down?"

I have since studied my initials carefully, and they do not resemble the word 'Archie' in the slightest. I can only hope that she is short-sighted, for I am sure she would not wilfully have cut my other three dances.

TO HIS MOTHER.

(A quite disinterested warning from over-the-way.)

We walk in mists, the world is dark,
But sometimes out of heaven
There falls the fire, the sacred spark,
As if ambrosial leaven
Were mingled with this mortal dough,
And genius is born: we know,
Because the popsy-wopsy's crow
Is loud enough for seven.

As in a grey world dawns the sun
And sends his laughter through it,
As golden lakes of treacle run
'Round the impassive suet,
So is a child like this a joy
To all the street without alloy,
But what I say is this: the boy
Ought not to overdo it.

Taking your "darling dickums" then,
Madam, the gods who dower
Have given to earth no specimen,
Have brought to bloom no flower,
So filled with all perfections rolled
Tight into one and stamped with gold,
Judging, of course, at eight months' old
Chiefly by vocal power.

Primate, d'you think, or Premier?
'Tis hard to say what fate owes
To such an one, but still, "*Oh ter Quaterque fortunatos*"
Ye Englishmen whose lives shall fall
Within the period of his thrall!
Myself I think he has a call
For selling hot potatoes.

But void of ruth are Nature's laws,
And men may lose the pearly
And priceless gifts she gives because
They use them up too early:
Both Keats and Chatterton died young:
Madam, your boy may strain a lung,
I think you ought to use a bung
And choke that hurly-burly.

Else in the dim and distant days
Shall be no proud centenary,
No girding of his bust with bays
Nor other votive greenery:
Think of the future, do, and stop
His mouth up with the nearest sop,
Or something will be going pop
Inside the kid's machinery.

Evoe.

"The Right Hon. John Burns is now happily recovered from his recent attack of gastric hilarity, caught in a railway train."
Western People.

We hope he was not reading one of those funny newspaper cuttings in *Punch*.



A LATE BEGINNER.

HALDANE (*the Hawker*). "I'VE ONLY JUST TAKEN TO THIS SPORT; BUT I MEAN TO BE A MATCH FOR ANY OF THEM."



Chatty Old Cabby (*pulling up to address theatre-queue performers at the moment of their greatest and culminating effort*). "WOT O, MATE! 'OW'S BIZNESS TO-NIGHT!"

AN AFRICAN IDYLL.

["The Jinja-Kakendu Railway, which runs through the Busoga district of Uganda, is being extended to Námasagáli with a view to the avoidance of the sleeping-sickness area and the improvement of the connection with the steamboat service on Lake Kioga. The name of the railway has therefore been changed recently to the Jinja-Námasagáli Railway, but it has now been announced that it is to be known in future as the Busoga Railway."—*Daily Press.*]

JINJA BUSOGA's earliest flame
Was in the fashionable push.
Lewis Kakendu was his name,
But she arranged, with many a blush,
He'd take when wed, as proper men do,
A double name—Jinja-Kakendu.

But, when he died of sleeping sickness,
Charles Námasagáli's pretty figure
Caught Jinja's eye with pleasing quickness.
A double name she thought *de rigueur*
And, before marriage, pressed on Charlie
The name of Jinja-Námasagáli.

But Charles, though sleeping-sickness proof,
Soon sickened of a name so frightful,
And, as he wanted Jinja's oof
And all her property delightful
Stretching as far as Lake Kioga,
He took her father's name, Busoga.

THE THINGS THAT ARE WORTH ITALICISING.

(With thanks to "The P. M. G.")

There is no doubt that we buy too few evening papers. Talking recently to a brilliant woman at a dinner-party she confessed to me that she never bought an evening paper at all, and her husband bought only one. They are both probably typical of this fatuous country. I naturally told her what she ought to do, with my usual directness and acumen.

"It is the duty of everyone," I said, "to stick to one paper and to buy every edition of it. I will not name the best paper: there is no need; I will content myself with repeating this counsel."

In reply she asked me if the paper differed very materially in each edition, and I told her that in so far as news went it did.

"But," she said, "your own delightful little articles, so sane and shrewd and, in spite of the great provocation which you must continually suffer from so stupid a world, so good-tempered—do they not change in each edition?"

I had to tell her, of course, that they did not. They were crystallised exquisitely early in the morning and retained their flawless shape throughout the day.

"What a shame!" she said, "because surely, Mr. Fill, you must have so many valuable ideas during the day which could come in at intervals with the winners and not be wasted. Couldn't there be a new Stop Press Great Thought in each issue? Then I would willingly buy them all."

I quite saw her point, but I could not undertake to gratify her very natural wish. But, of course, the fact remains that we are not a wise people and are greatly in need of admonition and advice. On all sides I see it. Do not then, I would say, spend so much money on inferior books, inferior music, inferior pictures, inferior food and inferior clothes, but keep your minds tense and alert with the "Early Special," the "Luncheon Particular," the "3 O'clock Important," the "4 O'clock Special," the "Late Special," the "Latest," the "Very Latest," and the "Final."

YOUNGSON FILL.

"By raising the arms above the head, and dropping them heavily at the sides, the knots are untied, and the same should be done with the legs."—*Daily Graphic.*

This seems to be the homœopathic cure for knots in the legs.

STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

VI.—The Younger Son's.

It is a hard thing to be the younger son of an ancient but impoverished family. The fact that your brother Thomas is taking most of the dibs restricts your inheritance to a paltry two thousand a year, while pride of blood forbids you to supplement this by following any of the common professions. Impossible for a St. Verax to be a doctor, a policeman or an architect. He must find some nobler means of existence.

For three years Roger St. Verax had lived precariously by betting. To be a St. Verax was always to be a sportsman. Roger's father had created a record in the sporting world by winning the Derby and the Waterloo Cup with the same animal—though, in each case, it narrowly escaped disqualification. Roger himself almost created another record by making betting pay. His book, showing how to do it, was actually in the press when disaster overtook him.

He began by dropping (in sporting parlance) a cool thousand on the Jack Joel Selling Plate at Newmarket. On the next race he dropped a cool five hundred, and later on in the afternoon a cool seventy-five pounds ten. The following day found him at Lingfield, where he dropped a cool monkey (to persevere with the language of the racing stable) on the Solly Joel Cup, picked it up on the next race, dropped a cool pony, dropped another cool monkey, dropped a cool wallaby, picked up a cool hippopotamus, and finally, in the last race of the day, dropped a couple of luke-warm ferrets. In short, he was (as they say at Tattersall's Corner) entirely cleaned out.

When a younger son is cleaned out there is only one thing for him to do. Roger St. Verax knew instinctively what it was. He bought a new silk hat and a short black coat, and went into the City.

What a wonderful place, dear reader, is the City! You, madam, who read this in your daintily upholstered boudoir, can know but little of the great heart of the City, even though you have driven through its arteries on your way to Liverpool Street Station, and have noted the bare and smoothly brushed polls of the younger natives. You, Sir, in your country vicarage, are no less innocent, even though on sultry afternoons you have covered your head with the Financial Supplement of *The Times* in mistake for the Literary Supplement, and have thus had thrust upon you the stirring news that Bango-Bangos were going up. And I, dear friends, am equally ignorant of the secrets of the Stock Exchange. I know that its members frequently walk to Brighton, and still more frequently stay there; that while finding a home for all the good stories which have been going the rounds for years, they sometimes invent entirely new ones for themselves about the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and that they sing the National Anthem very sternly in unison when occasion demands it. But there must be something more in it than this, or why are Bango-Bangos still going up?



"What an absurd little watch!"
"It keeps very good time."
"Ah! It may do now, but wait till the longer days come!"

I don't know. And I am sorry to say that even Roger St. Verax, a director of the Bango-Bango Development Company, is not very clear about it all.

It was as a director of the Bango-Bango Exploration Company that he took up his life in the City. As its name implies the Company was originally formed to explore Bango-Bango, an impenetrable district in North Australia; but when it came to the point it was found much more profitable to explore Hampstead, Clapham Common, Blackheath, Ealing and other rich and fashionable suburbs. A number of hopeful ladies and gentlemen having been located in these parts the Company went ahead rapidly, and in 1907 a new prospector was sent out to replace the one who was assumed to have been eaten.

In 1908, Roger first heard the magic word "reconstruction," and to his surprise found himself in possession of twenty thousand pounds and a directorship of the new Bango-Bango Mining Company.

In 1909 a piece of real gold was identified, and the shares went up like a rocket.

In 1910 the Stock Exchange suddenly woke to the fact that rubber tyres were made of rubber, and in a moment the Great Boom was sprung upon an amazed City. The Bango-Bango Development Company was immediately formed to take over the Bango-Bango Mining Company (together with its prospector, if alive, its plant, shafts and other property, not forgetting the piece of gold) and more particularly to develop the vegetable resources of the district with the view of planting rubber trees in the immediate future. A neatly compiled prospectus put matters very clearly before the stay-at-home Englishman. It explained quite concisely that, supposing the trees were planted so many feet apart throughout the whole property of five thousand square miles, and allowing a certain period for the growth of a tree to maturity, and putting the average yield of rubber per tree at, in round figures, so much, and assuming for the sake of convenience that rubber would remain at its present price, and estimating the cost of working the plantation at say, roughly, £100,000, why, then it was obvious that the profits would be anything you liked up to two billion a year—while (this was important) more land could doubtless be acquired if the shareholders thought fit. And even if you were certain that a rubber-tree couldn't possibly grow in the Bango-Bango district (as in confidence it couldn't) still it was worth taking shares purely as an investment, seeing how rapidly rubber was going up; not to mention the fact that Roger

[illegible], the well-known financier, was a director . . . . and so on.

In short the Bango-Bango Development Company was, in the language of the City, a safe thing.

Let me hasten to the end of this story. At the end of 1910 Roger was a millionaire; and for quite a week afterwards he used to wonder where all the money had come from. In the old days, when he won a cool thousand by betting, he knew that somebody else had lost a cool thousand by betting, but it did not seem to be so in this case. He had met hundreds of men who had made fortunes through rubber; he had met hundreds who bitterly regretted that they had missed making a fortune; but he had never met anyone who had lost a fortune. This made him think the City an even more wonderful place than before.

But before he could be happy there remained one thing for him to do; he must find somebody to share his happiness. He called on his old friend, Mary Brown, one Sunday.

"Mary," he said, with the brisk confidence of the City man, "I find I'm disengaged next Tuesday. Will you meet me at St. George's Church at 2? I should like to show you the curate and the vestry and one or two things like that."

"Why, what's happened?"

"I am a millionaire," said Roger calmly. "So long as I only had my beggarly pittance, I could not ask you to marry me. There was nothing for it but to wait in patience. It has been a long weary wait, dear, but the sun has broken through the clouds at last. I am now in a position to support a wife. Tuesday at 2," he went on, consulting his pocket diary; "or I could give you half-an-hour on Monday morning."

"But why this extraordinary hurry? Why mayn't I be married properly, with presents and things?"

"My dear," said Roger reproachfully, "you forget. I am a City man now, and it is imperative that I should be married at once. Only a married man, with everything in his wife's name, can face with confidence the give and take of the bustling City." A. A. M.

"Luckily, perhaps, for Shakespeare he did not live in the days of the emigration agent. Had he done so one may easily imagine that force of circumstances might have interfered with his famous dictum. Living to-day, he would see quite clearly that in the spring a young man's fancy turns more to thoughts of emigration than of love."—*Daily Dispatch.*

Another thing which Shakspeare would probably see quite clearly, if he were living to-day, would be a copy of [illegible]'s Works.



AT CONSTITUTION HILL.

Old Lady. "Is *that* what they call the 'Quadruped,' Officer?"
Obliging Policeman. "Yes, Mum; all except the lady!"

"More definite treatment for a cold is for the patient to take a hot bath, immediately after going to bed between the blankets."—*Globe.*

Belonging as we do to the Moderate Abstainers' League our motto is "No baths between blankets."

We understand that the publication by Mr. Stanley Paul of a novel called *Duckworth's Diamonds* is to be followed by the publication of *Paul's Pearls* from the house of Duckworth. Other works in preparation are *Blackwood's Brilliants*, *Macmillan's Moonstones* and *Constable's Cat's Eyes.*

"In the course of a bit of cross talk, Mr. Waite made a delightful Irish bull when he said that The Thespians rehearsed fifteen days a week. Roars of laughter rang throughout the hall at this lovely 'lapsis linguae.'"
Buenos Aires Standard.

We reprint this in order that roars of laughter may now ring through many an English hall. If you miss the note at a first reading come back to this page to-morrow morning and try again.

The Acrobat.

"Mr. Leo Dryden commenced his career singing in the streets on a crust."
Rangoon Gazette.

THE COMMERCIAL DRAMA.

[Sir J. Lyons, whose one-act play appears at the Palace Theatre, declares his aim to be to treat Drama from the business point of view.]

Critique, by our Financial Expert, of the *première* of the Bros. Melville's new drama, *The Forger Foiled* :—

Villain's Income and Expenditure Account.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To—Legal expenses while in prison	936	6	8	*By*—Forged Will	152,496	3	4
" Bribery	7,093	17	2	" Blackmail	27,009	17	1
" Personal Expenses—Champagne, cigars, dressing, banquets, week-ends, motoring	110,006	3	1	" Swindling at Cards	16,896	3	9
" Gambling losses	8,678	12	5	" Embezzled— Hero . . . . 5,813 0 6; Own Sister . . 123 8 4; Widow . . . 0 0 7; Cab bilking . . 0 7 4	5,936	16	9
" Music-halls	1,899	2	11	" Deficit	98,081	16	11
" Restoration of ill-gotten gains	19,223	18	9				
" Cost of Inquest	21	0	0				
" Poison	15	13	6				
" Disgorged—Proceeds of Forged Will (as *per contra*)	152,496	3	4				
	£300,420	17	10		£300,420	17	10

Heroine's Account.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To—Donations to charities, parish work, sick poor, orphans, etc.	25	7	9½	*By*—Earned by needlework	0	0	7¼
" Purchase of dresses	0	14	3¾	" Received from Clergy Orphans' Fund	0	14	6
" Legal expenses— Finding Hero	1,221	6	8	" Deficit	2,623	2	0¼
Discovery of Wills	534	3	4				
Detection of Villain	841	15	11¼				
" Personal expenses	0	9	1				
	£2,623	17	1½		2,623	17	1½

Hero's Account.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To—Sleuth Hounds	2	3	6	*By*—Wages earned as cabin-boy in First Act, less unjust deductions by employer	5	9	6
" Deficit brought forward from Heroine's account	2,623	2	0¼	" Charitable donations from sympathisers	21	17	0
" Personal expenses	1	14	4	" Proceeds of Will disgorged by Villain	152,496	3	4
" Charities—Sick Comrades, Oppressed Victims, Shipwrecked Crew	74	6	2	" Buried Treasure from wreck (South Pacific)	86,502	16	8
" Purchase of firearms (including cartridge used on Villain in last Act)	5	15	1				
" Elopement	2	2	0				
" Amusements	0	3	2½				
" Given to Widowed Mother	87	2	4¾				
" Banquet to friends, village rejoicing, fireworks, etc., at finish	120	4	11				
" Balance—Cash in hand	236,109	12	10½				
	£239,026	6	6		£239,026	6	6

I certify that I have audited the books of *The Forger Foiled*, as produced at the Lyceum Theatre, and that the foregoing fairly represents the state of affairs of the principal parties at the fall of the curtain. The accounts of the Villain were in a mass of confusion and fraudulently kept, and the available assets represented by dishonoured bills, bogus cheques and investments of a highly speculative nature. The Hero appears to have been of an unbusiness-like type; his assets at the beginning of the play consisted solely of his savings as cabin-boy (16*s.* 2*d.*) and a silver watch, his financial position being greatly strengthened by a sum of £152,496 3*s.* 4*d.* under a will accidentally discovered in the Fourth Act, under which the Villain had previously benefited. He handicapped himself severely by his devotion to the Heroine, a female of no available assets at the rise of the curtain, who might be written off as a bad debt. He had greatly injured his financial position by the rejection of the Villainess, a person of doubtful antecedents but of considerable social influence.

My examination of the accounts has been largely impeded by most of the important documents having been in wrecks under water, in pirates' secret caverns, and in hidden panels on the Villain's premises.

I am, dear Sirs, Yours faithfully, T. Smith, Chartered Accountant.

PENNY FARES TO PARNASSUS.

["There is only one literary paper, dealing not only with literature, but also with the broader issues of life, and at the same time putting finger-posts and milestones on the long and pleasant road of self-culture. This paper is sold at one penny every week, and is known in the four quarters of the globe as *T. P.'s Weekly*. . . . You do not know Literature if you have not studied the grandeur that was Greece and the glory that was Rome. It is not necessary to-day to know Greek and Latin to study the classics. . . . If you wish to follow an ordered method of study in the quietude of your own home, read 'How to Study the Classics' in this week's *T. P.'s Weekly*."

Advt. in "Daily Chronicle."]

WOULD you master the grace that was
Greece's?
The grandeur that glorified Rome?
The names of NAPOLEON'S nieces?
The way to perform on the comb?
Would you learn who discovered
WATTS-DUNTON?
What PEMBERTON paid for his car?
And whether it's safer to punt on
The Cam or the Cher?

Do you want to be sure of pronouncing
Correctly the painter called CUYP?
To know when a baby is bouncing?
Why onions are wedded to tripe?
Where MEREDITH met Mrs. NORTON?
Why Scotsmen ejaculate "hoots"?
And why our revered Dr. HORTON
Wears waterproof boots?

Don't wallow ignobly and meekly
In ignorance vapid and vile,
But trust to TAY PAY and his *Weekly*
For helping you over the stile.
For only the greed of a vulture,
In gluttony wholly unique,
Could cope with the banquet of culture
He gives you each week.

He'll gorge you with gobbets of
HOMER,
And help you to feel that you've
struck
In Odysseus a modern beach-comber,
In Circe a modern *Wild Duck*,
And over the peerless Phæacian,
So noble, so pure in her ways,
This gushing Hiberno-Alsatian
Will ladle his praise.

He'll dose you with pilules of DANTE,
With plenty of jam of his own:
And he'll blither about Rosinante,
For he won't leave *Don Quixote* alone;
You'll have, say, three minutes with
SCHILLER,
With GOETHE it may run to five,
And ten with Sir ARTHUR COUCH
(QUILLER),
Because he's alive.

Then your history—ah, he's the
jockey
To heighten the gingerbread's gilt!
With a style that is bounding and cocky
And moves with an unctuous lilt;
With his fervid rebukes of the haughty
Who harry the poor with their
hate,
And his generous views of the naughty,
His love of the great.

He'll tell you how HANNIBAL over
The Alps with his elephants won,
And how you go under in clover
To-day, when escorted by LUNN.
He'll tell you correctly the size of
Our good QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ruff,
And paint JOAN OF ARC in the guise of
A militant suff.

In fine, if you wish for a dollar—
For it's only a penny a week—
To master the lore of the scholar,
Though guileless of Latin and
Greek,
To give to your usual tipples
The taste of Pierian flip,
Then come to O'CONNOR, ye cripples,
He'll teach you to sip.



He. "IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO LONG DRESSING WE SHOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS TRAIN."
She. "AND IF YOU HADN'T HURRIED ME SO WE SHOULDN'T HAVE SO LONG TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT."

"Sir Thomas Moore's 'Gulliver's Travels' was more a political satire than a propaganda of ideals."—*Literary Monthly.*

We could have forgiven this little mistake in the *Motor Bicyclists' Weekly* or the *Fur and Feather Gazette*, but not in the *Literary Monthly*.

"When he found himself without a shilling in Lisbon, and determined to get home to England at any cost, an inborn love of the sea naturally turned his thoughts towards a ship."

London Magazine.

But for this accident of birth he would have returned by taxi.



THE LATEST AMUSEMENT.

The General. "WHY! WHAT THE DOOCE—WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU UP TO?"

His Offspring. "IT'S ALL RIGHT, FATHER, WE'RE ONLY GOING TO HELP TO 'CREATE ATMOSPHERE' AT LADY DUMPERLEY'S KNIGHTSBRIDGE CABARET."

BIDE A WEE.

MY DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—I write to you with some heat to protest against a gross injustice. They have taken to closing our village post-office every Wednesday at 2 o'clock—for a half-holiday.

This half-holiday resolves itself into Maggie Hepburn—who is in charge and never on principle goes out of the house in winter—sitting before the fire in the office, knitting socks and wearily waiting—so she tells me—for her tea. The only difference between Wednesday afternoon and any other afternoon is that you can't get in. The stamps are there, the postal orders are there, Maggie is there. But you can't get at any of them.

I should not have minded so much about it if it hadn't been for what happened last week. That offended my most sacred instincts of hospitality. I had a friend staying with me who is in a Government Office, and who went out early on Wednesday afternoon with a letter for his department. It was one of those large handsome blue envelopes—*you* know: O.H.M.S.—which looks so well on hall tables. Well, his memorandum would not go into the letter-box. He strode over to the door and found it locked. I ask you to picture it. Here in the ordinary course of a working day is a Government official with papers for his department unable to enter a post-office. He hammered. The only response was a distant murmurous drone, which at last became intelligible—when he got his ear to the key-hole—as a sort of running monologue from the self-incarcerated Maggie, who was practically asleep before the fire. "Closed for telegrams, the sale of stamps, postal orders, parcels and the savings'-bank."

I ask you to picture it. Here was a Government Inspector, with his dockets and schedules in his hands, debarred from entering His Majesty's post-office.

His next assault elicited the response, "Set it doon, Wullie!" and, when he went on to demand admission in no uncertain terms, "Closed for telegrams, the sale of stamps——"

May I ask you to picture it? Here was a member of the Government about to transport documents by the ordinary course of His Majesty's mails; and what was he told? "Set it doon, Wullie!"

Louder and ever louder he knocked, till at last he heard sounds of movement within, and then in a shrill voice—for Maggie was fully awake by now—the words, "Bide a wee!"

Her only explanation when she appeared at the door was that "she thocht it wad just be Wullie wi' the milk," for the office was "closed for telegrams, the sale——"

Finally, I entreat you to picture it. A Cabinet Minister bearing dispatches demands access to the current facilities of the Royal mails. What is the response? "Bide a wee!"

Will you, *Mr. Punch*, take up this scandal and oblige,

Yours faithfully,

ONE-WHO-DOES-NOT-BELIEVE-IN-RETROGRADE-MOVEMENTS-BY-WHICH-THE-PUBLIC-IS-DEPRIVED-OF-FACILITIES-WHICH-IT-HAS-LONG-ENJOYED.



THE VICTIM.



WAITING FOR JACK PEASE.
"Spiders are carnivorous and highly predatory."—*Dictionary*.
(Lord Hugh Cecil.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday February 26.—After eight days, earliest and freshest of the Session, devoted to making speeches round Address (the odd seven wasted) we settle down to consider Civil Service Estimates. Question at issue being a trifle of a few millions House nearly empty. Things generally dolefully dull. Don't know what we should do were it not for Cousin Hugh. Current state of business presents what to him is favourite opportunity. With so many varied topics at hand surely one will come in useful as demonstrating afresh infamy of the Government.

Ever watched a spider couchant at extreme fringe of its web waiting coming of unsuspecting fly? So Cousin Hugh sits on corner seat of Front Bench below Gangway with eye on Treasury Bench. Of course there is no personal resemblance between him and spider save, perhaps, in the length and flexibility of the leg, but to one looking on hour after hour association of ideas inevitable. To-night he didn't wait for Committee. Sharply cross-examined Minister of Education as to "whether the differentiation by the local education authorities of Cardiganshire and Glamorganshire as to the salaries of teachers in non-provided schools is due to sectarian reasons?"

Jack Pease, who to the authority of President of Board of Education adds the frank artlessness of the schoolboy, made non-committal answer. Forthwith Cousin Hugh, with tacit permission of the Chair, in series of supplementary questions started brisk little debate. Nothing got out of Jack Pease. As he could not very well take him by the collar and lead him forth for spanking purposes Cousin Hugh asked leave to move the adjournment in order to re-discuss matter at greater length.

There are, however, limits to benignity of Speaker. Justly thought he had given Cousin Hugh rope enough. Straightway, so to speak, hanged him with refusal to submit the question.

Business done.—Slow progress in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—By long practice Joseph King, comparatively new Member, has developed pretty talent for pricking bubbles taking form of organised attack on particular Ministers carried on through Question hour. Yesterday, for example, seven or eight minutes of the forty-five allotted to Questions were occupied by acrimonious debate on already thrashed-out subject of lectures delivered under auspices of Insurance Act Commissioners explanatory of provision of the law. Magnus, Wolmer, Ormsby-Gore, Tullibardine, and, of course, Cousin Hugh, having contributed a few remarks to debate, Joseph Rex slily asked whether Masterman, who had borne brunt of assault, "would send to all Members of the Opposition a list of the times and places at which the official lectures are delivered, so that they may have opportunity of really understanding the Act."

To-day similar performance permitted in respect of military correspondent of *The Times*, who quoted a table from the annual Army Report before document was laid on Table of House. Henry Craik fired first shot. Seely having responded there was instant commotion on Benches opposite. Winterton and Willy Peel on their legs shouting at same moment. Arthur Lee and Ashley firing together from Front Opposition Bench.

Stranger in Gallery, with scared face, scanned Question Paper afresh. What was it all about? Understood *Times* was friend, indeed oracle, of Opposition. Why this impetuous demonstration against one of its most distinguished contributors?

Then came along Joseph Rex and in delightfully casual manner explained the mystery.

"Is the Military Correspondent of *The Times*," he asked, "the gentleman who exposed the ignorance of the Leader of the Opposition when he tried to raise a scare about rifles supplied to army?"

As a jet of cold water dissolves a cloud of imprisoned steam, so curiosity about doings and writings of *Times'* Military Correspondent collapsed, and next Question on Paper had a turn.



MR. KING ENJOYS HIMSELF "PRICKING BUBBLES."
(With acknowledgment to Sir John Tenniel, who obviously invented him.)

Business done.—Evelyn Cecil moved Resolution denouncing increased national expenditure, and Lloyd George's methods of meeting it. On division majority ran down to forty-four. Jubilation in Opposition camp. Immediate resignation of Government demanded.

Thursday.—North Armagh Moore in great form. A week ago placed on paper question addressed to Chief Secretary accusing him of having proposed a bargain to owner of public building in Belfast offering him a knighthood if he would place it at disposal of local committee for the Winston Churchill meeting. Armagh not being in his place to put the question the Chief Secretary in the ordinary way circulated answer with the Votes.

This, as Armagh indignantly complained, was a deliberate attempt to deprive him of the M.P.'s birthright of putting a Supplementary Question.

"Sir," he said, "by answering this question behind my back the Right Hon. gentleman strangled it before its birth."

Business done.—Marking time in Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Prospects of Home Rule Bill not improved by presumably necessary postponement of introduction. Delay provides opportunity for birth and growth of objections that may in end prove fatal. Take the case of the Bedwellty Urban District Bill, for example. I say "take the case" colloquially, for I don't know what it is. Information limited to question put by Mr. John to Prime Minister enquiring "whether, under the provisions of the measure the Government propose to introduce for the establishment of self-government in Ireland, it will still be competent for Irish Members of this House to oppose Welsh Private Bills dealing exclusively with local affairs, as in the case this Session of the Bedwellty Urban District Bill."

Here clearly recognisable are seeds of racial difference that in respect of Home Rule Bill may withdraw support of Welsh Members. Be sure our Mr. John knows what he is talking about, although we may not.

Even more threatening are the movements of the Irish dredger hanging off and on the Terrace of the House. She hove in sight last Monday; was instantly challenged by Captain Craig, who in conjunction with North Armagh Moore has since given the Irish Government no rest. The dredger, one gathers from Ministerial replies, was purchased by the Irish Board of Agriculture for service in various harbours. T. W. Russell, whose replies are given with whispered humility foreign to his familiar habit in former days, pleads that the vessel was bought second-hand. That is neither here nor there. What Captain Craig wants to know, and what Armagh in stentorian tones repeats, is: Will there be shown any religious partisanship in allotting the services of this dredger, whether bought second-hand or at first cost?

The Member for Sark, watching these gallant Members, separated by the space of two benches, is reminded of pleasant evenings of his boyhood spent in company of Christy Minstrels who never performed out of London.



Anxious to respect the religious convictions even of a "dredger."
(Captain James Craig.)

"Conversation," he says, "just like that carried on between Mr. Johnson in centre of the black semi-circle and Brother Banjo at one of the ends. 'Now, Brother Banjo,' says Mr. Johnson, 'with respection to this yere dredger. What do you think about it?' 'Wall, Mr. Johnson,' says Brother Banjo, scratching his wool with the handle of his musical instrument, 'I don't rightly know. But considering its owners I spect it's up to somethink pretty bad.' And so on, whilst the Minister waits for his vote, and the wheels of the Legislature are locked."

Business Done.—Plural Voting Bill introduced by Harold Baker.

Mr. Harry Lauder has telegraphed to *The Daily Mail*, "I will give £5 to any man who will frame a measure to settle the miners' strike." And so Mr. Asquith is going to try again.

LAYING THE BLAME.

"What do you think I have gone and done?" said Miranda, meeting me in Regent Street.

"Lost your umbrella again," I guessed.

"Right in once," said she. "It was the stupid cabdriver's fault."

"Last time it was a stupid butler's fault."

"So it was," she murmured.

"And the time before it was a stupid porter's fault. And the time before that it was your stupid brother's fault. And the time before that . . ."

"What are we going to do about it?" she interrupted.

"Taxi!" I called, and the god in the machine drew up beside the pavement.

"Scotland Yard, please."

"I always call it the Yard," observed Miranda, making herself comfortable.

"That savours to me of undue familiarity," I suggested.

"But you see, we know each other rather well," she explained.

* * * * *

"Ah!" said the Sleuth-in-charge, smiling his recognition. "I hope you are keeping well, madam? What can I do for you this time?"

"I want to see some umbrellas, please."

I corrected her in a private whisper. "Don't forget, it is *Scotland* Yard. You should have said, 'It's a wee bit brollie A'm wantin' the noo!'"

"Nonsense," she retorted. "My friend is a perfect linguist . . . Yes, I want an umbrella, please."

"An umbrella?" said the Sleuth, raising his eyebrows. "Didn't you like the one you had off us last week?"

"Yes, I like it very much indeed. That is why I want it." Miranda then began smiling, and the Sleuth displayed then and throughout the selection his contemptible weakness. However, before he actually handed over the umbrella, "It is my duty, madam," he said reluctantly, "to ask you to be a little more careful in future."

Miranda pouted, being, as you will observe, a scandalous person.

"Ah, no," continued the blushing Sleuth, "I did not mean to lay the blame on you. No doubt it was the umbrella's fault. I only meant to ask you as a favour to be more stern with it in future."

"It shall not happen again," said Miranda.

"I will see to that," I added severely, being a little nauseated.

Scotland Yard was only waiting for someone to rebuke. Miranda being impossible, I was just the very thing. "You should have seen to it before,

Sir," I was told. "This is the third or fourth time."

"I am not certain that it is not the fifth," said Miranda, also turning on me. The suggestion now was that it was not the umbrella's but my fault.

"You cannot expect the State to maintain an expensive department simply to look after your umbrella, Sir," said the Sleuth.

"It is not mine," said I shortly.

"You cannot expect the State, then, to maintain an expensive department simply to relieve you of the duty of looking after your wife's umbrella, Sir."

"It is not my wife," said I.

"Then you have no excuse," said Miranda, and I left them in disgust.

I waited outside for Miranda, and I waited a very long time. At last she came, with a flushed smile on her face. "A charming man," she said, as I bundled her into another taxi. "Though he tells me that he is very overworked. Men, he says, are so careless with their own and other people's property."

I refused to have anything to do with her, even to look at her.

* * * * *

"What do you think I have gone and done?" said she, as we drew near her home. I had noticed that she had been a little restless for the last minute or two. Knowing, without looking to see, what she had lost, I leant out of the window and gave fresh directions to the driver.

"The Yard?" enquired Miranda.

I nodded. "Yes, and you are going to tell the Sleuth that it was his fault, this time."

Miranda tried one of her smiles on me. "And you are coming in to agree with me?" she suggested.

"No," I said, with a note of revenge in my voice, "I am going to agree with the Sleuth."

"The same thing," she prophesied correctly.



FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN ARTISTIC LIFE.

FRANTIC SCENE IN THE HOME OF A DRAMATIST WHO HAS JUST HEARD THAT HIS PLAY HAS BEEN PASSED BY THE CENSOR.

THE UP-TO-CANDI-DATE.

MR. GLAZEBROOK, a Candidate in the South Manchester bye-election, who was at sea when the vacancy occurred, by making use of the "wireless" to express his views on the questions of the hour, has shown himself as up to date as his Committee, who sent him a Marconigram urging his return. The events which ensued, however, have not confirmed the following outline of Mr. GLAZEBROOK's further proceedings:—

Mr. GLAZEBROOK, who arrived in the Bay of Biscay this (Wednesday) evening, was met by express motor-boat, *The Slick*, and, having dived into the sea, was taken up and carried up Channel to Southampton.

Mr. GLAZEBROOK reached Plymouth this (Thursday) evening and almost at once addressed, by telephone, a large meeting of his supporters in Manchester, each of whom had been provided with a receiver. The meeting was, however, delayed for a few minutes owing to Mr. GLAZEBROOK's mistaking the number of the hall where the audience was assembled and ringing up his opponents.

Before leaving the outskirts of Plymouth by monoplane to-night *en route* for the permissible landing-place nearest to South Manchester, Mr. GLAZEBROOK, by means of the duplicate telegram system, wired his election address to each voter in the constituency.

An urgent appeal for motors has been issued by Mr. GLAZEBROOK's agent. The agent points out that, in *all* cases, the cars should be 1912 pattern.

Mr. GLAZEBROOK, who reached Manchester early this (Friday) morning, had, within half-an-hour of his arrival, addressed twenty-five meetings simultaneously by means of gramophones. It is calculated that before retiring for the night he had explained his views to each voter in the constituency at least three times.

It is announced that, in the event of victory, Mr. GLAZEBROOK hopes, by means of an electric connection, to play "Rule, Britannia" on 500 pianolas at once, the piano-players being distributed over different parts of his constituency.

JONAH JONES.

It is possible that you have read my novel, "Jonah Jones." *Possible*, I say. You may even be one of the five hundred and seventeen gallant souls who *bought* it, and who thus contributed to the £10 odd which Mr. Puffinberg, my publisher, has just sent me—payment, I calculate, at the rate of two shillings per thousand words. Well, I ask you candidly, is "Jonah Jones" a funny book or is it not? If I am not a humorist, what am I? I simply want to know. For the reviews have left me in the dark.

The Thunderer, for instance, merely gives the book's measurement with scrupulous exactitude: "$8\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$, 287 pp." That was all *The Thunderer* said; but this did not (I gathered from the note at the head of the column) "preclude a lengthier review elsewhere." I live in hopes. A lengthier review elsewhere might settle the question once for all. Meanwhile it is obscure. *The Nonconformist's* review, which begins promisingly, fails to satisfy me: "Sir,—Amongst the thirty-five novels which I read while on my fortnight's holiday in Banff—during my trip, by the by, I visited a number of manses, of which I propose to send you some notes later—I single out for special mention a story entitled 'Jonah Jones.' On page 79 of 'Jonah Jones' the words occur: 'Mary was to meet Edwin at the corner by the Wesleyan chapel.' The sentence arouses an interesting train of reflections. Is Wesleyanism still a power in the land to attract the young people? Have the writings of Fichte, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer and Nietsche begun—as has been alleged—to influence our youths and maidens towards non-churchgoing? . . ." (Three columns are omitted) . . . "The problem before modern Methodism is a serious one, and I am grateful to the author of 'Jonah Jones' for suggesting it. His work is brightly written. I am, Sir, &c., Aweebittie Thynne."

"P.Q.R.," of *The Orb*, is autobiographical:—"I am ever on the look out for new authors whom I can encourage. Of such is Mr. Aubrey Quentin, writer of a tale, which I read at a single sitting, 'Jonah Jones.' We of the literary world are apt to be disconcertingly realistic, and I make no apology for mentioning that I happened on the book while at my barber's, whose address—which wild horses will not drag from me—is within a hundred miles of Bond Street. He is an intelligent fellow, this barber of mine, and always has some new volumes to show me, knowing my tastes. What psychologists our tradesmen are, nowadays!"

As for *The Scrutiniser*, under caption "Readable Novels" its sole remark is "*Jonah Jones, by Aubrey Quentin.* S. *Puffinberg.* We like Millicent. But surely her sister should have married Percival?" I deplore *The Scrutiniser's* disappointment. But if this cry of anguish—making a timely appearance at the moment when the superfluous stock of "Jonah Jones" is being finally sold as a remainder at fourpence apiece—induces the tantalised *Scrutiniser's* readers (or *The Scrutiniser's* tantalised readers) to clamour for a second edition, I shall not grumble.

My cousin, Mrs. Witherby (spouse of the Rev. James Witherby of Framlinghame) informs me that "James liked the story, and asks me to tell you, for your encouragement, how pleased he was to find, amidst the flood of dubious fiction now defiling our literature, a tale so pure and wholesome in its mirth." Is it ungrateful of me to feel no flattery at this encomium?



THE WILD WEST: LATEST PHASE.

Fancy portrait of a Taft-Hunter reluctantly taking to the trail.

And then there was my uncle George. Uncle George wrote (on a postcard): "Jolly good!" (A decent chap, Uncle George.) "Congratulations! I'm posting my copy to Fred, in Australia." (Dash it—his presentation copy! Couldn't he have bought a new one?) "I'd be sorry not to have it on my shelf, to lend to friends, so you might send me another; and don't forget to autograph it."

(The £10 will, at this rate, soon all be back in Puffinberg's till. Do relatives realize that I am *charged* for my "free" copies?)

Aunt Sophy, from whom I have expectations, was frankly disappointed in "Jonah Jones." "I confess I do



Sportsman to Lady (whose horse has been lashing out in a gateway). "Do you know that horse of yours is an awfully bad kicker?" *Lady.* "Oh, yes, I know; but I've got so used to it now, that I didn't mind a b.t."

not care for these fanciful romances," she wrote. "Of course I am no *critic*, but it has always seemed to me that something *human* and *true* is required to *ennoble* a book, and to make it appeal to the *best* that is in us. *Real life*—that is what I ask for in a novel. Writers like those dear people, Caroline and Arthur Drivelle, or Coralie Lexington, or that American woman, Constance Eddy Fogge, who wrote 'Dawn Thoughts'—writers who *hold up the mirror to nature* and who never *jest at sacred things*,—these are the models to which I commend you, my dear nephew."

And those precisely were the models I commended (when I was making "terms" with him) to Mr. Puffinberg. But he couldn't see it.

* * * * *

So you perceive my difficulty—how hard it is to find out whether "Jonah Jones" is really funny.

But one thing I have discovered from these criticisms—that whether a book has humour or not of its own, *it may be the cause of humour (however unconscious) in others!* That is something to be glad about in this vale of tears.

Newmarket Notes.

"Slight Injury to My Collar."
"Evening News" Sporting Headline.

It sounds as if it had left the stud.

TO A STROLLING PLAYER.

On Fridays when the office clock
Proclaims the hour of two,
My thoughts with an unwelcome shock
Betake themselves to you—
To you who seek to make mankind the brighter,
To gladden lives in carping cares immersed,
Standing, with that intent, outside "The Mitre,"
Where rude, rough men assuage the pangs of thirst.

How often have I seen you come,
Clad in grotesque attire,
And pitch your chosen medium,
The horizontal lyre,
Whence you with clanging chords and keyless clamours
Extract the ancient tunes that charm you still,
Pounding the strings with two infernal hammers
And, I must own, no small amount of skill.

I wonder do you ever think
How galling you can be;
How near you bring me to the brink
Of sheer profanity?
But never till to-day, when over-laden
With correspondence sadly in arrear,
Did I say things before the typist maiden
That typist maidens never ought to hear!

It might have chanced to any man,
For human 'tis to err;
I took a letter and began,
As usual:—"Dear Sir,"—
Then you commenced to play and in the heat of
My righteous anger (righteous, I'm convinced),
I thus continued:—"I am in receipt of
Your blasted favour of the second inst.—"

The maiden started when she heard;
A blush suffused her cheek:
She said (and she will keep her word),
"I leave to-morrow week!"
Thus often will the Fates with malice spiteful
Make man, though innocent, their sport and play,
You will return to make my Fridays frightful,
She, on the other hand, will keep away!

We always go to the *Uddingston Standard* for the latest news of the Bothwell Literary Association. According to a recent number:—

"Public business consisted of a debate on the motion 'That the Modern Cheap Press is Inimical to Culture.' . . . The motion was defeated by 23 votes to 21. Next week County Councillor Pollok will give an essay entitled 'Arma Verninque Carno.'"

The price of the *Uddingston Standard* is one halfpenny.

THE PATH TO REALITY.

(*Hints for the representation of our everyday joys and sorrows in the Greek form.*)

III.—THE ELECTORS.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

A Candidate, a Chairman, an Interrupter; Chorus of Labourers.

SCENE—*A hall arranged for a political meeting in an agricultural village. Time, 8 P.M.*

CHAIRMAN.

O thou who makest even voters fair,
Great Zeus, befriend me when I take the chair!
Skilled am I in the garnering of sheaves,
And highly skilled in muttons and in beeves.
In barley, oats and wheat I stand supreme;
My cows give milk that's passing rich in cream;
I know the due rotation of the crops;
My produce fills the market and the shops.
And I abhor the foreigner's devices,
The freaks of weather and the fall of prices,
Proposing still—a plan too oft rejected—
That British farming ought to be protected.
Therefore men came and added to my pride:
"To-night," they said, "we want you to preside.
You'll make the village your eternal debtor,
For none, be sure, could do the business better."
Behold me, therefore, while I stand and wait
The longed-for coming of our Candidate.

CHORUS.

We who work on the land, refreshing toil of the day by sleep at night,
Ploughing, pasturing, reaping, threshing, little we reck of the world's delight.
Winds may beat us and rain defeat us, yet we labour from youth to age;
Small is the guerdon of all our burden, narrow the house of our heritage.
Nay, but they seek us now and speak us soft and pleasant and fair enough:
"Blue," says one, "is the only colour"; "No," says another, "Vote for buff."
Laws may offer us plots for tillage, but the House of the Laws is far, we fear,
And the agent watches the quiet village, yea, and the lord of the land is near.

To us, then, deeply pondering it appeareth better not to utter words, for a word once spoken cannot be recalled, and there are those that will use it against the speaker. Therefore we call upon the fair mistress of well-considered thoughts to come to our aid. O Silence, on whose rocky front impetuous rashness beats in vain, be thou with us to-night. Lap us in thy kind embraces, so shall everyone beholding our demeanour take pleasure in us, for thus prudence ordains. But what is that double light in the distance, rapidly approaching not without a swift pulse of reiterated noise, oil-scented and with four wheels wildly revolving? For us, indeed, it were wiser to sit down, reserving our judgment.

[*The Candidate arrives in a motor-car. He shakes hands all round, and the meeting begins.*

CHAIRMAN.

All unused to public speaking let me say that there has come
Such a crisis to our country that no man can well be dumb.
We have got a very eloquent and learned Candidate:
He will speak to us, expounding all the evils of the State;
He will scorch our base opponents at the furnace of his scorn,
And support a tax on many things, including one on corn.
We shall pass a vote declaring that we mean to get him in;
So I think I shall resume my seat and ask him to begin.

CANDIDATE.

Hem—Mr. Chairman, Ladies, Gentlemen,
The one great object of my fond desires
Has been—ahem—to speak to *you* to-day.
Hither on eager wheels I made my way
From one large meeting, and I shall go hence
Even to a third—that ends my task to-night.
Well now—ahem—this miserable Act,
This so-called National Insurance Act,
What is it but——

INTERRUPTER.

an admirable thing.

Candidate. Don't turn him out——
Interrupter. I'd like to see the man
Who'll turn me out.
Candidate. Well, let us pass from that.
What of the Irish? If they have Home Rule,
Will there not come disruption to the State
And loss of all our Empire?
Interrupter. No, there won't.
Candidate. Let but that gentleman withhold his speech,
And when my speech is ended he shall stand
Here on the platform and address you all.
[*Disturbance.*

CHORUS.

Rash, indeed, is the man who interrupts, but for us there is wisdom in his words, and from the words of the Candidate wisdom, too, is not absent. How shall a man decide, and in what hiding-places shall Truth be found?

Candidate. Winged, in truth, is Chronos, but do thou restrain thy words.

Interrupter. Not so, for on my tongue no ox hath walked.

Candidate. Thou weavest speeches as one not responsible.

Interrupter. Responsibility is of many sorts, but the gods punish the arrogant.

Candidate. Prate not of arrogance, being thyself a brawler.

Interrupter. No brawler am I, but a free speaker in a city that is not enslaved.

CHAIRMAN.

Enough of this. I now propose a vote,
A resolution, call it what you will,
Pledging us all to back our Candidate.
I put it. It is carried. All is well.

CANDIDATE.

Thanks and farewell. This splendid meeting puts
New heart into my breast; and now I go.

R. C. L.

From a catalogue:—

"The 'Georgics' was Virgil's great poem, and on it he depended for his reputation with posterity. His 'Aeneis' was unfinished, and fell short of Homer's Iliad, but like a true Roman he could brook no superior, and in the 'Georgics' he completely triumphed over the Greek poet. It is the greatest poem on Husbandry ever written."

It is only fair to mention that HOMER, like a true Greek, triumphed again in the Final Test with the *Odyssey*—the greatest poem on Husbands ever written.

The Crisis.

1st Lady: What are they striking for? More wages?
2nd Lady: Either for more or less—something like that.



First Passer-by. "If I hadn't been so closely buttoned up, I'd have given that poor beggar a shilling to get something to warm him up a bit."

Second Passer-by. "Ah! You always let your heart get the better of your head. *He* doesn't feel the cold like us; and I've got an extra waistcoat under this fur coat, and yet I'm none too warm."

INGLISH AZ SHE IZ TU BE SPELT.

(By a Martyr to the Cause.)

Fired by a recent article by Mr. William Archer in *The Daily Mail* I have lately joined the "Simplified Speling Soesiety," and, with the enthusiasm of a convert, have just been trying it on the dog in the shape of various friends and relatives. The appended correspondence will show, I fear, the regrettable obtuseness and conservatism of the recipients.

Wenzdai, Feb. 21

Deer Aant Looeeza,—I riet tu enowier aafter yuer helth, az I heer yu hav been il laast weec. I thinc it miet bue yu up a bit tu lurn the nyu orthografi. It iz cwiet ecsieting, triing tu maic out whot loocs liec "Dubl Duch" and iz reali yuer oen muther tung aul the whiel. Wood yu cair to see sum pamflets?

Yuer afecshunit nevyu, Horis.

P.S.—Thingz ar not veri brilyunt with me just at present.

My dear Horace,—I greatly regret to observe, after all your poor father spent on your education, how sadly your spelling has deteriorated. Why, my gardener's little boy, who is just six years old, can write a more intelligible letter than the scrawl you favour me with. I really cannot be bothered to decipher it. I think you had better take a course of evening lessons at a continuation school. As regards your postscript, I have made it a rule *never* to lend money under any circumstances whatsoever.

Yours regretfully,
Louisa M. Blunt.

Tyuezdai, Feb. 20.

Deerest Filis,—Du sai yu wil join the nyu soesiety and simplifi yuer speling, which I no iz aulwaiz a trubl tu yu. Yu woen't wont tu yuez a dicshunari eni mor. I am shuer it will saiv me poundz, and so thair iz a byuetiful fyuetyur in vyu, if yu wil oanli naim the dai for us tu be spliest. Mai I cum tu te tomoro az yuezhyual?

Yuer luving Horis.

Dear Mr. Spiffkyns,—I am obliged by your letter of even date, but feel bound to say that I do not consider your allusions to my spelling to be in the best possible taste. Shall we be *quite* able to understand each other in future if we correspond in two different languages? Had you not better think it over very seriously? I am afraid I shall be detained at the office to-morrow afternoon. Yours sincerely,

Phyllis Smythers.

Mi deer Bobbi,—I fansi the encloezd speling ruulz ar in yuer lien. Tel yuer maaster I hav poot yu up for the Soesiety and aasc him tu join tu. Hoeping yu ar no longer botom ov yuer claas,

Yuor afecshunit uncl, Horis.

Dear Uncle Horace,—I shode your papers to old Wackham and he neerly had a fitt. He said what do you mean by it boy why your spelling is vile enuff as it is. He said stop in after scool and write it all out into "propper English. So don't send me any more,

Yor affecshant nephew, Bob.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is a bowler of literary googlies who is apt on occasion to lose his length. In *Manalive* (Nelson) he has lost it very badly. Occasionally a stray delivery pitches on the right spot and whips in smartly, but for the most part it is very tame stuff that he sends down. On page 264, "Mr. Moses Gould . . . was understood to suggest that the reader should shorten the proceedings by leaving out all the adjectives Mrs Duke, who had woken up, observed that she was sure it was all very nice." Personally I belong to the *Gould* rather than the *Duke* school of thought. Adjectives, like Worcester sauce, are a condiment. Mr Chesterton uses them as a fluid To my mind he is unwise to attempt the narrative form. Digressions which amuse in an essay irritate when they stop the action of a novel *Manalive* is simply an essay masquerading as a novel All the characters talk at great length and in exactly the same way. There is material for a good short story in the central idea, of an eccentric and energetic man who resolves to be alive and to make others live. To this end he tramps round the world in order to win through to where he started, he prevents married life becoming monotonous by romantically eloping with his wife at frequent intervals, and he carries a revolver which he fires at pessimists in order to make them thankful that they are not dead Five thousand words would cover the idea nicely. Mr. Chesterton uses sixty thousand. Even in philosophic farce a little dryness, a little restraint, is not amiss. At a music-hall recently I heard a comedian, singing a mildly comic song, stop in the middle of the second stanza in order to give humorous mispronunciations of the word "rhinoceros." After a while a voice from the gallery said, without heat but firmly, "Get on, Gus!" He got on. Those three words would form an admirable motto for Mr. Chesterton.



HOUSE HUNTING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Baron. "Are the defences in good condition?"

The Agent. "They are so perfect, My Lord, that we are compelled, in the interest of our client, to ask for three years' rent in advance."

When I say that the name of *Joseph*, in the title of Frank Danby's new novel, *Joseph in Jeopardy* (Methuen and Co), is taken from the Old Testament, experienced readers of the fiction of the day will have no difficulty in constructing the main incident of the plot. For they will, of course, realise instantly that Potiphar's wife is there too. In Frank Danby's version of the story, Potiphar's wife is a young widow whose soldier-husband was killed in the East, and *Joseph* is a young Apollo who has married the dull daughter of a wealthy catering-contractor. In addition, he is a county cricketer of great lustre and a dealer in articles of vertu in the West End. Our novelists so seldom go to Lord's for the heroes of sexual studies that this book has a certain touch of novelty in so doing; but it is all the novelty it possesses. For the rest there are the familiar scenes of temptation: the motor rides at night, the boudoir with its sofa. The author writes, as always, with directness and vigour and with considerable knowledge of sections, at any rate, of the society which she describes; but the circumstance that *Joseph* does not fall but becomes fonder of his wife, is not sufficient to redeem the book as a whole from a charge of commonness. Probably the best piece of work in the novel is the portrait of this wife, though it would be straining meaning to call her interesting.

When I saw that *The Victories of Olivia* (Macmillan) was a volume of short stories by Miss Evelyn Sharp I allowed myself some pleasant anticipation, because I have long held that for a certain type of *conte*—brief, rather mordant, impressionist studies of modern life—Miss Sharp is without her equal. I still think so; but I am bound to say that not all of *The Victories of Olivia* shows her at her best level. Several of the tales indeed descend as nearly to the commonplace as is possible for a clever writer. Revolting daughters who captivate opposition, school-girls who discover secret passages—these are the merest dry sticks of pot-boiling, however neatly Miss Sharp may bind them together. Yet, to drop metaphor, even in the most obvious and artificial of the stories you are safe to find some witty turn, or some pleasant and human person, such as just redeems the whole from the charge of being the sort of stuff that anybody could write. Still, for about half the book I confess I was disappointed. Then I came upon two things that more than restored for me my ancient faith. One was a collection of three random *Reminiscences*, which in their exquisitely delicate art seemed to me worthy of the best of the old *Yellow Book* days. The other was a story called *Jimmy's Aunts*, about an elderly household of maiden aunts and an uncle, and its invasion and consequent leavening by a boy-nephew "up for a scholarship." The truth and humour and pathos of this apparent trifle must be read to be believed, I hardly think it could be bettered.

George Grossmith.

Died March 1, 1912.

Farewell, G.G., with aim so true
In shooting folly as it flew;
Who brought so much whole-hearted joy
To patrons of the old Savoy;
And in these pages helped to give
"A Nobody" the power to live.

CHARIVARIA.

"With fuel at its present price," remarked a callous editor as he sat in the editorial chair, "these stacks of Spring poems come in very handy."

***

The Lambeth swimming baths, it is announced, will be closed during the Coal Strike. The effect of this will be to give Lambeth the appearance of having a large collier population in its midst.

***

The need for the proposed Labour paper is now more apparent than ever, for the entire Press is failing to give the men right in the Coal dispute.

***

Imagine, if you can, the excitement at Victoria Station when a party of obvious Suffragettes was heard asking for tickets for the Crystal Palace.

***

It is being asked: Why did the Suffragettes choose the London Opera House for their meeting last week? It is forgotten that the name of the proprietor is one calculated to make a quite exceptional appeal to them. Translated it means Hammer and Stone.

***

As *The Mind the Paint Girl* is proving such a success, it will perhaps be followed by *The Keep off the Grass Widow*.

***

The Chinese troops in Pekin are evidently suffering from swelled head. They have been looting the city as though for all the world they were the representatives of the leading European armies.

***

A Berlin graphologist, *The Globe* tells us, has been devoting his attention to the KAISER's signature, and finds it signifies pertinacity, energy, audacity, a feeling of superiority, with a difficulty in suppressing the "ego." We have never graphologised ourselves, but we cannot help thinking that to tell the character of a public man who is well known must present fewer difficulties than in other cases.

***

The Times has been drawing attention to the difficulty of getting a motor-bus to stop for the individual passenger. We believe that a fairly efficacious means is to lie down in the road in front of the vehicle. You will find that in nine cases out of ten it will stop before reaching you.

***

SIR LUKE FILDES is said to feel it acutely that, when burglars recently visited his house, they did not consider any of his pictures worth taking.

A lady residing at Graudenz, Silesia, charged with poisoning her husband and parents, has been found guilty as regards her husband, but has been acquitted as regards her parents. She will therefore only be executed once.

***

A tortoiseshell butterfly on the wing and a ladybird were seen near the cliffs at Ventnor last week. It is presumed that they were on their honeymoon.

***

A fox which was hard pressed by the Essex Union Hounds entered a house in the High Street, Billericay, and bolted upstairs into a bedroom. When found he pretended to be a wolf rehearsing Red Riding Hood for a cinematograph show, but his tale was cut short.



Loafer (to navvy who is digging road). "ULLO, BILL! FOUND ANY COAL YET?"

The rights of playgoers have been vindicated once more. A spectator in a Paris court last week found the manner of speech of a witness so halting and irritating that he went up to him, boxed his ears, and then left.

***

We have not had to wait long for the inevitable reaction against the Russian ballet. A party of elephants is now appearing at the Alhambra, and the stage has had to be specially strengthened to bear their weight.

***

It has been left to *The Manchester Guardian* to discover the real cause of the Unionist victory at Manchester. On polling day, it seems, a black cat walked through every room at the Oxford Road Unionist offices. Our Liberal contemporary does not, however, point out that it may have been the symbol of the black strike.

In this country the words "Art" and "Artist" are so often used in a strangely restricted sense that it came as something of a surprise to us, the other day, to find a gentleman delivering a lecture on "The Meat Industry (the Pig and Its Products)" at the Royal Society of Arts.

PRIZES FOR ALL.

MR. HARRY LAUDER, who, as we stated last week, has offered to give £5 to any man, or £10 to any two men, who will frame a measure to settle the miners' strike, has determined not to confine his generosity to rewarding the efforts of those who are successful in settling the coal strike. He has empowered us, in his name, to offer the following valuable cash and other prizes with a view to establishing Peace, Prosperity and Happiness both at Home and Abroad:—

30/- to anyone who so explains the Insurance Act as to make it palatable to both the Doctors and the Doctored.

£1 to the man who brings about a better understanding between this country and Germany. (*N.B.*—Any bust or statuette which the winner may receive to become the property of the prize-giver.)

10/- to anyone who stops the Turko-Italian war within the next fortnight.

Two PRIZES of 5/- each to the persons who frame (1) a Home Rule Bill that will be acceptable to Ireland and unobjectionable to Great Britain; (2) a Home Rule Bill that will be acceptable to Great Britain and unobjectionable to Ireland.

3/- to any person, and 6/- to any two persons, who can successfully end the Crisis in China.

SIGNED PHOTOGRAPHS of HARRY LAUDER to any man, woman or child who will Terminate the Trouble with the Telephones.

NOTE! CONSOLATION PRIZES, consisting of 12 Coloured Picture Postcards of Mr. HARRY LAUDER's Country Seat at Dunoon, will be presented to the first 12 unsuccessful competitors.

Good News for the Schoolboy.

"There are 50,000,000 huge suns hanging in space."—*Leeds Mercury.*

"Lost—a month ago, 2 ducks, one with white nose and white neck, and one white with long hair; please return."

Advt. in "Vancouver Daily Province."

Our own duck, Geoffrey, with the pink ears and the lemon-coloured fur, came back last night.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE ABATEMENT.

I.

As Charles has said, "It is an ill strike that brings nobody any good," and, if we do run out of coal eventually, life in London may be cooler, but it will be a deal cleaner. It is tobacco smoke, however, that we are engaged in abating at this period.

Charles and I share a room in professional chambers. When he comes in the morning, he brings his father's *Times* with him, I my own *Daily Mail*. When we have read our own papers we change; when we have read each other's papers we have finished for the morning. (You know now what the majority of barristers mean when they talk importantly of their "papers.") It then becomes necessary to go out and look for lunch. It was on the Tuesday before Lent began that the resolution was formed. I had had a heavy morning's work (there had been no fewer than three supplements to *The Times*) and I went out to have a heavy lunch, to even things up. Fortunately for my purpose I discovered pancakes on the *menu*. I ate them, and later on in the afternoon they discovered me; but I have forgiven them, because they were very good pancakes, and, moreover, the mention of them enabled Charles to identify the day as Shrove Tuesday, and to draw the deduction that we were on the verge of the self-denial period.

"We will," we said, coming at once to the point, "give up smoking in Lent," and we shook each other's hand proudly and congratulated each other warmly. But Lent, of course, did not begin till the next morning.

II.

The worst of life is that next morning always comes.

"I have an idea," said Charles, fingering his pouch affectionately.

"So have I," I replied, "but it would be hardly decent to broach it thus early in the proceedings. Let us hang on to our resolution for one day, at any rate."

"I was not going to suggest altogether giving up the giving up, but only to remark that we must not be over-reaching even in our virtues. I have been in communication with a man who does this sort of thing every year, and he tells me that No-Smoking-before-Dinner is the more orthodox practice. Let us be good, Lumpy" (that's me), "but let us not be ostentatious in our goodness."

I wore the appearance of a man who is abandoning his dearest and most loved principle in order to oblige a friend, as I replied, "Very well, if your heart is set upon it. No Smoking before Dinner."

III.

Any legislator will tell you that the really tricky part about his business is getting the definitions right. For instance, if a law is made forbidding smoking before dinner, there will be trouble for a certainty, unless it is very particular to say exactly what it means by "dinner." Of course, if it simply does not attempt a definition at all, it is bound to be evaded. I should have been a poor lawyer if I could not get round a law like that, even at two o'clock in the afternoon, *siesta* time.

"Everybody knows," said Charles, as a last protest against my learned argument, "that dinner is the meal you have about seven-thirty or eight."

"You think only," I retorted, "of the upper class. I prefer to think of the ruling class, which dines at mid-day. The mass is always right nowadays. Therefore, I have dined, and, in accordance with the terms of my contract, I will now smoke."

Charles tried once more before giving in. "You'll be in a fix for something to do when you get to seven-thirty. Having dined now, what will you do then?"

"I shall sup," I said.

"So shall I," said Charles, producing a pipe.

IV.

About a week later, "I hate breakfast without the after-breakfast pipe," said Charles tentatively.

"Then give up breakfast," I suggested.

The idea did not appear to commend itself to him at the time, but later on it occurred to him that it was at least an idea.

V.

Charles is conscientious, undoubtedly conscientious. In coming to the reluctant conclusion that dinner, after all, may be eaten at any time of the day, in accordance with the tastes and needs of the consumer, and that it will still be dinner even at 9 A.M., he has insisted on the restriction that it cannot honestly consist of tea (or coffee), poached eggs and marmalade. So, dining first thing after getting up, he insists on eating a chop and drinking cold drinks. He buoys himself up with the prospect of his rapidly approaching after-dinner pipe.

In adopting his line of argument, I fancy I have materially improved upon it. It occurred to me, while I was lying in bed this morning and watching my man Morton filling my bath, that something must be done to mitigate the shock of this cold water in the mornings.

"By the way, Morton," I said, "I will take some coffee after dinner in future."

I went back to sleep and had another idea.

"By the way, Morton," I said, "when you bring in the meal, you might as well bring it all together. It will save you journeys to and fro. Bring it all in, and put it all on the table at once—all, including the coffee and the—er—dessert."

"The dessert, Sir?"

"Yes, the preserved orange," I explained with, I fear, something approaching a wink.

Lent is all right, if you treat it properly . . . The chop I never objected to.

THE BELGIAN PINAFORE.

'Twas bought in Bruges, the shop was
  poor,
One read "*Au Bébé*" flourished o'er
The ancient lintel; to that door
  No English guinea
Had ever come nor travelled gold
Gladdened her gaze, that woman old,
Who tottered from the gloom and sold
  The Belgian "pinny."

I mind me choosing in the place
A cap with frills of little lace;
"That too," I said, "shall come to grace
  My Small and Sweet."
Prim in her pinafore arrayed
I pictured Betsey while I strayed
Where, all the time, the proud bells
  played
  Above the street.

And now upon the roguish sprite
Who in the yard with such delight
Partakes the ancient sunning right
  Of stable cats,
The Belgian "pinny" flaunts its hue,
Still the same stripe of white and blue
As, Betsey, when 'twas dyed for you
  In Flemish vats.

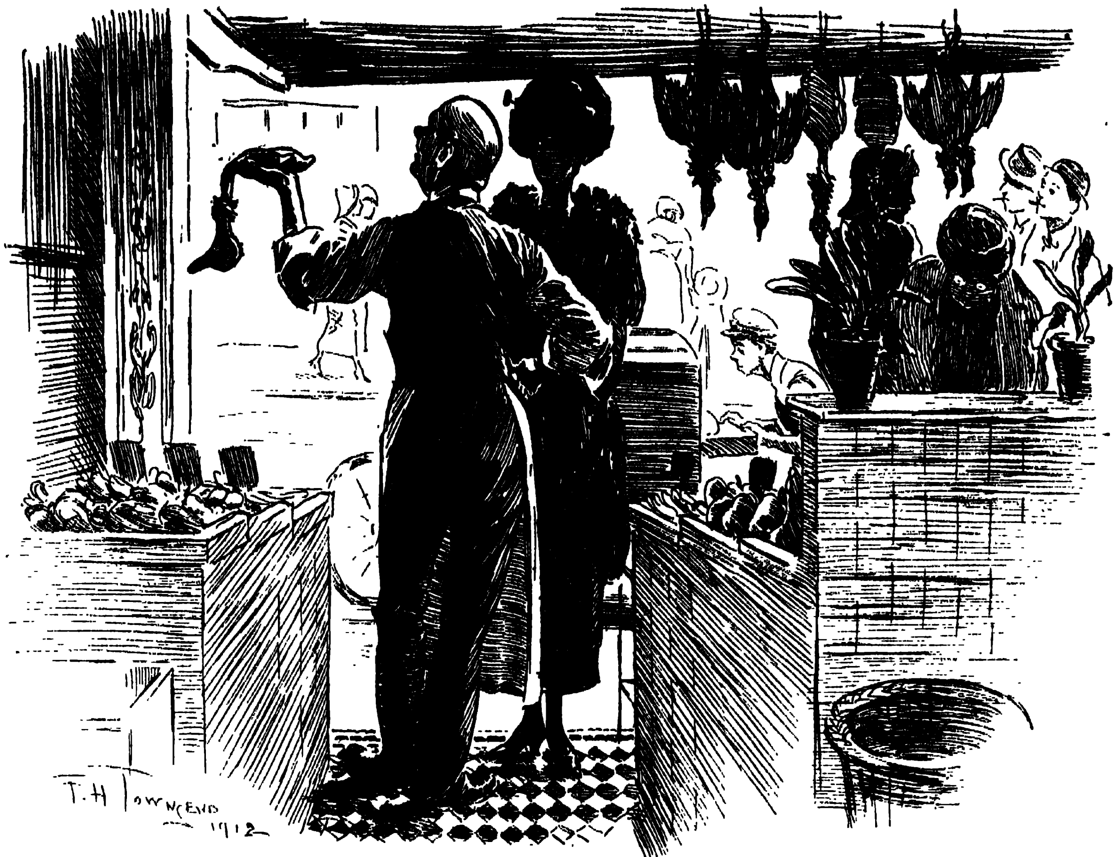
Still of its old lost life it tells
And alien provenance; there are spells
And glamour of the Town of Bells
  About it shed,
And when my Belgian Betsey climbs
My knee I've heard a hundred times
The clash and ripple of the chimes
  Around her head,

As though the child herself did play
Without some white estaminet
Shuttered and silent where, all day
  In sun and shower,
Two little lions with stone grins
Hold 'scutcheons under paws and chins
And their divine appellant dins
  The honoured hour.



IN THE HOUSE OF HER FRIENDS.

"TO THINK THAT, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I SHOULD BE THE FIRST MARTYR."



Poulterer. "THIS DUCK SCRAGGY, MUM! WHY, THE LAST CUSTOMER WOT COME INTO THIS SHOP SAYS TO ME, SHE SAYS, 'AND 'OW MUCH IS THAT GOOSE?'"

TO A MARCH BROWN.

ONCE more come clarion and blue-hearted dawns,
And Springtide plays her yearly hocus-pocus,
Her magic of high March that decks the lawns
With those her floral fays and leprechauns,
The yellow daff and the green sheathéd crocus –
When through the city softer winds evoke us
To where the streams run down,
And the stark fells above the birch-woods frown,
And you first move upon the waters, Mr. Brown!

A coy bacillus, fair ephemerid,
For some weeks past I've felt you in my being,
Till lately I have come on you amid
My daily toil, and softly you have slid
Across the half-writ page, till to my seeing
Have come green fields, and bosomed clouds a-fleeing,
And mill-stream's foam-flecked fuss,
And banks of primrose, rathe, auriferous;
"And thus," I've said, "I'd cast your counterfeit, and thus;"

And, rising, I have taken to me rods
From the retreat where they have been reclining
(Waiting your whisper, best of naiant gods,)
And idly I've withdrawn the brass-bound wads,
And built them up, the supple and the shining,
As men build hopes, and felt my fingers twining
In that whole-hearted squeeze,
Kept for tried friends and mates of ancient ease,
Round handles ardent from the Southern corkwood trees!

Thus then I yield me to your influence,
Shy flutterer of the hill-stream and the river,
Thus does your primal message thrill each sense,
Your wings susurrant seem to call me hence
To grey keen waters where the catkins quiver,
And I, responsive, do acclaim you giver
Of these right god-sent spells
Of dancing streams and far-off waiting fells,
And stop to look up trains and write about hotels.

* * * * * *

When other men shall have the mind to praise
June's jovial bug of carnival and riot,
That blossoms with wild roses and red mays,
He the green-drake, who sets whole streams ablaze
With mottled monsters taking change of diet,
By pool and shallow, osier-bed or eyot,
I'll swear by Mr. Brown
Who, in his chill wan water's sober gown,
Is yearly first to bid me forth again from Town!

From *The Arrival of Antony*, by DOROTHEA CONYERS:—

"When Marcus Aurelius spurred his horse into the chasm he did it in no more heroic spirit than Antony made answer."

In the circumstances it would have been nice of *Antony* to have quoted MARCUS AURELIUS—a line or two from his funeral oration over CÆSAR, say.

Literary Ghosts.

"Since writing my last notes on the Boat Race the crews have left their respective Universities."

Mr. GUY NICKALLS in *The Morning Post.*

This is indeed getting the news straight from the stable.

À PARIS.

It has suddenly become an accepted article of our family policy that—with an exception which, since it is John, may properly be described as puerile—we are all going to Paris for Easter and are to stay there for a week or ten days. How do these things happen? I give you my word of honour that a week or so ago I had not the slightest definite intention of going to Paris *en père de famille* or even *en garçon*. Some vague and incautious words I may have let slip pointing to a remote, nay, to an impossible, future, in which it would be agreeable for me to re-visit Paris and do a round of restaurants and theatres—for me alone, mind you, not for me and three little girls, to say nothing of their mother; but even if I said them I never supposed the words would be used against me. The terrible fact, however, remains. I had no intention of going to Paris, and now it is settled that we are all to go there.

I think it was Helen who began the insidious campaign. She was sitting over an absorbing piece of embroidery and had not spoken for some time. Suddenly she broke the silence: "Have you fixed the day yet?" she said.

"What day?" said I.

"The day for our going, you know."

"Going where?" I asked.

"Going to Paris."

"Going to *Paris!*" I laughed. "Why, you funny little person, what's put that into your head? We're not going to Paris."

Thereupon, without a word, she gathered up her work, stuck her needle carefully into it, rose from her chair, gave a deep reproachful sigh and left the room.

During the rest of that evening the subject was not referred to again; but on the following day Rosie, who is plump and eleven and very candid for her age, developed what I now perceive to have been another flank attack.

"Daddy!" she said.

"Halloa!" said I.

"Are there lots of hotels in Paris?"

"Yes, any amount."

"What are their names?"

"Oh!" said I, "there's the Bristol, and the Chatham, and the Ritz, and Meurice's, and the Hôtel d'Iéna and hundreds of others."

"Which is the nicest?"

"They're all pretty good, in one way or another."

"I see. Which are we going to stay at?"

"We! We're not going to Paris."

"Daddy!"

"I don't know what you're all driving at with your Paris. I never dreamt of going to Paris."

"Daddy!!"

And with that expression of amazement and pain she, too, evaporated in a sigh out of the room.

On the next day Peggy took up the fighting. She skirmished into the library and, finding me hard at work, offered to dance or recite to me or to talk French to me. I begged to be excused.

"I thought," she insinuated, "you'd like some French. We've been having a French lesson. Guess what we've been doing."

"Grammar?" I said.

"Yes, and something else."

"Reading?"

"And something else."

"Writing?"

"Yes; but you must guess what kind of writing."

"Letter-writing?" I suggested.

"How clever you are, Dad! I always say you can guess *anything*. We've been writing letters to hotels in Paris."

"What on earth about?"

"Ordering rooms, you know. Here's my letter. Mademoiselle hasn't corrected it, but if it's all right you can send it off. We like to save you trouble, you know, Dad."

She then produced a soiled scrap of paper and laid it before me. "Mademoiselle said some of the things," she explained, "but I did the writing." These were the mystic words I read:—

> "Monsier,—J'ai lintention de passe huit ou dix jour a Paris et je vous pri de me vair connetre le tarife de une chambre a couche a deux lit et une chambre et une outre chambre a deux lit et une chambre pour la famme de chambre de madam.
>
> "Agrey Monsier mes sinsare salutation."

"Yes," I said, "it's first-class; and if we were going to Paris I'd send that letter and no other. But we're not——"

"Not going to Paris, Dad?" she interrupted.

"No, certainly not."

"Dad!!! You're pretending;" and away she danced.

I need not linger over a description of the overwhelming frontal attack carried out by the main body after these three preliminaries had been thus feebly opposed. Everybody will know how it went:—"You really shouldn't have put the idea into the children's heads. Well, if you didn't I don't know how they got hold of it. If you meant to disappoint them you shouldn't have spoken about it at all. No, you're quite wrong: that isn't in the least illogical. It's the plain truth. And after all it just does happen that we can afford it, and the girls will remember it all their lives, and you know you wouldn't enjoy it without them, and they really want a change, and so do you and I for the matter of that." This will serve as an outline.

The upshot is that we *are* going to Paris. I suppose I ought to have realised my fate from the very first, instead of spending myself in a perfectly unavailing struggle.

TO A VACUUM CLEANER.

(*On the Occasion of an Annual Visitation.*)

Engine infernal, whom I would not greet
  With other than the most opprobrious titles,
Rough men have just installed you in the street,
Nay, even now uncoil in countless feet
  Your dust-extracting india-rubber vitals.

And so I fly, for were I to remain
  Assailed all day by your continual clatter,
You must, ere nightly shades descend again,
Reduce my never too prolific brain
  To the consistency of molten batter.

In other years, when Spring's benignant sway
  Upon the waiting earth was gently stealing,
There came a van on some appointed day,
With men who bore the carpets far away
  To have them beaten in remotest Ealing.

But now that times have changed, and things like you
  Annihilate all chance of inspiration,
I'm off to roam fresh woods and pastures new,
To talk with Nature for a day or two
  And tell her of this latest visitation.

She will not marvel if my mood be glum,
  And when I make it clear to whom I owe it,
She'll listen, sympathetically dumb;
For Nature, too, abhors a vacuum
  And will commiserate a pestered poet!

DRAWING THE LINE.

The Chalk Line—by FABIAN WARE and NORMAN MACOWAN at the Queen's—is a melodrama of the sort which makes you want sometimes to laugh and sometimes to sink out of sight beneath your tip-up chair. It is all about our Dear Old Country (*Cheers from the patriots*) and Foreign Spies (*Groans from the patriots*), and what the War Office (*Hisses from the patriots*) is going to do.

It is at this sort of drama that my admiration for actors reaches its extreme height; that they should be able to play these unreal parts with such a complete lack of self-consciousness astonishes me. In their case you or I would go through the play with a fixed sheepish expression, stopping occasionally to apologise to the audience for having to do it at all.

Take *Captain Grieg*, for instance. He is the gallant soldier who saved England in the Boer War and is now going to save her in the threatened war between England and X——. When he is off the stage, he is spoken of continually as a hero and the man to save the Dear Old Country. "Trust the Captain," says everybody to everybody else; "he'll pull Old England through." When he is on the stage he spends his time clasping people by the hand—not to say "How do you do?" or "Good-bye," but to pledge them to help him in his task of saving England. Now, how impossible for *us* to believe in ourselves when playing *Captain Grieg*. How impossible not to remember that we were quite ordinary people, with a handicap of 24 or a waist of 36, who, in the absence of any more remarkable "business" than handshaking, simply couldn't be taken seriously as Empire-savers. But Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS plays it with ease and conviction. It is wonderful.

There is no need to give the plot of *The Chalk Line;* and, on my part, no ability to explain why it is so called. The "chalk line" was the line which one of the characters walked along as a test of his sobriety, but how that provides the *motif* of the play I do not know. Most of the acting is quite good. Best of all was the performance of Mr. CHARLES V. FRANCE; he was the old laird who had invented a gas which would slay an army, and when he first came on the stage a sudden mist of reality descended for a moment upon it.

M.

Topical Riddle of the Month.

Q. What is the favourite confection of the W.S.P.U.?

A. March-pane.



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT ARE YOU READING THE PAPER YOU'RE SITTING ON?"

A PUNIC WAR.

To outward appearance Morris and I are on the most friendly terms, but it is nevertheless a fact that verbally we are in a state of incessant and barbarous warfare.

"I see *The Shire Advertiser* has printed a quotation from Old Pilkington's speech in capitals," he remarked to me this morning. "That man will be past all bearing now."

"He *is* a conceited ass," I agreed unsuspectingly.

"The curious thing is," continued Morris musingly, "that he can't *see* what an egotistical humbug he is. It's stranger still when one remembers that he has always been noted for his capital I's."

I admit that the attack had been very skilfully disguised, and for a moment my forces were disorganised. I rallied them quickly, however, and hurriedly considered the position.

"At the same time," I remarked, glancing at the paragraph in question, "it is even more curious to reflect that small caps. should produce a swelled head."

Even as I dealt the blow I couldn't help feeling sorry for Morris.

THE QUESTION.

I'M in really a remarkable quandary,
  A dilemma unexperienced before;
It's a case in which I have to be particularly wary
  Lest I do what I might afterwards deplore;
And, although the breach of confidence is much against the grain,
With permission, I'll endeavour to explain.

There's a lady who has gloriously taken
  The advantage that the present year confers
By proposing, with a force that one can hardly read unshaken,
  To—excuse me if I blush—to make me hers.
As my own attempts at marriage have been very much amiss,
I should like to ask you what you think of this.

She's a person of most excellent endowment,
  If she's hardly the ideal of one's dream;
And, you'll understand, although I'm undecided for the moment,
  She's a lady whom to know is to esteem.
I may add that, with a fervour one would hardly like to damp,
She encloses me an envelope and stamp.

To accept, decline, refer her to my mother,
  Would of course provide an answer, ay or nay;
But an awkwardness arises from the fact that there's another,
  And I'm troubled as to what I ought to say;
As a fact, the other lady hasn't made the least advance,
But I'd like to wait and give her every chance.

For I love her. With an ever-growing hunger
  I have found her ever sweet, but often cold;
It's undoubtedly the case that she's considerably younger
  And may look on me as elderly or "old"!
And, indeed, it's on the cards that, if acquainted with the fact
Of my passion, she might think that I was cracked.

O my lady, I am hopeless, I am silly, oh,
  I may be all that isn't to your taste,
But I love you, O my ladylove, I worship you like—billy-oh
  Appeals to me as accurate and chaste;
But—to finish the apostrophe—the lady doesn't speak,
For she lacks the inclination, or the cheek.

So you see it. There's a claim, which seems the stronger,
  From a lady whom there's much to recommend;
And perhaps it isn't prudent to be waiting any longer
  With my youth and beauty drawing to an end;
While you can't postpone an answer to the distant by-and-bye
When a lady sends a stamp for a reply.

Yet the Other who's away, if she were willing,
  If that Other, whom just now I can't get at,
Were to love me—and she may—oh, that would simply be too killing;
  Oh, my readers, what a tragedy were that!
Yet, suppose I found she didn't, it would mean a heavy loss;
To the gods I give the matter. I shall toss.

DUM-DUM.

A Prophet—in another Country.

"The ceremony was performed by the Dean of Westminster in the presence of the Primate (Dr. Clifford)."—*Adelaide Express.*

THE LAST RESORT.

Extract from "The Daily Boast," March 5:—

AT a specially summoned meeting of the Gooseage Ratepayers' Association held at the Town Hall a few days ago, it was unanimously decided to take the whole front page of *The Daily Boast* for one day to advertise the attractions of that delightful seaside resort.

This enterprise—entailing as it does the expenditure of £500 (not 50*s*., as one of the speakers at the meeting stated)—is sure to attract the greatest attention, and in anticipation we give a few details of this beauty-spot.

Situated 'twixt moor and sea, the air is stated by the Town's Publicity Dept. to be found in great profusion. The temperature is kept uniformly between 60° and 70°, while a Bye-Law requires that all rain should fall between the hours of 10 P.M. and sunrise. But perhaps the greatest attraction of all is the bathing, the water here possessing that degree of salinity which the upper reaches of the Thames just miss and which the Dead Sea so overdoes. Indeed, for some years the only drawback to Gooseage has been the fact that *The Daily Boast* did not appear at breakfast time; but this will now be remedied. In view of the probable rush of visitors we have decided to run a *Daily Boast* Special, which will bring *The Daily Boast* into Gooseage in time for delivery with the morning rasher.

Extract from "The Daily Boast," March 6:—

The nation's interest in Gooseage is growing. All day long yesterday we were kept busy answering enquiries. A well-known Harley Street physician rang up to ask if MR. LLOYD GEORGE had ever lived at Gooseage; the answer is in the negative. Another enquirer asks: What are the apartments like? A gentleman who spent a week there last year says they cannot be bettered. He changed his rooms seven times, yet at the end was unable to say that he was any more comfortable than he had been at first. Yet another, a City man, asks: Is there a good telephone connection with London? To test the matter, we rang up during the busiest time of the day 3127 Blackpool, and we got on to 4127 Gooseage (the number we required) in less than ten minutes.

Gooseage is not without its mention in literature. GEORGE BORROW says: "By making a détour we avoided Gooseage;" Sir A. CONAN DOYLE writes: "Ten miles to the right, covered with an impenetrable fog, lay Gooseage;" while BRADSHAW, in his bright little monthly magazine, remarks: "Gooseage, 147½ miles from Euston, *viâ* L. & N.W. Rly."

Letter from Hugh Jones, Esq., Advertising Manager, "Daily Boast," to John Scattergood, Esq., Secretary Gooseage Ratepayers' Association, dated March 7th:—

DEAR SIR,—Adverting to the resolution passed by your Association to secure the whole front page of this paper, I shall be glad to receive your application for space. The only days vacant during the next five years are March 16, 1912, and January 27, 1914.

Yours sincerely, HUGH JONES.

Letter from John Scattergood, Esq., Secretary Gooseage Ratepayers' Association, to Hugh Jones, Esq.

SIR,—At a specially summoned meeting of the Gooseage Ratepayers' Association it was unanimously decided:—(1) That owing to the enormous demand for apartments during the coming season far exceeding all anticipation, the advertising scheme be dropped. (2) That a letter of thanks be sent to *The Daily Boast* for its efforts on our behalf.

Yours truly, JOHN SCATTERGOOD.



Our Chairman (who thinks all Scotch singers are Harry Lauders). "Mr. Brown 'as kindly consented to sing 'Auld Robin Gray.' I'm shor you'll be 'ighly amused!"

THE WHITE ELEPHANT SALE.

My dear Elaine,—I wonder if you have heard of the latest device for the alleviation of life—the White Elephant Sale? Used with discretion, it is really great. The idea is this. Every one has one or two things that they don't want not exactly rubbish, but some article or other which fights with one's own taste. Usually these are wedding presents and are kept hidden away, except when the persons who gave them come to dinner. But after a while, as time goes on and memories become dim, it is safe to get rid of them, and not very difficult either, because what one person hates another likes. For example, you yourself cannot endure the sight of an *épergne*, and you have a very handsome one. Mrs. Mackinder at the Laurels thinks no house complete without an *épergne*, but the parlourmaid has just broken hers (having had some bad news about her married sister in Durban which upset her nerves), and if your *épergne* were sent to a White Elephant Sale Mrs. Mackinder would most certainly buy it; while it is on the cards that she has something in her house that offends her commonplace eyes—a Sheraton wine cooler, say—which you would make every effort to acquire if you saw it in a White Elephant Sale. Now you understand what a White Elephant Sale is; and, used with discretion, as I said, the institution can be most valuable.

But you must exercise discretion. . .

Let me tell you what has just happened here, where our first White Elephant Sale has been held. Mrs. Cawston, whom I fancy you once met, a little fluffy expensive woman with a titled aunt, sent an embroidered hand-bag which that aunt gave her last Christmas. It was one of those costly things which no one could possibly use and which are made for exchange among friends at that terrible season. Looking at it, ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would say that it came from Bond Street and cost four guineas. The tragedy is that it didn't, and that Mrs. Cawston's titled aunt motored over unexpectedly—that's one of the awful things about motors, that they do things unexpectedly—a distance of eighty-five miles, on the day of the sale, and, arriving when Mrs. Cawston was at the sale, went on there to find her. You see what happened. The very first thing that the titled aunt saw was her Christmas present, with a half-guinea ticket on it, and she knew it was hers because, so far from coming from a Bond Street shop, it was made under her own eyes by a Russian refugee in whom she took an interest. . . .

Nothing that Mrs. Cawston could say helped matters in the least, and now the titled aunt has another favourite niece.

So you see you will have to be careful when you start White Elephant Sales at Crowborough; but start them you certainly will.

Your affectionate Mollie.

"The jaguar has presented the Society with a cub, which seems healthy enough if the squeals and squeaks coming from the darksome corner where it was born may be taken as evidence, and a wild-cat from Ross-shire."—*Globe.*

The Jaguar: "*Anything*, dear old Chalmers, that you want in the cat line, be sure to let me know."

Roused by the news that a Suffragette has made a speech from the interior of a lion's cage, Mr. Lloyd George has decided to give an exhibition of even greater courage. He will speak from a den of doctors.



THE "OOFY" GOLDBERGS ABROAD.

SCENE—*The lounge of the Royal Grand Riviera Palace Hotel.*

Reginald de Vere Talbot (who has been dancing with Miss Goldberg). "CONFOUND IT! THERE'S THAT FELLOW WHO'S BEEN BUMPIN' INTO US ALL THE EVENIN'. WHAT ON EARTH IS HE DOIN'?"

Miss Goldberg. "OH! NEVER MIND HIM—HE'S ONLY OUR DETECTIVE. FATHER WON'T LET ME WEAR MY JEWELS AT THESE HOTELS UNLESS HE'S ON DUTY."

A STAR IN THE NIGHT.

[It appears that the Alfreton miner who was the first man to come out on strike has been engaged to appear at London music-halls at a salary of £20 a week. The following lines are an attempt to catch the spirit of thankfulness with which the poorest portion of the audience will presumably witness his performance.]

THERE won't be nothing for dinner,
For there ain't no meat to carve;
And the missus is looking thinner,
And soon we shall probably starve;

And it ain't any use proposing
As I ought to find some work,
For the factory doors are closing
And the skies are all pit-murk.

But we must have fun and laughter
So long as our breath is drawn,
And so long as beneath this rafter
There's anything left to pawn.

They say there's a rare sensation
At the old Frivolity Hall
That's "elicitin' acclamation
Nightly" from one and all.

And I think, by putting the table
And the bedstead up the spout,
And a pair of boots, we'll be able
To go for a last good shout.

It's a brighter turn and a jollier
Than FRAGSON or LITTLE TICH,
And they call it "The Comic Collier,"
Or "The bloke who struck it rich."

He was only a Derbyshire miner,
A slaver up there by the Peak,
And thrifty with every shiner
Of his four-pound-ten a week,

Till the strike came on that's dammin'
The stream of the nation's luck,
And has brought despair and famine,
And he was the first wot struck.

And they said to him, "Be an artist,"
And he wrote back, "Right you are"
(For the best jobs go to the smartest),
And now he's a blooming star.

By all accounts it's a grand turn,
He comes in his mining togs,
With a sort of a pick and a lantern
And dances a dance with clogs.

And he looks right up at the gallery
And tells in his feeling way
How he climbed to his present salary,
Which is six-pounds-six a day.

He is a regular piece of quality,
So as soon as we've pawned them things
We're off to the old Frivolity
To hear what the new star sings.

EVOE.

"He gets the interesting result that an upper-upper-lower-upper (lower-lower-upper-lower) semi-continuous function is an upper-lower-upper (lower-upper-lower) semi-continuous function."—*Nature.*

We had a vague idea that this might be so, but we didn't like to say anything.

"Comfortable bedroom, use of sitting-room and breakfast."—*Advt. in "British Weekly."*

Anyone using the breakfast for more than twenty minutes will be charged extra.

The Blackleg.

Advertised under "Domestic Servants Wanted" in *The Evening News*:—

"Cob, 7 years, 14.2."

Echoes of the Strike.

Passenger: Why are we so late?

Guard: Well, Sir, the train in front was behind, and this train was behind before besides.



SET STORMY.

Liberal By-election Candidate. "I SAY, THIS LOOKS PRETTY HOPELESS. STILL GOING DOWN."
Mr. Lloyd George. "OH! IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW YEARS."
Liberal By-election Candidate. "YES; BUT I'VE GOT TO GO OUT NOW."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

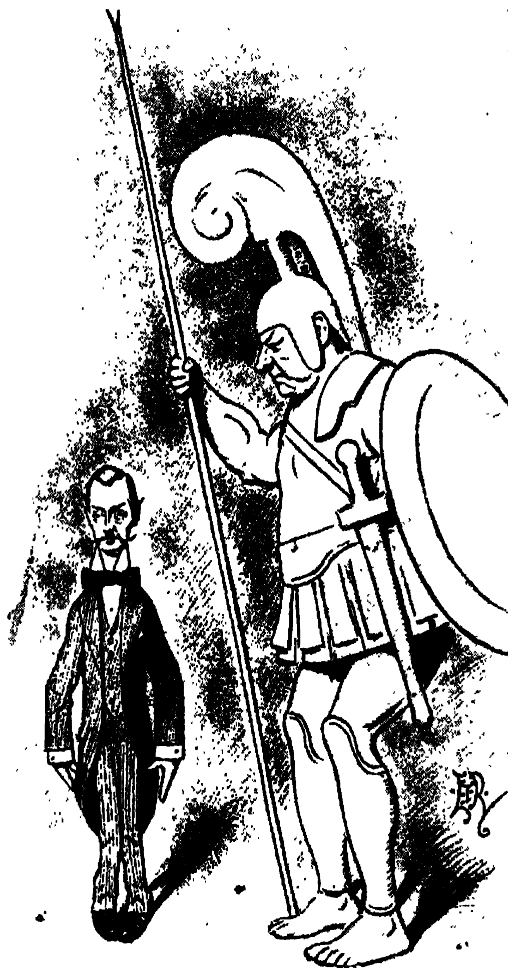
(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 4.—In crowded House, silenced by intense interest, PREMIER made expected statement with respect to current condition of Coal Strike. Was himself evidently impressed by momentous character of crisis that not only leaves wageless half a million men but paralyses trade of the country with certainty that in particular instances it will irretrievably ruin it. Statement a masterpiece of lucidity, animated by spirit of absolute impartiality between contending forces. Model of summing up from judicial bench of intricate, nicely-balanced case. Related step by step cautious well-considered movement of Ministers as mediators. Without complaint or criticism showed how full development of plan had been arrested by dead wall of miners' ultimatum.

As PREMIER told them in interview at Foreign Office, they are to-day in a position which six weeks ago they would have regarded as unattainable. Sixty-five per cent. of the coal-owners agree that a reasonable minimum wage shall be established. This the miners ready to accept. But their idea of compromise being that they take everything and give nothing, they insist upon fixing amount of the minimum. This too much for employers; so Conference broke up, masters going off one way, men the other.

"This conclusion of the matter," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "was inevitable from the first. More than a month ago the miners resolved that if the masters did not by the twenty-ninth of February capitulate all along the line there would be a national strike. Not likely complete surrender would take place. Accordingly holiday was assured. It has been eagerly looked forward to week by week, day by day. It presented unexampled opportunity. The coal-miner, even when wages are low, is apt to lengthen his week-end by taking in Monday. In prosperous times such as have prevailed of late in the coalfields, he finds that at current wage-rate four days and a-half per week bring in sufficient for beer, baccy and manly sports, leaving something for the missis to provide food withal.

"That commonplace. Enjoyment marred by repetition. Here was promise of playtime that must certainly extend over a week, might run to three, even more. There would be strike pay, and though there might be less food for wife and children, beer and baccy would be all right. Besides, look at the glory of the thing. The coal-miner finds himself acknowledged as the Bunty who Pulls the Strings of national prosperity, even of existence. It's a holiday with bands playing, flags flying, and he the hero. Hard, of course, upon hundreds of thousands of chums in other trades. That's the masters' fault. For the miner, let him eat, drink, and loaf round the corner of public-houses, for to-morrow or the day after he will be at work again.



The Indignant Ajax. "Look here, my young friend! I don't so much mind your calling Arthur Lee a 'terrier,' but next time you apologise for me, I'll trouble you not to call me a 'rabbit'!"

(Lord HALDANE and Mr. H. J. TENNANT.)

["In this case the Secretary of State did make a mistake. He confessed that if he himself had made a mistake he would not like to be shaken about by Mr. Lee as a terrier shakes a rabbit."—Mr. TENNANT.]

"And who are we that rebuke or complain of this attitude? Anyhow, there it is, and it has much to do with a coal famine that starves a nation. A school deprived at the last moment of its Easter Holiday would not be more bitterly disappointed than would have been coal-miners had ASQUITH's benevolent, patriotic effort to avoid a strike been successful."

Business done.—SEELY explains Army Estimates of coming year.

Tuesday.—No one can fully realise the importance and variety of interests affecting an Empire on which the sun never sets till they have sat through the Question Hour. Under direction of HADJI BABA MORRELL, Persia leads off. HADJI BABA rather depressed owing to little difficulty in connection with sumptuary prejudices. Conceived happy thought that since he knows more about Persia than any other man who has never lived there it would be appropriate to present himself in the flowing and becoming costume of the Eastern race. Idea perhaps not original. Remembers how in heat of last summer DON'T KEIR HARDIE presented himself in a reach-me-down suit of white drill, clad in which he was accustomed to pace the bazaars of ancient Ind. No objection taken to that interesting exhibition. But when H. B. hints at appropriateness of Persian garb whilst heckling FOREIGN SECRETARY the authorities frowned dissent.

So here he is in ordinary British costume, masterpiece of a Burnley tailor. Nothing can permanently damp his inquisitiveness or curtail his encyclopædic knowledge about Persian affairs, foreign and domestic. Fires off eleven questions, answered by EDWARD GREY with signs of conscious guiltiness successfully hidden under official phrases that convey minimum of information.

Next comes Dr. FELL wanting to know (the reason why I cannot tell) where the various orders of decoration distributed at the Delhi Durbar were manufactured?

This naturally suggests to ROWLAND HUNT khaki collars. Insists upon SEELY explaining "why, in view of the fact that the officers of the Guards regiments are allowed to wear turn-down khaki collars when in khaki, the



"Seely makes light answer designed to turn away wrath." (Col. Seely.)

officers in other regiments of the Army are not allowed to do so; and why they are compelled to wear stiff stand-up collars either with or without the addition of a stiff linen collar?"

Seely makes light answer designed to turn away wrath. Thoughtful Members take more serious view. Was not the Indian Mutiny traceable to distribution of greased cartridges? Who can say that the spectacle of the pampered Guardsman sporting his turned-down khaki collar may not lead to mutiny in other regiments where officers are compelled to wear stiff turned-up collars with or without the addition—and here is the sublimation of refinement of cruelty that recalls the Spanish Inquisition—of a stiff linen collar.

In the order of the Army Council forbidding horses to be either clipped or groomed during the winter months, with intent to save expense of horse-rugs, Lane-Fox discovers another influence gnawing at the vitals of the Army. O'Dowd puts pistol to head of Postmaster-General, and insists on knowing "whether he can explain his reasons for discontinuing the mail-car service between Ballymote and Tubbercurry, and substituting therefor the services of an ordinary rural postman."

Lane-Fox returning to the charge wants to know what about Mr. Dodson of Sprotborough's pigs, upon whom the Board of Agriculture have imposed a term of eight months' quarantine?

Harassed Ministers eye the clock with feverish anxiety. Sigh of relief heard from Treasury Bench when hand points to quarter to four and the inquisition is over.

Business done.—After two days' talk, House resolves itself into Committee on Army Estimates.

Friday.—From time to time hear of land erosion round our coasts. More serious news comes from the far Pacific disclosing fresh iniquity on part of doomed Government. They have positively abandoned Palmyra Island, and it is reported, though without official confirmation, that United States have snapped up the treasure. It was George Lloyd (very different thing from Lloyd George) who flashed discovery on perturbed House.

Acland replying on behalf of Foreign Office weakly explained that British protectorate over the island had been declared in connection with Pacific Cable. Finding more suitable quarters in neighbouring island Palmyra was abandoned.

"Has it any value, and is it inhabited?" sternly asked another Member.

"It was once sold for a dollar," Acland admitted. And it could not be said to be uninhabited since it was peopled by crabs.

"That's all very well," said Banbury. "But this is what we have occasionally heard alluded to as the thin end of the wedge. If this Government lasts another twelve months we shan't have an outlying island left. I can scarcely sleep in my bed for fear that one of the halfpenny morning papers will bring me news with my breakfast that the German flag is flying over the Isle of Sheppey."



"What about Mr. Dodson of Sprotborough's pigs?" (Mr. G. R. Lane-Fox.)

Business done.—Confirming *Mr. Punch's* private information (Cartoon, 28th February), Prime Minister announces that Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill will take precedence of Home Rule Bill, the former to be introduced before Easter, the latter standing over.

MY GRIEVANCE.

I have read IT for many years. With IT (in spirit of course) I have defied at various times France, Russia and Germany to mortal conflict. I have shuddered with IT in anticipation of the great wars of 1902—1910. I have eaten ITS bread, and last spring I painfully cultivated sweet peas at ITS behest. With IT I have groaned at the prospect of food taxes and also at the prospect of the lack of food taxes. With it (in spirit, again) I have flown the Channel and soared over the British Isles. At ITS command I faced the Chancellor and with calm courage declined to lick a single stamp. IT has made me take rooms at Swanage for the summer, and IT forced me into a front seat for *The Miracle*. And why not? Is IT not the Daily Miracle?

And now IT has deceived me.

For months IT has warned me against the purchase of coal. IT showed me the greed of middlemen and the impossibility of a strike. My neighbours hurried to the coal-dealers, whilst I, confident in IT, scoffed at them. Brown has even his attics stocked with coke. The coal sacks of Jones are to be found even under his billiard-table. Robinson has a mountainous pile of cobbles in his back garden. Smith boasts to me that his truck-load will last till midsummer—by which time he predicts we shall have Tariff Reform with higher wages for miners and consequently cheaper coal, or else red revolution, when we shall be able to warm ourselves by the embers of our neighbours' houses. They sneer at me for trusting IT. Brown, who reads *The Daily Express*, warns me against the sensational press. Whilst Robinson, a weird person who says he reads *The Daily News*, tells me to put no trust in papers whose proprietors pander to the gambler.

And I, who trusted IT so confidently, am left with an empty cellar. The only illumination in my grate is the flame of a burning *Daily Mail*. Am I to burn a thousand copies per day so that I may be able to defy the rigour of an English spring? Has that been ITS diabolical design all through?

I am, I hope, a humane man; but if it were feasible, I should like to roast ITS staff over a slow coal fire.

Only I doubt whether any of my selfish neighbours would lend me coal even for such a laudable purpose.



Angler (just in big salmon which is still lying behind a rock, despairingly). "What's to be done?"
Donald (regarding the case as almost hopeless). "I canna undertack onny responsibeelity."

BREAKING-UP SONG.

Now, when the ties that lightly bind us
 Slacken awhile at the call of Home,
Leaving our latter-day science behind us,
 Leaving the love of ancient Rome—
Ere we depart to enjoy for a season
 Freedom from regular work and rules,
Come let us all in rhyme and reason
 Honour the best of schools.

Here's to our Founder, whose ancient bounty
 Freely bestowed with a pious care,
Fostered the youth of his native county,
 Gave us a name we are proud to bear.
Here's to his followers, wise gift-makers,
 Friends who helped when our numbers were few,
Widened our walls and enlarged our acres,
 Stablished the school anew.

Here's to our Head, in whom all centres,
 Ruling his realm with a kindly sway;
Here's to the Masters, our guides and mentors,
 Helpers in work and comrades in play;
Here's to the Old Boys, working their way up
 Out in the world on the ladder of Fame,
Here's to the New Boys, learning to play up,
 Ay, and to play the game.

Time will bring us our seasons of trial,
 Seasons of joy when our ship arrives,
Yet, whatever be writ on the dial,
 Now is the golden hour of our lives,
Now is the feast spread fair before us—
 None but slackers or knaves or fools
Ever shall fail to swell the chorus,
 "Here's to the best of schools."

From a ticket of the Concert-Goers' Club.—

"EVENING DRESS.
NOT TRANSFERABLE."

Being now certain of the safety of our reversible Richard, we shall attend.

"It was incumbent on those who planned a local museum to make ample provision for the storing of such objects and their preservation from injury as well as from the staff of officials who looked after them."—*Northern Whig.*

Motto of the thigh-bone of local mammoth: "Save me from the Secretary."

THE COLLABORATORS.

The beauty of criticising a play in a weekly paper is that you can read first what the daily papers say about it and then point out how ridiculously wrong they are. This gives you—as *Mr. Chester Coote* would have explained in French to *Kipps*—a *point d'appui* ("Oo!" from *Kipps*). So I begin by recording my objection to the criticism that *Kipps* of the play is not the simple lovable soul which *Kipps* of the book was. I found him even more lovable. As played by Mr. O. B. Clarence he kept my sympathy and affection throughout the evening; indeed, there were times when I could hardly keep from crying out, "Oh, you dear!" For Mr. Clarence brings laughter and tears very close together. His *Kipps* is never simply a figure of farce, as in the hands of another actor it might easily have become. And the technical skill of the performance is amazing. Every gesture and movement is right, every fleeting expression of the face is a contribution to the complete character. Mr. Clarence, in short, is the real *Kipps*, and the play is therefore a success.

But I doubt, somehow, if Mr. Wells and Mr. Besier will collaborate again. I think they have each made a discovery by this time. Mr. Besier has discovered that of all the difficult authors to dramatise, Mr. Wells is the most elusive: the explanatory and parenthetic author whose dialogue is implied by dots and made lucid by a running comment of analysis. Delightful for the library; but for the stage—oh, no! And Mr. Wells has discovered that a play isn't allowed to be a play until it has submitted to a score of absurd conventions; that there are parasites of the theatre, named "technique" and "stagecraft," which suck the blood out of a living situation, and leave it what is called effective. All right for the dramatist who is inoculated; but for the poor novelist—well!

I figure to myself the struggle between Mr. Besier's dramatic instincts and Mr. Wells' literary and parental instincts . . . and the triumph of Mr. Besier. In this way:-

The Book: *Kipps* does not meet the grown-up *Ann* until after he is engaged to *Helen Walshingham*.

The Play: He meets her just before he comes into his money.

[Mr. Wells: Then he wouldn't have got engaged to *Helen*.

Mr. Besier: You don't understand. We *must* have *Ann* on in the First Act.]

The Book: *Mr. Coote* was a house-agent with no financial interest in *Kipps*.

The Play: He is the solicitor who has charge of *Kipps'* money.

[Mr. Wells: But *why*?

Mr. Besier: It gives him a reason for coming into the shop in the First Act and introducing himself to *Kipps*.]

The Book: *Kipps*, sick of society, comes into *Ann's* kitchen late at night and makes her run away with him.

The Play: *Mr. Coote* comes in a little later on a different errand.

[Mr. Wells: But he couldn't *possibly* come!

Mr. Besier: Ah! but think what an effective situation you get—*Kipps* defying *Coote*!]

And so on. Yet, you know, Mr. Besier has really done his work quite well (except for the final kitchen scene); and I doubt if there could be a better dramatic version of *Kipps* than this.

I have already spoken of Mr. Clarence, who is indeed the making of the play. Perhaps he might have shown a little more development in the six months between the Second and Third Acts; surely he would have learnt the limitations of brown boots in that time! On the other hand, I may be wrong in supposing that six months did elapse. I certainly thought *Ann* said so; but as against this it must be recorded that in both Acts it was summer. *Ann* was very prettily played by Miss Christine Silver, with an accent rather too refined and a manner which invited more sympathy than *Ann* of the book would have sought. Mr. Rudge Harding was perfect as *Mr. Chester Coote*; he had a good deal to do and did it uniformly well. Of the small parts, a word should be said for the excellent *Pierce* of Mr. Gilbert Yorke, a capital picture of a draper's assistant. These players and others help Mr. Clarence to give us a delightful evening's entertainment, which no lover of *Kipps* should fail to see. M.

HINTS ON THE CARE OF THE PERSON.

A COLUMN FOR MEN.

The Hair.

When the hat requires force to fix it in position, it is time to consider the question of getting the hair cut. If desired, a professional may be employed, but excellent results can be obtained by grasping each hair between the first finger and thumb of the left hand, stretching it to its full extent, and severing it by means of a fretsaw manipulated by the right. This process takes time. Do not be alarmed by falling hair. The fall is brought about by the normal action of gravity, as a little quiet thought will show. A good way to catch flies is to smear the hair thickly with a mixture of honey and treacle.

Shaving.

Deep cuts inflicted while shaving should be carefully filled up with rubber solution.

The Elbows.

Roughening of the skin at the elbows *can* be treated by holding them in boiling water for ten or fifteen minutes. If the joints creak, the injection of a little good cycle oil will form an amateur surgical operation of great interest.

The Waist.

It is advisable on the whole to leave this to nature, and to accept the result with resignation.

The Complexion.

This is an important matter. The cheeks should be scoured with good sandpaper each evening for ten minutes and afterwards rubbed with a hare's foot. Hares require careful training before they can be trusted to perform this operation intelligently, and a really capable animal cannot be too highly prized. Before retiring to rest, cover the pillow to a depth of one inch with melted tallow. Sleep face downwards. It is necessary under these conditions to breathe through the ears, which requires practice. Use only the best soap for toilet purposes. Every kind of soap is the best.

The Nails.

These should be trimmed from time to time by means of scissors, knife, clippers or an ordinary grindstone. It is a pretty practice to have the nails of the index fingers carved into silhouette representations of one's *fiancée*.

The Ears.

In cold weather these sensitive organs should be protected by means of red flannel coverings; in hot, a small piece of ice should be inserted in each and renewed when necessary. Earache cannot be cured by extraction, and the operation, though frequent in the Middle Ages, is not now attempted. The ears should not be used as pen-racks or cigarette cases, nor is it in the best of taste to gesticulate with them.

The Teeth.

Grinding the teeth is not often resorted to except upon the stage, where the care bestowed on personal appearance is sometimes carried to excess. It is satisfactory to note that the need for universal military training is becoming recognised, and the drilling of teeth is, according to dental statistics, largely on the increase. Chewing coke was at one time considered to promote a healthy condition of the molars; but it should be discontinued during times of Strike.

The Eyebrows.

These should occasionally be singed. The best way is to hold them over a gas jet until a sizzling noise is heard.

ARE SECOND THOUGHTS BEST?

In the course of a vivacious interview with a representative of *The Standard*, Signor Mascagni recounts how the illustrious Verdi conceived a strong repulsion to *Cavalleria Rusticana*, but, on making a second trial, not only modified his hostile verdict, but was converted to admiration of its melodic beauties. His remarkable experience has prompted a well-known spiritualist, who for the present desires to preserve his anonymity, to obtain from a number of other old masters, famous in the spheres of art and action, estimates of the work and achievements of their living successors. The results we are now in a position to lay before our readers.

His first experiment was with Palestrina, who thus delivered himself on the subject of Elgar's *Gerontius*. "Elgar," remarked the eminent Italian maestro, "is a very brainy composer, and I have studied his score with great



Father (*at end of lecture to son who has been "sent down"*). "*NOTHING*, ABSOLUTELY *NOTHING* TO SHOW FOR ALL THE MONEY I'VE SPENT!"

Daughter. "HOW CAN YOU, FATHER, WHEN YOU KNOW THEY SAY THAT ALL THE BLOODS COPY HIS SOCKS AND WAISTCOATS!"

interest and satisfaction. At first I own that some of his harmonies and progressions struck me as rather odd, but in the end I have got to think them just lovely." The talented composer concluded his message with the interesting suggestion that if any of his works were performed at the Palace Music Hall, it might be re-named the Palestrina, or the Crystal Palestrina.

BEETHOVEN'S criticisms on the poetry and compositions of the GERMAN EMPEROR were extremely vivid and complimentary. Indeed, he went so far as to place him above DANTE and BACH, as he was a better conductor than the first and a better rhymer than the second. Very interesting, too, were his comments on STRAUSS'S *Elektra*. "On a first perusal of this score I came to the conclusion that it was the most hoggish (*schweinisch*) performance that had ever been perpetrated. But further study has induced me to revise my judgment, and I now unhesitatingly declare that it is at all points an enormous advance on my own *Fidelio*. After all, how infinitely more stimulating is the spectacle of triumphant revenge than that of insipid virtue!"

Lord MACAULAY was next invited to give his views on the letters of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, and with his usual gusto complied. "At the first blush," he observed, "I own that I was flabbergasted by what I considered to be the monotonous futility of these amazing documents. But a second reading has brought home to me the beauty of their lapidary style, the subtleness of their humour, the nobility of their philosophy. Happy editors, to whom your modern Cicero addresses their priceless gems of epistolary magnasininity!"

ADDISON'S acclamation of Mr. FILSON YOUNG as *the* essayist *par excellence* of the twentieth century is no less convincing in its enthusiastic sincerity. "To read 'The Things that Matter,'" he says, "in a modest sheet that creeps into the light of day a little before noon and never leaves it again, is not merely a liberal but an encyclopædic education. At first, I own it with contrition, I thought these essayettes were the most unmitigated bilge. But I know better now. Nothing more poignant or soul-shaking in its grasp of the eternal verities has ever been said than Mr. FILSON YOUNG'S wonderful comment on the Channel: 'The Channel is very narrow, but all the traffic of the world goes across it.' That verily is well said. I have only to add that my old and not too pecunious friend, Sir RICHARD STEELE, says ditto to these remarks."

HANNIBAL'S tribute to Lord HALDANE is marked by the generosity which was one of the most characteristic traits of the famous Carthaginian. "I began," he observes, "with a rooted prejudice against him as a lawyer and a philosopher. But when I learned that he had declined to mount any other steed but an elephant—that noble beast to whose assistance I owe many of my greatest victories—my views underwent a complete change, and I now welcome him as the greatest strategist, organiser and man-scout since myself."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK that Miss UNA L. SILBERRAD ought to have the vote. I say this without prejudice to the question of Women's Suffrage in general, and not because her latest novel, *Success*, has anything to do with the subject, for it hasn't; nor again, because it is published by CONSTABLE. The fact is, it deals mainly with engineering, and the authoress discourses so learnedly on the technical details of this very unfeminine science that she leaves a mere man aghast. Yes, I think she should certainly have the franchise under a special Act. *Success* is the story of *Michael Annarly*, a genius who had invented, amongst other things, an aerial torpedo, and was dismissed by his firm nominally because he had made overtures for the sale of certain other plans to foreign companies, but really because his own employers believed that they had sucked his brains and could dispense with him. He went after this to live with his cousin, *Nan Barminster*, and her father, who kept a second-hand furniture shop in Soho; and in creating *Nan Barminster* the writer has performed that very difficult feat of evolving a heroine not only plain but insignificant in appearance and yet thoroughly attractive and interesting. There are other good characters in the book, and considering how small a space is given to them, the members of the Annarly family in particular stand out with a wonderful distinctness. I don't exactly know why Miss SILBERRAD called her story *Success* when she wrote it, for it was only by means of a chance legacy that *Michael* was at last enabled to regain his reputation, but I hope that the title will justify itself as a piece of prophecy.

I am grateful to Major GAMBIER-PARRY for having written, and to Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & Co. for having published, *Murphy: A Message to Dog-Lovers*. I include myself, without definite classification, among "the good, the great, and the insignificant" in "that vast host in the human family that loves dogs," and to whom the book is inscribed by its gallant and gentle-minded author. I assure him that in one case at least his message has gone straight home. In truth this is a most delightful book. It is the simple history of an Irish terrier, a beautiful and supremely intelligent animal who devoted to the service and joy of his master an unsurpassable genius for love and friendship. His span of life was of five years only, but great natures cannot be measured in terms of time, and *Murphy* could have been no better had he been a centenarian. In these pages *Murphy's* master pays a noble and touching tribute to his dead companion. Sympathy, tender insight and restraint mark every line of it. Nothing is here for mawkishness, and in Major GAMBIER-PARRY'S kind and generous and affectionate book there is not a mawkish word. There are two charming portraits of the hero drawn by his master. Let dog-lovers all the world over read this book. They will be as grateful for it as I am.

I have written one opinion of Mr. GILBERT CANNAN'S *Little Brother* (HEINEMANN), but have torn it up because I did not consider that my praises were sufficiently explicit. I compared it with *Tristram Shandy*, not unfavourably, and remarked that Mr. CANNAN was obviously under the influence, but no mere imitator, of the great STERNE. There may be those to whom my *Uncle Toby* and *Mr. Shandy* are not the perfect thing, and, so that all may be fully informed, the pupil must be judged without further reference to the master. He writes the history of *Stephen Lawrie*, an individual from the beginning of things at war with himself and the rest of humanity; his mental and sentimental experiences of the world—Cambridge, more particularly, and the orthodox undergraduate, London and the *soi-disant* elect. At the back of it all there is something very like romance; in the foreground constant caprice and artful jests; and spread about it is philosophy, original but not artificial, satirical maybe, but only once or twice degenerating into a personal resentment against life. I don't know which is more diverting, his observation or his deduction; he has the intellectual woman, the eccentric and the *poseur* to perfection, and his analysis of a "scene" is positively deadly. Read it, and you will never again stoop to hypocrisy or resort to effect in your deportment in crises. Lastly, the reader must not be put off the book because I say that it is undeniably clever. I do not mean what he means, for there is not a suspicion of priggishness in the whole; it is just that brilliance of writing which never calls attention to itself and must prove a welcome stimulant, almost, if I might say so, intoxicant, to every mind but that of the stick-in-the-mud.



House-hunter. "NO, I DON'T THINK THIS WOULD DO. I DOUBT IF THERE'S A ROOM IN THE HOUSE LARGE ENOUGH TO SWING A CAT IN!"

Agent (to clerk). "PARKINS, JUST STEP ACROSS TO MISS SINGLETON'S—NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE—AND BORROW A CAT; ANY AVERAGE KIND WILL DO."

The Journalistic Touch.

"A coal mine is a vast ramification of dark passages hundreds of thousands of feet beneath the surface."

In the same bright spirit of exaggeration we could say that this was a dark passage in an article by one of the "hundreds of thousands of HANDS" above the surface—namely Mr. CHARLES E. of *The Daily Mail*.

Tact.

Scene: The street in front of Messrs. Robinson & Crusoe's plate glass window. There is a sudden crash as Percy saunters by; and he turns round hastily, and sees to his horror that the lady with the hammer is an acquaintance of his.

Percy (nervous, but always the gentleman): Oh—er—it's Miss Jones! . . Er—good morning . . Can I—er get you a—a—policeman or anything?

CHARIVARIA.

"SOUTH POLE DASH" was the heading given by *The Evening Standard* to its account of Captain AMUNDSEN'S achievement. We fancy that "Dash" will prove to be a euphemistic version of Captain SCOTT'S remark on hearing the news.

* * *

Dr. COOK, by the way, is said to be considering whether he shall have reached the South Pole before Captain AMUNDSEN.

* * *

Dr. AMUNDSEN has named the South Pole plateau after KING HAAKON VII., in evident ignorance of the fact that it had already been named after KING EDWARD VII.—a fact which we should have thought any local guide-book would have mentioned. Still, in any event it is only a mistake of one word, and a purely family affair.

* * *

Whether the South Pole district will ever attract colonists in any numbers remains to be seen, but we would very much like to see Votes for Women and other attractions held out as an inducement.

* * *

Dr. DOVE has been elected a Vice-President of the Reichstag. The peace party are of the opinion that Mr. CHURCHILL cannot have been aware of this fact when framing his Navy estimates.

* * *

"IS IT PEACE OR WAR?" asked *The Pall Mall Gazette* at one stage of the coal crisis. The answer to the conundrum was, of course, "YES."

* * *

When it became known that, owing to the restriction of the train service rendered necessary by the strike, the Mosely *v.* Liverpool football match could not take place, it was realised locally that the strike would have to be ended.

* * *

Legal luminaries have been endeavouring to decide what are sardines. The problem is a difficult one. During the restricted train service many creatures have been packed like them who yet stoutly deny that they are sardines.

* * *

Speaking of the great men of Ayr at a House of Commons dinner to Lord PENTLAND, Mr. ASQUITH said the names of Mr. EUGENE WASON, Lord PENTLAND, and ROBERT BURNS would go down to history. Why drag in ROBERT BURNS?

* * *

Printers really cannot be too careful. One of them described a famous tenor, the other day, as "the well-known sinner." Fortunately this singer was a foreigner, but if he had been one of our own countrymen the mistake would probably have attracted attention and led to a libel action.



"LA SOURCE."

WITH APOLOGIES TO INGRES.

Many curious things have from time to time been sent by post. The limit, we should say, must have been reached during the Suffragette scare, when policemen were posted at many post-offices.

* * *

A publisher announced in *The Times*, the other day, in regard to a certain new poem, that he would repurchase "at their face value" twelve months after publication, if desired to do so, all copies subscribed for. Fancy if this had been done when TENNYSON'S "Dream of Fair Women" appeared! Think of *their* "face value."

Leaders of American Society, *The Daily Telegraph* tells us, are protesting against the extravagance of diamond-studded shoes. But surely it is better to be brilliant at the wrong end than at neither end?

* * *

More commercial candour. Extract from the advertisement of a certain music-hall:—"Interesting and other topical events on the Bioscope."

* * *

It is rumoured that the Suffragettes now contemplate embarking upon an ingenious method of raising funds for the cause. They are, it is said, about to form a company for the manufacture and supply of plate glass.

* * *

The productions, now on view, of the painters calling themselves the Futurists, are said to be pictorial representations of "states of mind." Unfortunately, the majority of these artists seem to have been out of that article when painting their pictures.

* * *

By-the-by, we hear that there is no love lost between the Post-Impressionists and the Futurists. The former openly accuse the latter of coolly sneaking their idea that a picture to be really good must be thoroughly bad.

* * *

The report that a portion of the Panama Canal is built over a volcano has caused some disquietude. But surely the clever American engineers will be able so to arrange it that, in the event of an explosion, the water in the Canal will automatically extinguish the fire?

"YOUNG SWEDE (19 years of age) wants to be received as PAYING GUEST with good family."
Advt. in "Sunderland Daily Echo."

This for some reason comes under the heading "Daily Produce," instead of "Vegetable Produce."

"The constable now preferred a further charge against the two girls of stealing a carving knife, a fork and two ornamental judges which he found on the top of a wardrobe in the bedroom in the hotel."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

We always search the top of our wardrobe for judges before going to bed.

Good Brassy Lies.

"The Links have been greatly improved and replaned."—*Aberdovey Golf Club Circular.*

THE CONVERT.

I FOUND myself in the same drawing-room with Celia the other day, so I offered her one of my favourite sandwiches. (I hadn't seen her for some time, and there were plenty in the plate.)

"If you are coming to talk to me," she said, "I think I had better warn you that I am a Militant Suffragist."

"Then you won't want a sandwich," I said gladly, and I withdrew the plate.

"I suppose," said Celia, "that what I really want is a vote."

"Have mine; I can never do anything with it. The other man keeps slipping in by about three thousand."

"But it isn't only that. I want to see the whole position of women altered. I want to see ——"

I looked round for her mother.

"Tell me," I said gently; "when did this come over you?"

"In the last few weeks," said Celia. "And I don't wonder."

I settled down with the sandwiches to listen.

* * * * *

Celia first noted symptoms of it at a luncheon party at the beginning of the month. She had asked the young man on her right if she could have some of his salt, and as he passed it to her he covered up any embarrassment she might be feeling by saying genially,

"Well, and how long is this coal strike going to last?"

"I don't know," said Celia truthfully.

"I suppose you're ready for the siege? The billiard-room and all the spare bedrooms well stocked?"

Celia saw that this was meant humorously, and she laughed.

"I expect we shall be all right," she said.

"You'll have to give a coal party later on, and invite all your friends. 'Fire, 9—12.'"

"What a lovely idea!" said Celia, smiling from sheer habit. "Mind you come." She got her face straight again with a jerk and turned to the solemn old gentleman on her other side.

He was ready for her.

"This is a terrible disaster for the country, this coal strike," he said.

"Isn't it?" said Celia; and feeling that that was inadequate, added, "Terrible!"

"I don't know what 's happening to the country."

Celia crumbled her bread, and having reviewed a succession of possible replies each more fatuous than the last, decided to remain silent.

"Everything will be at a standstill directly," her companion went on. "Already trade is leaving the country. The Navy——"

"I suppose so," said Celia gloomily.

"Once stop the supplies of coal, you see, and you drain the life-blood of the country."

"Of *course*," said Celia, and looked very serious.

After lunch an extremely brisk little man took her in hand.

"Have you been studying this coal strike question at all?" he began.

"I read the papers," said Celia.

"Ah, but you don't *get* it there. They don't *tell* you—they don't *tell* you. Now I know a man who is actually *in* it, and he *says*—and he knows this for a *fact*—that from the *moment* when the *first man* downed tools—from the very moment when he *downed tools* . . ."

Celia edged away from him nervously. Her face had assumed an expression of wild interest which she was certain couldn't last much longer.

"Now, take coal at the pit's mouth," he went on—"at the *pit's mouth*"—he shook a forefinger at her—"at the *pit's mouth*—and I know this for a *fact*—the *royalties*, the royalties are——"

"It's awful," said Celia. "I *know*."

Celia went home feeling a little disturbed. There was something in her mind, a dim sense of foreboding, which kept casting its shadow across her pleasantest thoughts; "Just as you feel," she said, "when you *know* you've got to go to the dentist." But they had a big dinner-party that evening, and Celia, full of the joy of life, was not going to let anything stand in the way of her enjoyment of it.

Her man began on the stairs.

"Well," he said, "what about the coal strike? When are you going to start your coal parties? 'Fire, 10—2.' They say that that 's going to be the new rage." He smiled reassuringly at her. He was giving the impression that he *could* have been very, very serious over this terrible business, but that for her sake he was wearing the mask. In the presence of women a man must make light of danger.

Celia understood then what was troubling her; and as, half-way through dinner, the man on her other side turned to talk to her, she shot an urgent question at him. At any cost she must know the worst.

"*How* long will the strike last?" she said earnestly.

"That's just what I was going to ask you," he said. "I fear it may be months."

Celia sighed deeply.

* * * * *

I took the last sandwich and put down the plate.

"And that," said Celia, "was three weeks ago."

"It has been the same ever since?" I asked, beginning on a new plate.

"Every day. I 'm tired of it. I shrink from every new man I meet. I wait nervously for the word 'coal,' feeling that I shall scream when it comes. Oh, I want a vote or something. I don't know what I want, but I *hate* men! Why should they think that everything they say to us is funny or clever or important? Why should they talk to us as if we were children? Why should they take it for granted that it 's our duty to *listen* always?"

I rose with dignity. Dash it all, who had been doing the listening for the last half-hour?

"You are run down," I said. "What you want is a tonic."

Quite between ourselves, though, I really think . .

But no. We men must stick together. A. A. M.

THE SPRING TROUT.

Now that wintry clouds have lifted
 To the joy of waiting herds,
And the March-scene has been shifted
 Mid an orchestra of birds,
You may see me through the rushes
 Lying "doggo" by the brink,
Popping up to scare the thrushes
 Which are coming down to drink.

Though it 's not for me to boast, I 'm
 Like no other fish I know,
For I find the yearly close-time
 Most unconscionably slow,
While my brethren hold it treason
 For the which I ought to die,
Just because I greet the Season
 With a twinkle in my eye.

Though my parents hint of foemen
 And the tricks that they devise—
How they tickle your abdomen,
 How they tempt you with their flies;
Though the sadness of the platter
 Dims the gladness of the pool,
Do the perils really matter
 If I 'm free to play the fool?

Should I see the portly Vicar
 Silhouetted on the stream,
Oh! my scales begin to flicker
 And my eyes begin to gleam,
For he 'll track my merry gambols,
 Never dreaming that he 's mine
Till I 've lured him to the brambles,
 Till I 've heard him foul his line.

But when summer brings an outlet
 To the raptures of the burn,
And the fancy of the troutlet
 Takes a sentimental turn,
Though the cast should ne'er deceive me,
 Though the splash should damp my zeal,
Love may land me, love may leave me
 In the Vicar's daughter's creel!



THE PLAIN DEALER.

[The Navy Estimates just issued are expressly stated by Mr. CHURCHILL to be conditional upon the naval programmes of other nations.]



Cab'y (whose supper in the public bar has been unduly prolonged by a discussion on the possibility of the Coal Strike preventing the Lincolnshire Handicap). "WHY, DEARIE, YOU ARE LOOKING BAD! WOT'S THE MATTER WITH YER, DARLING? 'AVE YER FELL DOWN W'ILE YOU'VE BEEN STANDING OUT 'ERE?"

"GAMBOL."

I stood among the rapturous kennolled pack,
  Rejecting love from many a slobbering jaw,
Caressing many a twisting mottled back
  And gripping here and there a friendly paw.
But yet a well-known white-and-liver stern
  I sought in vain amid the dappled scramble.
A sudden apprehension made me turn
    And say, "Where's Gambol?"

Gambol—a nailer on a failing scent,
  Leading by fifty yards across the plough!
Gambol, who erst would riot and repent,
  Who loved to instigate a kennel row!
Who'd often profit by "a private view"
  "Huic-ing to him" incarnadined from cover,
And when a "half-cooked" hare sat squatting, who
    Through roots would shove her!

I turned with mute inquiry in my eyes,
  Dire rumours of distemper made me dumb,
The kennel huntsman, chary of replies,
  Behind his shoulder jerked a horny thumb.
Such silence, though familiar, boded ill;
  With doubts and fears increasing every minute,
I paused before a doorway—all was still
    As death within it.

Gambol was stretched upon a truss of hay,
  But not the ruthless hound that I had known.
That snarling terrorist of many a fray
  Now at my feet lay low, but not alone,
Then rose to greet me—slowly shaking free
  Four sleek round shapes that piped a puling twitter—
And fawned, half shamed, half proud for me to see
    Her brand-new litter.

THE PATRIOT.

He used to be so bright, so gay, and is now so pensive. His eyes—those large luminous convex eyes—have new depths of melancholy in them and only with an effort light up in the presence of things of interest, such as a passing cat or a piece of roast chicken. His tail, once carried so proudly, like a plume in a victorious knight's helmet, now droops forlorn, and is even sometimes allowed to touch the ground. He does not keep himself so spotless as he used, nor is his sleep so sound.

Such is the unhappy condition of our Pekinese, one of the choicest specimens of that breed of spaniels which was brought to perfection by the noble solicitude of the divine Empress Tzu Hsi.

And what is the reason of his dejection? Unrequited love? Distemper? Not a bit of it; he has heard about the Chinese Republic.

THE BLUEBOTTLE.

It will always be one of my saddest reflections that, but for the interference of a hibernated bluebottle, in a comatose condition, I must have won the Brahmapootra Vahz (or Vehz, or even Vawz, as our Scotch Secretary calls it.) The Brahmapootra Trophy (let us say) is of best E.P. silver, stands 2 ft. 9 in. and is heavily illustrated with what silversmiths call "golfing scenes." It would be on my sideboard now but for that bluebottle.

It interfered on the sixteenth green, when I was one up, in the semi-final, against Major Tarbut, who had never been in a semi-final before, and was feeling his position very keenly—all the more so as he had played the odd from the edge of the green and was not nearly dead, whereas I had a twelve-foot putt for the hole. While I was looking at my putt from the wrong end, because BRAID always does that, and also because I was funking it badly, the bluebottle settled on my ball, exactly where I ought to hit it. I gave it time to find out that a Magenta Dot Minor is not edible; but it seemed to be stupefied.

Major Tarbut twiddled his putter and looked at me impatiently.

"There's a big bluebottle on my ball, Major. I suppose I can remove it?"

"Certainly not," the Major said sharply. "You know as well as I do that you can't touch your ball while it is in play."

"I don't want to touch my ball," I said mildly. "But if the brute won't fly away, I'm surely entitled to touch it, am I not?"

"No," the Major answered, with decision. "The bluebottle becomes part of the ball for the time being. If you touch it, you constructively touch the ball, and I must claim the hole."

"Rot, my dear chap!" I said. "This beastly fly is an agency outside the match, like a spectator and I wish to goodness it wouldn't watch my play quite so closely."

"Is a hair-pin an agency outside the match?" the Major asked coldly.

"Of course it is," I said. "But we are not talking about hairpins. This is no time for sentimental reverie."

"I must remind you," the Major said, "that Tommy Andrews or Bobby Robb once found at Prestwick that his approach shot had impaled itself firmly on a hairpin point, and he had to putt out with the hairpin sticking in the ball."

"How many putts did he take?" I asked.

"I'm not sure, but he did the hole in seventeen."

"Well, if you won't let me touch this fly with a little bit of stick, you'll have to wait till it goes away," I announced.



Starter (to short one). "NOW, YOU GIVE HIM TWO LENGTHS' START."

Shorty. "WHAT! WHY, I DON'T STAND AN EARTHLY!—(*a pause*)—*OH! YOU MEAN TWO LENGTHS O' THE EARTH!*"

"You can't ask me to wait more than a reasonable time," the Major said. "In fact, waiting for a bluebottle to go away is constructively equal to sheltering during a medal round. In that case you will be disqualified, even if you win."

"It would be cheaper to touch the fly and only lose the hole, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"Look here," said the Major testily, "if I were at all a stickler for rules, I would claim the hole now. You've asked my advice about how to play, so you've lost this hole already. But I'll waive that point if you'll putt now without any more fuss."

"My dear chap," I said, "I can't putt with this bluebottle here. Think of the cruelty of it. I'm a humane man. And, besides, I don't know how much strength to allow for a bluebottle. I shall try threatening its life first."

"I warn you," the Major said, "that I shall be obliged to claim the hole if you touch that bluebottle."

"Look here," I said, "if a crow sat on my ball and would not go away, would you make me play the ball with the crow on it?"

"Certainly. You must play the ball as it lies, or give up the hole."

"And if a cow lay down on it?"

"That would depend on the age of the cow," the Major said cautiously. "You might be allowed to remove a three-year-old, but you could not touch a young cow, because you are prohibited by the rules from removing anything that is growing."

"Well, there's nothing like understanding one's position clearly," I said. "Anyhow, the fly has gone away now."

"Play the like," said the Major, failing to conceal his disappointment.

Unconsciously I must have allowed for the bluebottle, for I ran the ball five feet beyond the hole, missed the return putt, and the Major won the hole. He won the 17th, because I was still thinking about the bluebottle, and he halved the 18th because I was thinking what a fool I had been to let the Major win the 17th, through thinking about the bluebottle. And that is how I lost the Brahmapootra Vase.

The Major was magnanimous in the hour of victory.

"I hate having any disagreement about the rules," he said. "I'd far rather lose a match than raise anything that might be called a quibble."

"*Je ne pense pas*," I murmured dreamily.

"You see," said the Major, as if arguing with himself, "I had the other semi-finalists to consider. It wouldn't have been fair to them to let you remove that fly."

"I wouldn't have told them anything about it," I said.

"It isn't the telling. It's the fact of it having happened," the Major said solemnly. "If I had allowed you to break that rule you might have won. And I know either Gaynor or Loftus-

Irons would far rather play me in the Final than you."

"Not at all," I said. "You're too modest about your chances. I'll back you to argue either of them out of the game. With your 13 strokes and a blue-bottle or two you ought to win hands down."

PARENTHETICALLY (BY JOVE).

Most of us are old enough to remember the story of the sporting reporter, unavoidably turned on to the fashionable wedding, who appended to his otherwise admirable account of the ceremony a list of the fascinating bride's rejected suitors, under the familiar heading, "Also Ran." No doubt a similar exigency impelled the handing over of the recent levee at Buckingham Palace to a Parliamentary sub-editor of *The Times*, who punctuated the description of each lady's costume by putting in the names of her dressmaker and milliner, as they do the constituencies of the Parliamentary debaters. The effect of this parenthetical mixture of "art is art" and "pizness is pizness" was so pleasing that we understand the idea is to be continued and extended. Thus the Thunderer breaks the shackles of that venerable superstition of Printing House Square, which regarded any allusion to feminine apparel as an irrelevant indelicacy, and shows us the Spirit of the Age in neat commercial blinkers. We suggest the following as a helpful guide for future reference when describing fashionable functions in the daily press:—

"There was a large and distinguished assemblage last night at Lady Tweedledum's soirée. Guests were received at the head of the stairs (Tottenham & Co.) by the jovial host (Château Lafayette 1884 and Bimm's Extra Dry Old Port) and by the handsome grey-haired hostess (Wigson), who, standing gracefully among the beautiful palms (The Phiteesy Boot Dépôt, Stubb's Corn Killer, and The Floral Decoration Company), and chatting agreeably to each newcomer (*Mangnall's Questions*, and "*The Times*" *Meteorological Report*) made everyone at once feel quite at home (Wilson's Depository and Brown's Daylight Removals). Among those present were the Countess of Torpenhow, smiling with evident charm (Nodont and the American Tooth Trust) at the elderly but still svelte and slender Lady Blessington (Blandish's Institute), and talking (Stentor's Megaphones) to the Dowager Duchess of Appledorf (Adder's Ear Trumpets) about the political outlook (*Old Moore's Almanack*) and gardening prospects (Dick's Seed Catalogue). Major-General Slapton, V.C., D.S.O. (Jones's Rapid Army Coaching) was a conspicuous figure (Burge's Grip Dumbbells) in the ballroom, where he was to be seen (The Owl Convex Lens Company), bronzed (Fling Whisky, extra old and vatted) and erect (Jenkinson's Whalebone Waistbelts), with his beautiful daughter Mona (Madame Massage and the Eureka Toilet Company).

The Earl of Gerstow's brilliant and accomplished daughter Elvira (Miss Knapp, L.R.A.M., The Burrlisp College of Languages, and Hickman's School of Shorthand and Typing) was one of the Bridge players (Cavendish & Company, and MacIsaac's Note-of-Hand Loan Bureau); but the Countess, her mother, who wore her celebrated raven tresses in the new spiral curls (Dipp's Indelible Hair Dye and Bind's Curlers) preferred Hunt-the-slipper. Young Lord Sleaford (Eton, Oxford and the London School of Economics) was in particularly arresting conversational form ("*The Times*" *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in monthly instalments, and the Carburetted Vino Tinto Company), and kept the distinguished company in roars of laughter by his witty and agreeable sallies (*Punch*)."

There can be no doubt that this at present novel treatment of Court and fashion news lends piquancy and charm to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. It is certain to become quite a feature of the up-to-date journalism of the sweet By-and-Buy.



OUR VILLAGE.

Barber (who has just finished lathering). "I'll have to be leaving you now for a few minutes. I forgot to feed the chickens."

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in response to repeated calls for a speech, said he could never have carried through the duties of his office without the sympathy and unfailing health of his great political chief."—*Glasgow News.*

The Chancellor: And how are you to-day, Sir?

The Premier: Thank you, I am in unfailing health.

The Chancellor: Good! Then I can go on with my Insurance Bill.

THE PATH TO REALITY.

(Hints for the representation of our everyday joys and sorrows in the Greek form.)

IV.—THE BAZAARIANS.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

A Member of Parliament; his Wife; an Opposition Candidate; a Messenger; Chorus of Stall-holders and Buyers of both sexes.

SCENE—*A large hall arranged for the purpose of a Bazaar.*

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

WHEN first I asked my countrymen to make me an M.P.
Full many were the great affairs that they discussed with me.
Tariff Reform, the Pension Act, the Publican, the Peer,
Our Navy's wretched weakness and the proper strength of beer,
On these and many other things they over-taxed my strength
With lists of cunning questions framed at formidable length.
To Cricket Clubs and Football Clubs they forced me to subscribe
(Which is a clumsy spelling of the obsolescent "bribe");
They spoke their mind on corn and coal and candidates and cars,
But never said a single word to indicate Bazaars.
Yet now, where once I lived at ease, I shudder and suspire;
My days are spent in purchasing the things I least desire.
I smile and pay, and pay and smile, and still I must prepare
To open every new Bazaar and make my pockets bare.

THE WIFE.

But I, an M.P.'s wife, an M.P.'s daughter,
Take to Bazaaring as a duck to water.
Curbing my thrift, I join in every raffle,
And ride extravagance upon the snaffle.
Last week I bought a coverlet of green,
A kitchen dresser and a boudoir screen,
A picture of my husband done in full size,
A 10-lb. plum cake and a bag of bull's-eyes;
A book on Duels and the force of honour-laws,
Two ties—one new, and one of Mr. BONAR LAW'S,
And (of such implements the prince and pith)
A hunting-crop once cracked by F. E. SMITH.

HALF CHORUS OF STALL-HOLDERS.

Lo, now the stalls are dressed with wares for the selling, and all is prepared. And behold the crowd is trooping in, ardent for the purchase. Whence have ye come, ye much-desiring ones, and with what spoil shall ye return, deceived and boasting of bargains? For to us last night as we slept there came a dream, yea, to all of us alike it came and Hera stood beside us bidding us duplicate the cost of all things. And to us pondering the word of the goddess is a wise word.

HALF CHORUS OF BUYERS.

For us now the hour of the sacrifice approacheth; yet are we not afraid, having enough of gold and silver in our purses. Make ready your stalls, ye that are to sell, yea, make them ready, for a wild desire of many things useless is come upon us, and our hands hardly withhold themselves from the purchase. But, lo, the many-voted, the beloved, is drawing nigh, he who is all things to most men, but the envy of the few pursueth him. Let us all, having shouted loudly, be still and listen to his words of opening.

M.P. O Mr. Mayor, and ye thrice worthy folk,
My duty is to say that this Bazaar
Is, or, when I have finished will be, open—

Opposition Candidate (stepping forward and interrupting):
Stay, for my story has to be revealed!

M.P. Story, forsooth! Thou pratest foolish things.
O.C. Folly is meant for fools; no fool am I.
Chorus. Shall we not tear the interrupter down,
Who keeps us idle and defers the spoil?
M.P. Nay, let him speak, since such a course is best.
O.C. Friends, I disclose a dreadful tale of crime.
This man so honoured and so oft acclaimed
Did with fell purpose in his early youth
Maliciously destroy a cricket-bat!

[*A general cry of horror arises.*

Yea, with a clasp-knife he defaced the bat,
Wreaking his rage upon the willow wood.
Then, piling crime on crime, the bat he took
And thrust it on a burning rubbish-heap.
Nothing emerged save ashes. I have said.

Chorus. Woe is us, woe, woe! Dreadful things we are forced to hear. Surely the gods were far when this crime was completed. But now they will punish, yet we know not how their vengeance will fall.

M.P. 'Tis true that at the early age of eight—
Who knows what things at such an age betide?—
'Tis true my father struck me with a bat.
That was his favourite form of punishment,
A good old man, but thoughtless in his wrath.
I being punished knew not what I did,
And when my father went I took the bat
And cut and burnt it in a blazing fire.

[*Cries of anger from the multitude.*

I had forgotten it, but now I go,
Since there is no forgiveness for such sin.

[*He goes out.*

CHORUS.

What refuge is left to such a producer of iniquity? Yea, where shall such a man hide his wickedness? For the pleasant haunts of men cannot endure him, and the very caves inhabited by night-wanderers will reject him. Surely this will be a lesson to the young, for a crime once committed cannot be effaced, and punishment with heavy weight crushes those that have exalted themselves above their fellows.

Messenger (rushing in). From the river-side I come, bearer of dreadful tidings.

Chorus. Speak on, for of terrors it seemeth there is to-day a superfluity.

Messenger. I beheld him that was our Member striding swiftly river-ward, and holding converse with himself.

Chorus. Doubtless he spake words of ill-omen, having been convicted of crime.

Messenger. That I know not, but what I saw I will relate.

Chorus. Yea, to relate is best for those who have been witnesses.

Messenger. Thither as he strode, the River-god, rising from the waters, seized him and dragged him down. (*Sensation.*)

CHORUS.

Now is the doom prepared of old accomplished. Wondrous indeed are the ways of the gods whom naught escapeth. But for him, since his seat is now vacant, let there be oblivion.

R. C. L.

Turning eagerly to our *Newbury Weekly News* in order to learn what Leckhampstead has been doing, we are disappointed to read only the following:—

"THE RECENT CONCERT.—Omission was unfortunately made, in the report of the recent concert, of his kindness in laying on the electric light, a boon which was specially pleasing and appreciated by the large audience."

It seems almost more of a pity to omit his name.



Hostess (to one of her small guests). "NOW, DEAR, WILL YOU HAVE SOME BREAD-AND-BUTTER TO FINISH UP WITH?"
Small Guest. "NO, THANK YOU. I WILL HAVE SOME CAKE TO BE GOING ON WITH."

SPRING AND THE MAN.

YOUNG man, I have news to depress you;
For years you have sat on your shelf,
But now is the time when, I guess, you
Will find that there falls to yourself,
However improperly fitted,
The *rôle* of the amorous dove
(A rhyme which is rarely omitted
When broaching the topic of love).

She cannot be kept at a distance
Unless you are happily dumb;
A fig for your powers of resistance,
For Spring has undoubtedly come!
And now is your time to be carried
Away by a slip of the tongue,
And find you are booked to be married.
(Young men are so painfully young.)

Ah, when it was snowing and raining,
You practised the arts of restraint,
Nay, dreamt of for ever maintaining
Your methods of tactics and feint.
And "Never," you said, "will I do it!"
But this a thing which occurs;
The truth is, if only you knew it,
That all of the doing is hers.

Your laugh, it is boastful and airy,
You venture a sceptical "Pooh!"
You say that you're worldly and wary,
Such things cannot happen to you.
The safety in which you are basking
Is, putting it vulgarly, rot.
My boy, she is yours for the asking,
Nay, whether you ask her or not.

A smile and a couple of kisses
Will squash you for ever. But there!
So much I forgive you. Yet this is
The worst of the sordid affair:—
Where shame might be fairly expected,
You (such is the poison of Spring)
Will *strut* as a man who's effected
A very remarkable thing!

THE SEPARATION.

IT seems only the other day that he and I first became acquainted with each other. He was so bright, so polished, and presented so firm a front to my gaze, that I took to him at once. He has long been my bosom friend. Many a happy social evening have I spent with him. We have appeared together at dinners, dances and the thousand natural crushes that flesh is heir to. He has, of course, occasionally met with reverses; he has, in fact, been so badly crushed himself when fulfilling his public engagements that I have felt sorry for him.

But no one can say that he has not led a clean and spotless life, and I for one have never liked "to take him off" for any slight blemish that may have appeared in him now and then; the best of us have our faults, but the only bad fault I ever found in him was that at times, perhaps, he was a trifle too stiff.

And now his day is done. I noticed a short time back that he was looking worn and thin. I felt that it was not fair to compel him to undergo the rigours of another London season. I made him stay at home. Alas! he looks like a rag. I think, in fact, I shall use him as such.

Requiescat in pieces! I decline to wear him any longer; in fact, I must buy myself a new dress shirt.



"They've ruined their cause nah, Albert. They've lorst my sympathy. I've *done* wi' wimmin!"

THE PEACEFUL END.

(Or thoughts on being very nearly run over by a four-wheeler.)

That was a shave, a very narrow shave;
Yet if I should be doomed to die by tumbling
Amidst the Babylonian traffic's wave,
I would the honour might be thine, thou rumbling
Antique affair,
Thou venerable cart, thou curio rare!

Think of the pathos. 1912 A.D.
The air with petrol ever growing fouler,
Obiit Ernest Smith (we'll say that's me),
Through misadventure with a mouldering growler,
Biffed in his bloom,—
Yes, I should like those words upon my tomb.

With flying coat-tails from the taxi's bleat
All day we scamper madly; motor-buses
Sniffle at every corner of the street
With dreadful snorts, like hippopotamuses,
And landaulettes
Start from their ambushes like Suffragettes.

And none knows when an air-ship from the blue
May smash us into unexpected jelly,
But thou—thou almost gentler to the view
Than ox carts in a bioscope of Delhi,
And far less swift,
Under thy calm assault from life to drift

That were full well. How tranquil was thy steed!
A wagon-load of apes would not make *him* shy;
Hollow his ribs were, he was broken-kneed,
And very maudlin was the son of Nimshi
Who drove at me
Not (as things count in these days) furiously.

Yet, drowsy as he was, I think a gleam
Lit in his optics as he saw me double
Back to the saving flag-stones: oil and steam
Have seared his heart and bowed his head with trouble.
Yet even thus
He keeps strange pride in his Bucephalus.

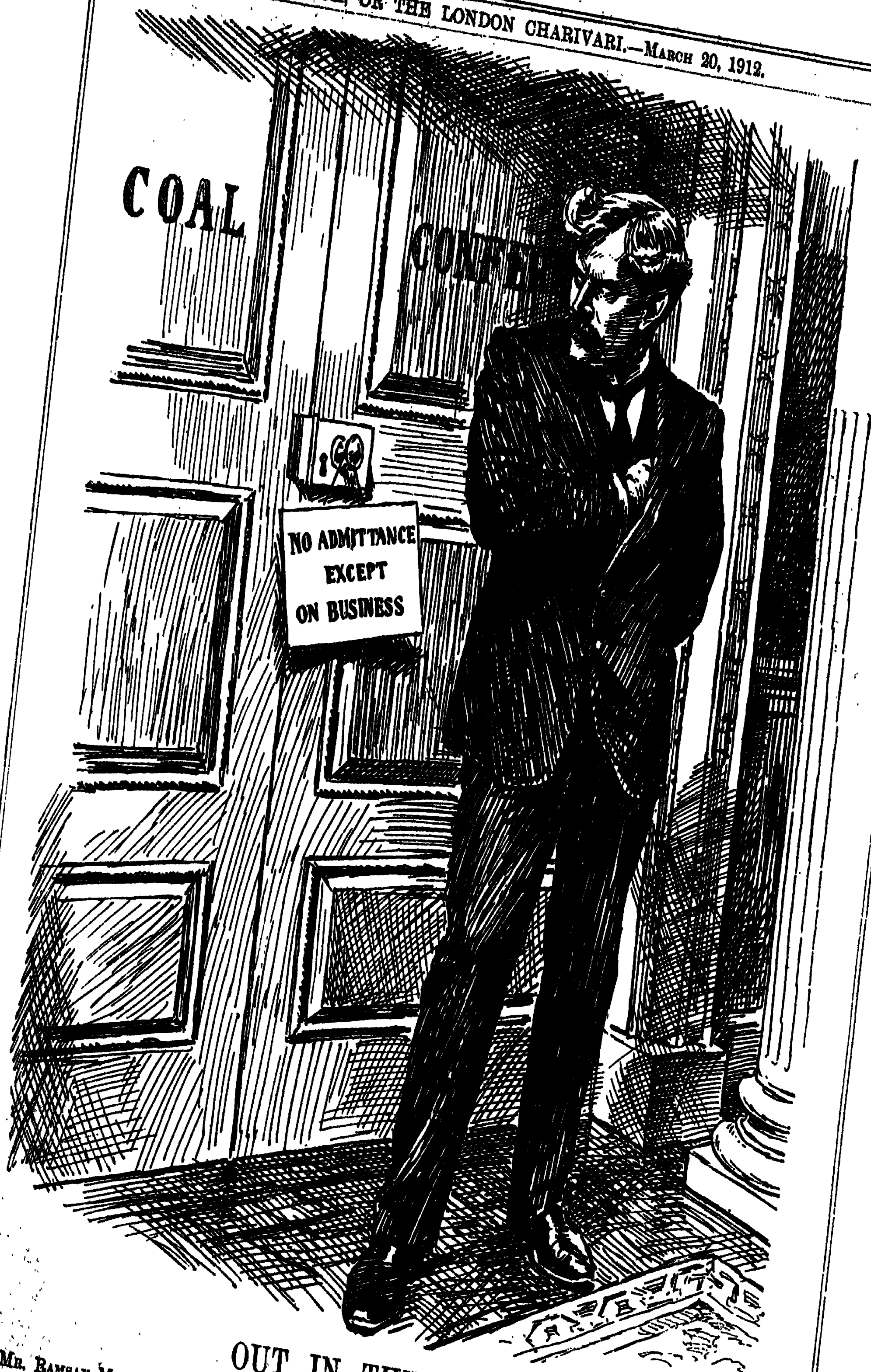
And when he nearly got me, I can swear
He said, "This life of ours ain't extra juicy,
The taxicabman collars every fare
And all the joke of accidents; but, Bucie,
Cheer up, old son,
We'll smite some party yet before we've done."

And so, I say, I had been well content,
If Fate had willed just then to hoist my number,
Not by a rude uproarious taxi's dent
To perish, but to pass to poppied slumber,
Genteelly slain
Under thy lingering wheels, Victorian wain!

Evoe.

"His art poems, including not only 'Andrea del Sarto' and 'Fra hippo hippi,' but about forty others."—*Southport Visiter.*

Uniform with "Fra hippo hippi"—"Kipper passes" and "Rabbit ben Ezra."



OUT IN THE COLD.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald (*Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party, smarting under a sense of his own futility*). "IF I CAN'T GET THE GLORY, THEY MIGHT AT LEAST LET ME HAVE SOME OF THE BLAME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 11.—Ulster suddenly smitten with fit of deep depression. More marked as following upon burst of high spirits. Last week PREMIER, questioned on subject, announced that Welsh Disestablishment Bill would be introduced before Easter, Home Rule Bill relegated to the dark beyond.

Ha! Ha! Ulster saw it all. After long wrestling with Irish Nationalists who want everything, and influential section of Ministerialists who draw a line at fixed points (notably at control of Customs), the Minister, all forlorn, had in despair abandoned self-appointed task. Introduction of Home Rule Bill indefinitely postponed.

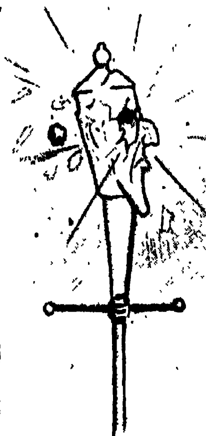
And here to-day is the PREMIER, in matter-of-fact tone and manner suitable to reference to Gas or Water Bill, announcing that he will submit his Home Rule scheme immediately on resumption of brief adjournment for Easter.

"There has been no change of plan by the Government in regard to this matter," he quietly added. "The date I have mentioned is a date always contemplated and intended by the Government since the opening of the session."

"Imperturbable as ever," said SARK. "Reminds me of time when I lived in the Quartier Latin of Paris, and how, crossing the Place du Trône, where stood the statue of PHILIP AUGUSTUS, we used to sing in chorus:

> Car il est en pierre,
> en pierre;
> Pour lui ce n'est pas
> amusant.

Nothing upsets equanimity of our STONEWALL ASQUITH."



Business done.—Vote on account Civil Service estimates submitted. Administration of Local Government Board attacked by Labour Members, who never forgive old pal JOHN BURNS for his plumed hat, his Court dress, his rank as Cabinet Minister, and his £5,000 a year. JOHN, ever ready for a tussle, hits back straight from shoulder. Incidentally commends himself to kindly consideration of House as "a practical, simple, energetic man."

Tuesday.—Amid clash of party war-



"THE (REAL) DIGNITY OF LABOUR."
"A practical, simple, energetic man."
(The Rt. Hon. JOHN BURNS.)

fare pleasant now and then to come upon evidences of true patriotism. There's CATHCART WASON, for example, for whom the Islands of Orkney and Shetland, still spared the fate of Palmyra, are centre of universe. Alert to see they do not miss fair allotment of anything going. BROTHER EUGENE says he believes that if the mainland were favoured by visitation of small-pox CATHCART would insist that Orkney and Shetland should have their full share of the plague.

Failing that, there are these Expositors of the Insurance Act of whom we hear so much, going about the country delivering free lectures. If there's anything which costs nothing to be had for the asking, Shetland and Orkney will, like the gentleman who had a sample of fine cognac served to him in a liqueur glass, "take some of that in a moog." To-night CATHCART extorted promise from SECRETARY TO TREASURY that a Lecturer should be forthcoming at earlier date.

Then there's CHARLIE BERESFORD. Something brought unwonted tear to stony Saxon eyes in tribute incidentally paid to native talent of his countrymen.

Talking about varied form of rifle trajectory, he said: "In Ireland they are very good at throwing a stone to hit a man on the point of his nose or to break a lamp; but," added CHARLIE, drawing himself proudly up to full height, "that was all done with the eye."

No trajectory needed for your trueborn Irishman when, half a brick in hand, he desires to blunt the point of a neighbour's nose.

In course of speech CHARLIE dropped into charming reminiscence. Personally, he said, he had considerable experience with the rifle since, fifty-three years ago, he joined the Service. Beginning with a sling and a stone and practising on all the lamps in his own and adjoining parishes, he next took to the bow and arrow. Thence passed on to the old muzzle-loading rifle, the Snider, the Martini-Henry, the Lee-Metford, the Lee-Enfield and the Magazine rifle. Here and there *à propos de bottes* he dropped specimens of "The Things that Matter" more than usually worthy of italics. For example:

Nothing will better secure peace than a good automatic rifle.

Every officer on full pay ought to keep his mouth shut and his pen dry.

What's the use of rapidity in rifle-firing if you don't hit your man?



"ALL DONE WITH THE EYE"; OR, TRAJECTORY BE BLOWED!
Charley B. "Shure, it's just a way the boys have in Oireland—by the loight av Nhature!"

FIRST LORD is considering desirability, in interest of the Service, of having these axioms printed in large type, framed, glazed, and hung in every ward-room of HIS MAJESTY'S ships.

Business done.—Having voted army pay exceeding by a trifle seven million sterling, the pleased House got itself counted out at 9.20.

Thursday.—During one of the drear quarters of an hour of the sitting, PRINCE ARTHUR, with characteristically



"BROTHER EUGENE."
(The Rt. Hon. EUGENE WASON.)

casual air, strolled in, seating himself on almost empty Front Bench, just as if he had been there every day since the 25th October, when last seen on the premises.

Chamber nearly empty. But both sides heartily joined in cheer of welcome. Did not stay long, and no wonder. Something sepulchral in dulness of House just now.

Business done.—Army Votes passed Report stage.

Friday.—Man and boy, as the old saying runs, I have known the House of Commons for forty years. Always struck by its quick sympathy with anything deserving. Is particularly tender towards young Members more or less timidly feeling their way along Whilst regardless of hereditary rank, caring naught whether one is a Duke's son or a cook's son, it has slight tendency to preference for the former. That is, if he be equal in ability to a competing commoner.

In NEHEMIAH's narrative of the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem there flashes across the dun mass of detail illuminating spark that momentarily lights up the scene. Describing how the Fish Gate was builded, recording the names of those who laid the beams thereof, the doors thereof, the locks thereof and the bars thereof, the Prophet adds, "But their nobles put not their necks to the work."

We of this generation have heard unconscious echo of this cry of the Democracy. "They toil not, neither do they spin."

When in the Commons exception to alleged rule is attempted it receives prompt, kindly encouragement. Thus TULLIBARDINE, heir to a dukedom beyond the Tweed, has, more especially this session, commanded attention by activity at Question Hour. Enlightened curiosity of late centred upon action of Treasury in engaging lecturers to explain intricacies of Insurance Act. When opportunity presented itself, TULLIBARDINE joined in chorus of denunciation of the Act from Opposition Benches. Occurs to him that perhaps if he were acquainted with its provisions and their bearings he might be in a position to exercise even more intelligent criticism. Why should he neglect provided opportunity?

Accordingly, asks SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY "whether in order that the public" — note modesty of this way of putting it; does not obtrude his own personality; it's the public he's thinking of—"may take full advantage of the lectures that are delivered by the experts under the National Insurance Commissioners for Scotland, he will cause the dates, time, place and names of the lecturers for the ensuing week to be published every Saturday in the press."

MASTERMAN, READY as usual, sees point and courteously concedes it.



MASTERMAN READY—FOR MARTYRDOM AT QUESTION TIME.

"It would not," he said, "be possible to make the ordered arrangement suggested. But when the lecturers visit West Perthshire the noble lord shall have private information of the details he particularises, and so be able to attend the lectures."

Blush of pleasure mantled TULLIBARDINE's ingenuous countenance, whilst murmur of approval ran round crowded benches.

Business done.—The Housing of the Working Classes Bill, brought forward by Opposition and branded by WEDGWOOD as "the first-fruits of Tory Democracy," read a second time, and referred—against the advice of the practical, simple, energetic one—to a Standing Committee. Rare and refreshing victory for first-fruits.

THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I feel it is only fair to myself to tell you how much more surprising *my* coincidences are than *The Daily Mail* lady's, who is only interested in sevens, because in my case there are two remarkable things; everything is first, *and* last, too. I am the first and last child of a first and last child who was also (probably) a first and last child, for I believe in heredity, but cannot trace my grandfather. I was born for the first and last time on the first day of the last month in 1889, a year whose first and last numbers are the first and last numbers there can be. (After 9 you have to begin again, don't you?) The first and last letters of the alphabet come in both my first and last names —Zara Mackenzie—and are the first and last letters of my first name, and the first letter is the first and last letter of my middle name—Ada. I live in Baselby (pronounced B*a*zelby), and the first and last letters of its name are also the first (but one) and last (but one) of the alphabet, in the first house (of any importance), in the last street (of any size) which Mother let me change from Beau Site to Zaza Lodge. In my own snuggery, which is the first room on your right as you enter the hall and the last on your left as you leave it, everything fits into the coincidence. I have pasted up a cunning frieze of asses and zebras, and insisted on an *A*xminster carpet. (X is so near Z and so uncommon, I let it count.) I left school (my first and last) when I first put up my hair, and brushing it is the first and last thing I do every day. My first and last uncle (on my mother's side) came to see us, and *he* helped too, for he said it was the first and last time he'd ever do it, and that a brewer's house was the first place you'd expect to find decent beer in and the last place where you would.

Of course I could make a huge list of things I've done for the first and last time; for instance—

Had my twenty-first birthday.
Got a present from my god-parents.
Eaten caviare.
Gone roller-skating.
Been to *Fanny's First Play.*



A FEATURE OF THE FORTHCOMING THIRD ANNUAL SIMPLER LIFE AND HEALTH EXHIBITION WILL BE A BACHELORS' PARADISE, WHERE YOUNG MEN WILL BE TAUGHT VARIOUS HOUSEHOLD DUTIES. IF THE WOMEN INSTRUCTORS ARE SUFFICIENTLY ATTRACTIVE, AS WE ARE QUITE SURE THEY WILL BE, THE BACHELORS' PARADISE OUGHT TO BE EXCEEDINGLY POPULAR.

Read *The Last Days of Pompeii.* (He's one of my favourite authors.)

Of course I am a first- and last-nighter at all the really nice musical comedies, and my favourite places of amusement are the Academy and the Zoo. It makes life awfully, exciting doing everything, like going to *The Miracle* for the first and last time. I wish I had continued the sequence by marrying for the first and last time the first and last man I ever loved; but actors with Z in their names are very rare. I always make coincidence the first and last subject of my conversation, and my list of people I've met for the first and last time is growing splendidly long.

Now I hope I've proved from first to last that my coincidences are tremendously interesting.

ONE WHO HAS ADMIRED YOU FROM THE FIRST; ONE WHO WILL ADMIRE YOU TO THE LAST.

P.S.—I forgot to say that quite my favourite serious book is Mr. H. G. WELLS's *First and Last Things.*

THE BABY GOAT.

FOUR alders guard a bridge of planks
  And waveless waters filmed with brown,
A rugged lawn's uneven banks
  Slope gently down,
And there, still chafing at the chain
  That girds his slim pathetic throat,
They've picketed our friend again—
  The baby goat.

Treading alone the watered vale,
  Betsey and I, beside the marsh,
Often we linger to bewail
  His durance harsh;
What plaints allure my baby's feet,
  What tethered struggles claim her sighs,
What shrill protestant whinnies greet
  Her long good-byes.

Once we repassed the lonely ground
  Below the alders where he feeds
And spied his stunted horns girt round
  With flow'ring weeds;
Two merry wenches and a child
  Caressed his grey ill-fitting coat,
And, lolling in the sedge, beguiled
  The baby goat.

Now, for long days companionless,
  His soft blunt nose, his agate eyes,
His raised remonstrant brows express
  The sad surprise
Wherewith the desolate green waste
  O'erloads his heart who, at the edge
Of stagnant waters, kneels to taste
  The thankless sedge.

His mother is his chiefest lack,
  Who in some heathy upland place,
Tidied his sturdy socks of black
  And licked his face;
He turns to see us saunter by
  The level highway hand-in-hand—
I think the baby goat knows why
  We understand.

"To housewives who do not possess scales the following may be of use: 1 penny piece and one thre penny piece together weigh ¼oz.; 1 florin with one sixpenny piece ½oz.; 3 pennies weigh 1oz.; 12 pennies weigh ¼lb."—*Daily News.*

The coins should be poised carefully in the left hand, and the butter or treacle in the right.

FRUGALITÉ À LA FALLIÈRES.

THE French journal *Gil Blas* is responsible for the announcement that at the end of his term of office early next year, President FALLIÈRES will, on leaving the Elysée, go to live in a small flat of five rooms in the Boulevard St. Germain, a cook and a housemaid sufficing as the staff of this unimposing residence.

In this the esteemed PRESIDENT is, after all, only reflecting the spirit of modesty of which our times are redolent. On all hands there is evidence that the blatant public life of the twentieth century is telling upon its victims. Several coal-mine owners have already unwillingly contemplated the advantages of the PRESIDENT'S scheme, but more revelative perhaps are the enthusiastic avowals that follow, called from eager adherents to the Fallières Frugal Fraternity, as the movement is to be called.

Mr. ASQUITH'S recent purchase of a maisonette at Golder's Green, for example, is not without due significance. The PREMIER wishes it to be distinctly understood, however, that this does not point to any immediate catastrophe such as the more sanguine amongst us might be led to expect.

Sir HERBERT TREE: "For me, quite a minor blackamoorish palazzo in Venice will suffice: or perhaps a small but efficient blasted heath somewhere in Caithness. I really haven't decided yet: come and see me again after the Second Act."

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER: "Yes, I give you full authority to make the important announcement: a hut in Bucks. Kindly add that the biggest, fattest and brightest of illustrated papers will, notwithstanding, go on absorbing all others."

Mr. BONAR LAW: "Not for a long time yet. But, if and when, it will be something unostentatious in the Golf Pavilion style, with a spacious outhouse for the cold storage of Press cuttings."

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON: "A *small* flat? . . . . Yes, I like the paradox."

Sir JOSEPH LYONS: "The buzz and the brilliancy of the Trocadero certainly palls. Am going caravanning—strictly on the table-d'hôte system throughout."

Mr. H. HAMILTON FYFE: "Now that the age of Miracles is past, have decided to lie low for a considerable period."

Mr. JOHN BURNS: "Fully agree with you that we live too luxuriously. Am retiring to a little place in Surrey; cutting down staff of domestics to fifteen at the outside; with small poultry run and only a few motors. Shall habitually wear only plain Court dress in future."

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT: "I have only sixteen plays and four hundred and forty-five commissioned novels to dash off—then hey for Potter's Bar and a bed-sitting-room."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL: "I want to feel at home after the rush and struggle of public life. A small shebeen in the North of Ireland, or furnished apartments at Brighton, with a good view of our glorious shipping, will content me."

THE NEW MOTIVE.

IF your country is involved in a crisis, it is your duty to stop round to your local debating society and speak out your mind like a man. There is one of these in our street, and it fulfilled its appointed share in the great task of public discussion on Friday last. One member moved "that the prevalent unrest, dissatisfaction and chaos are due to the class hatred deliberately fomented by the political aspirant." Another member opposed this motion, and the rest of us sat round and looked extremely grave. We are a well-trained assembly, so that a speaker had only to wag his finger and ask, "What is the cause of it all, gentlemen?" for us to respond in a solemn and pessimistic chorus, "Class hatred!"

The Suffragists, of course, came in for some severe and damaging criticism. One cannot smash thousands of pounds' worth of windows without incurring the displeasure and rebuke of the Wimbledon and West Putney Intellectuals. It was, we felt, our duty to refer to their outrages, but beneath our dignity to mention them at the inordinate length which Johnson thought fit to adopt. To show our disapproval of him and his subject, we all ceased looking extremely grave and went to sleep.

We were woken up by a shouted string of rhetorical questions, ending with a general "What, gentlemen, what, I ask you, is the cause of it?"

"Class hatred!" we chorused automatically.

"No, gentlemen, Glass hatred!" and he sat down not a little pleased with himself.

A coal strike item in *The Evening News*:—

"Alfreton (Derbyshire) magistrates adjourned rate summonses for a month."

A caterpillar who had neglected to pay his water rate was, however, refused relief.

A STORY OF A, B, C.

WHEN I'm going to town of a morning
  Every day I meet
Three little girls with grace adorning
  The long, grey aisle of a London street
  (The Saints be kind to their class-
        ward feet),
And I don't know what their names
        may be,
Never a one of all the three,
So we 'll call them A and B and C:
    And A 's as slim as a willow,
      And B 's as nice as a bun,
    And C 's as pretty as sixpence,
      And how shall the story run?

They go in orchard, apple-green dresses
  (Best of Pomona's hues),
They wear the sun in their pig-tailed
        tresses,
  They wear the wind in their walking
        shoes;
  You wouldn't know which of the
        three to choose.
Each of them fresh as an April day,
Each of them bright as a roundelay,
Each of them, C and B and A.
    And A 's the grace of a princess,
      And B 's as sweet as a rose,
    And C, she 's pretty as sixpence,
      And that 's how the story goes!

Now that 's as far as our knowledge
        reaches,
  Fancy finds the end,
"Sugar and spice" for all and each is
  Always there when it 's "Let 's
        pretend;"
  So 'tis settled that Fate 's to send
Sugar and spice to all the three
(Letting them know it comes from me),
Each of them, A and B and C.
    And A shall marry a marquis,
      And B shall marry a squire,
    And C (who 's pretty as sixpence)
      Whomever her dreams desire!

DYNAMIC ART.

IT is very gratifying to learn that the Italian Futurists who are now flabbergasting London with the exhibition of their works at the Sackville Gallery will be succeeded during the coming summer by some even more wildly sensational Schools of Painting.

These consist of three groups (or speeds), the Present, the Imperfect, and the Pluperfect Subjunctivists, all hailing from the banditti-infested regions of Sicily, and they will give their performance at Olympia just after the horse show. They have thrown over the obsolete and archaic traditions of the Futurists, who "stand upon the summit of the world and cast their challenge to the stars."

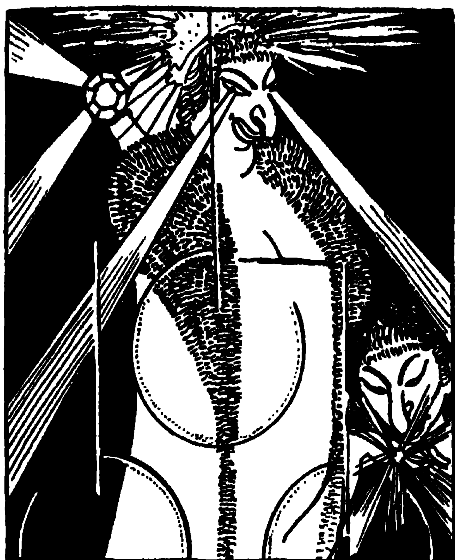
The Subjunctivists "sit upon the stars and bite their thumbs at the moon."

THE NEW SPIRIT.

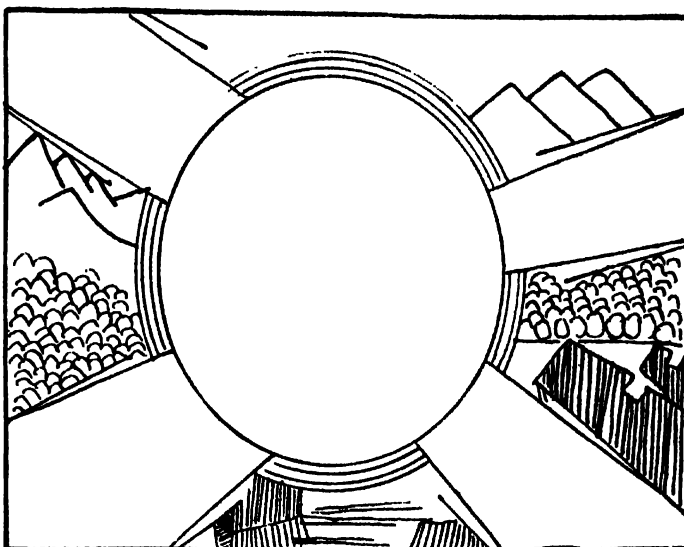
What we may see this year at Burlington House if Futurism prevails.



The Hanging Committee. *Sir Hubert Herkomer, R.A.*



Portrait of Miss Goldheimer. *J. Sargent, R.A.*



"The red orb sinks, the toiler's day is done." *B. W. Leader, R.A.*



The Young Squire's Wedding. *By H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A.*

The Futurists, in their own words, "create a sort of emotive ambience," they reproduce on canvas "no longer a fixed moment in universal dynamism, but the dynamic sensation itself."

What these old fogeys have failed to observe is that there is no reason why a work of art itself whilst being contemplated, nor the spectator who is gazing at it, should remain static.

Speed before all things, say the Subjunctivists, but let us not represent "the dynamic sensation," "the emotive ambience" on the mere canvas alone.

In accordance with this theory the temerarious visitor who enters the doors of their exhibition will be gagged, bound and blindfolded and carried roughly to the first Star Chamber.

There he will be placed on a kind of switchback railway, and, the handkerchief being removed from his eyes, will be permitted to gaze at the paintings whilst travelling round the walls of the room at a rate of forty miles an hour.

In the Second Chamber he will be fettered to the floor and a pistol placed at his head, whilst the canvases by an ingenious arrangement of chain-pulleys are hurled round and round, up and down and from side to side with astonishing violence and velocity.

In the Third Chamber the pictures will be placed in the centre of the room, and two enormous malefactors, seizing the visitor by the waist, will hurl him bodily through the front of the canvas, to be caught by their accomplices at the back.

All that remains will be sent here in a cab. Meanwhile it is instructive to note that jig-saw puzzles still hold their own in the provinces.

"At the Pole itself we were on a vast, apparently level area, with a slight slope away southward."
Capt. Amundsen in "The Daily Chronicle."

He must have got to the North Pole by mistake.

MUSIC.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in making room for the following professional notices of eminent musicians. But, as the subjoined announcements will sufficiently indicate, the privilege can be extended only to artists of established position and widely renowned accomplishments.

MR. VOSPER JOWLES (Basso), at liberty for Oratorios, Opera, At Homes, Bazaars, Cantillations, City Dinners, Raffles, etc. Fees moderate.

Mr. Vosper Jowles is a sane and reliable basso. The range of his voice is colossal, extending from the low B flat (below the bridge) to the high A (above the St. Leger nut). His repertory consists of German *Lieder*, French *Chansons*, Italian *Canzone* and English songs, ballads and chanties.

Mr. Vosper Jowles was born in Vancouver, but has studied in France, Germany and Italy, as the following synopsis will explain:—

M. BOUHOUHY (600 lessons), Voice production.

M. CÉSAR BLUM (450 lessons), Laryngology.

Signor SQUARCIONE (500 lessons), *Bel canto.*

Signor ARRIGO PUOLPI (200 lessons), the shake.

Professor MARCUS BLASS (100 lessons), breathing.

Hon. CHARLES PARSONS, F.R.S. (correspondence lessons), Hydroplane song.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE (150 lessons), Diet and dress.

Professor QUASIND (6 months), Gymnastics and weight-lifting.

Sir H. H. HOWORTH (3 weeks), the ethics of controversy.

Professor BEPPO DE TRUEFITT, Capillary attraction.

Professor HOKUSAI, Ju-jitsu.

Mr. Vosper Jowles is 6 feet in height, and his chest measurement, fully expanded, is 45 inches.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

The vocalist of the evening was Mr. Vosper Jowles, a thorough bass of the first water. Mr. Jowles is fortunate in possessing a voice of remarkably rare quality, and he is a reliable expert in all branches.—*Stalybridge Sentinel.*

Mr. Vosper Jowles is the happy possessor of a voice of altogether exceptional *timbre*, which he employs with the requisite verve and gusto. His songs were "The Diver" (in costume), which he gave with a volume of tone that was quite encyclopædic; "My Love is a Borstal Girl" (Amy Fludyer Boole), and "O Chubbier than the Bunny" (Dora Bibby), of which he gave a magnificent rendition.—*Weston-super-Mare Courant.*

Mr. Jowles, who made his *début* last night, achieved an immediate and electrifying success. In an Italian buffo song he displayed a humour that was racy of the Eternal City and evoked enthusiastic plaudits from the audience, amongst whom we noticed Lady Baggo and Miss Dorothy Bagge, Sir Joshua Dodder, and the Rev. Dr. Mallaby Stopes.—*Chowbent Herald.*

Mr. Vosper Jowles has a bass voice of extraordinary power and penetration. This is a type which is all the more pleasing because it is only met with once in a hundred times. . . . We went home with his tones ringing in our ears.—*Dunton Green Sentinel.*

NASMYTH TONKS, Pianist. Only surviving favourite pupil of RUBINSTEIN.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

Mr. NASMYTH TONKS'S playing is a boon to all who are hard of hearing.—*The Aurist.*

The profile of Mr. NASMYTH TONKS strongly recalls that of LISZT. . . . His pianistry has a stentorian glamour that is quite unique.—*Cuckfield Sentinel.*

Mr. TONKS'S playing of CHOPIN'S great Polonaise in A flat is the richest in dynamic contrasts that we have ever heard. He is the JACK JOHNSON of the keyboard.—*Sidcup Journal.*

A *chevelure* equal to that of PADEREWSKI in the zenith of his hirsute efflorescence.—*Hairdresser's Gazette.*

His butterfly tie is far larger than Sir HENRY WOOD'S. . . . The best dressed pianist since THALBERG.—*Tailor and Cutter.*

Nasmyth Tonks, the great All-British Pianist. Sole agents, Concert-direction Nathaniel Elfenbein.

SIMPLE ALL AT SEA.

THE child lay half asleep—the flames flickered and kept the shadows dancing on the wall. He had been ill, and the days seemed interminable.

Suddenly, out of the twilight a shadowy castle appeared, and from it stepped a tiny grey man no bigger than your hand.

"Boy," said he, "my name is Simple, and I have come to find out why you are so weary. You seem to have kind rich parents, a doctor to make you well, and a warm bed to lie in—what more, then, do you want?"

"I don't want any more," said the boy. "I am only tired."

And as he spoke his mouth drooped at the corners as if he were about to cry.

"I should like to make you less tired," said Simple. "Look what I can give you to play with;" and he went into the castle, and returned with a small tin soldier, arms stiff and musket shouldered.

"What a ridiculous person!" said the boy. "He has no colour left on his uniform and he cannot even move his arms. Why, I have a complete regiment of Life Guards in my toy cupboard, another of Grenadiers, besides about three hundred odd soldiers of Infantry regiments."

"Perhaps then," said Simple, rather sadly, "you would like to see a little tinder box I have here, from which you can make *real* sparks. Think of that!"

But when the boy saw the tinder box, he only sneered and said, "I don't think much of that dirty old thing. Why, I have a dry cell battery from which I can work an electric motor, and my sister's doll's house has got electric light, besides an electric lift!"

"May I show you my boat, then?" said Simple. "I have made it of real newspaper, with a wooden mast, and a little painted flag at the top. It floats, too."

"Thank you for nothing," said the boy. "I've got a super-Dreadnought more than two feet long, driven by electricity—besides two model submarines; and Father has promised me a toy fire-engine big enough to ride on for my next birthday, if I promise to take my medicine without crying."

"I can think of nothing, then, to amuse you," said Simple. "Yes, wait! There is still Miss Tinsel Roze, whom you have never seen—the most beautiful dancer in the whole world."

He opened the door of the castle, and out tripped the daintiest lady imaginable, dressed in pink gauze with a rose in her golden hair.

"Pooh!" said the boy, "That! Why, that is only a silly paper doll! We have dolls called Kids, with composition faces, glass eyes with real eyelashes, who speak and walk. And then we have the Greedy Gobblers, who open their mouths and eat—real food! Greedy Chuggy, and Festive Froggy, and Bunkawalu—don't you know them?"

"I fear not, my little friend," said Simple. "But you seem happier now than when I came, so I shall leave you. Good-bye!"

And as he slowly vanished, *his* mouth drooped at the corners as though he would cry; but the boy never noticed. He was smiling at the thought of the ridiculous toys that Simple had thought amusing.



Hostess (at the conclusion of a Saturday-night game of bridge). "OH, DEAR, COLONEL! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND; IT'S TEN MINUTES PAST TWELVE; SUNDAY MORNING IN FACT!"

Colonel (a strict Sabbatarian). "NOT REALLY! DEAR, DEAR! STILL AS A MATTER OF FACT I WAS DUMMY DURING THE LAST TEN MINUTES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WERE it not that Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL is one of those distinguished folk indulged by prescriptive literary right in the dangerous habit of gathering into a volume every now and again his scattered *obiter scripta*, I should bring in a verdict of "wilful bookmaking without extenuating circumstance" in the case of his *After-Thoughts* (GRANT RICHARDS); nay, should add a rider that the circumstances aggravated the guilt in that he has been disingenuous enough to make occasional pretence of applying the name of chapter to the quite discrete members of his pleasant, unblushing miscellany of essays, appreciations, reviews, obituaries, *j'n'sais quois*, reminiscential occasional articles and articlettes, in a manner that wouldn't deceive even the elect. It isn't necessary to say that on this so slender thread of a title—*After-Thoughts*—are strung some goodly pearls. G. W. E. R. has known and written about most of the know-worthy people for many decades; you have glimpses of the writer's large-souled enthusiasms and fugitive portraits of his friends and heroes and teachers. There is a notably fine tribute to FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE; and of more modern studies there's a jolly sketch of one TOMMY, squire, good fellow and deservedly M.P., extending over three (or four) "chapters" more or less, and a pleasant letter quoted from his morning budget: "SIR,—We are the Brass Band of Frogmarsh and we played when you was elected but a little girl sate down on the drumhead and stove it in. May we ask you to give us another?" I see a further volume, *One Look Back*, announced (shortly) by the same author, and in spirit I have a vision of him bending inexorably over the trunk labelled *Paulo-Post Impressions*, and making no end of this kind of a book and a little too much of an excellent thing.

I suspect *The Woman Hunter* (STANLEY PAUL) of being two books. I fancy that Miss ARABELLA KENEALY, finding that the story of *Nerissa* and the *Rev. Alan Hartland* only panned out at a hundred-and-thirty printed pages, introduced *Clarence Bellairs* with the laudable intention of giving the public—in quantity, at any rate—their four-and-sixpence worth. Of the two sections the first is the better. I can swallow *Hartland*, the ascetic East-end vicar, who ends his eccentric career in a Trappist monastery. I do not say I do it easily, but I do it. Friend *Clarence*, however, bold, bad, strong, sardonic, passionate *Clarence*, straight from the three-volume novels where the Magnificent Ugly Men come from, will not pass. Still, *Nerissa* likes him. Of course, in a way he had a sort of claim upon her. She cannot help remembering that in a previous existence he had walled her up in an underground chamber and left her to starve to death. It is these little trifling acts of personal attention which win a woman's heart. *Clarence* remembers the incident too, and has the decency to be somewhat disturbed. ("Anathema! Anathema!" he

muttered, in a broken whisper. "Nor reste nor peace have I. O hearte of me! O hearte of me!") But he gets over it, and the marriage takes place. Whether it will be a happy one, who can say? Probably, before the honeymoon is over, *Clarence* will have thought out some other ingenious practical joke. He is that sort of man. But I wish *Nerissa* luck. She is a nice girl. And, if *Clarence's* homicidal tendencies do get the better of him and he does put an end to her chequered existence, I rather fancy that her last words will be, "Death, where is thy sting?"

The Quest of Glory (Methuen) seems to me to be a beautiful, and quite hauntingly sad, story. I am wondering whether Miss Marjorie Bowen regretted the fate of her hero as much as I did. I fancy so, or she could hardly write about it in just the way she does—a kind of dignified tenderness that never degenerates into sentimentality. The result is a fine sense of distinction, without which this tale of the young *Marquis de Vauvenargues*, and his early death in Paris, broken, poor, and disfigured, would be almost intolerably painful. It is the Paris of 1740, whither *Luc* has come to seek that glory denied to him on the tented field. I shall not tell you more of how he fares, or how so much promise and beauty came by so hard a martyrdom. That you must read for yourself, and if the printed page can command your tears, prepare to shed them in the process. There is fortunately no need to praise Miss Bowen's mastery of the historical novel. Her style has just the colour and movement which such a work requires, with some added touch of sincerity that redeems it from mere "tushery" and swashbuckling. Many famous personages have their part in the intrigue—*Louis the Well-Beloved*, the *Duc de Richelieu*, and *M. de Voltaire*, this last a finely-studied portrait. For one thing I was a little sorry. Why, I wonder, should the heroes of historical novels invariably meet the contemporary king and mistake him for somebody else? The habit is so universal that though both *Luc* and *Louis* carried it off gracefully and with as much originality as possible, I thought the incident unworthy both of them and of the lady who has written such a clever and otherwise unconventional story.



Paris has recently adopted a law against the throwing away of paper in the streets. When a similar law is enforced in London the above will be the probable appearance of a City traveller on his return home after a busy day spent chiefly on motor-'buses and tram-cars.

Without shame I confess that the first thing I look for in such a collection as *The White Wallet* (Fisher Unwin) is the index. Let me say at once that Lady Glenconner has been at pains to direct her readers clearly, and that those who dabble in her book will be hard to please if they do not find prose and poetry to their liking. Moreover, some things have been rescued from oblivion which were crying for somebody to save them. To my thanks, however, I must add a very honest protest, for my gratitude to the collector received a rude buffet on pages 236-7. Here we are given some verses written by a child, which were born—and ought to have remained—in the nursery. The inclusion of these verses is in itself a mistake, but the situation becomes positively absurd when one turns over the page and finds Henley's lines:—

> "It matters not how strait the gate,
> How charged with punishment the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul."

I am inclined to think that Henley must have had budding poets in his mind when he wrote these lines.

Whatever may be the unhappinesses of Ireland as a whole, there would seem to be some districts whose entire population is so devoted to conversational humour on the subject of horseflesh that no reforms would be of any interest to them unless they provided stiffer fences and more hunting mornings in a year. In her knowledge of these things Dorothea Conyers shows herself a quite formidable rival to the joint authors of *The Experiences of an Irish R.M.* and the successors of that wonderful work. *The Arrival of Antony* (Hutchinson) is the story of a young man brought up in Germany, who, having never climbed upon the back of a horse before, comes to *Bally Ennis* to live with his supposed uncles, *Tim* and *Tom*, purveyors of hacks to the surrounding countryside. His adventures provide some very amusing reading, and I need hardly say that he finds romance (in the person of *Kathleen Moore*) on the hunting field. What else would he be afther doing? With a book so racy I am loath to find fault, but honesty compels me to state that the authoress does not negotiate the difficulties of English syntax with the same ease that she displays over timber, and that her plot, which depends upon the substitution of one baby for another, is a trifle antique. Also there is that little error, already noticed by *Mr. Punch*, about *Marcus Aurelius* jumping into the chasm. But in extenuation of this let me plead that *Antony Doyle* (who was really *Antony Moore* and a cousin of *Kathleen's*) was far too nice and modest a young man to be compared to a conceited bounder like *Mettus* (or *Mettius*) *Curtius*.

"He rose and clicked his heels together, making a profound bow. 'This is Fräulein Mar, that I have it the honour to meet?' he demanded pompously in excellent English."—*"Daily Mail" feuilleton.*

One can quite understand his being pompous.

"A coal dealer has captured a snake over a yard long in a railway truck at Bishops Stortford station."—*Evening News.*

We were wondering how these coal dealers were employing their time just now.

CHARIVARIA.

THE lesson of the Coal Strike:—You can fuel all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but it is impossible to fuel all the people all the time.

* * *

Dr. RUDOLPH DIESEL declares that there is enough oil in the world to supply all requirements. A small boy who is dosed every morning with cod-liver oil confirms this, and would like to see it more evenly distributed.

* * *

It is really scarcely fair to say that most people have failed to think of the interests of the nation during the Coal Strike. Every nerve was strained, and help came from all quarters, to prevent the Grand National being abandoned.

* * *

The Suffragettes' taunt that the Government only dares lay hands on women has now been answered. A MANN has been arrested.

* * *

The officials who are enrolling names for the City of London Police Reserve hope to raise five companies of a hundred men each from the newspaper offices of the Fleet Street quarter. We should have thought this policy rather risky. Will there not be some danger, if the men should be called out, that a natural desire to make news might lead them to incite a little fighting?

* * *

"The Opposition Housing Bill," says *The Observer*, "is a practical effort to remedy defects in existing housing legislation." But surely the Upper Chamber still houses the Opposition?

* * *

Mr. ALLAN, the Englishman who was arrested in Germany last month as a spy, has, we are informed, been released, the authorities having been unable to prove anything against him. One would have thought it possible to obtain his birth certificate, and thus prove him to be an Englishman.

* * *

Upon the leader of a gang of bandits being sentenced to a term of imprisonment the other day at Hillsville, Virginia, U.S.A., his colleagues killed the judge, the public prosecutor, and the sheriff, and wounded nine jurors, the clerk of the court, and three spectators. It is supposed that they were dissatisfied with the verdict.

* * *

One of the new regulations drafted by the French Boxing Federation, at the request of the Prefect of Police, is to the effect that no boxers under 21 years of age are to be allowed to enter the ring without the written consent of their parents. It is now pointed out that orphans will find themselves in an unfair predicament, and it is proposed that in their case the consent of their nurse shall be a sufficient substitute.



LONDON BY NIGHT.

(*Scenes the photographer could not give you.*)

TREE POACHING IN REGENT'S PARK DURING THE COAL STRIKE.

* * *

"While a hydroplanist stays in the water he is not within the jurisdiction of the Home Office," Mr. ELLIS GRIFFITH informed a deputation which came to London to protest to the Home Office against hydroplaning on Lake Windermere; "you will have to look to the Board of Trade." How the deputation could have made such a stupid mistake passes our comprehension.

* * *

Instead of being sold by auction with the other animals recently appearing in *The Miracle*, the smallest donkey was purchased by a lady, who intends to let it romp at will in the fields. Upon learning its good fortune the little beast is said to have remarked, "Miracles will never cease!"

* * *

A new cure for baldness is announced. A Budapest professor has discovered a means of fixing, by means of small hooks of gold wire, any number of hairs in the scalp. This opens up the possibility of landscape-gardening on one's head, for variegated colours could of course be used, and beds and winding paths and other pretty fancies could easily be arranged.

* * *

"The outlook for the Newfoundland seal fishery is unfavourable," says *The Daily Mail*. "The whole fleet has missed the main seal herd." We are able to amplify this statement. According to our information the main seal herd experienced the greatest difficulty in not revealing its hiding-place by roaring with laughter when the fleet had sailed by.

* * *

Firemen in San Francisco have been ordered to do a twelve-mile walk once a week to check a tendency to corpulence. The effect of fat on a fire is well known, and the regulation seems a wise one.

* * *

Mlle. JEANNE PROVOST has been chatting to a representative of *Le Journal* about her meeting with the KAISER at the French Embassy in Berlin. "He recited to me," she reports, "Rostand's 'Hymn to the Sun,' and said what a pity it could not be translated into the German language." In view of the anxiety of the Germans to have a place in the sun, it certainly does seem rather regrettable.

"Wanted, Beer Cooler—old but sound for garden also one day's services; good professional rat-catcher."

Advt. in "Hereford Times."

Q. Where is the old but sound rat-catcher?

A. He is cooling beer in the garden.

From a public-school entrance examination:—

Translate:—Avez-vous mangé la pomme entière?—Non, j'en ai donné la moitié à Jean.

Answer (*by Tommy, who has a small brother at home*).—Have you eaten all the apple?—No, I have given the core to John.

CHARADES.

(*Communicated by a Charader.*)

We have had a good many "joyments and joicings" lately. That's what John calls them, and he ought to know, because he's generally in the middle of them all the time. He's not very old yet, but he knows a good deal of the alphabet, and he always makes more noise than all the rest of us when he's excited. Dad calls him the steam-roller.

Well, first of all, Mr. Bennett came down. We thought all Members of Parliament had grey hair or bald heads and were rather fat, but Mr. Bennett has got nice, smooth, fair hair and pink cheeks, and he's just like a boy. Before he had been here an hour we made the Fire-fly League. I am President, and Rosie is Secretary, and Peggy is the Messenger. We've got lots of rules, and there's going to be some Fire-fly note-paper, and all our meetings are to be solemn and secret. John's an honorary member: he may attend meetings, but he can't vote. Dad and Mum are not members yet, but they have "the right to pay subscriptions (one shilling) pending good behaviour." That's Rule 24. There was a lot of discussion about Dad and Mum. John said Mum must be a member, and Peggy wanted Dad, but Rosie and I voted against them, because, if they were members, there wouldn't be anybody to keep secrets from. If Dad talks about the League now, we all say "Hush!" and put our fingers on our lips; and the same with Mum. That's half the fun of it.

A little later on the same day Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers came down to stay with us. He's Scotch, and takes salt with his porridge. He did something for Cambridge a good many years ago before we were born, but he's married now, and his wife's name is Muriel. John calls her Moorel. He's fallen in love with her because she reads to him. We like her very much too.

After tea it was raining a little, but we hadn't got to go out again because Dad had taken all the dogs out and some of us had been sneezing, so Mum said we were to stay indoors, and if we kept very quiet we could sit in the Library and not disturb the grown-ups. We began by being very quiet, but it didn't last long. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Chalmers got talking about politics, and Mum put in a word, and then Dad had to say something, and then somebody said, "Bother politics; let's have some charades," and we all yelled for joy and danced about the room, because, when we're by ourselves, charades are no fun at all, but when the grown-ups join in they're splendid. Grown-ups do all the nice silly things that children would like to do but mustn't, and Dad's generally the worst of the lot.

The first word was "Champagne." Mr. Chalmers and Moorel and John and Mr. Bennett stayed to do the guessing, and the rest of us went out. In the first syllable it was in the morning, and I was the mother of the family, and Mum was the old Nurse, and Rosie and Peggy were my daughters, and Dad was my only son, and it was to be his first day at school. He said, was he to creep like a snail unwillingly to school, but Mum said, No, he was to pretend to have a tooth-ache so as not to have to go to school. That was to be the sham part of it; so we all went back into the room, except Mum and Dad, and we began talking about what a beautiful place school was, and how we hoped that Adolphus (Dad) would be a good boy and learn his lessons, so that he could support his mother (me) in my old age. Then Dad came in leaning on the Nurse (Mum) and howling like anything. He'd got a bath-towel wrapped round his head, and both his cheeks were swollen out, and he said he'd just got the most awful toothache. It was in two of his favourite molars, he said, and he was afraid it was quite impossible for him to face the terrors and the dangers of school life with such a tooth-ache. He said he couldn't do credit to his dear mother (me) like that, and people would say, "This boy has not been well brought up; what can his mother have been thinking about?" So he was going to stay at home. Then Nurse said that Master Adolphus was a tender plant, and when tender plants had pain they had it worse than anyone else. But I said, "Adolphus, why does the swelling go down when you talk? Real swellings stay there all the time;" and I tore the towel from his head, and Dad put out his tongue at me and said, "Yah." So I said, "Sir, you are a sham;" and ordered him to be flogged by the Nurse; and that was the end of the first syllable. Mr. Chalmers said it brought back his young days very vividly, and he had always thought school was a great mistake.

The second syllable was splendid. Dad was a shopkeeper in Bond Street, and we were the shop-girls, and Mum was a Suffragette. First we dressed out all kinds of things on the sofa in front of the glass door, and Mum came along with a hammer and smashed the glass. Of course she didn't really smash it, but Dad seized her and rolled her over on the sofa, and Peggy trundled a footstool at her, because she is very much against Suffragettes. Then somebody told John what it was all about, because he was looking anxious about Mum, and John cried out, "Votes for cakes! Don't hit her, or only a little hit, because I want her to read to me;" and Dad said it was his best window-pane, and he was a ruined man.

In the whole word we all dined in a restaurant, and Dad was a French waiter and gave us all champagne. The others guessed it pretty quick, which shows how clever they must be. We had lots of other words. Dad said some of them were funny without being refined, but I haven't time to write any more. Only we all enjoyed ourselves immensely, and didn't go to bed till half-past eight.

NERVOUS NATIVES.

This fact which science tells us, that an oyster really *feels*
When threatened by the snap of human jaws,
That its little nerves are throbbing and its frigid blood congeals,
May fairly give a bivalve lover pause.
Though a generous *bon-vivant*, I hate inflicting pain,
My taste I trust is not entirely selfish,
So it's up to me, or rather to my conscience, to refrain
From stimulating shudders in a shellfish.

The future, I admit it, looks a trifle blank ahead,
O'ershadowing my cravings like a cloister,
For when I see my lunch of stout and bread-and-butter spread,
I shall have to say, "No, thank you," to the oyster.
Yet stay! A welcome postscript to the scientist's report
Relieves the gloom and routs my moody cholers;
No oyster could desire, it says, a death so sweet and short
As that bestowed in mercy by our molars.

Once more the prospect brightens—the sun comes peeping through,
The mid-day hour with appetite is spiced;
In kindly tones I order half-a-pint of darker brew,
And life, the staff of, brown and thinly sliced.
Then, with a dozen natives, all as juicy as a peach
And glowing with their sense of obligation,
I'll lose no time in practising what men of science preach,
The task of philanthropic mastication.

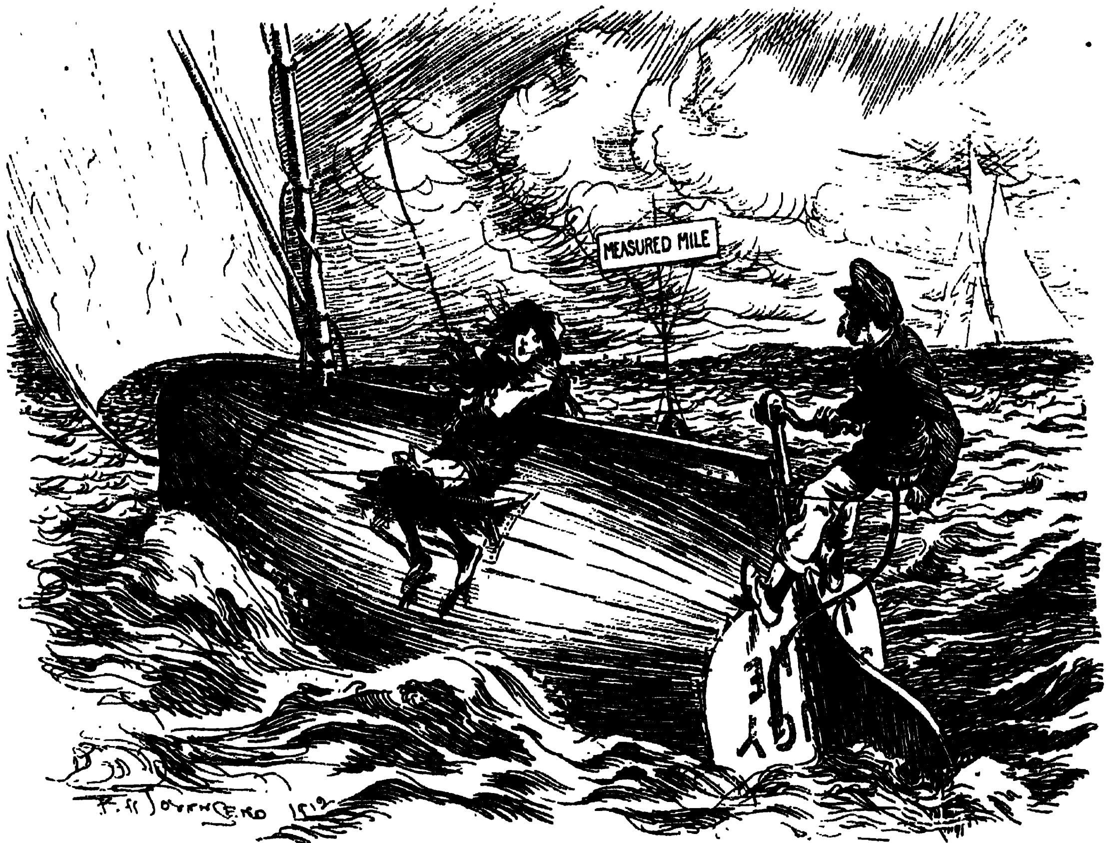
"Watch a stick whittler and you will be able to tell whether he is civilised or savage. A civilized man cuts outward from himself, whereas a savage whittler will cut towards himself."—*Daily Chronicle.*

We always employ the test now before asking a man to dinner.



A LADY WITH A PAST.

London (*in her new Museum at Kensington Palace*). "BLESS MY SOUL, WHAT A LIFE I HAVE LED!"



THE TRIAL RUN.

Saltree, our local amateur naval architect, noticing that capsized boats are invariably found floating upside down, has constructed the "Saltree Non-Capsizable" pleasure-boat on the principle that, being already upside down, it cannot capsize.

THE LONDON MUSEUM.

That the collection of articles illustrating the history of London, just opened so successfully at Kensington Palace, is representative and of fascinating interest every one agrees; but *Mr. Punch* would fail in his duty to the public if he refrained from pointing out that there are some very serious omissions. What are we to say of the curator of what purports to be a comprehensive London museum who offers for view not one of the essentially Londonian curiosities in the following list?—

The first H dropped by the first Cockney.

A Roman dog muzzle found in the Thames at Barking.

A mastodon's tooth, much decayed, dug up in Long Acre.

Facsimile of cheque for £50, being the ordinary tip to a lunch waiter at the Automobile Club.

Thomas Stow's umbrella.

Jig-saw puzzle made by Grinling Gibbons.

A case containing Dick Whittington's cat, stuffed.

A silver tankard made of 3,000 threepenny bits saved by not going up the Monument 3,000 times.

Gold button torn from the uniform of a Coldstream Guardsman when engaged in dispersing mob of the great unwashed in Cold Bath Fields.

A series of placards bearing facetious or opprobrious legends, as used in the Stock Exchange to affix to members' backs.

Sir Christopher Wren's pocket camera.

An old print of Guy Fawkes laying the foundation stone of Guy's Hospital.

Magog's skull, when a boy.

Album of Confessions belonging to Edward the Confessor.

A gold paving-stone from Threadneedle Street.

Specimen of blotting-paper for public use from any London post-office, 1912.

A chained pencil with practical-joke lead, from the same place.

A slice of mutton preserved in spirits offered to the Head Beefeater of the Tower by the Merry Monarch, but refused.

Fossilised new-laid Roman egg discovered during excavations in the Poultry.

A match used in setting the Thames on fire.

A Fleet Street post touched by Dr. Johnson, with his thumb-mark still on it.

Collection of knockers wrenched from doors in Piccadilly by Lord Winterton.

First fountain pen bought by Mr. T. P. O'Connor in his invasion of London in the "seventies."

A pair of opera-glasses as used at Shakspeare's theatre on Bankside.

Collection (very rare) of truthful placards of evening newspapers (1912).

A minute (but sufficient) fragment of London Stone found in a piece of sultana cake in a tea-shop in Cannon Street.

Brush used by Charles James Fox.

A series of bottles containing samples of London fog of all the best vintages, from the first downward.

Skeleton of last passenger asphyxiated at Portland Road Station on the old Underground.

One of Sir Squire Bancroft's tall hats.

Beau Bell's trouser-press.

AN INLAND VOYAGE.

THOMAS took a day off last Monday in order to play golf with me. For that day the Admiralty had to get along without Thomas. I tremble to think what would have happened if war had broken out on Monday. Could a Thomasless Admiralty have coped with it? I trow not. Even as it was, battleships grounded, crews mutinied, and several awkward questions in the House of Commons had to be postponed till Tuesday.

Something—some premonition of this, no doubt—seemed to be weighing on him all day.

"Rotten weather," he growled, as he came up the steps of the club.

"I'm very sorry," I said. "I keep on complaining to the secretary about it. He does his best."

"What's that?"

"He taps the barometer every morning, and says it will clear up in the afternoon. Shall we go out now, or shall we give it a chance to stop?"

Thomas looked at the rain and decided to let it stop. I made him as comfortable as I could. I gave him a drink, a cigarette, and *Mistakes with the Mashie.* On the table at his elbow I had in reserve *Faulty Play with the Brassy* and a West Middlesex Directory. For myself I wandered about restlessly, pausing now and again to read enviously a notice which said that C. D. Topping's handicap was reduced from 24 to 22. Lucky man!

At about half-past eleven the rain stopped for a moment, and we hurried out.

"The course is a little wet," I said apologetically, as we stood on the first tee, "but with your naval experience you won't mind that. By-the-way, I ought to warn you that this isn't all casual water. Some of it is river."

"How do you know which is which?"

"You'll soon find out. The river is so much deeper. Go on—your drive."

Thomas won the first hole very easily. We both took four to the green, Thomas in addition having five splashes of mud on his face while I only had three. Unfortunately the immediate neighbourhood of the hole was under water. Thomas, the bounder, had a small heavy ball which he managed to sink in nine. My own, being lighter, refused to go into the tin at all, and floated above the hole in the most exasperating way.

"I expect there's a rule about it," I said, "if we only knew, which gives me the match. However, until we find that out, I suppose you must call yourself one up."

"I shall want some dry socks for lunch," he muttered, as he splashed off to the tee.

"Anything you want for lunch you can have, my dear Thomas. I promise you that you shall not be stinted. The next green is below sea level altogether, I'm afraid. The first in the water wins."

Honours, it turned out, were divided. I lost the hole, and Thomas lost his ball. The third tee having disappeared we moved on to the fourth.

"There's rather a nasty place along here," I said. "The secretary was sucked in the other day, and only rescued by the hair."

Thomas drove a good one. I topped mine badly, and it settled down in the mud fifty yards off. "Excuse me," I shouted as I ran quickly after it, and I got my niblick on to it just as it was disappearing. It was a very close thing.

"Well," said Thomas, as he reached his ball, "that's not what I call a brassy lie."

"It's what we call a corkscrew lie down here," I explained. "If you haven't got a corkscrew, you'd better dig round it with something, and then when the position is thoroughly undermined—— Oh, good shot!"

Thomas had got out of the fairway in one, but he still seemed unhappy.

"My eye," he said, bending down in agony; "I've got about half Middlesex in it."

He walked round in circles saying strange nautical things, and my suggestions that he should (1) rub the other eye and (2) blow his nose suddenly were received ungenerously.

"Anything you'd like me to do with my ears?" he asked bitterly. "If you'd come and take some mud out for me, instead of talking rot——"

I approached with my handkerchief and examined the eye carefully.

"See anything?" asked Thomas.

"My dear Thomas, it's *full* of turf. We mustn't forget to replace this if we can get it out. What the secretary would say—— There! How's that?"

"Worse than ever."

"Try not to think about it. Keep the *other* eye on the ball as much as possible. This is my hole, by the way. Your ball is lost."

"How do you know?"

"I saw it losing itself. It went into the bad place I told you about. It's gone to join the secretary. Oh, no, we got him out, of course; I keep forgetting. Anyhow, it's my hole."

"I think I shall turn my trousers up again," said Thomas, bending down to do so. "Is there a local rule about it?"

"No; it is left entirely to the discretion and good taste of the members. Naturally a little extra licence is allowed on a very muddy day. Of course, if—— Oh, I see. You meant a local rule about losing your ball in the mud? No, I don't know of one. Be a sportsman, Thomas, and don't begrudge me the hole."

The game proceeded, and we reached the twelfth tee without any further *contretemps*; save that I accidentally lost the sixth, ninth and tenth holes, and that Thomas lost his mashie at the eighth. He had carelessly laid it down for a moment while he got out of a hole with his niblick, and when he turned round for it the thing was gone.

At the twelfth tee it was raining harder than ever. We pounded along with our coat-collars up and reached the green absolutely wet through.

"How about it?" said Thomas.

"My hole, I think; and that makes us all square."

"I mean how about the rain? And it's just one o'clock."

"Just as you like. Well, I suppose it is rather wet. All right, let's have lunch."

We had lunch. Thomas had it in the only dry things he had brought with him—an ulster and a pair of Vardon cuffs, and sat as near the fire as possible. It was still raining in torrents after lunch, and Thomas, who is not what I call keen about golf, preferred to remain before the fire. Perhaps he was right. I raked up an old copy of *Stymers with the Niblick* for him, and read bits of the Telephone Directory out aloud.

After tea his proper clothes were dry enough in places to put on, and as it was still raining hard, and he seemed disinclined to come out again, I ordered a cab for us both.

"It's really rotten luck," said Thomas, as we prepared to leave, "that on the one day when I take a holiday, it should be so beastly."

"Beastly, Thomas?" I said in amazement. "The *one* day? I'm afraid you don't play inland golf much?"

"I hardly ever play round London."

"I thought not. Then let me tell you that to-day's was the best day's golf I've had for three weeks."

"Golly!" said Thomas. A. A. M.

Leaving it to Chance.

"The horse will leave the Curragh for Aintree at the end of the present week. He has not been tried, but is expected to run forward."
Glasgow Herald.

Good-bye to our half-crown if he runs backward.

"*The Anopheline Mosquito.* For use in schools."—*Pioneer.*

"Buck up with the mosquito, Smith; I've got it next."



"Shall we have champagne or some other wine?" "Are there other wines?"

RACIAL ENTHUSIASM.

As a youth at some election permanently strains his throat,
Cheering in and out of season, though he hasn't got a vote;
As a cockerel shrieks insanely, poised on elongated legs,
Just because some hens have managed to produce an egg (or eggs);
As a crocodile rejoices—no; perhaps I'd better stay,
Though I could, I ought to mention, warble on like this all day—
As, to cut it short, these creatures do the various things we 've said,
Once a year vicarious ardour nearly drives me off my head.

When we hail (with luck) the sober, tentative approach of Spring,
Then the Boat Race, once per annum, stirs me up like anything.
Never have I seen the Isis, never paced the banks of Cam,
Neither helped to mould the genius that undoubtedly I am;
Neither 'Varsity has schooled me; mine, as you perhaps might guess,
Was the Board School education, eulogised by G. B. S.;

Yet the fervent Undergraduate, bawling madly at his crew,
Cannot compass that excitement I, a rank outsider, do.
And I'm Oxford. I have never found the smallest reason why,
Save it be that I, when younger, used to wear an Oxford tie.

Still, I'm Oxford. I shall bellow, raising most appalling dins,
When, upon the 30th instant (Saturday) my fancy wins—
As they won last year, remember. Oh, my heart leaps up in me
When I recollect my rapture o'er that famous victory!

How through all the night that followed wild excitement kept me warm,
And next day—*i.e.*, the Sunday—when they brought the Census form,
Where it ordered (*inter alia*) one's "profession" to be shown,
Thrilled with genuine pride, I boldly entered *Oxford* as my own.

"Capt. Aylmer and R. Drury Davies beat D. Shallow and A. Shallow: 4—6, 6—3, 7—5. This proved an excellent match, all four players sticking to it hard. W. Shallow easily won the first set and Kerr 3—0 in the second, Aylmer and Davies then gave in and won the remaining games."—*Englishman.*

In spite of the varieties of Shallows this is too deep for us.

From a business letter:—

"With reference to your esteemed enquiry, for price of making one pair of —— corsets, we beg to inform you that same will be 15/6, and will take about 16 days to get round."

For a stoutish lady, evidently.

"Cristabel Pankhurst has not yet been racked."—*Egyptian Gazette.*

You see, the Government is not so brutal as some women make out.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Park Lane.

Dearest Daphne,—We're just back from Belleplage, a dear little place on the *côte d'azur*, which, so far, we've been able to keep free from tourists and outsiders and all such horrors.

Josiah *would* go with me, and *would* stay all the time, in spite of all my remonstrances. I really think I'm a most *unusual* person to endure all that I have to so wonderfully! Almost I *pleaded* with him not to make me so *cruelly* conspicuous. I pointed out to him that I was the *only* woman at Belleplage with her husband, and that he was the *only* man with his wife,—but all in vain. I said it wasn't *nice* to be so much remarked upon and talked about—but it was no use.

Oh, and another thing! He was simply most *awful* about the scenery and the views and absurd stodgy things of that kind. I've pretty well given him up in despair by this time, but I made one more effort and told him people *don't* talk about the blue sky and the blue sea and the mountains and the palm-groves at these places—they don't even *look* at them. They look at and talk about *each other*, and the *tir aux pigeons*, and the frocks and hats on the Promenade des Flâneurs.

Talking of pigeon-shooting, Beryl Clarges and I both took part in it—the only women admitted to do so. Beryl did more execution than I did, but my rig was much more *voyant*—tall grey kid boots, a short dual skirt of pigeon-grey cloth, with a darling little coat to match, braided with coloured silk braid in a design of wounded pigeons, and a Tyrolese hat and feather.

Josiah said he was "sorry to see me killing the pretty harmless creatures." I said *I* was sorry too—not because I *was* killing them, but because I *wasn't!* Apropos of which I must tell you a perfectly *sweet* thing the Comte de Chateauvieux, the crack shot there, said to me. I was grizzling at my ill luck with the birds, and he bowed and said: "*Vous avez un tir infallible sur les hommes, madame, si non sur les pigeons!*" *Isn't* he a darling man? Josiah calls him a "grimacing little ape." If only he had a little of the Count's manner himself!

The honours of the Promenade des Flâneurs, on the whole, rested with Clytie Vandollarbilt and Sadie Macandrew. "*Et pourquoi?*" Because, my dear, each of them had brought her whole stock of jewelled shoes with her. It's quite an *art* to learn to walk in shoes with a big diamond set in the tip of each heel, but Clytie has certainly got hold of the diamond-walk very well. They have little portable strong-rooms, in which they keep the shoes they're not wearing, and these little strong-rooms, if touched by a hand not familiar with their mechanism, fire off a revolver at each corner. *Isn't* that lovely? There was a good deal of rivalry between Clytie V. and Sadie M., and one day they were vying about their shoes. Clytie's, that day, were of white *suède*—at least she *said* they were white *suède*, but one could *see* nothing but pearls and diamonds. Sadie's were of pale green silk, with diamond-lace bows and an enormous emerald on the toe of each shoe. Clytie said hers were worth a quarter of a million dollars. "*That* all?" remarked Sadie slightingly. "*Mine* turn the scale at *half* a million!" "Ah, but, my dear," retorted Clytie, with her famous smile, "there's more *room* for jewels on your shoes than on mine, remember!"



STAR TURN AT THE "COLLODEUM."

The person who did not see "The Miracle."

People are going in a great deal for physical culture, to prepare themselves for a very strenuous season. A stealthy cat-like grace is to be the correct thing this spring and summer, and most of the new physical exercises try to produce it.

The other day I happened in upon Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, not in calling hours, having something I wanted to say to our dear old juvenile-antique. I went unannounced into the big drawing-room. It was cleared for action, and there was Popsy's maid drawing a paper "mouse" over the floor by a long string, and there was poor old Popsy on all-fours, springing and crouching and pouncing without any transformation or any make-up or any breath to greet me with!

"Laugh away, you wretch," she said, when she could speak; "I don't care! I'm getting on splendidly, aren't I, Suzanne?" "*Mais oui!*" agreed the obsequious maid. "*Miladi joue la chatte à merveille.*"

Another who is intent on getting hold of the correct feline grace is the Bullyon-Boundermere woman. *She* is going in for it so thoroughly that, I hear, she's given up sleeping in a bed, and curls up in a big basket every night!

Babs St. Austin is another of the physical exercise people. Not long ago, she told me with tears that her neck was getting short and her heart was breaking! *Her* form of exercise is to run round a big room, with acid drops suspended, at intervals, by fine threads a good deal higher than her head. Babs, her neck stretched to its utmost, jumps for these acid drops as she runs, and tries to take them into her mouth. I saw her yesterday, and she was much perkier—says her neck is already a quarter of an inch longer. She's delighted with the treatment. Its only drawback is the danger of being choked by one of the acid drops. If she escapes this danger, she hopes to have as long a neck as any of us by the time the season begins in earnest.

Only small parties are being given just now, of course, and of these the most popular are "Strike" parties. Just as dancing is beginning we all

stop, and refuse to dance unless we may do any step we like. The band leaves off playing—there's arbitration and conciliation—and altogether it's quite good fun; and finally we all start off, doing whatever kind of dance we please. The "Minimum," first danced at these "Strike" parties, is now catching on everywhere.

One of the most-talked-of weddings, when Lent is over, will be that of Dickie Sandys, the Ramsgates' girl, to the great scientist, Sir Henry Blinkerton, the man, you know, who discovered that water *wasn't* water, or some frightful thing of that kind.

Dickie's first engagement, you remember, to Billy Foljambe was broken off, and people said her grandmother, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, was to blame —and, indeed, Popsy *was* engaged to Billy afterwards for a time. Since then Dickie's become a problem-daughter for the old people. She took to spelling Woman with a big *W* and man with a small *m*; had digs of her own, and went in for that popular latter-day performance, living her own life, in the course of which she's sometimes been out with the Militants! A Woman with a big *W* being an almost impossible thing for even the *cleverest* mother to get off her hands, Lady Ramsgate is simply *immensely* relieved at the prospect of the wedding. But, dearest, *doesn't* it seem horribly sad that a girl who began her career with such success as Dickie, should end by marrying a scientific man, and one who owes *everything* to his talents and *nothing at all* to family? (They say Sir Henry began life quite at the bottom of the ladder. Indeed, that he was one of those fearful boys one gets so sick of, who walk from somewhere with bare feet.) Of course it won't be an "Obey" wedding; and I hear that quite a novel note will be introduced by the bridesmaids, carrying dainty little velvet and gilt hammers, which they will hold above the bride's head to form an arch as she goes out. Instead of flowers, broken glass will be strewn before her.

Talking of weddings, quite different arrangements are made for an "Obey" and a "Won't obey" marriage as to gowns, decoration of the church, and the music played. Olga tells me that for an "Obey" wedding she designs quiet gracious submissive gowns, while for a "Won't obey" one she introduces a note of defiance into the sleeve, and the hang of the train means "I acknowledge no master!" She was naturally quite *affligée* at the Hepburn-Dallamont marriage *fiasco* just before Lent. It was to have been a "Won't obey" wedding of the most *marked* description, Jane Hepburn being simply enormously advanced, while Jimmy Dallamont is one of the quiet ones who wants nothing but peace with honour! Well, my dear, Olga surpassed herself in the bride's and her maids' "Won't obey" gowns; the church was all done in mauve green and white, and the organist (Miss Jones, Mus.Doc.) played them in with her famous "Woman's March to Freedom." And then, my Daphne, after all, the bride positively and actually promised to "love, honour and OBEY!" An audible smile went through the packed church, and Miss Jones, Mus.Doc., left the organ-loft in a fury and refused to play another note! The explanation whispered about afterwards was that, the evening before the wedding, Jimmy told Jane she was welcome to leave out "obey," but in that case *he* would leave out "with all my worldly goods I thee endow"—and this amounts to *something* in Jimmy's case. These quiet ones often have a bit up their sleeve, haven't they? Ever thine,

BLANCHE.



Hon. Treasurer (at the end of the game). "NOW I WONDER WHAT SILLY ASS DID THAT!"

Under the heading "Successful Urmston Protest" we read in *The Manchester Evening News*:—

"The complaints lodged yesterday with the officials of the company were so numerous and so well grounded that they could not be ignored, and this morning the hundreds of Urmston people who were yesterday left behind by the 7.58 train to Manchester were accommodated on an additional train leaving at 8.55."

Twenty-five hours soon go when you have all the automatic machines to play with.



Breathless Lady (to energetic partner). "Gently—Mr. Hopkins—please—do remember—it's Lent."

THE LYING PROPHET.

[Suggested by a study of the March number of a famous periodical.]

Many, I ween, the strike hit hard,
But none were hurt so much as he,
The soothsayer, the mystic bard,
Boder of destiny,

Who built a little tower on trust,
A gassy fabric breathed from coal,
And watched it crumble to the dust,
Bradshaw, the poor old soul.

Stop. As he idly penned the word,
Little he dreamed how more than true
His statement was. The engines heard,
Stop. And they did stop too.

"*Saturdays only.*" How serene,
With what wise calm he used that phrase,
And now there is no 9.15,
Sundays or Saturdays.

And here 's a page of strife and din
(It must have been the old man's pet),
Where, drunk with joy, he squeezes in
The whole dashed alphabet,

To mark his footnotes. Afternoon
Or morning now there is no snip;
Where are the times of yestermoon?
Where is the Hanwell slip?

And so with all the wiles he planned
Large output of laborious brains,
The asterisks, the little hand
That points to *Other Trains.*

Vain little hand! Enough, enough;
I will not see page 94;
Pathetic fragment of a cuff,
Thou canst not aid me more.

We saunter to the station now
And seek the casual guard, and say,
I want to go to Sluff-on-Slough,
Could you do that to-day?

And if the guard is good and kind
He tells the man in front to puff,
And, keeping our request in mind,
He sets us down at Sluff.

But fallen is the pride of those
Who knew their Bradshaw, Perth to Tring,
And jubilant are Bradshaw's foes,
Who blessed the blooming thing.

And he himself—a poor wan ghost—
I see him on some ancient loop,
The trickiest piece he loved the most,
His own dumbfounded dupe;

Waiting alone, but ah! for what?
As the dull leaden hours roll by,
"I hear her—no, I hear her not,
Forsaken—Bradshaw—I!"

At Basingstoke I see him, too,
Sitting on some deserted seat,
Or Blisworth Junction, watching through
Connections fail to meet,

Or where the 6.5 should have stopped
To set down from beyond Low Moor,
He hath been marked, as twilight dropped,
By some late roystering boor,

Or underneath some silent arch
Still lingering for the spark to fall,
In this tempestuous moon of March
The wildest soul of all.

Evoe.

"The top picture shows Mr. Asquith. On his immediate left are Lord Morley and Mr. Lloyd George, and on his right can be seen Sir Edward Grey with Lord Morley and Earl Beauchamp. Inset is Lord Morley hastening to join the Belshazzic feast."—*The Throne.*

He certainly got there.

From a letter in *The Daily Mail*:—

"It is for them to cut short this weakness towards the Miners' Federation, with its serpent's head bruising the heel of the community. And why is the latter under its heel?"

Anyone who has stood on a serpent's head from a position beneath its heel can answer this for us.



THE FINAL ARBITER.

The Spectre of Famine. "IF *YOU* CAN'T SETTLE THIS, *I* WILL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

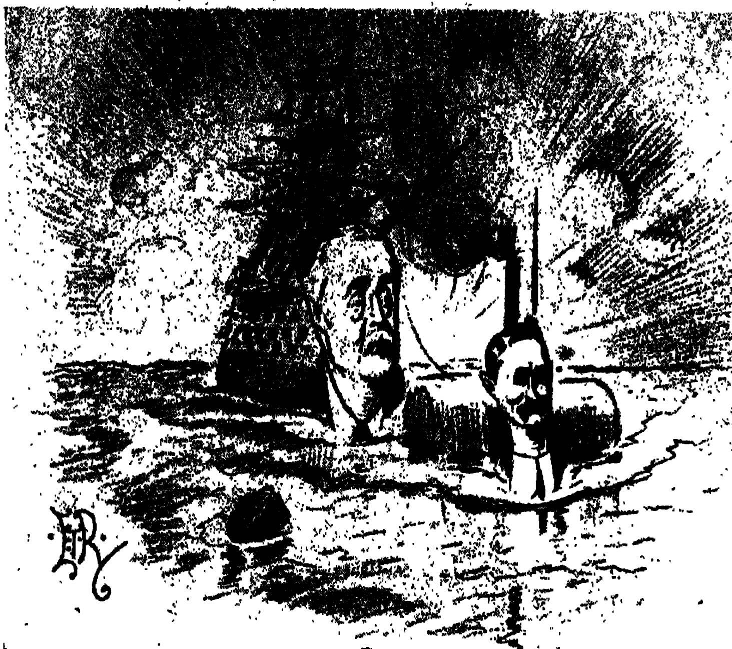
(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 18.—In what is up to now comparatively brief career WINSTON has suffered a marked sea change. He entered political life within the family fold. For sake of his father he was welcomed from both camps. Had he remained under Conservative flag he might to-day have come to be regarded as the rising hope of stern unbending Toryism. True son of his father, he could not be got to run long in harness single or double. PRINCE ARTHUR, not fully recognising possibilities that have since blazed in the political firmament, was perhaps a little short-tempered with the assertive young man. Some of the rank and file were positively rude. However it came about, WINSTON, smarting under crowning insult when the Ministerialists of the day greeted his rising by walking out of the House, one day strolled over to opposite camp and there remains.

When, after brief interval, his old friends and companions dear found him seated on Treasury Bench they determined to make it hot for him. Disposition took Parliamentary form of pelting him with supplementary questions and greeting passages of his speeches with derisive noises. WINSTON went his way apparently regardless. He may have felt the arrow points; he never flinched. Sympathised with in the matter of annoyance at Question time, he protested that he rather liked it; found it useful practice in art of readiness of fence.

His indifference being disappointing, and little got out of him in the way of self-committal, the practice gradually fell off; it has now ceased. Nevertheless there remains, as in analogous cases, notably that of DON JOSÉ, a spirit of vexation among former comrades, the sharper when tinged with regret at loss of so brilliant a recruit.

To-day, with kaleidoscopic movement peculiar to House, the WANTON WINSTON finds himself object of unqualified applause from Benches opposite. As in lucid speech, built up with forceful phrases, he expounds his scheme of Navy Reform and Maintenance, gentlemen opposite are surprised into a cheer. Encouraging effect slightly chilled by ominous silence on Ministerial Benches below Gangway where sit the Labour Party. Also, faithful breast of CHARLIE BERESFORD disturbed by what he regards as unnecessary challenge to neighbouring Power.



"THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE" BROUGHT OUT AGAIN!

A memory of TURNER, which would seem to indicate that even "Pre-*Dreadnoughts*" have their uses.

(MR. BALFOUR, with characteristic patriotism and disregard of all petty emotions, comes back into the fighting line.)



"More bouquets and wreaths! Really, most gratifying! This popularity is almost embarrassing!! *How pleased Lloyd George will be!!*"

"Why drag in Germany?" he asks, reminiscent of WHISTLER anent VELASQUEZ.

WINSTON doesn't mind if his words are distasteful to a section of his own Party. The most amiable of men can't please everybody. As for CHARLIE B., when presently, in course of his speech, he made frequent reference to Germany, WINSTON raised his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders and murmured, "Et tu, Charlie?"

His plan of Naval defence summed up in memorable sentence. "We must," he said, "always be ready to meet at our average moment anything that any possible enemy might hurl against us at his selected moment."

Business done.—First Lord submits Naval Estimates for the year. Received with plaudits by Opposition; listened to in ominous silence below Gangway on Ministerial side.

Tuesday.—House presented crowded appearance seen only once or twice in a session. Noble Lords rushed in and fought for seats as if they were mere pittites at door of His Majesty's Theatre. Foreign Ministers crowded their allotted bench. Tier on tier rose lines of "Strangers" beaming with satisfaction at their good luck. Every seat on floor of House appropriated, late comers found uneasy resting-place on Gangway steps. A group stood by the Bar. Double rows of Members filled both side galleries.

Expectation raised high by promise of introduction of Bill dealing with Coal Strike. Great opportunity for ambitious orator. Occasion a National crisis; splendid audience within sound of voice, and all the world listening at



THE BADGER AND THE BUTTERFLY—AN UNEQUAL CONTEST.

Mr. McCallum Scott, in "dour" earnest and without a vestige of humour, is entirely obfuscated by the light and airy playfulness of the Colonial Secretary (Mr. Lulu Harcourt).

the door. Asquith, as usual, concerned exclusively with business in hand. His task was to justify action of Ministers during past fortnight; to lament failure of mediatory procedure; to expound consequent legislative proposals, and to recommend them to approval. Spoke for fifty minutes: something beyond his average length. Skipped exordium, dispensed with peroration. Did not angle for cheers. Certainly caught none. Lack of animation on part of speaker, absence of enthusiasm among audience, acted and reacted with result decidedly dull.

Bonner Law promptly following was, on rising, greeted with a cheer from loyal followers, repeated when he expressed doubt of Ministerial measure. Silence fell when, from time to time, he hedged, protesting absence of desire to snatch Party advantage out of National predicament. In one respect the speech a marvel whose freshness never palls. Premier had carefully prepared his address, bringing voluminous notes, to which he constantly referred. Bonner made no notes during its delivery nor did he carry with him to table a scrap of paper.

Has almost succeeded in mastering a little mannerism to which, at outset of his Leadership, a friendly pen called attention. Unencumbered by manuscript, he did not quite know what to do with his hands. So he put them in his trousers' pocket, presenting to listening Senate an attitude not exactly graceful. At opening of speech to-day, leaning elbows on the brass-bound box, he clutched the other rim with both hands. Not being birds, as Sir Boyle Roche remarked in another connection, as long as they were kept in this position they couldn't be in trouser pockets. Force of habit not overcome in course of a few weeks. Pretty to see how when Bonner was intent on pursuing his argument, the hands, unconsciously unloosed, strayed back towards their nest. Occasionally they found it. But Bonner was resolute. Straightway hauled them forth and laid them out on box again.

Perhaps this little distraction accounted for amazing maladroitness of speech. So many unnecessary things were said bogging Leader of Opposition more hopelessly than his historic "Certainly." Or was it due to absence of steadying notes? However it be, Labour Members, quick to see opportunity, by frequent interposition of questions, led Bonner into pitfalls which one with briefer Parliamentary experience and lesser gifts of speech might easily have avoided.

Low down on Front Opposition Bench, a quarter affected by Parliamentary Monarchs retired from business, sat Prince Arthur intently listening. Would give more than twopence for his thoughts about speech of successor in Leadership.

Business done.—Coal Mines Bill, embodying principle of minimum wage, brought in. First Reading agreed to without division.

Friday. — Man's inhumanity to woman, which makes countless thousands mourn, illustrated afresh. Good luck at ballot-box attending that *preux chevalier* Agg-Gardner, to-day was early in Session set apart for Second Reading of the measure called the Conciliation Bill because it does not fully meet the views of any section of Woman's Suffrage Party. Everything was prepared, including sheaf of speeches. Even when urgency of Coal Strike made necessary immediate legislative action Premier left untouched the Rights of Woman to to-day's sitting. In order to keep the pledge it was proposed that Coal Mines Bill should be rushed through so that it might leave the Commons last night.

Arrangement embodied in Premier's Resolution dealing with business of the week. Enter Leader of Opposition with demand for day's interval between Introduction and Second Reading.

"What," he scornfully asked, "has the House of Commons to do with either promoters or opponents of Conciliation Bill?"

Premier struggled for some time against pressure thus brought to bear upon him. Personally desirous of



Admiral (of the Blue) Alan Burgoyne graciously acknowledges, across the floor of the House, the distinguished services of Admiral Churchill.

(Winston finds himself object of unqualified applause from Benches opposite.)



Suffragette. "I DEFY ANYONE TO NAME A FIELD OF ENDEAVOUR IN WHICH MEN DO NOT RECEIVE MORE CONSIDERATION THAN WOMEN!"
Voice from Crowd. "WHAT ABOUT THE BALLY BALLET?"

having question submitted to House at earliest possible moment. Every day that passes minimises effect of Suffragette outrage, more effective than ordered speech in spoiling chances of any measure giving votes to women. Sense of House however with BONNER. Woman's opportunity meanly filched with promise of restoration by-and-by.

Business done.—Coal Mines Bill dealt with in Committee.

COURT SITTING.

[An essay in Bill-Sikeology, after the emotional method of *The Daily Graphic.*]

A HUSH fell on the assembled company. A man who was eating an orange let it fall noisily to the floor. Through the doors at the further end of the court entered a stalwart figure. The air at once became electric. For it was William Sikes, labourer, charged with violence towards the woman he had made his wife. He was between two warders, advancing, amid a tense silence, towards the dock. As one looked at him one could not but admire the man. Standing there in the splendour of his muscular prime, his mighty veined hands clasped in a quiescent pose, his great strength balanced in an attitude of dogged indifference, he forced upon the most casual observer a profound train of reflection—reflections on the grandeur of intellect subdued to sinew, of mind merged in mass.

This man, with the far-off look in his vitreous eyes, cast upon me that unspeakable glamour of the criminal classes. I felt that he was a Power, a Prime Cause. His presence in the crowded room made other men appear small. The personality of magistrate and clerk faded before this son of untamed Nature. I mused, as I felt that all around me must be musing, upon what this creature might have been. The soul is the plaything of its environment. And yet what petty man-made charge was this brought against him? "Beating his wife." So it was written on the charge-sheet, in all the narrowness of conventional phrasing! How pitifully inadequate we felt the phrase to be! What life-forces yet unsounded lie behind each common act! The woman perhaps had betrayed him by a sympathy too restricted for the needs of this massive, primal, tree-like being. And was no voice to be raised now to plead indulgence for those vagaries which are surely Nature's own? . . . . As the judge passed sentence and William Sikes puckered his mouth at the relentless verdict, I sat motionless under the spell of a masterful personality. Three months with hard labour. . . . . Outside the court could be heard the muffled roll of vehicles, the swish and rumble of taxi-cabs. Newsboys were shouting their final scores. And William Sikes passed slowly, with confident step, through those dark swinging doors—a son of toil going forth undaunted to his labour.

AT THE PLAY.

"MILESTONES."

THE three Acts of *Milestones* are dated 1860, 1885 and 1912. Of these three periods I can only claim to know the last intimately. I do not regret it; for this play by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT and Mr. EDWARD KNOBLAUCH leaves me quite contented to belong to the twentieth century. Superior as I think the clothes, the hairdressing, the furnishing, and other outward arts of 1912 to those of 1885 or 1860, my evening at the Royalty convinced me that the present day showed a still greater superiority in the matter of playwriting. Could anything so good as *Milestones* have come out of 1885 or 1860? Whether it could or not, it certainly didn't.

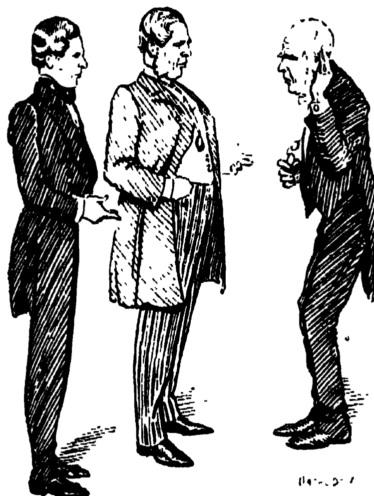
Of course, a dramatist writing in 1912 of events which happened in 1860 can get considerable advantage from his later knowledge. When *John Rhead* and *Samuel Sibley*, partners in an iron works, quarrel over *John's* vision of a future in which iron ships take the place of wooden, the scene is the more effective from the fact that the audience *knows* what the future holds. But this knowledge must be used with care. It would not be fair to hold up to mockery every bit of old Toryism which has gone wrong. The 1906 remarks of the most progressive of us about aeroplanes could be laughed at in a 1916 farce. In this respect the authors show a proper restraint; they do not work for the cheap laugh. The lesson that they are out to teach is not that times change, but that human nature remains much the same through it all.

One might almost call *Milestones* another "lesson for fathers." It shows two families growing from youth to old age; but the dominating figure throughout is *John Rhead*. I think the middle-aged and old would do well to study the development of *Rhead*; it would help them to realise that inasmuch as they are at odds with the youth of to-day they are at odds with their own youth of years ago.

The acting was masterly all through. The players were put to an unusually difficult test; they had to represent two, or in some cases three different people who were yet the same person. Mr. DENNIS EADIE and Miss HAIDÉE WRIGHT in particular gave remarkable performances. Miss EVELYN WEEDEN only appeared in two Acts. She was the image of a DU MAURIER girl in 1885, and quite the modern mother in 1912. In both scenes she acted finely. But, indeed, all the acting was good; 1912 has nothing *to* learn from any other year about that.

My heartiest thanks to the authors for writing and to Messrs. VEDRENNE and EADIE for producing this play.

A new curtain-raiser at the Haymarket gave wiser people than myself an excuse for seeing *Bunty Pulls the Strings* for the 300th time. I took the opportunity of seeing it for the first time. If there is anybody else in London or the provinces as careless of true art and humour as I had shown myself to be up to last Tuesday, then let him take warning from this. I fear I have neglected *Bunty* too long to have any right to praise her now, but I should be very sorry not



John Rhead (the eldest). "Fine fellows, but nothing like what *I* was at their age."
The Three John Rheads ... Mr. DENNIS EADIE.

to have dropped my mite into the overflowing plate which *Weelum* holds for her. So let me just say that she and her friends gave me the happiest evening I have ever spent in a theatre.

M.

THE SPRING PURVEYOR.

YOU may not have observed it, but Spring has not come this year. I ignore your boastings about your gardens. I maintain that a glance at your daily paper will show you that spring is not here. Are the robins building in pillar-boxes? Are the hop-shoots growing at the rate of six inches per day? Where is the tree-pipit? And the reed-bunting? You surely have missed the reed-bunting! What has become of the barred umber moth? Is the toothwort in flower? Has the mole-cricket churred?

You must admit that you don't know. Why? Because the coal-strike has crowded me out. There is no room for the purveyor of spring. For years I have heralded to you the coming of the cheerful season. You must have read hundreds of my bright little pars about the reed-bunting as you whirled through the Tube to business. How often have you read in March, "Walking in my garden this evening I was delighted to hear the cheerful churring of the mole-cricket—surest sign of the advent of Spring." You shared my uncertainty as to whether the mole-cricket were bird, beast or insect, but you must admit that little par gave you a whiff of the country and made you think about buying a new straw hat.

And now the editors send back the tree-pipit, the barred umber moth, and even the reed-bunting (this is the unkindest cut of all, for the reed-bunting has paid my rates for years), and demand something topical. I am reduced to this lamentable style of nature note:—

THE STRIKE IN THE COUNTRY.

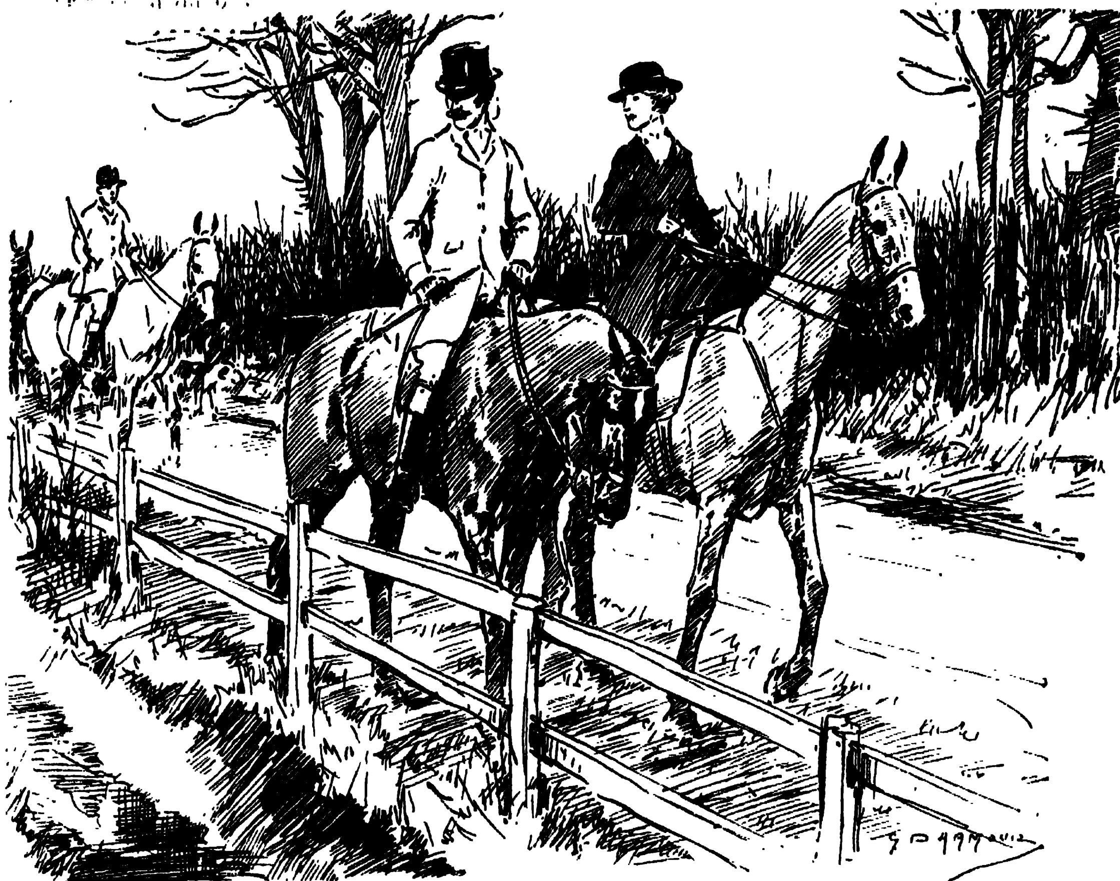
Residents in the Fen districts view the prospect of a coal shortage with comparative calm. Acres of dry reeds—the choice resorts of the reed-bunting—are being cut, and, after being stacked for a time, make an excellent household fuel.

One is uncertain whether to attribute to the prevalent labour unrest the fact, vouched for by more than one naturalist, that the neck of the wryneck is wryer than ever this season.

Now varieties of fuel are in great request, and more than one naturalist has suggested that the oil-beetle (*Carabus*), so common in country lanes at this season, might be used for heating purposes. Provided that a sufficient quantity could be obtained there is no doubt that the oil in this variety of beetle would possess excellent burning qualities.

The growth of the hop-shoots in my garden—one increased 5·432 inches yesterday—reminds one that refuse hops treated with 3 per cent. of their weight in petroleum make a very hot fuel, suitable for bakers' ovens.

The churring of the mole-cricket as it burrows in the ground—surest sign of the advent of spring—makes one hope that we shall soon hear the cheerful song of the miner as he proceeds to his underground burrowing. [Perhaps a little far-fetched, but the mole-cricket has been a faithful friend to me for so long, and I will not desert him in his hour of trial.] The destruction of a large number of old pollard trees for fuel in the country districts makes one doubt whether the tree-pipits will find sufficient building accommodation. It would indeed be one of the saddest results of the industrial unrest if it resulted in the destruction of this most interesting species.



Sportsman (who has been discussing with lady the question of bravery in the hunting-field). "NOW SUPPOSING YOU WERE ALONE WITH HOUNDS, WOULD YOU 'TAKE ON' A PLACE LIKE THAT?"

Lady. "WELL—I WOULD—IF THERE WAS ANOTHER WOMAN THERE."

[And profitable species. Anyone can write about a thrush, but it takes an authority to do justice to the tree-pipit.]

The removal of the smoke-cloud which usually hangs over the Northern industrial districts has had a curious effect on insect life. Several naturalists report that the barred umber moth in those localities is distinctly lighter in colour this year.

And the tooth-wort——

But I could not drag the tooth-wort in. And that is the real motive of this article—to reassure the anxious public. The tooth-wort is flowering or laying its eggs or digging its burrow precisely as usual.

From "Books Received" in *The Law Times*:—

"Adam on Woman and Crime."

Well, he ought to know.

A "well-known member of the House of Commons" writes to *The Standard*:

"The walrus in Gilbert's famous 'Bab Ballad' is said to have 'deeply sympathised' with the oysters."

We deeply sympathise with the M.P. who has never heard of LEWIS CARROLL.

THE GARDENER'S CAT.

THE gardener's cat 's called Mignonette,
She hates the cold, she hates the wet,
She sits among the hothouse flowers
And sleeps for hours and hours and
hours.

She dreams she is a tiger fierce
With great majestic claws that pierce,
She sits by the hot-water pipes
And dreams about a coat of stripes;

And in her slumbers she will go
And stalk the sullen buffalo,
And when he roars across the brake
She does not wink, she does not wake.

It must be perfectly immense
To dream with such magnificence,
And pass the most inclement day
In this indeed stupendous way.

She dreams of India's sunny clime,
And only wakes at dinner-time,
And even then she does not stir
But waits till milk is brought to her.

How nice to be the gardener's cat,
She troubles not for mouse or rat,
But, when it 's coming down in streams,
She sits among the flowers and dreams.

The gardener's cat would be the thing,
Her dreams are so encouraging;
She dreams that she 's a tiger, yet
She 's just a cat called Mignonette!

* * * * *

The moral 's this, my little man—
Sleep 'neath life's hailstones when you
can,
And, if you 're humble in estate,
Dream splendidly, at any rate!

A Dutch nurseryman has been getting £23 a bulb for a new gladiolus. He now spells it Glad Eye.

"Mr. Edward V. Wilbern is at Shepheard's after a two months trip to the Soudan and Upper Egypt. He sees a great improvement in Egypt since his last visit in 1904, finds hotels better here than on the Riviera in Europe and as good as Palm Beach, Florida. Finds climate here better, and the tourists and travellers one meets are more intelligent brighter, greater students, than any Winter resort elsewhere. He predicts a great future for Egypt under Lord Kitchener and H.H. the Khedive. He sails for England March 18th by the S.S. *Arabia*."

Egyptian Morning News.

It is a fateful week for England. We hope he will not be disappointed with us.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is the genial calm of Mr. W. E. Norris that has made me his Constant Reader. He refuses to get excited. He devises situations which would make the Brothers Melville leap about screaming with joy; and, instead of holding them and hammering them into the reader, dismisses them in a few easy sentences and goes on quietly with his story. The effect of this restraint is delightfully soothing. After some of the books I have been reading lately, *Paul's Paragon* (Constable) fell upon my senses like summer dew. All the materials are there for a melodrama. A supposedly dead father returns to life and is wiped out by an earthquake; a husband discovers the hero in his wife's company in thoroughly compromising circumstances; the heroine, engaged to another, suddenly finds that she loves the hero; a swindler, after seventeen years, meets his dupe, and is unmasked. Yet not once is Mr. Norris thrown out of his easy stride. He declines to become cheap. I have hardly ever read a review of any of Mr. Norris's books in which the adjective "polished" did not occur, and I cannot keep it out of this one. *Paul's Paragon* is polished. The characters are built up with an effortless skill that makes them living men and women. There are no crudities. His hero has faults, and the nearest approach to a villain, the hero's father, has virtues. And so with all the other characters. They act naturally and they talk naturally. Even about the earthquake there is a well-bred air, as if it had been at a public school.



BIOGRAPHICAL BY-WAYS.

Christopher Columbus learns the egg trick from his grandmother.

In taking a "select" coaching establishment near Geneva for the scene of her story, Miss Alexandra Watson has—as far as I know—struck new ground. *Denham's* (Smith, Elder) is, at any rate, a variation of the ordinary school story, and, instead of seeing the hero piling up centuries and kicking an incredible number of goals, we actually find him thinking more about his career than about athletics. *Ronald Lewis* was under a cloud when he went to Denham's, for *Denham* himself was the snobbiest of snobs, and *Ronald* was admitted on reduced terms. How the hero battled against his troubles and ultimately conquered them is told with a clear perception of both the joy and the pathos of boyhood. In fact, I would praise this tale without reserve if I could believe in the master, *Mr. Price*, who exercised such an extraordinary influence over his pupils; but *Mr. Price* is more than I can swallow without protest. When he found a boy with a pain from eating too many grapes he said drily, "I won't improve the occasion. Gluttony brings its own punishment. . . . It's strange that some people invariably interpret freedom as a permission to make beasts of themselves." What this boy really wanted was not trite maxims but something like essence of ginger.

Among the more modest philosophic observers of life of to-day none has for foibles a quicker eye than Captain Harry Graham or a more ingratiating and tolerant way of recording them. As a general rule he sets forth his discoveries in verse (Thalia and the Army having ever been on terms), but his new book, which is a very mine of social satire, is in prose—*The Perfect Gentleman* (Arnold), with pictures by Mr. Lewis Baumer. In this work most of the humours of male life in leisured circles are touched off, with here and there a truism that is none the less forcible for having occurred independently to the reader, although he had not the wit to set it down; as thus, "The social etiquette of sea-bathing demands that the first person to enter the vasty deep shall take a quite disproportionately optimistic view of the temperature of the water."

Their cigarettes were poised in their shapely hands, their glances were ominous and their gestures sinister, their fingers twitched convulsively, and now and then they murdered each other; for the most part, however, their faces wore inscrutable expressions. So much for the men in *Anton of the Alps* (Methuen). The ladies were only two in number, but what they lacked in quantity they made up in quality, for they were overpoweringly beautiful, and ready, upon an instant's notice, to love with a burning passion that should never falter. The splendid *Catrina* was, I admit, a little credulous towards the end, and allowed herself to be put off her climax of love by such an unauthenticated report of *Richard St. Aubyn's* past as her lifelong association with liars and assassins should have taught her either to disbelieve or to overlook. But no doubt her nerves had been shaken by the breathless and dastardly incidents of the previous three hundred pages. Certainly mine were, and yet it was impossible to pause for a moment and calm oneself. I do not quarrel with Mr. W. Victor Cook for the manner of his story. My complaint is that, having done with the schemes and plots and hairbreadth escapes of the young and irresistible Englishman abroad, I find the life I have to live at home so complex, by contrast, and yet so lukewarm, so devoid of elemental passions, and, all the present crises notwithstanding, so monotonous.

"Carnival at Micareme.

Micareme.—The annual festivities took place yesterday."

Cunard Daily Bulletin.

We would have gone there for them if the little town had not been so full.

"Owner only selling to buy heavy twin for sidecar. No offers."

Advt. in "Motor Cycle."

If the gentleman will tell us his age, we will look out for one for him.

CHARIVARIA.

It is interesting to note what will cause a sensation to-day, by reason of its novelty, in this country. A Labour Member caused one in the House of Commons last week by stating that one's citizenship ought to be higher than one's trade-unionship, and with him it would be.

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Mr. King, who has been writing in *The Express* on the Labour Members, will, if he is not careful, get himself disliked. Take the following passage:—"This twentieth century—off the stage—is rather blurred as to types. For instance, many modern burglars whom I have seen might have been taken for Sunday School superintendents rather than burglars; and this is true of the House of Commons."

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Sergeant Killick, of the Surrey County Constabulary, has, in less than twelve months, been responsible for 136 motorists being fined for exceeding the speed limit at Swan Corner, Leatherhead; and the Sergeant's chances of having his memory immortalised by the erection of a statue at the Royal Automobile Club are growing worse every day.

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The Evening News claims to have discovered the tiniest dog in London. It weighs 1lb. 8½ozs. But what we would like to know is this: Does it bite, or does it sting?

Some artists have a pretty conceit of themselves. We have received an invitation from one of them requesting the pleasure of showing us his pictures from 2.30 to 6. We might be able to hold out for 10 minutes, but for three hours and a half——

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By the way, if the strike proceeds, good times for artists are prophesied. As fuel gets scarcer there is little doubt that painters in oils, at any rate, will be able to dispose of their works at last.

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A certain amount of sympathy, but not too much, is being expressed for one of the Allen gang of American bandits, who was so unfortunate as to fall into a vat of boiling whiskey at his illicit distillery, suffering injuries which greatly facilitated his capture by the police.

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It was thoughtless of *The Daily Chronicle* to entitle a review of a recently published book of travel, *Islands of the Sun*. We shall have Germany after them.

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*

Bookmakers have been ordered to leave Bâle before the 1st of May. It will be remembered that some months ago they were turned out of Holland. A dear old lady with literary leanings, touched by the wanderings of these modern Ishmaels, now offers to house six of the outcasts in her cottage upon proof of blameless pasts.

Some burglars who entered an Ilford house last week consumed many bottles of beer they found there, and in consequence overlooked a box containing cash and jewellery. Temperance advocates, we hear, intend to make capital out of this by bringing the facts to the notice of burglars throughout the country.

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*

What a fall was there, my countrymen! "Harry Lawrence, an ex-soldier, whose movements in Devonport Dockyard aroused suspicion, was charged at Devonport yesterday with espionage, but no evidence on this accusation was offered, and so he was just sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for stealing an umbrella."

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*

A Bill has been introduced in the Legislature of Maryland to legalise lynching. If this is passed, it will undoubtedly put an end to much lawlessness.

From "Etiquette Queries" in *Home Chat*:—

"My brother has been asked to play golf outside London by a City friend, and he wants to know how he should dress. *Answer*. A rough tweed coat or Norfolk jacket and pants, puttees round his legs, thick boots, and a cloth cap. He must remember he may need an extra wrap for cold days."

Inside London, of course, the proper costume is bowler hat, grey sweater, chest-protector and spurs—a pair, of puttees, on cold days, being worn round the neck.



In view of the dislocation of the train services and consequent disappointment of many would-be race-goers it is proposed to run a Spring Handicap from Trafalgar Square to Ludgate Circus on Easter Monday, provided sufficient four-wheelers capable of accomplishing the distance can be found to enter.

THE FAITHFUL TRUANT.

There are who love—I love them too—
The golden borders of the tideless sea,
The sudden glint of sapphire blue
Where the way winds by little hollowed coves;
And pine-woods folded in the lee
Of the red hills that laugh on Valescure,
And green of Menton's terraced olive-groves,
And all that Teuton-haunted Côte d'Azur.

And there are those—my taste is theirs
(In moderation) who delight to mote
From Monte up to purer airs,
By Agel's beetling zigzag, full of tricks;
Or from Castillon's eyrie float
To far Sospello's watered vale—and all
To play their homely game of pills and sticks,
Which lacking, Paradise itself would pall.

Some praise Provence, and so do I.
Avignon likes me, that superb retreat
Of Holiness in exile, high
Over the flood-rent bridge whose ancient floor
Rang to the circling danse's beat;*
And Arles, whose women stole her conqueror's heart,
And Nîmes where none but Vandals may ignore
The fierce mosquitos and the Roman's art.

Give me the Languedoc vineland soil,
Russets and roans and browns and velvet greys,
Whose mirth already counts the spoil
Of Autumn's purple vats—you never guessed
The earth could smile so many ways;
And, at the road's end, as the dusk comes on,
Sudden and stark against a fiery west
The towers and bastioned walls of Carcassonne!

But best I love—or, if I don't,
I ought to—London at the first of Spring,
To-day less grimy than her wont
Thanks to the mine-strike. Home from those fair lands
Which I have sought (above) to sing,
For London still must glow this patriot soul,
As yonder ash to which I stretch my hands,
Being my last lone lump of kitchen coal.

O. S.

* "Sur le pont d'Avignon,
On y danse, tous en rond."—*Old Song.*

A KING IN EXILE.

It was at the Zoo that I had the honour of meeting His Majesty the King Penguin. When I first saw him, he was standing, absorbed in meditation, by the margin of the Sea-lions' Pool. He held his pinions slightly behind him, and his general attitude, together with his pearl-grey coat and somewhat protuberant white waistcoat, was, as I suspect he was fully aware, quite strikingly suggestive of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena.

The larger Sea-lion was lying on an overhanging rock, endeavouring by incessant barks to convey to its Keeper, just then engaged in conversation with a fellow-official, that the Public (represented by me on this occasion) would be highly gratified by witnessing the agility with which it could catch fish.

This behaviour evidently struck King Penguin, who enjoys a fixed allowance from Government of twenty-four fresh herrings a day, as lacking both in dignity and self-restraint. He regarded the Sea-lion with a half-shut supercilious eye.

Presently the Keeper approached the enclosure, and the unseemly haste with which both Sea-lions wallowed through the water and flopped open-mouthed towards the bars still further disgusted their royal fellow-captive. It is true that King Penguin also made a forward movement, but this was merely in gracious recognition of a favourite retainer. He would rather have starved than sue to him for fish!

Ignoring the Sea-lions' importunities, much to King Penguin's satisfaction, the Official inquired if I would like to be presented to His Majesty, an offer which I of course accepted, though not without secret misgivings as to the manner of my reception. So I was taken through a gate, and instructed to remain at the end of a path until the ex-Monarch was headed and turned in my direction. His advance was leisurely, which gave me time to note the brilliancy of his canary-yellow gills, the effective patch of salmon-red on his under-beak, and the rich orange glow that flushed his throat, and faded into warm ivory-white on his imposing paunch. He turned his head from side to side as he walked, with an interest in every other object but myself that was perhaps intended to impress me with a sense of my own utter insignificance. If so, I can only say it succeeded. His gait would be even more majestic but for a slight tendency on the part of the royal toes to turn in, from which one might infer that he has spent a considerable portion of his earlier life in the saddle.

As he drew nearer, I hastened to make way for him with a deference that I trust escaped servility, and soon he stood before me, every inch a king, in his commanding stature of well over three feet. But he made no effort to put me at my ease, and my embarrassment became still more painful when his Custodian joined us, and, after instructing me to remove my right glove, invited me to test the softness of His Majesty's back. I did so—tentatively, because this is a liberty one would hardly venture upon with even a fallen potentate. Still I can testify that the royal back is deliciously downy. I daresay I should have gone on stroking it longer had I not received an intimation from the ex-Monarch's beak—it was a long sharp beak—that he desired these familiarities to cease. They ceased immediately, and he remained aloof and impassive, while his attendant gave me a few leading facts from the King's biography.

I learnt that he was a widower, his consort having passed away during the voyage from his Antarctic realm, a bereavement which he is said to have felt acutely. But, if I may judge from his expression, I should say that Time's consoling hand has already healed the blow, and that His Majesty would be fully prepared to offer his pinion *en secondes noces* to any Penguin princess who was at all eligible. Unfortunately, although there are several other Penguins on the premises, they are all undersized plebeian birds, so infinitely beneath his notice that he has never yet betrayed the slightest consciousness of their existence. They are democratic little beggars, however, and do not seem to care a hang whether he knows them or not.

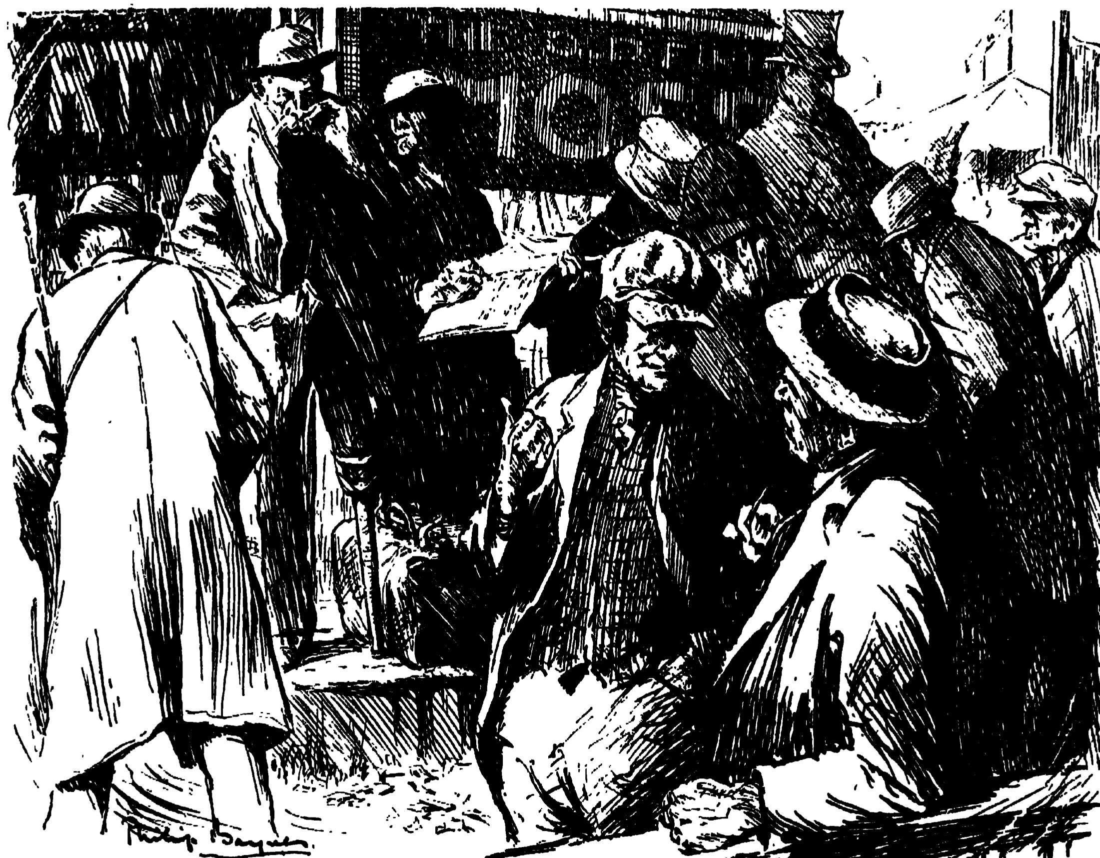
At this stage of the interview there was a regrettable misunderstanding which I feared at one time would bring it to an untimely close. The King Penguin suddenly conceived the idea that he had been grossly insulted by my umbrella, an unassuming accessory who, I hope I need hardly say, is absolutely incapable of any impropriety. Hardly had I concluded my apologies before he showed an equally unreasonable annoyance with my overcoat. It seems he has a confirmed dislike to any object that flaps



ECLIPSED.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. "I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T MAKE MUCH OF A HIT WITH THIS. IT'S SURE TO BE CUT OUT BY THE COLLIER PROBLEM PICTURE."

[The right hon. gentleman is under a misapprehension if he imagines that Mr. John Collier is to exhibit a problem picture this year.]



Jan. "Oi be goin' tew 'ave a shillin' on with this 'un, Gearge; Oi can catch 'un if 'e bolts."

about. It is distressing to think how these Sea-lions must get on his nerves!

I was beginning to feel that I had impressed him unfavourably, and might consider myself dismissed from his presence, when all at once he raised his beak, elongated his neck, closed his eyes, and drew several deep breaths. This, I was informed, to my intense surprise and gratification, meant that, as a special mark of favour, he was actually about to unbend so far as to sing to me! I fancy it was a little thing of his own, but it was his *technique* that simply electrified me. His compass had so wide a range, comprising, as it did, the dolorous screech of the peacock predicting rain, the raucous vivacity of the early village cock, and the strident roar of a steam-siren. There can be no question that, had his lot been cast in a less exalted sphere, he would have won his spurs in modern German Grand Opera. But Fate has willed it otherwise.

At the conclusion of the melody he not only bowed to me with solemn old-world courtesy, but was so condescending as to oblige again! After which he bowed to me once more—but this time it was merely to signify that the audience was at an end, and I withdrew.

I trust that I may be pardoned if I have recorded this incident with a certain elation. Never before has Royalty sung to me. I do not think it at all likely that Royalty will ever do so again. But the experience will always remain firmly imprinted on my memory.

Even the greatest, however, have their moments of pettiness, and I deeply regret to say that, amicably as His Majesty parted from myself, he still maintained his implacable resentment towards my unoffending umbrella! F. A.

TO A MODERN "LADIES' MAN."

[Discussing the "1912 Ladies' Man," a writer in an evening paper declares that he "may be clean shaven, but he is above all else 'manly.' He is still a 'Ladies' Man' because he is ready to assist her (the modern girl) with her schemes."]

Thomas, they tell me you are wont to follow
The Flowers of Female Fashion like a bee,
Sipping their honied tattle, while you swallow
Pint after pint of tea.

You don't remind me, somehow, of a dandy,
I like the firmness of your shaven cheek;
You look as if your muscles might be handy;
Your mouth is far from weak.

And yet the "Ladies' Man" was once, I fear, a
Person composed of gush and social gas,
Who, from the pictures of an earlier era,
Looked like a silly ass.

Apart from compliments he uttered gaily,
In manly converse he was all but dumb;
While girls regard you, so I gather daily,
More as a super-chum.

You take an interest in their golf and hockey,
Discuss the thrilling drama of the day,
Or else the "Vote;" and if your views are rocky
They like your winning way.

I think I know, in fact, how well you carry
Your manly figure in their gentler life;
And, Thomas, I am sure the girl you marry
Will be a lucky wife.

AN OPINION OF THE CRISIS.

Charles looked up from his desk, littered with papers, as Our Representative entered his chambers. "You want, I take it," he said, "a few words from me upon the present dispute, to lay before the readers of your great paper?"

Our Representative explained that items of news were for the moment scarce, and that individual opinions were needed to supplement them.

"And why," asked Charles, seeking flattery, "have you selected me?"

"We have come to the end of the leading men. . . If I might ask you to express a view, I shall hope to reproduce it in to-morrow's issue in a noticeable paragraph. If you could happen to hit on a felicitous phrase, expressing in a short form what our readers would themselves like to think, I shall put it in heavy type and mix it up with the headlines.

"The darkest hour," began Charles, after a little thought, "is that which precedes the dawn."

"Quite; but we have had that already."

"Well then, on the whole I am of opinion that the probabilities are——"

"If possible, kindly avoid prophesying. So many have tried it and have been shown to be wrong, even before they had time to be forgotten."

"And first," resumed Charles, "not to be defeated, "a little about myself."

Our Representative smiled. "Is that inevitable?"

"My dear Representative," Charles began.

"*Our* Representative," I corrected.

"Singularly enough," said Charles, "I have myself just been through a crisis in my affairs which, though on rather a larger scale and of further-reaching results, is yet comparable to the present struggle in the industrial world. I tried every means of checking the rise of the malcontents and reducing the revolt, but in the end I was driven to the very last resort. It started, in quite a small way, with a pair of sleeve-links—the unintelligible and never explained grievance of one link, in fact. But it takes a little thing to cause a complete chaos in the clothes world, for the relations between the wearer and the wearee are always strained."

"You mean," I said, "that you are getting fat?"

"The things that one wears are ready always at a moment's notice to combine against one, providing the opportunity is favourable. At the moment to which I refer I was dressing for a dinner-party, and had allowed rather too short a time for the purpose. I was at the mercy of my clothes. Now, I am not suggesting that there was any conspiracy or premeditated plan amongst them; indeed, I incline to think that that link refused to go through its proper hole out of pure cussedness and idleness. Unwisely, I tried to force it to do its work, and showed it that I was in some way dependent on it. Thereupon the matter at once became a grievance. Metaphorically, that link threw down its tools and left work; in actual fact, it departed under the chest-o'-drawers, not because it liked being there, but in order to annoy me. Had I kept my temper and ignored it, the matter might have ended there."

"Under the chest-o'-drawers?" I interjected.

"No, Sir. You must know what I mean."

"Quite," I said; "but Representatives always interject. Proceed."

"Instead, I swore and became violent and took steps to enforce my will. Hostile and bitter feelings were at once aroused. The link crept further out of my reach, and the other link almost immediately joined it. The spare links, of which I keep a supply, supported the strikers by withdrawing secretly from the receptacle in which they live and being nowhere discoverable. I realised then that a sectional strike was in full swing, and I made my next mistake by endeavouring to import foreign and blackleg labour, instead of settling with the section on terms. Merely to protect my own interests I tied up my cuffs with string, but one is not allowed to protect one's own interests nowadays. That I should even attempt to do so was the signal for a sympathetic strike, to the magnitude of which the present state of national affairs provides no parallel. The collar studs vanished, the collar crumpled, the tie refused point-blank to tie, and finally the whole shirt went."

"It was, at any rate, confined to your clothes and there was no bloodshed," I suggested optimistically.

"It was *not* confined to my clothes," said Charles, "and there *was* bloodshed. I assure you that at times like these and in these degenerate days agreements and guarantees are thrown to the winds. For mark you, it was a *safety* razor."

"And what was the net result, the effect on your immediate future?"

"I had to cancel everything and close down, explaining to my hostess over the telephone that the gravity of the situation had become so marked that I was unable to perform my contracts."

"And what deduction do you wish to be reported as drawing with regard to the Coal War?" I asked, to bring the matter to an end.

Charles spoke slowly and importantly. "Speaking from experience," he said, "I think that anything may happen."

Time has shown that he was right.



Mr. J. H. Taylor, commenting on the grip in his *Golf Faults*, says, "It almost represents the fingers of a player on the flute."

It was the above passage that misled Herr Windt, the famous flautist, into the belief that golf would come quite naturally to him.

"Let things lie about, and they are always pat to your hand when wanted," writes an advocate of untdiness."—*Evening News.*

Our contemporary would do well to take this advice and leave a spare "i" or two lying about pat to the printer's hand.

"A large crowd of men gathered round the police-station, and many threatening epitaphs were hurled at the police."

Dundee Saturday Post.

Probably they didn't even trouble to detach them from their tombstones.

THE ENGLISH FUTURISTS.

(An Idyll of Spring.)

When the Frost-King waxes fainter,
When the fields are starred with flowers,
Oh, it's I would be a painter
Through the soft-lipped April hours!

Sweet it is to strike the hollow
Lyre with unrelenting slam;
Where thou leadest, Muse, I follow
(Always at your service, ma'am);

Sweet to sing about the bushes
Burgeoning in Regent's Park,
Where the young bud rudely pushes
Through the aggravated bark;

Still at times the old "hey-nonnies"
Weary and I'm fain to be
One of those confounded johnnies
Painting No. 93.

Clothed in samite yester-morning,
Almost ere I grasped the pen,
Up they rolled, the sleep-god scorning,
Shortly after half-past ten,

Chatted briefly on the weather,
Gauged the odds of equine sport,
Tied three ladders fast together,
Then discovered them too short.

Dauntless still they fetched another,
Still inspired by duty's call,
Brother aiding stalwart brother,
Propped the whole against the wall

(Theirs the perfect calm, the inner
Sense of peace); that labour done
Off they trooped to toy with dinner,
And returned at half-past one.

Seized the brush, and thenceforth fervent,
Pausing not save when they held
Casual converse with a servant,
Lived for art till five was knolled.

Sweet, swift toilers! with the catkins,
With the blackthorn bloom they came
(Sent by Messrs. Brown and Atkins)
And, before the ox-eyes flame,

Ere the dog-rose stars the hedges,
Ere the swallow's nest is lined,
Mrs. Johnson's window-ledges
Will be all incarnadined.

Just to-day I have not seen them,
But I know their strenuous types,
Somewhere jokes are cracked between them,
Somewhere they are sucking pipes.

And to-morrow, lest the eye lack
Promise of the tints of June,
They will smear a coat of lilac
Over yester-morn's maroon.

Is it well for me with tabor,
Pipe or harp and clownish cap
Thus to fool while Britons labour?
Conscience answers, "No, dear chap!"

Would I had their stern endeavour!
Only this I do not like:
They can find no change whatever
When their union bids them strike.

EVOE.



POCKETS AT LAST.

A use for the Pannier Skirt.

"Among them was the Rev. W. B. Sleight, President of the British Deaf and Dumb Association, who gave me several instances of the cleverness of the deaf and dumb. 'I was hesitating to cross Oxford-street at a busy time,' said Mr. Sleight, 'when a deaf and dumb man took me by the arm, saying, "Come on, I will take you across."'"—*Western Morning News.*

But is Mr. Sleight certain that the man who thus addressed him was deaf and dumb? Because, if he was not, the story loses much of its point.

"London, Feb. 26.—Reuter's correspondent at New York, in reply to an inquiry, states that he will accept a nomination for the Presidency of the United States if it is offered him."
Natal Mercury.

So far, however, there has been no real rush for him.

"There is a peculiarity about the bed of coal which is worked in the Thornton Valley, and that is that geologically speaking it is below all the coal seams that are worked in South Yorkshire. In other words the surface of the earth is lower than the coal in South Yorkshire."
Bradford Daily Argus.

Miners who have been ordered mountain air by their doctors should be warned, however, that simple as this statement appears, there is probably a catch in it somewhere.

Secret History of To-day.

"Teheran, March 6.—The Persian government is greatly disturbed by the apparent incapacity of the British government to cope with the disorders in England and has notified the government that the Caspian Sea squadron will leave for Portsmouth unless the rioting is stopped. The Persian fleet is under full steam and prepared to start for England at once."
Daily Mexican.

More Radical Over-Statements.

"Mr. T. Mackenzie, who is a Scotsman,' etc.
Westminster Gazette.

THE THINGS THAT MATTER.

Ronald, surveying the world from his taxi—that pleasant corner of the world, St. James's Park—gave a sigh of happiness. The blue sky, the lawn of daffodils, the mist of green upon the trees were but a promise of the better things which the country held for him. Beautiful as he thought the daffodils, he found for the moment an even greater beauty in the Gladstone bags at his feet. His eyes wandered from one to the other, and his heart sang to him, "I'm going away—I'm going away—I'm going away."

The train was advertised to go at 2.22, and at 2.20 Ronald joined the Easter holiday crowd upon the platform. A porter put down his luggage and was then swallowed up in a sea of perambulators and flustered parents. Ronald never saw him again. At 2.40, amidst some applause, the train came in.

Ronald seized a lost porter.

"Just put these in for me," he said. "A first smoker."

"All this lot yours, Sir?"

"The three bags—not the milk-cans," said Ronald.

It had been a beautiful day before, but when a family of sixteen which joined Ronald in his carriage was ruthlessly hauled out by the guard, the sun seemed to shine with a warmth more caressing than ever. Even when the train moved out of the station, and the children who had been mislaid emerged from their hiding-places and were bundled in anywhere by the married porters, Ronald still remained splendidly alone . . . and the sky took on yet a deeper shade of blue.

He lay back in his corner, thinking. For a time his mind was occupied with the thoughts common to most of us when we go away—thoughts of all the things we have forgotten to pack. I don't think you could fairly have called Ronald over-anxious about clothes. He recognised that it was the inner virtues which counted; that a well-dressed exterior was nothing without some graces of mind or body. But at the same time he did feel strongly that, if you are going to stay at a house where you have never visited before, and if you are particularly anxious to make a good impression, it *is* a pity that an accident of packing should force you to appear at dinner in green knickerbockers and somebody else's velvet smoking-jacket.

Ronald couldn't help feeling that he had forgotten something. It wasn't the spare sponge; it wasn't the extra shaving-brush; it wasn't the second pair of bedroom slippers. Just for a moment the sun went behind a cloud as he wondered if he had included the reserve razor-strop; but no, he distinctly remembered packing that.

The reason for his vague feeling of unrest was this. He had been interrupted while getting ready that afternoon; and as he left whatever he had been doing in order to speak to his housekeeper he had said to himself, "If you're not careful, you'll forget about that when you come back." And now he could not remember what it was he had been doing, nor whether he *had* in the end forgotten to go on with it. Was he selecting his ties, or brushing his hair, or——

The country was appearing field by field; the trains rushed through cuttings gay with spring flowers; blue was the sky between the baby clouds . . . but it all missed Ronald. What *could* he have forgotten?

He went over the days that were coming; he went through all the changes of toilet that the hours might bring. He had packed this and this and this and this—he was all right for the evening. Supposing they played golf? . . . He was all right for golf. He might want to ride. . . . He would be able to ride. It was too early for lawn tennis, but . . . well, anyhow, he had put in flannels.

As he considered all the possible clothes that he might want, it really seemed that he had provided for everything. If he liked he could go to church on Friday morning; hunt otters from twelve to one on Saturday; toboggan or dig for badgers on Monday. He had the different suits necessary for those who attend a water-polo meeting, who play chess, or who go out after moths with a pot of treacle. And even, in the last resort, he could go to bed.

Yes, he was all right. He had packed *everything*; moreover, his hair was brushed and he had no smut upon his face. With a sigh of relief he lowered the window and his soul drank in the beautiful afternoon. "We are going away—we are going away—we are going away," sang the train.

At the prettiest of wayside stations the train stopped and Ronald got out. There were horses to meet him. "Better than a car," thought Ronald, "on an afternoon like this." The luggage was collected—"Nothing left out," he chuckled to himself, and was seized with an insane desire to tell the coachman so; and then they drove off through the fresh green hedgerows, Ronald trying hard not to cheer.

His host was at the door as they arrived. Ronald, as happy as a child, jumped out and shook him warmly by the hand, and told him what a heavenly day it was; receiving with smiles of pleasure the news in return that it was almost like summer.

"You're just in time for tea. Really, we might have it in the garden."

"By Jove, we might," said Ronald, beaming.

However, they had it in the hall, with the doors wide open. Ronald, sitting lazily with his legs stretched out and a cup of tea in his hands, and feeling already on the friendliest terms with everybody, wondered again at the difference which the weather could make to one's happiness.

"You know," he said to the girl on his right, "on a day like this, *nothing* seems to matter."

And then suddenly he knew that he was wrong; for he had discovered what it was which he had told himself not to forget . . . what it was which he had indeed forgotten.

And suddenly the birds stopped singing and there was a bitter chill in the air.

And the sun went violently out.

* * * * *

He was wearing only half-a-pair of spats.

A. A. M.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(In the manner of our Democratic Dailies.)

Among the débutantes at forthcoming Courts is the Hon. Vinolia Cole-Tarr, the youngest daughter of Lord Soper, who is, we believe, about eighteen years of age. We mean, of course, the Hon. Vinolia Cole-Tarr, though Lord Soper is a wonderfully well-preserved man of his years. Both her elder sisters are married, the Hon. Verbena to Sir Windsor Brown, and the Hon. Sapolia to Mr. Gibbon Brand. The Hon. Vinolia Cole-Tarr has for the most part been educated at home, but is an adept at tobogganing which she studied at Grindelwald under Sir Henry Lunn and other experts.

* * * *

Society will also give a warm welcome to the two charming daughters of Lord and Lady Mount-Carmel, Miss Concha and Miss Auriola Plantigrade. The quaint name, Concha, has a very old association with the family, as it was borne by the ancestress through whom the Plantigrade estates came into the Mount-Carmel family in the days of William the Conqueror.

* * *

The Annual Bazaar in aid of the funds of the Liberal Truth League was opened on Friday at Washington House, St. James's Place, and was continued on Saturday. The stalls, of which there were a large number, were arranged in the splendid private swim-

ming bath, which had been thoughtfully depleted for the occasion by Sir Alfred Bruno, the owner of Washington House. Lady Bruno, who looked handsome in a flame-coloured dress embroidered with fluorescent bascules, presided over the Literature stall with her wonted *bonhomie*, and disposed of a vast number of her husband's leaflets, "Why I cannot be a Syndicalist" and "The Economics of Truth."

* * *

Lady Budley, who wore a black velvet coal-scuttle bonnet covered with a priceless old lace mob cap, with a trellis of diamonds crossing her gold-brocaded skirt, worked indefatigably in disposing of a gross of corduroy waistcoats. Lady Nutley Custard presided over a vegetarian restaurant, and the Marchioness Pengwyn took charge of the Café Chantant, where she was assisted by Captain Goggin, R.N., Miss Lettice Saladin and the Hon. Eric Tibbetts.

THE BOAT STRIKE.

(A foreboding for next year.)

More Delay.

Gloomy Turn to the Crisis.

It is now three weeks since the men "downed oars." Is to-day to be another wasted day in the long history of the Boat Strike—the Selfish Strike which is fast promising to be the Ruin of the Race?

The outlook for settlement by agreement is considered almost hopeless. Cambridge definitely refuses to concede the principle of the Minimum Weight, and Oxford insists that "5" and "2" should be included in their boat.

Conferences.

The members of the O.U.B.C. met this morning at the Westminster Palace Hotel to see if some agreement could not be reached on the "narrowed points of difference." No statement was issued to the Press. The representatives of the C.U.B.C. met at the same time, and the friendliest feeling prevailed. To the man on the tow-path a Minimum Weight of 10 stone for an oarsman (on a sliding seat) does not seem unreasonable, and there is little doubt that year in year out the majority do as a matter of fact weigh more than the minimum.

Cambridge, however, is adamant on the point of principle, and Oxford equally so on the inclusion of "5" and "2," and so the deadlock goes on.

Opinions and Prophecies.

Mr. Guy Nickalls: "I can give no hope of an early settlement. The outlook is decidedly Blue."



Naturalist (to lady enquiring about a stuffed canary). "Would you mind shutting the door, Ma'am? We don't trouble about it as a rule, but there's a small snake got loose."

Mr. R. C. Bourne: "We have won before and we will win again."

Mr. S. D. Muttlebury (Old Cambridge Blue): "The position is exactly the same as it was three weeks ago. In my opinion not a blade will touch the water till Oxford gives way. If the Minimum Weight were conceded the next thing would be a demand for a Maximum Weight."

In Few Lines.

On coming out of the Westminster Palace Hotel this morning the cox of the Oxford Boat collided with a lady in a light blue dress. Is this an omen?

Cambridge "favours" are selling readily at 1*d*. each in Hammersmith Broadway.

A sympathetic strike of competitors for Doggett's Coat and Badge is contemplated. A ballot is to be taken on Monday.

Over forty people were counted on the towpath yesterday doing nothing. This number is likely to increase.

The students of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, South Kensington, have offered to man the boats should the strike continue. The offer has not been accepted.

The present Prime Minister was, it is stated, at one time a member of the Oxford Union, which is strongly supporting the strike.

Later.—The Oxford men are stripping preparatory to going out. Is it Peace?



SHOW SUNDAY.

Interested Visitor (to stranger). "Can you tell me—who is this beautiful lady?"
Stranger. "Mrs. Eustace Montgomery Browne-Jones."
Interested Visitor. "Oh, really! And—er—who *is* Mrs. Eustace Montgomery Browne-Jones?"
Stranger. "I am."

"THE LITTLE FOXES."

This was a wisdom that Solomon said
In a garden of citron and roses red,
A word he wove, where his grey apes played,
In the rhyme he strung for love of a maid;
Thus went his learning, most discerning,
Thus he sang of his old designs,
"Take us the foxes—little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines!"

(Though Solomon never since he was born
Had heard the twang of a huntsman's horn,
Killing his foxes, so I'll be bound,
Without the help of a horse or hound,
Still down the ages, this his sage's
Word with gallanter meaning shines,
When we take foxes, little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines!)

So when the morn hangs misty now
Where the grass shows never a patch of plough,
Hark to the cry on the spruce-crowned hill,
For Solomon's wisdom is working still;
Hark to the singing voices flinging,
White sterns waving among the pines,
All for the foxes—little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines.

The lift of a cap at the cover side,
A thud of hoofs in a squelchy ride,
And the pack is racing a breast-high scent
Like a shadow cloud o'er a windy bent!
Customer cunning—full of running,
Never a moment the game declines;
Thus are the foxes—little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines.

So it's afternoon, and eight miles away
That beat, dead-weary and stiff with clay
A tired mask, set for a distant whin,
Is turned on Death with a brigand grin!
There by the paling, wet brush trailing,
Still he bares them his lips' long lines;
So die the foxes—little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines.

This was the wisdom that Solomon made
In a garden of citron and almug shade,
That a man and a horse might find them fun
Wherever the little dog-foxes run,
Since of his meaning we've been gleaning,
Since we've altered his old designs,
All about foxes—little foxes,
Little dog-foxes that spoil the vines!



"THE RIGHT TO WORK."

John Bull (*to Striker*). "I CAN'T MAKE YOU WORK IF YOU WON'T; BUT, IF THIS MAN WANTS TO, I CAN MAKE YOU LET HIM. AND I WILL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 25.—Second Reading of Consolidated Fund Bill the Order of the Day. Provides one of those cherished opportunities for Members to talk at large upon any subject under a saddened sun. Would imagine they were pumped out upon corresponding occasion when Address was debated. But Lor' bless you! you don't know our M.P.s. They could quite comfortably go on to end of Session digging fresh courses for rivers of words in which is beat up a table-spoonful of thought.

To-night Wedgwood, with an eye on Speaker occasionally restless in the Chair, makes one of his Tom Paine-ish, Will Cobbett-ish addresses. Listened to impatiently by Lansbury almost literally bubbling with flood of turgid talk prepared by way of seconding Wedgwood's amendment, which raises question of arrest of Tom Mann and conviction of Editor and printers of *Syndicalist.* Of course Don't Keir Hardie not to be left out when cheap advertisement designed to catch eye of working-man is going. So romps in with noisy speech. From time to time remark interpolated in voice which stranger in gallery thinks must be that of the Bull of Bashan. It 's only Will Thorne. Has been in House long enough to know that if he were at trouble to deliver ordered speech he would find in morning papers the line, "After a few words from Mr. Thorne." If he shouts interruption he will be reported verbatim, the more certainly in proportion to its offensiveness.

Single-handed, Attorney-General met and routed attack, parrying bludgeon blows with neatest rapier strokes. Incidentally, his speech brought into strong light the sullen wrath of Ulster growling under sense of mortal injury. Reference made to dispatch of troops to keep order in Belfast. Devlin insisted that succour had been brought to the city against wishes of promoters of Home Rule meeting harangued by Winston.

"If we had been allowed to deal with the opposition," he added, instinctively, perhaps unconsciously, turning up cuffs of coat-sleeves, "the troops would not have been required."

This too much for Captain Craig. Never a coat trailed on ground before him that is not straightway jumped upon. Up he sprang.

"Sir," said he, "if the Attorney-General will provide us with the opportunity sought for by the Hon. Member he will find there is no question of bluff about it at all."



A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Shade of Fox. "What a droll, important, Tom Paine-ish little personage!"

["*We* are carrying on the traditions of Fox, Grey and Sheridan." -Mr. Josiah Wedgwood.]

Attorney-General, regretting he was not able to oblige, made haste to turn discussion into another channel.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read second time.

Tuesday.—A memorable sitting, marked by swift movement of dramatic interest. Appointed business, consideration of final stages of Coal Mines Bill. Everyone conscious of fact that, whilst formalities were gone through under Speaker's eye, the real issue was being fought out behind closed doors in room of Foreign Office. There the Prime Minister and representatives of Masters and Men were assembled in final effort to close a struggle involving hungered misery for millions of men, women and children.

Situation peculiar. In due order Coal Mines Bill was called on. But the Premier's seat was still unoccupied. The fateful message he would convey was unspoken. After fitful attempts to carry on discussion that could lead nowhither Walter Long moved adjournment of debate.

"Whilst Conference is still sitting, its decision, as far as House knows, undetermined, what is the use of discussing the Bill?" he shrewdly asked.

Even as he spoke Premier hastily entered from behind Speaker's Chair. His coming greeted with grateful cheer from thronged House whose feelings, highly pitched, might not much longer bear the strain. Alack! the Premier's message smothered last flash of flickering hope.

"I can say for myself and my colleagues," he declared in voice threatening to break in a sob, "that we have exhausted our powers of persuasion, argument and negotiation."

Members looked on with generous sympathy at exceptionally strong man struggling with emotion. In few graceful sentences Bonner voiced general feeling, declaring amid cheers that "no one could have done his best with



LANSBURY MISTAKES HIS MAN.

Comrades Lansbury, Will Thorne and Co. find their usual street-corner methods wholly ineffectual to shift the Attorney General from the discharge of a plain duty. (We trust his hearing will not be permanently affected by the amount of bellowing he has had to submit to.)

(Mr. Lansbury and Sir Rufus Isaacs.)

more earnestness or with more sincere wish for the good of the country on the whole than the Prime Minister."

Thereupon the House with characteristic flexibility turned to business, and before it rose at early morn had read the Mines Bill a third time and sent it on to the wakeful Lords.

Business done.—Coal Conference finally broken down, Mines Bill read a third time by 213 votes against 48.

Thursday.—Craig (not the gallant Captain, but Charles Curtice, Member for South Antrim) has unearthed fresh iniquity on part of a banal Government. Appears that, a vacancy presenting itself in office of Sergeant-Instructor at the Royal Hibernian Military School, Dublin, Colour-Sergeant H. Moore applied for and was appointed to the post, being, Charles Curtice says, "at the time a Roman Catholic."

Phrase seems to suggest avowedly temporary condition of religious conviction. Odd on the face of it; turns out to be justified by result. According to Charles Curtice's interesting narrative Colour-Sergeant Moore entered upon his duties on 25th May, 1910. On the 1st November, 1911, "having in the meantime become a Protestant," he received notice terminating his engagement. "In the meantime," indefinite in point of date, subtly conveys idea of military promptness and precision in the right-about-face. Probably Colour-Sergeant Moore was brought over by closer study of the gentleness and charity of Protestantism as practised in Belfast. However that be, Ulster wants to know why this thing is thus?

Under-Secretary of War makes timid answer to effect that Sergeant-Instructor at this school has always been a Catholic, and that suitable provision was elsewhere made for the convert. Charles Curtice obliged to accept answer for moment; but more will be heard of the matter.

Business done.—The Suffragette though in prison yet speaketh. Last year, Bill designed to bestow suffrage upon women, read second time with overwhelming majority of 167. To-day, the House, having meanwhile had fresh and fuller experience of what happens when Lovely Woman stoops to politics, throws out the same measure by majority of 14. Thus are the shop windows in the Strand and further West avenged. Decision the more significant since in exceptionally crowded House division was taken after unloosing of Party bonds.

Friday.—Curious how an incident intrinsically unimportant sometimes leads to grave issues. Take for example the little affair of Isaac Newton and the apple. Had Isaac not happened to be under a certain tree at a particular moment when the apple was ripe to fall, we might to this day, ignorant of bearings of Law of Gravitation, been wondering how we can keep our feet on the surface of a sphere hurrying through space at reckless speed. In a way it's the same with Lane-Fox and those thirteen pigs, late resident on the farm of Mr. Dodson of Sprotborough.

It was so far back as August that these pigs with a weird history first strayed within ken of Member for Barkston Ash, West Riding. Whenever, as not infrequently happens, Lane-Fox trots them out—or, to be more precise, invokes their wraiths—the House, possibly discovered in moment of lethargy, displays keenest interest. Whether from cultured art or casual oversight Lane-Fox is always distantly allusive in his reference to details in the career of the pigs. As *Jeames's* birth was "wropped in a mistry," so the death of the Sprotborough pigs—if indeed they be dead—is enveloped in haze. Lane-Fox's most precise reference is found in the phrase "reported to have died or been destroyed or buried." Whether he knows more and is desirous of sparing the House a shock is a secret he will carry back with him in brief Easter Recess to the Barkston Ash Division, West Riding.

L.-F. never was what may be called unduly sprightly in manner. Effect of this obscure tragedy, brooded over day and night, has been to invest him with



BENN TROVATO.

"I will undertake to put a little figure of a man of average height beside it for purposes of comparison."

(Mr. Wedgwood Benn.)

monumental gravity, to endow him with a funereal voice, that make Anstruther-Gray's flesh creep, a practice cultivated, it will be remembered, by a younger but equally plump person in days that are no more.

Business done.—Royal Assent given to Mines Bill.

ELEGANTIÆ ARBITRI.

The weavers of France have been earnestly appealing to the *modistes* and *élégantes* of Paris to stop the rot in the matter of skirts. It appears that the continued success of the hobble and the semi-hobble has so restricted the use of textile material that the manufacturers are sighing for the old days and the amplitude of the bustle. The dressmakers show signs of giving in, and other trades are taking advantage of this example to carry out long contemplated reforms.

Thus, a deputation of Genoese silkworm breeders have lost no time in calling upon the Hon. Algernon Chumley, whose revival of the cotton neck-tie burst like a thunder-cloud upon the beaux of Bond Street a few weeks ago. The Hon. Algernon, who received the deputation at his chambers, took up a firm attitude, although the interpreter made it quite clear that his fiat had paralysed one arm of the silk-trade and that several hundreds of the more highly-educated silk-worms had been prostrated with hemicrania since receiving the news. On the understanding that the deputation, which diffused a strong flavour of garlic through the apartment, should at once take its leave, the Hon. Algernon agreed to a compromise. Silk neckties are now correct on Tuesdays and Saturdays, Saints' Days excepted.

Lady Lobelia Hogge, whose clever inspiration has made the wearing of brass earrings one of the crazes of 1912, is, it is stated, largely responsible for the serious depression in the gold production of the last month. There is no truth in the report that brass tiaras are to be worn during the forthcoming Opera season, but a prominent South African financier has astutely submitted a sheaf of statistics and samples of gold quartz in various stages of trituration to Mr. Lloyd George for consideration. It has not yet been ascertained whether the Chancellor is partial to brass, though grave doubts are entertained.

The announcement, in last Thursday's daily papers, that anchovy sandwiches are no longer *de rigueur* at ecclesiastical tea-parties, roused trepidation approaching panic among the anchovy-farms on the Mediterranean littoral. The popular Bishop who was supposed to have started the fashion has, however, set these fears at rest in an interview. "The whole affair is quite a misunderstanding," he assured his questioner. "A young curate passionately devoted to anchovies came early to my tea-party and consumed all the available stock of sandwiches before the more noteworthy and less greedy guests arrived. Please reassure the anchovy-growers. I have already cabled to them my heart-felt regrets that anything of the kind should have occurred." The denial of the veto has been received with some mortification in the bloater-paste suburbs of Yarmouth and among the cucumber-framers of Kent.

The manufacturers of British boot-uppers have joined forces with the designers of sock-clocks in a strong protest against the prevalence of the spat. "These barbaric articles of wear," runs a paragraph in one of the Association's pamphlets, "are a revival of a remote and savage fashion, and their insane vogue is coming near to ruining an industry of sterling worth and an art of which the finest examples are comparable only to the superb decorative masterpieces of the great screen-painters of China. We can only await the return of the public mind to a state of reason. Meantime we are glad to announce, over 20,000 persons have already signed the 'I renounce Spats' form which will be found attached."



Our Bounder. "Coming to the Football Hop, old man, on Friday? You should. All the *élite* of the neighbourhood are going—*such as they are!*"

From an advertisement:—

"A splendid 18-hole course at Ulverston. Sea, mountain, and lake.

Caddie. "Helvellyn, Sir. Better have a brassy—you'll never carry it with an iron."

"After a short palavel on the beach, Sir James, accompanied by the Sultan and the crowd, visited the palaver on the beach."

Pall Mall Gazette.

"Where have I seen something like this before?" said Sir James.

THE PATH TO REALITY.

(Hints for the representation of our everyday joys and sorrows in the Greek form.)

V.—THE CHANGELINGS.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

Field-Marshal Sir Hector Blazonbrest, G.C.B.; Lady Blazonbrest, his Wife; Binns, his butler; Keziah, his ancient Nurse, mother to Binns; Keggs, a Socialist. Chorus of Private Soldiers.

SCENE—*A Port of Embarkation.*

SIR HECTOR.

Now is the war declared, and I depart,
The chief commander of our armèd host,
To do and dare, to die, if need should be,
For duty and for England. Oh, prepare,
Prepare, my sword, to brue thyself in gore,
Lopping the limbs of all our nation's foes!
And ye, bright guerdons of my former wars,
Ye stars and orders sewn across my chest,
Oh, be ye proud that ye shall soon behold
Another foeman flying from the field,
As foemen must when Blazonbrest appears!
And ye, my men, take note that ye shall have
For every victory a doubled pay!

CHORUS.

On the field of his choice, though he trounces and rates us,
We'll stand by Sir H., since our pay he's enlarged;
And wherever the truculent foeman awaits us
Our ranks shall be formed and our volleys discharged.

For us, since there is to be warfare, there will come hard blows and scanty sustenance. Yea, we shall have to fight, our opinions not being asked beforehand. Have we not rifles well-rifled and of a flat trajectory, and cartridges, and bayonets short but mightily sharpened for the thrusting? But to the enemy also there are, it may be, rifles flatter in trajectory, and stronger cartridges, and bayonets longer and not less pointed; wherefore it were well to be always superior in numbers and of a courage even more dauntless so that the gods may grant us the victory, since superior numbers are pleasing to Zeus. Such then is our judgment, and even if Ares should blind us as to both our eyes, making them sanguinary, we could say naught else. But now the valiant ordainer of victory speaketh to his lady, before whom we too must quail. Let us be silent and listen to their words.

Sir Hector. It is the fated hour, and I must go.
Lady B. Pluck up thy soul, and play a manly part.
Sir H. But those who flinch not on a stricken field
By their own wives are often overborne.
Lady B. This is no time for talking senseless things.
Sir H. Thou speakest truly. Has my flask been filled?
Lady B. Yea, and thy sandwiches are in their case,
And all thy knitted waistcoats in the bag,
With comforters and mittens not a few.
Sir H. 'Tis well. We will embrace, and I will go
Whither the swift ship with her straining sails,
Riding at anchor, waits to bear me hence.
But, oh dear heart, wait thou till I return
Crowded with glory to my native shore.
[*Enter Binns.*
Binns. Sir Hector, there's a person who would say
A few short words to you. He waits without.
Sir H. Person! I have no time for persons now.
Lady B. Nay, introduce him. We will hear his tale.
[*Binns retires and brings in Keggs.*

CHORUS.

What is he after, what is he at,
The dreadful man in the red cravat?
He can't be what you may call a pal
Of our warrior chief, the Field-Marshal.
There's something about him we'd like to twist,
For he looks like a blossoming Socialist:
A terrible crazy faddist, for
He wants to abolish wives and war.
But now we are stirred with a great desire,
Our minds are aflame and our souls on fire
To know, to know
His secret; so,
Quietly all give ear, give ear,
And learn from the man what brought him here.

Keggs (to Sir Hector). Comrade, I'll cut my story very short.
Sir H. No comrade I of such a man as thou.
Keggs. Ferocious swordsman, know that thou wast born
On the same day as he that hath been Binns,
A Butler and a very red-faced man,
But then a puny and a sickly babe.
He was the scion of the Blazonbrests,
Whilst *thou* wast offspring to Keziah Binns.
(*Sensation.*)
She nursed you both, and being moved by pride
Wished that her son (thyself) should have the chance
Of wealth and honour, so she interchanged
Thyself and him. Thus Binns is Blazonbrest
And thou art naught but Mr. William Binns.
Sir Hector. Speak out, Keziah. Is this story true?
Keziah. True as the mid-day sun! Those swaddling clothes,
Marked with a coat-of-arms, attest its truth.
Oh, dreadful moment, whither shall I fly?
Sir Hector. Then Blazonbrest henceforth must live as Binns.
Binns. And Binns must be Sir Hector Blazonbrest.
Sir Hector. My stars and orders I resign to thee,
My Marshal's baton and my uniform,
My lands and houses, and my wedded wife,
And my command against my country's foes.
Bear forth the lady; she hath swooned away.
Binns. Henceforth to thee the servant's hall shall be
Thy place of honour, and thou shalt be great
In guarding and decanting many wines.
[*They go out.*

CHORUS.

Wonderful, indeed, are the transformations of men. For now the unbutlered Butler commands us and the Marshal unmarshalled retireth to the pantry. What stay is there in life, and where shall a man find security from fate? Mighty are the gods that rule over mankind and to submit in patience is the part of a wise man.

[*Re-enter Binns and Sir Hector, having changed clothes.*
Sir Hector (now Binns). The tug is waiting at the pier, Sir Hector.
Binns (now Sir Hector). Zounds! I must go. Eyes front! Form fours! Quick march!
Give me my plumèd hat, and so farewell.

R. C. L.

Our contemporary, *The Tatler*, usually so well informed, seems to be labouring under a delusion as to the proper machinery for aviation. It reproduces a portrait of a lady with her arm resting upon a motor-car, and prints the following legend below:—"Waiting to Cross the Channel by Air." Motor-cars are never used for Cross-Channel flights.

THE VOICES OF THE PROPHETS.

(As heard—and, alas! acted upon—every day of the year.)

I.

The confidence of Sol Short's trainer is one of the most amusing things I remember. What he seems to forget is that, since Sol Short won the Oxfordshire by six and a-half lengths, nearly six months have elapsed—wet cold months too. Another thing—he was 18 lbs. lighter then, and 18 lbs. is a terrific handicap even to a strong horse. Of course, if people will be so foolish as to back good blood, let them; but for my part I shall continue to pin my faith to Ugly Moggimo.—Noser Parker in *The Daily Race.*

II.

The Colonel's selection for the Middleshire is—

My Vest.

III.

For the Middleshire my fancy is Two to One; with which I associate Cornerine as his possible master. No one else will come near him. That is all that I am going to say about the great event, except that if one horse comes in several lengths behind the penultimate that horse will be Sol Short. Lord Tattenham in *The Starting Gate.*

IV.

To-day's cert—
Harbour Bar for the Middleshire.
Old Cob.

V.

As to the Middleshire, I say again, as I have always said, that the horse that beats Pacific will win the race. Pacific is as absolute a cert as you can hope to find in this world of disappointment. I heard for a fact that there is £50,000 stable money on him; and Boakes, his trainer, is not in the habit of making mistakes.
The Prince of Touts in *The Morning Gallop.*

VI.

If o'er the Middleshire you'd win
A packet of the best,
Invest your bottom dollar in
The chances of My Vest.
The Little Bird.

VII.

To-day's snip for the Middleshire:—
Dingley Dale.
Captain Joe.

VIII.

Let us arrive at the Middleshire winner by a process of exhaustion. To begin with, there is the much-vaunted Ugly Moggimo, but in him I am, as my readers know, no believer. Then there is Dingley Dale, a good horse, but hopelessly penalised by the handicapper. Pacific, My Vest, and Cornerine I have never fancied, nor Two-to-One; and Sol Short has always struck me as a precarious piece of goods. No, my advice is to go for Ribston Pippin, with a little place money on Snips.

Sentry in *The Jockey's Gazette.*

STOP PRESS NEWS.

Middleshire Handicap.
Result.

1. Sol Short.
2. Aunt Bridget.
3. Pacific.



"I 'ear your ole woman's in 'orspital, Bill. Wot's up?"
"Whiskers 'ere fahnd a lump o' real coal, and 'is ole woman copt mine a tryin' to sneak it orf of 'im!"

Political Note.

The hands of Unionists are greatly strengthened by the following advertisement in *The Irish Times*:—

"Wanted immediately, Protestant for Cooking."

Electors, this is what Rome Rule, disguised as Home Rule, really means.

From a letter in *The Pioneer*:—

"Sir,—A large number of letters have appeared in the *Pioneer* and elsewhere giving suggestions—all more or less fantastic—for a name for the recently created Province and yet the simplest solution of all does not seem to have occurred to anyone, viz., to call it the
NEW PROVINCE."

Even now we are doubtful if it would ever have occurred to us.

THE UNIVERSAL ARBITRATOR.

The proposals of Mr. Hall Caine for terminating the hostilities between Italy and Turkey, though they have been courteously discussed by the Italian press, have, as *The Daily Telegraph* informs us, failed to commend themselves to the authorities.

But we have good reason to believe that Mr. Hall Caine has been immensely encouraged by the moral victory of his failure to negotiate peace—a victory demonstrated by a profusion of interviews with and, above all, portraits of the famous Manx fictionist—and that he is continuing his tour as Grand Pacific Plenipotentiary with prodigious and resounding results.

Thus, on his arrival at Palermo, he at once despatched a peremptory summons to the famous bandit chief, Signor Niccolo Vecchio, in which he propounded the following scheme for the voluntary winding up of brigandage in that beautiful island.

1. All brigands, on handing over their arms, to be presented with a copy of *The Eternal City*.

2. All brigands, on taking an oath not to molest, waylay or rob travellers, to be presented with a free pass entitling them to be shown over Greeba Castle and grounds.

3. If the brigands should fail to comply with these terms, Mr. Hall Caine is unable to guarantee that he will ever visit Sicily again.

We regret to learn that, after a protracted conference, at which Mr. Hall Caine addressed the leading brigands in a speech which lasted several hours, his proposals were enthusiastically declined, and a resolution was passed declaring that Mr. Robert Hichens, the author of *The Call of the Blood*, was the greatest British novelist.

Mr. Caine was greatly prostrated on hearing the decision, but by an heroic effort recovered his strength sufficiently to embark for Alexandria on the following day.

On his arrival at the landing-stage Mr. Hall Caine at once despatched a telegram to Lord Kitchener, who, by an extraordinary oversight, had failed to meet him. The contents of the telegram have not yet transpired, but it is believed that it conveyed a grave rebuke to the British Agent-General. It is pleasant to learn, however, that the native population did all in their power to remedy this official neglect, and Alexandria was soon given over to tamashas, fantasias, jamborees, and other demonstrations of delight. A deputation of Young Egyptian Nationalists, who have long regarded Mr. Hall Caine as their most fearless and influential representative in England, waited on the illustrious visitor, who, after consultation with the leaders, despatched an ultimatum to Lord Kitchener, which may be thus briefly summarised:—

1. No new Pyramids to be erected without permission of Mr. Hall Caine.

2. Cleopatra's Needle to be at once returned to Egypt.

3. No donkey boys in future to receive permits unless or until they can draw a map of the Isle of Man indicating the exact whereabouts and area of Mr. Hall Caine's estate.

4. In case of bad seasons the Egyptian Government to guarantee the gratuitous distribution of Mr. Hall Caine's photographs to the distressed fellaheen.

5. Mr. Hall Caine to have priority of access to the Khedive's audience-chamber over all officials.

Incredible as it may appear, Lord Kitchener—so we are informed—returned a distinctly unsympathetic reply, through Sir Rudolf Slatin, to these singularly temperate proposals.

Mr. Hall Caine, who was at first desperately unhinged by the turn which events had taken, soon rallied, and, according to latest advices, had just despatched a powerful cablegram to the Board of Control in Australia, threatening to join the team as umpire unless the demands of Mr. Clement Hill were promptly conceded.

A Canadian emigration official, writing in *The Daily Express* and referring to certain emigrants described as "the best of the English people - men of the old yeoman stock whose families have lived on the soil for centuries," makes the following observation: "They're the sort I should have thought you would be just crazy to keep in your country." We are confident that this was well meant.

"He tiptoed on, his breath suspended—and then, with a sensation as though the arch of his head had lifted, he had taken a great leap." *Tit-Bits.*

Long-jumpers have to wear a special cap to keep the arch of the head down.

The Emergency Exit

(Or, First Aid for Playgoers).

From a newspaper quotation in the programme of a Montreal Theatre: -

"The audience went away literally hugging itself in intellectual rupture."

"An attractive engagement for next week has been entered into at the Birkenhead Hippodrome."—*Liverpool Evening Echo.*

It sounds like more Russian dancers.

A KERCHIEF.

To me it comes—so frail and fine;
A laundry-hand, with some divine
Impulse, has packed the thing with
mine—
A pretty blunder,
A dainty thing of lawn and lace
Such as a maid from some strange place
Produces with an easy grace
That makes men wonder.

It bears a monogram, a J.;
Who knows what name it might convey,
Judith or Julia, shall we say,
Jeannette or Jenny?
We may not hope to ascertain;
We cannot make the mystery plain;
It might be Joan; it wasn't Jane,
I'll bet a penny.

That were a name too hard to bear
By one who, I'm prepared to swear,
Was trim and delicate and fair,
A dream of beauty;
Methinks she grows before my eyes:
I see her shape, I recognise
Her nose, a thing of slender size
And very fluty.

I see her with her kerchief grasp
That member with a tender clasp,
Finger and thumb—a gentle gasp
And then, how sweetly
Out on the air there seems to float
So soft, so musical a note
That it would make the blackbird's
throat
Dry up completely.

Perchance some youth is standing near
Who listens with enraptured ear,
Yet trusts the cold is not severe.
Ah, foolish lover!
He may be sure that she's all right;
That with catarrh however slight
Maids with complexions shun the light
Till they recover.

O lady, lady fair and sweet,
Dear maid, whom I could wish to meet,
I wonder if, to make complete
Your weekly docket,
They sent you aught of mine - a wipe
Virile and masculine of type,
Scented with carrying a pipe
In my breast-pocket.

Dear Mistress Anything but Jane,
I should be proud if you'd retain
The trophy; but, if you disdain
The smell of baccy,
Then, as I have a present lack,
Perhaps you'll kindly send it back
(The J., in my case, stands for Jack,
Or sometimes Jacky). Dum-Dum.

What to do in a Crisis.

Case I.

"Nora is the husband of two men—there is nothing for it but to run away."
"Morning Post" Review.



Hunt Secretary (to inexperienced assistant, who is telling him about some poultry claim). "But how do you know they ever had the fowls? Did they show you the corpses?"

Assistant. "No, not exactly; but it's all right, don't you know, they showed me the empty roosts."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right: but to me personally the literary method that appeals most is that employed by Mr. W. B. Maxwell in *In Cotton Wool* (Hutchinson), where he concentrates on one character—takes the cover, as it were, off one human machine, and shows us the mechanism at work. It has to be done supremely well if it is to grip the reader. If it is not to bore, it must fascinate; there is no middle course. But Mr. Maxwell is such an artist that he handles the task without danger. The latest specimen under his microscope is the exact antithesis of the hero of *The Rest Cure*. *Lenny Calcraft* is a drifter, a stroller along the easiest way. Even his devoted attendance on his invalid father does not bear inspection. It may have been slavery, but it was uncommonly luxurious slavery; and, though Mr. Maxwell with infinite skill avoids giving his casting-vote one way or the other, the reader is left with the impression that, if filial devotion had not been supplemented by a large allowance, snug quarters, and the worshipping admiration of all Westchurch, *Lenny* might have been far less firmly attached to the side of that bath-chair. And yet, superficially, he is such a good fellow, the sort of man who might well seem almost ideal to a not too close friend. His sins are entirely negative. He has good, even noble, intentions, but his soul is too flabby for the effort of carrying them out. In fact, Mr. Maxwell has put enough of the ordinary, well-meaning man into him to make almost any reader start guiltily and begin thoroughly to overhaul his character, lest perchance he himself may find that "within the packing of cotton-wool all the best of the man has perished, and only the husk of a man remains."

Mr. Morley Roberts claims, it would appear, to be the inventor of the telephone romance, and two of the stories in *The Man Who Stroked Cats* (Nash) are concerned with this rather pusillanimous type of love-making. Both occurred, I take it, before the Government became responsible for the telephone service, otherwise (if I am to trust my *Daily Mail*) the various affinities introduced would still be yearning for each other's numbers. The first is a pleasant enough little idyll, if a trifle over sentimentalised, about a girl who consoles herself for a long and possibly fatal illness by talking to a young man whom she only knows by sight. The second is a sort of burlesque on the possibilities of the idea, and represents the author himself as playing the old part of *Cyrano* on behalf of a bashful young cricketer. Myself, I think that Mr. Roberts's real *forte* is the delineation of the flapper, several samples of which interesting genus (now, I am told, rapidly disappearing) figure in these pages with marked success. There is also a rather original Cockney house-breaker in the first story; but in the last, which is entitled "A Drama in Venice," the writer has, I think, slightly over-reached himself: at any rate, he entirely fails to convey to me that sense of a powerful emotional situation which he presumably intended to produce. By the way, to avoid all confusion, I ought to say that the title of this book has no reference at all to any gentleman who may in past years have set the time to the Non-collegiate Eight or Torpid at the University of Oxford.

I am not sure that Mr. R. H. Gretton hasn't made, in *Almayne of Mainfort* (Grant Richards) the single mistake of a little overestimating the objective interest of the mystery of the Almayne-Warburton Estates. At any rate it is by *no* means the significant thing in an exceedingly attractive book. That significance lies rather in a rare note of distinction in the style, a faculty of precise observation, a reserve and economy of means in the expression of it which carry a discerning reader (like myself) most pleasantly along, free from distracting excitement as to the issue of the sporting quest The story is almost too elusive for satisfactory outline, but the women and the men are drawn with sure and quickening touches. *Constance Penn—Mrs. Almayne* to be—heroine, if there be one in so modern a study, is presented with a gracious and reverent tenderness all but Meredithian. But the sparkling many-facetted complexity of the dead master is no part of the method of the living disciple. Mr. Gretton is a true though selective realist, wisely declining to interpret realism as necessarily involving over-emphasis of the sordid. He knows and loves his London as well as his Londoner, and gives you jolly little thumbnail sketches in his margins, so to speak. This is indeed a book of masterly studies of men and things finely observed and more than capably put down. The man "can draw," and I see him busy stretching a canvas for a big picture of some subject that the high gods will send him surely and soon through the channels of his deepening experience and distinguished vision. A very notable piece of work, this *Almayne*. I missed Mr. Gretton's *Ingram* of last year, and this evening I am the poorer by four and a half solid silver shillings and the richer by a very pleasant anticipation.



TRUE POLITENESS.

Voice of Window-Cleaner (from above). "Very sorry, Sir; quite a accident."

The Victim. "Oh, it's all right. I expect we'll have rain in the course of the morning, so it really doesn't matter!"

The opening of *The Three Envelopes* (Stanley Paul) is, I admit, so imaginative as to be impossible. But if you will look upon the Society for the Production of Queer Results, described in the first chapter, as an allegorical picture of Fate, you will hardly be troubled at all by the supernatural element in Mr. Hamilton Drummond's excellent and most human story. When young *Corely*, a prosperous London coffee-broker, opens the first of the envelopes which he bought at the Strand office of the S.P.Q.R., and in obedience to its contents sets off for Solzheim, an out-of-the-way town near Frankfort, you may think perhaps that you are in for a commonplace sensational novel. At least, I know I did. And the usual charming girl with whom he makes friends in the boat-train from Victoria (there is always a girl in the train) will only confirm the impression. So will the equally inevitable Grand Duke with whom he exchanges confidences and cigars on the journey from Paris to Frankfort. But at Solzheim we leave the rut of the commonplace for a byway that leads to the heart of mediæval romance. At Saint Jean de Verselet, to which he next travels in obedience to envelope number two, *Corely* again meets the lady of the train, and shares with her in a village tragedy exactly suited to the genius of the Sicilian players. And at Highcombe, the English home of the head of her family, he brings to a fortunate but unusual ending as pretty a story of the course of true love as I have read for some time. That is all I must say about the plot for fear of spoiling the reader's interest in this very original novel.

The latest addition to the Fat Boys is Mr. E. F. Benson, with a volume of ghost stories called *The Room in the Tower* (Mills and Boon), which he advertises in his preface as being designed to make the reader's flesh creep. I must also admit that he has succeeded in this aim, though perhaps not every time. Most of the tales are delightfully bogie; indeed even the mere reading of their title should suffice to murder sleep for the timid-minded. Listen to them and tremble:—"Outside the Door;" "The Other Bed;" "The Terror by Night;" "The Thing in the Hall." Of them all, I fancy there were most prickles in the last, a quite ghastly little tale called "The House with the Brick-kiln;" though "The Room in the Tower" had some very creditable moments, especially when they tried to pull down the sinister picture and it began to bleed. My investigations into psychic fiction have, however, led me to the conclusion that ghost stories should be read a few at a time, and not *en masse*. Taken in too large quantities there is apt to be a certain sameness even about such good spectres as these of Mr. Benson; while the repetition of his favourite atmospheric background (quite a jolly one—"as evening approached the feeling of oppression in the air increased, and one felt that thunder was bound to come before morning") may produce the familiarity that is the parent of contempt. But the author knows the blood-curdling value of a discreet reticence; take, for example, the case of the person who fired at the ghosts in "The Long Gallery;" of him we are told grimly that "What he went through is not to be recorded here." B-r-r-r!

F. Powell's book (from Lane) *The Snake*
 Blends with a love tale, strongly told,
Weird Oriental spells that make
 My Occidental blood run cold.

It gave me quite a turn; but still,
 If Lanes and worms (or snakes) combine—
Deft turners both—your chance is nil:
 They've got you all along the line.

CHARIVARIA.

The French Senate has passed the Bill, already adopted by the Chamber, excluding "Apaches" from service in the army. It will not now even be permissible for a regiment to keep one as a pet.

* * *

Captain Scott has sent a message to the effect that he is remaining in the Antarctic for another winter. He is, it is said, anxious to prove that, as a winter resort, the South Pole district compares favourably with the Riviera, being both cooler and less crowded.

* * *

The Arizona Legislature has elected a switchman as Speaker. One who knows how to switch the gas off at the right moment is the man for the job.

* * *

Mrs. Despard has suggested that her Suffragette followers should join the hatless brigade, to the confusion of male milliners. To this counsel of Despard a counter-move is threatened by the ladies belonging to an anti-Suffrage Society. These are contemplating wearing hats double their present size, so that trade shall not suffer.

* * *

We understand that, as a direct consequence of the happenings at the Boat Race, the Royal Lifeboat Institution is being urged to proceed at once with the erection of a station between Putney and Mortlake. It was the subject of much adverse comment that by the time the Southend lifeboat put in an appearance all the members of the Cambridge crew had been saved.

* * *

A new advertisement for Harrod's:—

BOATING MEN

DRIED AND CLEANED

ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

* * *

Poor Mr. Victor Grayson is complaining because the Attorney-General will not lock him up. It is rather annoying, of course, not to be considered valuable enough to make locking-up worth while.

* * *

The statement that there is no memorial to Francis Bacon in London has led a gentleman to draw attention to the Bacon statue in Grange Road, Bermondsey. It transpires, however, that this was erected to the memory of one Josiah Bacon, a wealthy London merchant. Is it not almost incredible that Josiah should have been forgotten by most of us in spite of his statue, while Francis is enjoying a growing reputation?

* * *

By the way, *The Pall Mall Gazette* points out that it is incorrect to refer to Francis Bacon as "Lord Bacon." It would therefore have been quite in order for Sir Thomas Lipton, if he had been raised to the peerage, to have chosen that title.

* * *

The Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial is anxious to receive authentic accounts of the annoying mishaps in which it interests itself. We are sorry for the Association, but we believe that such cases are comparatively scarce.

* * *

According to the official return, no fewer than 42,676 of the 60,508 old-age pensioners in the County of London are women. How ladies do love a bargain!

* * *

A table-dressing competition is being organised in connection with the Ideal Home Exhibition, and many ladies are already practising cutting trousers for the legs.

* * *

"We Sell the Truth" is the motto chosen by a new periodical. That anyone should traffic in Truth is regrettable: that it should become a boast is deplorable.

* * *

The new telephone exchange to be opened next year in Tottenham Court Road is to be called, we are told, "The Museum." The choice of this name, so suggestive of antiquated methods, was a wonderfully happy inspiration.

* * *

An item of news (published appropriately enough on the 1st of April) informs us that two Philadelphia monkeys, under the tuition of a professor at the University of Philadelphia, have mastered the alphabet as far as the letter H. Even better men have found in this difficult letter a cause of exhaustion.

* * *

Hatters who have invested in a copy of "The Complete Bowler," just published by Messrs. A. & C. Black, complain bitterly that the book does not even contain a chapter on The Hat Trick.

* * *

The new armoured cruiser launched at Hamburg last week has been christened *The Seydlitz*. The General who delivered the baptismal address cherished the hope that the crew would always keep their powder dry.

* * *

Mr. McKenna states that under the terms of the Disestablishment Bill, to be introduced by the Government, ministers of the Church of England in Wales will be permitted to sit, if elected, as members of the House of Commons. There is a suggestion of pecuniary compensation about this which we do not quite like.



Shopkeeper (scared to death). "Oh!—er—what can I show you, Sir?"

ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

He shot! But no, I was not hit;
Not mine to lie among the slain;
The ball flew wide and left me fit
To face the foemen once again.

But I was sad at heart, oppressed
By pangs that almost made me cry.
"Would that his shot had struck my chest
Or landed in my dexter eye."

Yet think not I was tired of life;
Corinna had not proved unkind;
This world of mingled peace and strife
I had no wish to leave behind.

I was as gay as other men,
Happy of heart, serene of soul,
But oh, I wish he'd hit me when
He shot—and scored the winning goal.

TO APRIL.

In Anticipation of New Weather and a New Age.

[The coal-strike will not have been fruitless, if only because it has stimulated Sir William Ramsay to publish a scheme for dispensing with the services of miners, by the production of gas in the pits, and its subsequent conversion into electric power for heating and other purposes.]

Month of the Spring-maid's coming-out!
Whose moods are mixed of tears and laughter
(So babes for lack of human wits
Or people in hysteric fits
Will weep, they don't know what about,
And smile aloud directly after):

April, I say, in whose fair head
No method underlies the madness,
Could you not just for this one year
Omit the alternating tear
And let us take the thing as shed
And give your whole heart up to gladness?

For March has wept enough for two.
The hoariest record gives us no trace
Of any March so beastly wet;
And neither Eight will soon forget
The way he took the Thames and threw
Whole buckets of it at the Boat Race.

He hit us, too, when we lay flat
Under the weight of other trials;
As one who wounds you on the raw
He watched the Strike, and, when he saw
We had no coal to dry 'em at,
Over our trousers loosed his vials.

But now—in places—Common-sense
Resumes the art of coal-extraction;
With or without their leaders' leave
The hewers hew, the heavers heave,
Having secured at great expense
The "minimum"—of satisfaction.

And hark! here comes a golden age
When gas, to save our well-earned shiners,
Down in the pits shall have its birth,
And miners (late the lords of earth)
No more shall strike for better wage,
Because there won't be any miners.

An age without a seamy side!
Then shall the lion and the lamb say
Sweet things together, smiling fair,
And family feuds shall melt in air,
Warmed by electric wires that hide
Under the hearth-rug (bless you, Ramsay!)

Come then, my April, lead the way!
Inaugurate the frolic revel!
Be always merry, always bright!
You hear me? No; for, as I write
On this your opening (All Fools') day,
You've started hailing like the ——. O. S.

The older friends of *Mr. Punch* will learn with sorrow of the recent death of Mrs. Bowers-Edwards, whose sketches, signed with her maiden initials, G. B. (Georgina Bowers), and treating of sporting subjects which she found for herself in the hunting-field, were a familiar feature of his pages from 1866—76. Among the women artists, too modest in number, who have drawn for *Punch*, her contributions were the most considerable.

DRAMATIC HISTORY.

[The latest development of intelligent educational methods is to be found in the history class-room, where what is called "Dramatisation of history" is trying to supersede the parrot-like repetition of facts and dates.]

When my report on the dramatic method of teaching history appears, I very much fear Miss Honeyman will cut me. I had received instructions from the Board to report upon the new method, of which, I was told, she was the most successful exponent. Of course I had heard a great deal of Miss Honeyman. She was considered the brightest and best of our younger school of teachers. Her handbooks on *The Psychology of Addition*, *The Psychology of Subtraction* and *The Psychology of Dictation* are prescribed for the Diploma of Pedagogy of the University of London; and her thesis for the D.Sc. degree, with its remarkable series of curves showing in milligrammes the precise amount of fatigue endured by 5,875 children (male and female), varying in age from 6·329 to 7·215 years, in committing to memory the complete poem of "Mary and the Lamb," bade fair to revolutionise the whole science of Experimental Psychology. Need I say that, when I heard how brilliantly she was teaching history on the new method, I looked forward to my visit with the greatest of expectations?

Miss Honeyman proved to be a young lady of a calm and assured manner. Her confidence in her own powers was amazing, and made one feel that in patronising an inspector she was only acting in accordance with natural law.

"History," she remarked, while we were waiting for the class to assemble—"history has never been properly taught. Hitherto it has been nothing but a parrot-like recital of meaningless names and dates. The Dramatic Method, on the other hand, based upon a careful psychological analysis of the childish intelligence, and appealing to the mimetic and histrionic instincts of the youthful mind, enables the pupil to understand that the great figures of history were something more than names—that they really lived and moved and had their being, just as the children themselves. The effect is instantaneous and immeasurable. The past at once becomes alive, and history the most enthralling study."

By this time the class, which was evidently under the most rigid discipline, had filed almost noiselessly into their places.

Miss Honeyman turned to them, the embodiment of that bright intelligence which is the ambition of all trained educationalists. "Now, dears," she said, "we will act the story of Alfred and the cakes. Who will be Alfred?"

Fifty hands were held up.

"We can't all be Alfred," said Miss Honeyman, brighter and more intelligent than ever. "As Alfred was a man, we had better have a boy. Charlie Marshall, you shall be Alfred to-day."

Forty-nine youngsters looked disappointed, while Charlie, overwhelmed by the greatness thus suddenly thrust upon him, shamefacedly shuffled to the front of the class, in obedience to Miss Honeyman's gesture.

"Now we have got Alfred," she said brightly, "who will be the neatherd's wife?"

Forty-nine hands went up mechanically. Miss Honeyman smiled at this fresh proof of the interest of the pupils. "Janie West, you shall be the neatherd's wife. Come and stand by Charlie. Good! Now, children, you know what you have got to do. Charlie, you must forget that you are Charlie. Who are you?" Charlie looked vague.

"Come, dear, who are you?" Charlie smiled vacantly.

Miss Honeyman turned to the class. "Poor Charlie has forgotten who he is. Can anyone tell him?"



A SECOND STRING.

King Coal (*jauntily, to Britannia*). "AFRAID I'VE CUT ONE OR TWO OF OUR DANCES."

Britannia. "OH, DON'T APOLOGISE! IT'S GIVEN ME THE OPPORTUNITY OF MAKING THE BETTER ACQUAINTANCE OF PRINCE PETROLEO—VERY NICE AND GUSHING. YOU MUSTN'T THINK YOU'LL ALWAYS BE INDISPENSABLE."



Opening of the Pergola Season in our Garden Suburb.

All the hands went up. "Well, who is he?" "Charlie Marshall," came the reply from forty-eight young throats.

Miss Honeyman turned to me with a smile. "They have not quite caught the idea yet, but you see how keen they all are—how the method stimulates their interest. No, dears," she continued, looking at the class, "Charlie is not Charlie Marshall now. He is Alfred the Great."

Most of the class looked bewildered, and one so far forgot himself as to whistle from pure incredulity. Miss Honeyman—admirable disciplinarian—was down on him in a moment. "Stand up, Johnnie Walker! One bad mark for whistling in class. Now, dears, don't forget that Charlie is Alfred the Great, and Janie is——?"

She looked at Janie. Janie blushed, shifted from one foot to the other, and back again, nibbled her pinafore, and at last suggested that she might be the cakes.

"No, dear, these are the cakes," said Miss Honeyman, as she produced some property buns from her desk. "Janie is as bad as Charlie," she added to the class. "She doesn't know who she is. Who can tell her?"

Again all the hands went up, and all the young voices chorused, "Janie West!"

Miss Honeyman looked a little annoyed. "No, no," she said. "Who *is* Janie?"

"Alfred the Great!" "Charlie Marshall!"

At these two suggestions Miss Honeyman's brightness became almost hysterical. "Nonsense, children! Janie is the neatherd's wife." Janie evidently did not believe it.

"Now, Alfred—Charlie, you're Alfred—you are coming to the neatherd's hut, and you see the neatherd's wife. You must say something. What will you say?"

Alfred's mouth opened a little, but no sound came.

"Think, dear!" said Miss Honeyman. Alfred thought.

"What do you say when you meet a friend in the street?" Alfred smiled fatuously and shook his head. "I dunno," he said.

"Oh yes, you do. You would say 'Good—good——'"

"Good morning."

"That's right. But Alfred the Great would not say that. It would be an anachronism, and"—turning to me—"I think it very important that the children should learn to speak in the language of the period they are representing. Alfred would say, 'Good morrow, good dame!' Say it!"

Alfred grinned all over and murmured, "To-morrow to-day."

"And now, Janie, what does the neatherd's wife reply?"

Janie's eyes filled with tears. "She is a little shy before strangers," Miss Honeyman explained. "You have no idea what a dramatic genius that child has when we are by ourselves. Come, Janie dear, what does the neatherd's wife reply?"

But Janie's dramatic genius gave no sign of life. Her poor little purple face puckered itself up into an expression of acute agony, and the tense silence was broken by a piteous wail.

The situation was intolerable. Even Miss Honeyman was upset. Feeling that something must be done to relieve the tension and to prevent the whole class falling into hysterics, I boldly came to the rescue. "Children," I said, "what was the date of the Battle of Hastings?"

Vacuity vanished; hope returned; Janie wiped her eyes; and "1066!" greeted me in cheerful chorus as I beat a retreat from the class-room.

ADELA'S BANK-BOOK;

Being the first glad word ever written about a Government Department.

Adela rushed in breathlessly at the gates of the Post Office Savings Bank Head Office, which is situate in West Kensington. "I want the Savings Bank!" cried she to the porter.

The porter informed her politely that the inquiry office was on the right.

Adela rushed in at a door on the left and cannoned into a high official leaving the office for lunch. "I want the Savings Bank!" she cried. "Oh, I do hope I haven't hurt your hat?"

The high official picked up his silk hat from the floor and murmured a polite "Not at all." Then he accompanied her to the inquiry office and introduced her to a fatherly gentleman behind a counter.

"I've lost my bank-book!" cried Adela. "All my money will be stolen! I must have left it in the shop where I bought the cream tarts. There was a nasty-looking man at a corner table eyeing me—I'm certain he's drawn out all my money. And now, just when I want to buy a new Spring costume! . . . You won't let him go scot free, will you?"

The official behind the counter beamed reassurance upon Adela. "Don't be anxious, madam—we shall find the book all right. Your money will be quite safe. I will just ask you to give me a few particulars." (He drew out a printed form from a drawer.) "You are sure you left the book at the shop where you bought the cream tarts?"

"Well, of course I can't be sure, but I went there just after I had put some money in the Savings Bank, and I was so worried that afternoon, and that man at the corner table had such a nasty look in his eye."

"What was the number of your book?"

"I don't know—yes, it had a six and an eight in it, and a five somewhere, I think. I bought it at the post office in Notting Hill Gate—I mean, they gave it to me there."

"How much did you have on deposit?"

"I don't know—about forty pounds, I think. Yes, it must have been nearly forty pounds."

"Where did you lose it, and at what post office did you make the last deposit?"

"At Hastings—it must have been a month ago. It was the post office near that nice shop where they sell the cream tarts."

"Can you tell me the street?"

"I don't remember, but everyone at Hastings knows the one I mean. Put down that it's near that nice shop where they sell those cream tarts. Oh, you don't think that wretched man has stolen my money?"

"I'm sure he hasn't, madam. I'll send upstairs at once and get the particulars of your account."

In a few minutes the particulars had arrived, and the fatherly official was questioning Adela about the balance.





To the Manager,
—— Limited, Face Massage Experts.

Sir, Your Expert Mechanical Massage Operator undertook to *remove* my double chin. I certainly understood the word "remove" meant remove altogether; but your operator has simply shifted the seat of the trouble. I enclose photographs of myself taken *before* and *after* treatment, and will be glad to know what you propose to do about it.—Yours faithfully,

—— ——.

"There has been no withdrawal since more than a month ago. Your money is quite safe."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!"

"But are you quite sure you had only forty pounds in the bank?"

"Quite sure."

"Couldn't it have been a little more?"

"Well, it might have been forty-five."

"Are you sure it was not fifty-five?"

"Is it really fifty-five? How nice of you!"

"It's fifty-six pounds ten, madam," said the fatherly official smilingly.

"I'll recommend all my friends to deal with you!" cried Adela warmly.

* * * * *

A fortnight later Adela came shamefacedly to her husband with a printed letter from the Savings Bank. (The Post Office has, of course, a printed letter for every possible eventuality. If you lose an elephant in the parcels post and send in a complaint, you receive a printed answer headed, "Lost Elephants—Form A.1.")

John read it through carefully. "I don't see what you're in trouble about, little woman," said he. "They only ask you to make a careful search for the lost book, and state that if not found they will let you have a new book in a month's time on payment of 1*s*. It's quite straightforward."

"Yes, I know. . . . But the point is, I've *found* the book."

John expressed no surprise.

"In the second top drawer," confessed Adela.

"That's where I told you to look."

"But I *never* keep papers there! I'm certain I couldn't possibly have put it there."

"Well, you've found the book—doesn't that settle the matter?"

"No, it doesn't! It sounds so silly to write and say I've found it after all."

"I should pay up the shilling and get a new book."

"How like a man—so cowardly! Men have no moral courage. To do that would practically be telling them an untruth."

"Very well, dear, do as you please. But why ask my advice if you decide beforehand not to take it?"

A quarter of an hour later Adela came back with the answer she had written. "How do you think this would do, John?

'Dear Sirs,—Thank you very much for the trouble you have taken, and especially that very nice manager at the inquiry office. By an extraordinary coincidence the deposit-book I lost at Hastings has been returned to me to-day. It was picked up by that man at the corner table in that nice shop where they sell those cream tarts, and it turned out he was a business friend of my husband's. Wasn't it lucky?

'Thank you very much for your attention—I shall certainly recommend you to all my friends.

'Yours very truly.'"

"Your courage and candour," said John, "put my cowardice to shame."

Coal Strike News.

"Grand National Steeplechase (handicap) of 3,500 tons."—*Irish Times.*

The lucky owner can now have as many fires as he likes.



Agent's Clerk (to lady seeking genuine old cottage). "Of course it seems rather clean and painty now because it has just been done up; but I assure you, Madam, the real old musty smell will soon return."

HYMN TO THE GREEK GRAMMAR.

[Inspired by the hail of criticism which has threatened to oust it from its prominent place in the curriculum of our public schools.]

I am sick to death of their babel; the spirit within me is weak,
But I know that thou art not able to stand much longer, O Greek!
For the surge of the Press has thundered; they call us to make a choice,
And the cries are as two deeps sundered: there is no middle voice.
All loveliest things and fairest are taken at last on the bend;
O first and O second aorist, it is time to make an end.
Shall I welcome the new ways rather than these that our sires have trod
From μήτηρ and πατήρ (a father and mother) and θεός (a god)
To the days when our eyes were dreamy for love of a couch yet warm
As we crashed on the rock ἵστημι and rendered our sterns to the storm?
Ah no! for her reign was cruel, the goddess from whom we fly,
And hard to remember the dual, and bitter the verb in -μι
And a barren way was the syntax and sharp for delicate feet
As the points of upturned tin-tacks are sharp in the tutor's seat;
And verbs irregular, massive, hung o'er with a menacing brow,
And I don't know the perfect passive of most of them even now.
But she led to the flowery places, to the isles where the heroes dwell
And the silvery laugh of the Graces and the meadows of asphodel,
And all the toil of Odysseus and all the strife before Troy
Was stamped on the trouser tissues and seared in the soul of the boy.
O genitive plural of κριτής, O dative of μοῦσα the Muse,
What art of our smoke-stained cities shall stand in your outworn shoes?
Ye hold us with old alliance, ye lured us to culture's links,
Shalt thou give us these things, Science, who wast known of yore as "stinks"?
A goddess not wreathed with roses, not won with the aid of a cab,
Not worshipped with Sidgwick's proses, but studied in stealth in a lab.
Shall they turn us to foreign jargon and a French or a German tongue,
Instead of the speech of the Argonaut, breath of a world yet young?
Shall they try us with cubes and figures that are worse than French to bear,
Or hard historical rigours? I confess I do not care;
For I know that ἅτε and ὅπερ are falling, the once divine;
They are changing our gold for copper, a hundred oxen for nine.
And the world is broken in pieces and swept on the wave of the sea,
And my heart is riven with tmesis, I suffer from syncope.
And the pains of death stab through me and, writ on the sinking sun
Is the perfect (strong) of ὌΛΛΥΜΙ—ὄλωλα, I am undone.

Evoe.

THE HERALD OF SUMMER.

"My dear," said Jeremy, as he folded back his paper at the sporting page, "I have some news for you. Cricket is upon us once again."

"There's a nasty cold upon Baby once again," said Mrs. Jeremy. "I hope it doesn't mean measles."

"No child of mine would ever have measles," said Jeremy confidently. "It's beneath us." He cleared his throat and read, "'The coming season will be rendered ever memorable by the fact that for the first time in the history of the game——' You'll never guess what's coming."

"Mr. Jeremy Smith is expected to make double figures."

Jeremy sat up indignantly.

"Well of all the wifely things to say! Who was top of our averages last year?"

"Plummer. Because you presented the bat to him yourself."

"That proves nothing. I gave myself a bat too, as it happens; and a better one than Plummer's. After all, his average was only 25. Mine, if the weather had allowed me to finish my solitary innings, would probably have been 26."

"As it was, the weather only allowed you to give a chance to the wicket-keeper off the one ball you had."

"I was getting the pace of the pitch," said Jeremy. "Besides, it wasn't really a chance, because our umpire would never have given the treasurer out first ball. There are certain decencies which are bound to be observed."

"Then," said his wife, "it's a pity you don't play more often."

Jeremy got up and made a few strokes with the poker.

"One of us is rather stiff," he said. "Perhaps it's the poker. If I play regularly this season will you promise to bring Baby to watch me?"

"Of course we shall both come."

"And you won't let Baby jeer at me if I'm bowled by a shooter."

"She won't know what a shooter is."

"Then you can tell her that it's the only ball that ever bowls father," said Jeremy. He put down the poker and took up a ball of wool. "I shall probably field somewhere behind the wicket-keeper, where the hottest drives don't come; but if I should miss a catch you must point out to her that the sun was in father's eyes. I want my child to understand the game as soon as possible."

"I'll tell her all that she ought to know," said his wife. "And when you've finished playing with my wool I've got something to do with it."

Jeremy gave himself another catch, threw the wool to his wife and drifted out. He came back in ten minutes with his bat under his arm.

"Really, it has wintered rather well," he said, "considering that it has been in the boot cupboard all the time. We ought to have put some camphor in with it; or— I know there's *something* you do to bats in the winter. Anyhow, the splice is still there."

"It looks very old," said Mrs. Jeremy. "Is that really your new one?"

"Yes, this is the one that played the historic innings. It has only had one ball in its whole life, and that was on the edge. The part of the bat that I propose to use this season will come entirely fresh to the business."

"You ought to have oiled it, Jeremy."

"Oil—that was what I meant. I'll do it now. We'll give it a good rub down. I wonder if there's anything else it would like?"

"I think, most of all, it would like a little practice."

"My dear, that's true. It said in the paper that on the County grounds practice was already in full swing." He made an imaginary drive. "I don't think I shall take a *full* swing. It's so much harder to time the ball. I say, do *you* bowl?"

"Very badly, Jeremy."

"The worse you bowl the more practice the bat will get. Or what about Baby? Could she bowl to me this afternoon, do you think, or is her cold too bad?"

"I think she'd better stay in to-day."

"What a pity. Nurse tells me she's left-handed, and I particularly want a lot of that; because Little Buxted has a very hot left-hand bowler called ——"

"You don't want your daughter to be an athletic girl, do you?"

Jeremy looked at her in surprise and then sat down on the arm of her chair.

"Surely, dear," he said gravely, "we decided that our child was going to play for Kent?"

"Not a girl!"

"Why not? There's nothing in the rules about it. Rule 197 (*b*) says that you needn't play if you don't like the Manager, but there's nothing about sex in it. I'm sure Baby would love the Manager."

Mrs. Jeremy smiled and ruffled his hair.

"Well," said Jeremy, "if nobody will bowl to me, I can at least take my bat out and let it see the grass. After six months of boots it will be a change for it."

He went out into the garden, and did not appear again until lunch. During the meal he read extracts to his wife from "The Coming Season's Prospects," and spoke cheerfully of the runs he intended to make for the village. After lunch he took her on to the tennis lawn.

"There!" he said proudly, pointing to a cricket pitch beautifully cut and marked with a crease of dazzling white. "Doesn't that look jolly?"

"Heavenly," she said. "You must ask some one up to-morrow. You can get quite good practice here with these deep banks all round."

"Yes, I shall make a lot of runs this season," said Jeremy airily. "But, apart from practice, don't you *feel* how jolly and summery a cricket pitch makes everything?"

Mrs. Jeremy took a deep breath. "Yes, there's nothing like a bucket of whitening to make you think of summer."

"I'm glad you think so too," said Jeremy with an air of relief, "because I upset the bucket on the way back to the stables—just underneath the pergola. It ought to bring the roses on like anything." A. A. M.

LEXICOMANIA.

He was a middle-aged man, who had hitherto lived a blameless and immaculate life, save for an ode "To Belinda's Toque," which that lady subsequently forgave as being a mere indiscretion of youth. Beloved of his family, not adversely criticised by his own children, and much thought of by the dogs of the neighbourhood, he is the last man one would have expected to become the victim of the lust of dictionary-writing. But the *cacoethes scribendi* is a malignant and inconsequent germ. It had marked him down. I think it was his unique knowledge of the exact meaning of the word *meticulous* which ultimately set him on his unspeakable career of wickedness.

At the beginning of things, when he was still on the fringe of the *ababils*, the *abacists* and the *adiaphorons*, he confined his low practices to the privacy of his study and maintained abroad the wholesome circle of his mercantile acquaintance. But, as he proceeded with his diabolical enterprise, he came not only to tolerate but positively to revel in the society of literary men. The depth of his depravity was reached, I am told, when he made me his intimate. We met in discussion over the *Aye-aye*, which I maintained to be "an emphatic affirmative, principally used in nautical circles," and he protested was a Madagascan mammal. I shall never forget the shameless night we spent together with the *ayenbites*, *azimuths*, and *azotites*; nor the ribald merriment with which, at

the grey break of dawn, we landed right in the middle of the *baagnouk*.

His passage through the "B's" was of such ease as to leave no hope with his relations of his ultimate salvation. The *ceraunoscope* did not long deter him, the *chipmunk* proved the merest child's play, and he arrived at the beginning of the "D's," flushed with indecent triumph—to be defeated by a monosyllable. It was not *damn*. He knew exactly how to deal with that and enjoyed doing it. He even gave instances. *Not to care a damn*, he explained for those to whom the phrase conveyed nothing, means "not to mind in the least," and he passed on with a light heart to the *dandy-rolls* and the *dangleberries*, the *darapskites* and the *darges*. But at the next word but three he ceased suddenly.

I found him depressed to the verge of suicide. I left him trembling with guilty excitement. He acted on my suggestion, in fact, and started operations at the other end, hoping for better luck when he came to attack that fatal word from the back, as it were. After that, he dabbled for months among the *alambdodonta*, the *condoo*, the *thussock*, the *slatch*, the *paracorolla*, the *noops*, the *flabbergullion*, and the *eng*. But arrived once more in the "D's," his spirit left him, and it was almost with a sigh that he wrote "*dictionary*: this is a dictionary," and passed on. He even grew irritable, and the offensive manner in which he dismissed the harmless *daubreelite* as "an amorphous, earthy, whitish, hydrated, bismuth, oxy-chloride," shows that he knew he was rapidly getting to the end of his tether. The *darmoor* gave him some excuse to pause; he postponed the inevitable by means of such subterfuges as "*darkness*: see *dark*," "*darkful*: full of dark," and "*darken*: to make dark." He found an unexpected but legitimate breathing-space in the *darkemon*; but at last there was nothing for it but to plunge hopelessly and inevitably into the *dark*; and it was there that his vicious career ended from sheer inability to continue.

He did not give in without a struggle; for a week he endeavoured to compile a definition of the *dark*. He would have been satisfied with an algebraical formula, had there been one, but he could not even say that it was x, the unknown quantity. The *dark* is universally known and respected; it is, as everybody knows, the *dark*. He could not even deal with it negatively and say it was not *light*. The same remark, he told me bitterly, would apply to *mutton* and *Mister Ramsay Macdonald*, and three things less synonymous than *mutton*, *Mister Ramsay Macdonald* and *dark* he could not well conceive.

"Dark?" he said to himself. "What is it? What *is* dark? Dark, dark, dark . . ." till he began to wonder what on earth he was talking about and whether there was such a word at all. He turned out all the lights in his study and had a good look at it. He smelt it, listened to it, stroked it, swallowed some of it to see if he could taste anything characteristic about it. A thing which he had known all his life and had even sworn at as one would swear at one's best friend—and he could not even begin to say what it was! The *dark*? It was just—the dark.

I think the definition he hit upon at the last shows the awful effect on his mind of his malpractices. *Light*, it may be mentioned for comparison, he had defined as "the form of radiant energy which acts on the retina of the eye and renders visible the object from which it comes": "*dark*," he said at the end, "is that which you see in a room when you cannot see anything and is that which, when you strike a match to look for it, is not there."

And with that he gave up for good. Nowadays he is sufficiently changed and recovered to refer to his lapse as "lexicomania," a word which does not in fact exist.



"Egg on it, Sir? I'm reelly very sorry. I don't know what I could 'a' been doing, bringing you a spoon like that. And there's some as don't like egg."

From an auctioneer's catalogue—Lot 520, Books:—

"Ditto, 5 ft. by 5 ft."

This must be the pocket edition of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, of which we have heard so much.



"Come on, Swank!"

AT THE 'ALLS.

[With acknowledgments to the courageous and indefatigable Mr. W. R. Titterton in *The Pall Mall Gazette.*]

At the Pavoli I found that amazing peasant-genius Billy Sawdust in several new songs. They are not so good as his best—not so good as "Not Guilty," and "I've never been the Same Man since," and "There's Room in my Heart for a Million Girls," that ecstatic lyric of the *joie de vivre*—but they are good none the less. And you have to see Billy Sawdust to appreciate him. He comes on at ten, and the knowing ones dash in from the street at that hour, full of good dinner. But they make a mistake. The right preparation for Sawdust's genius is to stand at the early doors in the rain for an hour and endure all the rest of the programme on an empty stomach before he comes on. Then Sawdust really appeals to you. He is beyond words great.

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Also at the Pavoli is Bessie Boole, fair daughter of a notable mother whose name is Lizzie Lute, and who has charmed millions of music-hall frequenters by her genius; and you will find Bessie very like her. The sketch called "Trousers to Mend" might be better acted here and there, and the author has somewhat trifled with the unities; but, like everything at the Halls, it is a superb piece of realism, and the moment when the drunken tailor declares that he has never seen trousers in worse repair is something to remember.

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The Tivilion has its usual galaxy of stars, chief among whom are the ever droll Tom Barge, with a new song about a talking parrot which keeps the audience convulsed; the incomparable Five Silos, whose contortions become more astounding at every performance; and a remarkable American musical humourist who plays the piano with his nose, and in this way is not less impressive than Busoni. I must, however, implore the management to put up some notice as to the importance of silence at the bars. Owing to the noisy chatter of several men during the singing of sweet Nelly Musker's new slum song, "Muvver's Furs are up the Spout," I missed several of the most telling lines, and this in a firmly etched impression of mean streets, such as Nelly always gives, is a serious privation.

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At the Mausoleum are a number of sketches and musical numbers and—Shadie Glayde. Now you must hear Shadie Glayde. She is immense. Whether or not she is quite realizing her best self is a question not to be answered until I have been to the dear old Mausoleum a few more times; but she is remarkable, wonderful. The way she sings that highly significant song, "Father's on the Tiles once more," is not to be forgotten. I shall watch Shadie Glayde's career with interest. It is such as she that lift the Halls to the sphere of art.

(*And a lot more equally well worth writing and reading.*)

Commercial Candour.

From a boot manufacturer's circular:

"Our goods talk for themselves."

We have often heard that kind of boot.

"Another interesting and beautiful hymn from the Greek is 'Hail, Gladstone Light.'"

British News of Canada.

As sung by the choir of the National Liberal Club.



THE SALAMANDER BREED.

The Asquith Fish. "How pleasant to pass from the rude turbulence of the frying-pan into the genial calm of the fire!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Wednesday, April 3.—Resuming sittings on Monday, Members were pointedly reminded it was time to wind up work and go off for Easter holidays. Shortly after 3 o'clock it suddenly grew so dark that lights were turned on. Gas-lit ceiling, which contrived a double debt to pay—lighting the chamber and directing ventilation—presented disreputable appearance. Five squares of glass did not light up. Result suggested five black eyes in a rubicund countenance; which, as Euclid somewhere remarks, is absurd.

Later in sitting a fresher light shone upon scanty gathering, the more welcome since it was unexpected. Business in hand Second Reading of Scotch Temperance Bill in charge of new Secretary, McKinnon Wood. After House had been droning along for couple of hours, sparsely-built gentleman, with sharp-featured countenance and unobtrusive hair, rose on Ministerial side. Members looked across and languidly asked, "Who's this?" No one seemed to know. Surmised it was one of the new Members returned at recent by-elections. Further enquiry, more persistent as the speech proceeded, revealed the



BORN TO GOVAN.

"Am I a Pharisee or a Crusader, which? I don't know!"

(Mr. Holmes makes a fascinating maiden speech in which he confesses that in all probability his countrymen will "never be either sickeningly abstemious or ostentatiously teetotal.")



WELL WORTH WAITING FOR!

Dark-Eyed Rosaleen (Home Rule). "Well, well! an' it's been a terrible long wait, Herbert darlint; but we've got ut at last, so we have!"

identity of Mr. Holmes, Member for Govan.

Had not uttered half-a-dozen sentences when pleased discovery was made that here was somebody refreshingly new. Members delivering their maiden speech are usually so impressed with importance of occasion as to begin by recommending themselves to merciful consideration of House. Gentleman from Govan had neither necessity nor desire for clemency. As perfectly at his ease as if he had been born in the House and christened in the Crypt.

Most irresistible charm about speech full of drolleries was his own frank, unstinted enjoyment of it.

"Everyone agrees," he said, looking round the House, pointedly including the Speaker at one end, Sergeant-at-Arms at the other, "that it is wrong to tipple airly in the forenoon."

Benevolent smile lit up his countenance, sparkling over his abnormally spacious unfringed forehead. As he smiled, his body swaying lightly from left to right, he paused to give his hearers opportunity for moment's reflection upon this great truth. Interval prolonged by burst of laughter; whereat the new Member's smile broadened and he nodded genial approbation.

Jealous for reputation of his countrymen, maligned by earlier speaker who hinted that Scotland was exceptionally disposed towards alcoholic liquors. This illusion was, he argued, largely due to "that charming singer" Burns, who gave currency to the assertion that "freedom and whusky gang thegither."

He spoke without prejudice. "I am myself," he said in one of his confidential asides, "an ex-president of a Burns club." Still truth must be told, and whilst vindicating the aspersed

character of his countrymen he admitted that, owing to climatic and other influences, there was no danger of Scotchmen being found "either sickeningly abstemious or ostentatiously teetotal."

New Member having smiled and swayed himself off the stage, debate resumed normal conditions, resulting in Second Reading of the Bill without a division.

Yesterday Lloyd George expounded his Budget. After some talk to-day on question of Imperial Preference and alleged breach of faith on part of a wicked Government, House adjourned for brief Easter holiday. Back again next Wednesday.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

I suppose most great inventions are based upon a fluke. At least mine was. I stumbled on to it quite by accident, and yet it is a pretty far-reaching thing. It ought to mean—when I have had time to work it up a bit—an entirely new method of musical composition, eliminating all that tiresome business about harmony and counterpoint, and dots and rests and minims and semi-quavers and staves and clefs and so on. It is so beautifully straightforward and direct.

This is the way it happened. I was wrestling with Debussy on the pianolina and I came to a passage—one out of many—that wouldn't make sense. That was not entirely Debussy's fault. My instrument (not the most expensive kind) has its limitations. It divides the key-board sharply into two halves, which can be operated separately. If the melody is pretty high up in the treble I can smother the bass all right and squeeze it out with my feet. And if the melody is deep down in the bass I can still overhear it by harshly shutting down the treble. But if the melody is bang in the middle—where, according to my ideas, it has no earthly right to be—I am helpless. I squeeze and tramp and pull in vain. It really is the most maddening thing. So near and yet so far. I can *see* it before me trying to lift up its voice, but it is not a bit of use as long as those other fellows are talking. On this occasion it was simply shouted down by a horrid little persistent trill that ran along above it. It began near the beginning of the roll with a long row of double perforations, like the track of a rabbit in the snow, and, when I got the pressure on, it merely squealed louder and louder. It was then that I struck the Great Idea. I got up and collected all the stamp-paper in the house, some court plaster and a packet of adhesive labels, and with these, cut into narrow strips and gummed on to the roll, I simply stamped it out. It was splendid. The melody began to chip in at once and made a very good fight for it with the bass.

That was the thin end of the wedge. As soon as I had admitted the principle of covering up the notes I didn't want, I found there was any amount more to do in the same direction. I worked myself up into a passion of obliteration, becoming more and more reckless, till I was dabbing on little patches all over the place. When I had exhausted the supply of adhesive matter I had to use halfpenny and penny stamps, cut into four. This gave the record a pretty and variegated appearance which I hope will be appreciated when it is returned to the library. But I will admit that my final edition of the score disappointed me. It had become a hushed, feeble, stuttering thing, and I could not feel that it faithfully conveyed the full intentions of the composer.



Jealous Suitor (pointing to his rival). "Look at 'im now, playing tip-cat in the marbles season!"

Still, I had the germ of my invention, and I have put a good lot of solid work into it since then. I went on to try what I may call the complementary process to that of stopping up the holes. I mean opening other holes with a pair of scissors. And there you have it! The composer of the future will simply sit at his pianolina with a pair of scissors and a pot of paste. He has only to open up a hole here and there and see if it sounds right; if not, he shuts them up and tries again. I do not wish to infer for a moment that it will be an easy or casual process, for I calculate that no small knowledge of mathematics will be necessary. But it must be incomparably easier than the present antiquated methods. Besides being far more fun.

But my invention can also be used as a Parlour Game. This is done by setting to work to turn one score into another. It takes a good long time, but it is simply absorbing as a winter sport. My own greatest success in this direction was when I turned the finale of Strauss' *Salome* into *Home, Sweet Home.*

Notice to Contributors.

Whatever the chances of a lasting peace in the coal world, *Mr. Punch* begs to announce that for the purpose of jokes about "miners and minimum" the strike is now definitely over.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

(*With acknowledgments to "T.P.'s Weekly."*)

Gentleman, advanced thinker, unconventional, haricot beans, sandals, soft collars, desires to exchange soul-throbs with congenial nut-cutletist.

Recitation Wanted.—Can you tell me title and publisher of verses commencing—"Half a league, half a league, half a league"?—(*R. V. Winkle.*)

Recitation Found.—"Mary had a little" is published with touching illustrations in *Aunt Jane's Chats to the Chicklets.* Rag edition, 9½d.

Constant Reader writes:—"I have just been reading a book called *Jane Eyre*, by a party named Charlotte Brontë. Does anyone know anything about this author?"

[This is dreadful! You really cannot be a constant reader of *us*. See all our back numbers, and also last week's issue for intensely interesting interview with a London railway porter whose great-aunt distinctly remembers the postman who handled nearly all the Brontë MSS.—Ed.]

Tolstoy, etc. A correspondent would like to know if Tolstoy was ever vaccinated and, if so, the date; also the origin of Wormwood Scrubbs, and the name of the inventor of the crumb-scoop.

Lady residing in delightful mid-Victorian house at Peckham, with two spinster daughters of same period, offers delightfully refined home to two gentlemen engaged during the day. Chance of becoming engaged during the evening.



Patient (who has strained his neck and thinks the doctor is taking too cheerful a view of the case). "And yet they do say as 'ow a strain can be worse than a break."

Doctor. "Very rare, I should say, in the case of a neck."

A CHANTY.

There was an old mariner man at Wappin'
Who kept a curiosity shop,
'E bought things, an' sold things, an' 'ad things for swoppin',
From an ivory junk to a peppermint drop;
Singing, Blow up the trumpets
That blow the full-moon,
For we must be in China
Before the monsoon!

'E 'd baldfaced Bhuddas from out o' the Indies,
An' golden-dusted gods from Siam,
An' Japanese ginger in jars in 'is windies,
An' he once went to China an' saw the Great Cham!
Singing, Blow up the trumpets,
An' beat the bassoon,
But we must be in China
Before the full-moon!

Oh, China 's the place to take a chap's fancy,
'E there met a lass called Li-Wang-Ho,
But for old sake's sake 'e christened 'er Nancy,
After a girl as 'e 'd known at Bow;
Singing, Blow up the trumpets
That sound the typhoon,
For we must be in China
Before the monsoon!

She lived in an elegant pinky pagoda
In the thick of a dragon-'aunted wood,
An' it 's six o' rum to an ice-cream soda
'E would 'ave married 'er where she stood;
Singing, Blow up the trumpets,
There 's roses in June,
But we must get to China
Before the full-moon!

But that the wood it was full o' wonder,
An' when 'e went 'is luck to try
A big green dragon 'e bellowed like thunder
An' chased 'im as far as next July!
Singing, Blow up the trumpets,
Oh, blow them in tune,
For we must be in China
Before the monsoon!

So 'e signed on with a tea-ship for Wappin',
For London Town where the traders go,
Where the fogs come up an' the rain is a-droppin',
An' 'e married the girl 'as 'e 'd known at Bow!
Singing, Blow up the trumpets
From Cork to Kowloon,
But we must be in China
Before the full-moon!

THE PATH TO REALITY.

(*Hints for the representation of our everyday joys and sorrows in the Greek form.*)

VI.—THE TRAIN-MISSERS.

Persons of the Play.

The Father; The Mother; Two Daughters; The Station-master; Hermes. Chorus of Inspectors and Porters.

Scene—*The Platform of an important London Station.*

Enter the Father hurriedly, followed by his family.

The Father.

Now, by almighty Zeus, this is too bad!
The train by which I had designed to go,
My tickets taken and my luggage packed,
That train is gone and I am left behind.
It has been filled and now it overflows,
The measure of this railway's wickedness;
For all their cursèd clocks declare the hour
Was reached five minutes since, whereas my watch,
A very careful British time-keeper,
Tells me that five more minutes have to go.
Oh, all ye grinning apes and motley fools,
Stand not about me with your fish-like eyes,
But stir yourselves and let some deed be done,
Lest I sit down and write my lengthy tale,
My tale of matchless sorrow, to *The Times*.
And thou, my spouse, and ye, my daughters twain,
Had ye not stayed above and spent the time
In endless titivation of yourselves,
This had not happened; but I called in vain,
Filling the house with clamour and complaint.
And now ye see the end: we've missed our train.

Chorus.

This, in truth, is a very violent and angry man, unduly moved, as it appears to us, by such a calamity as happens every day to someone, he himself not being the only sufferer, but rather one among many similarly afflicted and bearing themselves with greater humility under the blow of the immortal gods.

But, no doubt, he intended to go
To Paris, the beautiful city,
Where the prices are high and the dresses are low,
And the ladies are graceful and witty.
For ourselves, we have not been to France;
Such a journey was never our whim, Sirs;
But we feel for this passenger's painful mischance—
Yea, we heartily sorrow for him, Sirs.

The Father. Offer sympathy unto those who need it: but me only bloodshed will satisfy.

The Mother. Oh, dearest husband, moderate thine anger, for there are many that smile, concealing their faces.

The Father. And ye two who were born to me as daughters in my ancestral mansion, wherefore do ye stand helpless, bewailing your misfortune?

First Daughter. Hard is my lot who was to be Parised and am now un-Parised through no fault of my own.

Second Daughter. Yea, and to me the gain of a Parisian accent is henceforth forbidden, unhappy that I am.

The Father. Let the Lord of the Station be summoned, for a short word loudly spoken to him may calm my mind.

Chorus.

The Station-master will come, mayhap,
With the golden braid on his jaunty cap,
Mayhap he will graciously deign to come
And address this fellow, who is not dumb,
Not rubbing him up, but calming down
His violent voice and his fearful frown.
But perhaps he will stay away, and then
A deed will occur in the haunts of men,
A terrible, murderous, bloodstained deed,
Promoted and wrought by the bitter need
Of the man who has missed his train and ship,
And is robbed, in fact, of his Easter trip.
Now whether he'll come or stay away
Is very much more than we can say;
But, whatever he does, some great disaster
Is sure to befall our Station-master.
So we, like bees, will buzz along,
Cheerfully singing our honey-song,
And ready to creep into our hives
With a view to saving our well-loved lives.
But, misery, misery! Woe, woe, woe!
We knew the event must happen so!
For, lo, with a port devoid of fear
The Station-master is coming here!

The Station-master.

What means this noise, and wherefore dost thou shout,
Thou black-browed man, who hast no business here?

The Father. No business here? I have four first-class tickets;
And thou hast robbed me of my destined train.

St.-m. The train is gone and thou hadst better go;
We have no room for foolish brawlers here.

The Father. This is the limit! Strip thy station-coat,
Put up thy dukes, and let us test and know
Which is the better man, thyself or I.

[*They fight.*

Chorus.

Now the battle is joined and the blood is already flowing. Whom shall we support loudly declaring that out of eleven chances ten are in favour of one combatant or the other? Now the Station-master strikes a blow fearful, indeed, but not accurately delivered, and now the passenger rushes forward roaring horribly like unto a bull maddened by the sting of a gadfly. Surely the Station-master reels under the impact. Yea, he is down, his glory is overshadowed and his course is run.

The Station-master.

Carry me hence, for I have had my fill.

[*He dies. In spite of the shrieks of the wife and daughters, the crowd seizes the passenger and is about to tear him in pieces, when Hermes suddenly alights on the platform.*

Hermes.

Now stay your hands, and let the man go free—
Him and his spouse and both his daughters too.
Since he has duly worshipped at my shrine
He has my favour and, besides, shall have
A special train to take him on his way.
As for the Station-master who is dead,
I will myself conduct him to the shades.

Chorus.

Great indeed is Hermes and worthy of all reverence. But for ourselves we deem it best that we return to our duties.

R. C. L.

"There are not wanting signs of great political changes in the not-far-distant future," says *The Whitby Gazette* having, perhaps, just heard of Home Rule.

"The umpire went up the course in a launch, and returned in a perfect blizzard."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Just the vessel for a rough sea.



THE FINAL PUTT.

Golfer (to partner). "Now you've got this to save the match, so none of your science! Just bung it in!"

THE OPTIMIST.

(Suggested by the "Poets' Corner" of a Provincial Journal.)

Though my brethren faint and falter,
  Cowed by each successive scare,
I for one will never palter
  With a mood of dark despair.
Though the nation's pride is humbled,
  Though her glory, sore bested,
From its pinnacle is tumbled,
  I will never hang my head.

If we gaze upon the seasons
  Rich in variegated bloom,
We shall find abundant reasons
  For abandoning our gloom.
Dangers stalk in countless legions
  Right throughout the torrid zone;
England's more salubrious regions
  Teem with raptures all their own.

What can be more deeply thrilling
  Than the magic which is Spring's,
When the lark aloft is trilling
  Like a piccolo on wings?
When the hedgerow sprays are shooting,
  And the primrose decks the lane,
And the owl's nocturnal hooting
  Breathes a less funereal strain?

There is perfect joy in Summer
  When the year is at its prime
And the bee, that busy hummer,
  Buzzes gaily all the time;
When the buttercups and daisies
  Decorate the verdant leas,
And in char-à-bancs and chaises
  Jocund tourists take their ease.

Nor does Autumn fail in voicing
  Orisons of tempered glee,
Though the mood of her rejoicing
  Strikes a sort of minor key;
But the foliage rich and ruddy
  Is a feature of the scene,
And affords a better study
  To the brush than when it's green.

Winter, too, in cot and castle—
  Though accompanied by snow—
Brings the joy of Yule and wassail,
  Christmas cards and mistletoe,
When the long ancestral table
  Groans with turkey and with beef,
And old Brandy, choice of label,
  Ministers to our relief.

What then matters it if haply
  In our ointment flies we find?
Let us choose the creed of *Tapley*,
  Ply the art of being kind.
Life is short, but you can brighten
  Ev'ry moment of its span;
Struggle on, O weary Titan,
  Never leave the frying-pan.

"Both eights were out shortly after half-past ten to see that all was right with their boas."
Star.

It was found, however, that some of the feathers were under water.

From the correspondence column of *The Ceylon Observer*:—

"[*The development and progress of Ceylon depend upon the interest and efforts of its Citizens. The Editor of the 'Observer' invites correspondence from the people, relating to matters of public concern.*]

"Dear Sir,—What is the latest ruling in bridge when a card is exposed during a deal? Is it left to the option of the opponents whether there should be a fresh deal or must there be a fresh deal *willy nilly*? I am strongly under the impression the rule now adopted in the London Clubs is that a fresh deal *must* follow, but should be glad to hear if any of your readers can give an authoritative answer."

There were no other letters.

"Buchan, who sent a hot drive, had the discomforting experience of seeing Eadie stop the ball with his body when the latter was in fall flight."—*Sunderland Football Echo.*

Coward!

A TWO-FINGER EXERCISE.

I had casually dropped in to tea with Phyllis. Everything had passed off safely, without any mishap to the carpet or my nice new dove-coloured spats, and we were sitting contentedly by the fire. After vainly endeavouring to contrive something really exciting to do next, I was on the point of grasping the cat's tail and dragging him into the conversation, when I had an idea of unusual brilliance.

"I know what you can't do," I said.

She leant forward, clasping her hands, her face hopefully brimming with mischief.

"It's a new trick," she declared delightedly. "Oh, do tell it me!"

"Well, if you promise to be good and listen very attentively."

I placed the first and third fingers of my left hand in my mouth, and, after whistling a few opening bars by way of tuning up, rose gracefully to a pellucid note of acute penetrative power, that reacted on the cat with remarkable felicity.

"You can't do that!"

I turned to her with a look of triumphant challenge in time to catch her fingers coming away from her ears. "Why, you weren't listening at all. And now I shall have to do it all over again."

"I caught the gist of it. Really I did!" she protested eagerly. "Tell me, what is it you have to do?"

"It's quite simple," I said. "Lend me your hand a minute and I'll show you how it's done."

I took possession of it with an easy indifference, only to find, after having wasted several minutes in puzzling out how her thumb came to be on the off-side, that she had given me the wrong one. I returned it with a smack and made her exchange it. For a hand it was such a ridiculously small thing that I found myself absently measuring it against my own. Then, just to humour her, I went off on a couple of pat-a-cakes and a this-little-pig-went-to-market. Women like these little attentions. She was laughing quietly to herself all the while. But on returning to business I was further delayed by the extraordinary degree of stiffness that pervaded her fingers. I must have been a good five minutes coaxing their rosy tips into position.

"Now comes the really difficult part," I said, keeping close hold of her hand, in case it slipped out of position. "First of all I want you to open your mouth as wide as you can."

The curves of her lips shyly arranged themselves in a circle of modest diameter.

"Don't be afraid!" I said, trying to pierce the black interior; "pretend you're a prima donna just swinging on to A-sharp."

She gave an accommodating gurgle, as much as to say, "Here goes then for another sixteenth of an inch."

I then told her to bunch her tongue well up against the roof of her mouth. On taking a last look round to assure myself that all was in order, I caught sight of a small pimple on the end of her tongue. It had, I observed with dismay, that fresh pink look about it as if it had but recently sprung up. This was a matter I was not at the moment prepared to overlook.

"Before I can possibly go on," I began severely, "I have found something that I think requires explanation. You've been telling stories. Do you see that?" and I pointed accusingly to the tell-tale excrescence.

But she only broke into a peal of refractory laughter, and I was put on terms of the strictest attention to business before she could be prevailed upon to start afresh. Again I got her fingers into position, and then thrust them into her mouth.

"Now take a deep breath and get ready to blow!" I told her.

She obediently absorbed large quantities of air.

"Come forward! Are you ready?" I cried, preparing to duck. "Blow!"

It was as well, for our united efforts were rewarded with a tempestuous draught.

"We haven't quite got it," I said encouragingly; "now once again!"

I turned up my coat-collar and returned to the charge. There was still no answer—only the hollow sound of wind moaning through space.

"It's no good," she declared at length; "it will never come right."

"You're not going to give in already!" I exclaimed. "Why, we were getting on famously. I expect it's the fingers. Goodness only knows what goes on in there. I have it!" I added with a sudden flash of inspiration, "why not try mine? Anyhow, we'll see."

"I might swallow them by mistake, and what then?"

Happy fingers! I pulled up my sleeve and politely rinsed them from the hot-water jug, borrowing her handkerchief to dry them on.

"There you are! What did I tell you?" I said, when we were finally rewarded with a faint yet decided whistle.

I got up to go with a happy sigh of victory.

"You mustn't overdo it. All you want now is a little daily practice. I will drop in again to-morrow."

"Have you many lady-pupils?" she asked, looking up at me.

It was getting late. I bade her a hasty good-bye and made for the door.

As I was moving off in my taxi, a succession of whistles of exceptional force and purity rang out in the silent square. I rubbed my eyes in amazement, for—would you believe it?—glancing up at the window I saw that deceitful girl using her fingers with all the fluency of an errand-boy.

To-morrow I am going to drag from her the name of the bounder who taught her such a vulgar accomplishment.

LA BELLE AU BOIS DORMANT.

Hid in the still heart of a wood
  Where sylvan spirits keep
A watch o'er all their woodland brood,
  Wintered and drowsing deep;

With silvery Travellers'-joy hung round,
  And Briony-strands that seem
Like broken lute-strings, there I found
  My Beauty's eyes a-dream.

About her, sleeping buds were rocked
  By tender wood-tamed winds;
And Spring's sweet self lay by her, locked
  In bonds that Winter binds.

I bent and touched the chestnut hair,
  Grown almost to her feet—
Those soft small feet, drawn up and bare—
  And felt the young heart's beat;—

My Belle Dormeuse whom, drear days o'er
  And wintry dreamings done,
Bending to kiss, Prince Rayon d'Or
  Should waken to the sun.

And, would you see her, come with me,
  Before pale Winter flies,
Where, in a wren's nest, cosily
  A little dormouse lies.

The Long Lens of Coincidence;
or, Two Cameras that Snapped as One.

A very strange and disquieting series of coincidences seems to have occurred last week to the representatives of the two rival papers, *The Tatler* and *The Sketch*. The Duke and Duchess of Somerset were photographed by each of them in the Park at the very same moment; at another moment they simultaneously snapped Lord and Lady Albemarle; at a third, Lord and Lady Goschen were their common victims; and at a fourth it was Mr. Henry Milner "and a friend." Can any of our readers furnish a parallel to this almost miraculous chain of identical adventures?



Scotch Sergeant (drilling recruits). "When I say 'Richt tur-r-rn!' at the last syllable o' the word 'tur-r-rn,' you tur-r-rn."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Miss Ethel Sidgwick has many delicate gifts which do not seem to be constrained by alliance with a rare strength and directness of touch. She reveals more of character in a dozen sentences of dialogue than your meticulously exact describer of details in as many pages, not only observing finely but selecting rigorously. She can light up a situation with a sudden flame of passion and quench it with a timely reticence. She can create adorable people (not merely insist that they are adorable), and, with less evident pleasure but as subtle a contrivance, quite dislikable ones; and that without caricature or brutality. There are a score of real, astonishingly real, folk in *Herself* (Sidgwick and Jackson), which is not so much a story as a series of portraits and intimate personal introductions. If anyone neglects to make acquaintance with *Harriett Clench* ("herself") he is missing more than it is at all wise to miss. And that's nearly as true of her irresponsible, ailing vagabond of a cousin *Pat Morough*, who loses his way in life and dies ("and I would have found the horse to ride and win you—only I had not time, Harrie. I will die blessing you for that kiss in the windy road"), and of *Geoffrey Horn*, the quiet Englishman who "finds the horse" and wins.

Certainly no writer has ever made so clear to me, so real and so lovable, the strange wayward Celtic ardour, its tenderness, whimsical and passionate by turns, its imaginative inaccuracy, its jolly scorn of materialism—without any of the tags or tricks of the stage-and-novel Irishry. Certainly I've come away with the fragrant memory of a privileged colloquy with a very dear, discerning woman. The *Clenches* had a word, "collectable," which they applied to people who understood, and were not snobs nor grossly rich and "important," people whom they could love and *keep*. *Herself* is a "collectable" book (I dare not now add "intoirely." I know better.)

I have been expecting this for a long time. Ever since the day, years ago now, when I finished that delightful volume *On and Off the Stage*, I have known that sooner or later Lady Bancroft must return, if not to the footlights, certainly to the writing-desk. And now here is *The Shadow of Neeme* (Murray) to prove me right, and to give pleasure to crowds of its author's admirers, or at least to such of them as may not be above enjoying a pleasant and ingenuous tale. Remembering many of the anecdotes in the reminiscences, you will rightly be prepared to find that *The Shadow of Neeme* has a strong flavour of the bogie. The shadow indeed was a dream-lady, who appeared so often to *Lord Hetherton* that he fell in love with the vision. Then, when he bought the old house at Neeme, and found his fair one already in possession as the local spectre, he began to think, with me, that something might come of it. Our suspicions were strengthened when the rector's daughter turned out to be a descendant, and exact reproduction, of the ghostly *Vivienne*. After that, I hardly think I need tell you how it all ends. For myself I confess that I infinitely prefer Lady Bancroft, the exquisite and inimitable teller of truth, to the same lady as the writer of conventional fiction. But this is rather a tribute than a reflection. There have been many novels that have stood in far more need of the graceful and disarming preface in which the author of *The Shadow of Neeme* craves the sympathy of her old friends the public on her appearance in a new character.

What is to be done about Mr. Oliver Onions? I ask because I am one of his admirers, and have had much pleasure in the intricacies of his curious mind and the results of his satirical yet sympathetic observation; and the perusal of his latest novel, *In Accordance with the Evidence* (Secker), has filled me with a vague alarm for his future. The story is so coldly and calculatedly cynical: nothing less than the triumphant narrative of a huge and ugly shorthand-clerk possessed by passion and jealousy, who first becomes engaged to a girl whom he does not love in order to be nearer the confidence (through her) of the girl he does love, and then kills the fellow shorthand-clerk who is engaged to No. 2. That such shameless and desperate egoists exist I do not doubt; but I doubt very seriously whether anyone wants to read novels analysing them, or whether the analysis is worth doing. And I am convinced that Mr. Oliver Onions had far better be devoting his unusual powers to the study and portrayal of healthier folk.

In the botany book of my schoolroom days it says that the favourite *habitat* of the scarlet pimpernel is a field of ripening corn. I find, therefore, a certain fitness in the fact that Baroness Orczy's *Fire in Stubble* (Methuen) belongs to the same field of romance as the book to which she owes most of her fame as novel-writer and dramatist. It has the same hurryings to and fro across the Channel, the same snippets of French and English history, the same ingenious complications of virtue triumphant, heroism and self-sacrifice rewarded, misunderstandings cleared up, and knavish tricks confounded and unmasked. It is not for me to unravel the intricacies of the plot—how, for instance, my lord of Stowmaries married, in her babyhood, the daughter of the Court tailor to Louis XIV., and afterwards bribed his out-at-elbows cousin to take his name and the bride on whom he had not set his eyes since their wedding day, and how the cousin turned out to be the rightful owner of the title and became as well her lawful husband, to the general contentment of everybody concerned. All that is Baroness Orczy's business, and she does it very well. It is as easy for her to make it all seem possible as it would be for Mr. Fred Terry to charm a London audience in the character of the heroic lover if the novel were adapted for the stage. Her sentiments, as I know from experience, appeal to the stalls as well as to the gallery, and though, as a story, *Fire in Stubble* is not quite on the same level as *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, it will, I think, give real pleasure to a large number of readers.



BIOGRAPHICAL BY-WAYS.

Sir Walter Raleigh prepares the ground for his famous feat of gallantry.

I liked *The Debtor* (Hutchinson), all except the theological part of it. My objection was partly that one particular form of Christian faith was given all the credit for a miracle which, if legitimate in fiction, might equally well have been associated with any form of Christian faith; but more that justice was not done to the other creed which *Mary Chichester* apparently abandoned after her miraculous cure. It is inevitable to mention this, because Miss Mary Angela Dickens makes a great point of it; but, all things considered, I suppose I must forego the pleasure of arguing about it. I hope Miss Dickens will note the protest and accept the compliment; for no writer can be said to have failed who has set her readers arguing. To have gone further and kept them absorbed in the love interest as well, is to have succeeded. Having hinted at the more solemn theme of the book, it would be only fair on my part to give some indication of the romance. Know, then, that *Mary Chichester* was one of those few women who combine real competence with true femininity, and that there came into her life the business of a tea-shop, the love of an airman, the loyalty of a doctor, the threat of death from heart-failure, and the welcome but complicating surprise of a supernatural salvation. For my own part, I incline to dispute the effect of the last on all that had gone before. . . But there! a resolution is a resolution after all, even out of Lent, and I will not argue.

If I had a son (or daughter) who, being desirous of writing novels, came to me for a few fatherly tips, I think I should begin by bidding him (or her) handle very carefully that familiar figure in fiction, the man-who-lives-all-alone-in-that-great-house-you-can-just-see-through-the-trees. I should say, "Unless you can think up some strange, eerie crime which would justify the neighbours in their habit of changing the conversation whenever his name is mentioned, don't attempt to pile on the mystery about him. It irritates the reader." This is the mistake Miss Marguerite Bryant has made in her novel, *The Adjustment* (Heinemann). She gives you to understand that *Desmond Stressborn* had done something in the past which would make you shudder. When *Mrs. Filson's* daughter wanted to know what it was that he had done, *Mrs. Filson* "dropped her scissors in horror. 'Never let me hear you express such a wish again, Lily; it is most improper.'" After which it was—to me, at least—a disappointment to learn, pages afterwards, that many years ago in a moment of boyish carelessness he had forged a cheque. Apart from this blemish and a tendency to be a great deal too leisurely—the hero does not enter the story till page 135—*The Adjustment* is a satisfactory novel, which will increase the writer's reputation for natural dialogue and careful delineation of character. In her treatment of the minor characters Miss Bryant is particularly happy. Indeed, the more insignificant the character, the more sharply does it stand out. On pages 63 and 64 there flashes in and out of the story one of the most vivid hedge-hogs I have ever encountered.

From a local paper:—

"The band gave two bright, sparkling selections, the lively strains being delightful to the ear, and were rapturously received. Especially was this the case with a contribution from 'Mignon' (Thomas), the various instruments being prominently thrown out in turn."

The various performers happily escaped a similar eviction.

CHARIVARIA.

We cannot help thinking it is premature to blame Mr. Lloyd George for not devoting the balance on his Budget to the Sinking Fund. It is quite possible that its destination will be found after all to be a sinking fund for our enemies' battleships.

At Belfast, we are told, "Mr. Bonar Law, with bare head, faced the crowd." Mr. Winston Churchill, it will be remembered, did the same thing with bare face.

In reply to an enquiry as to the outlook for Home Rule, Mr. John Redmond stated, "The glass is still rising." The Suffragettes, however, who are still sore at the way the Irish voted on the Conciliation Bill, declare that the glass will be broken.

The next strike, we are told, is to be swift and sudden and is to bring the entire nation "on the knee." Unless, of course, the Government sees to it that it brings the strikers "across the knee."

The local Medical Officer of Health reports that he has ascertained that two girls suffering from measles recently attended a dance at Weybridge. We cannot understand why they were not spotted at the time.

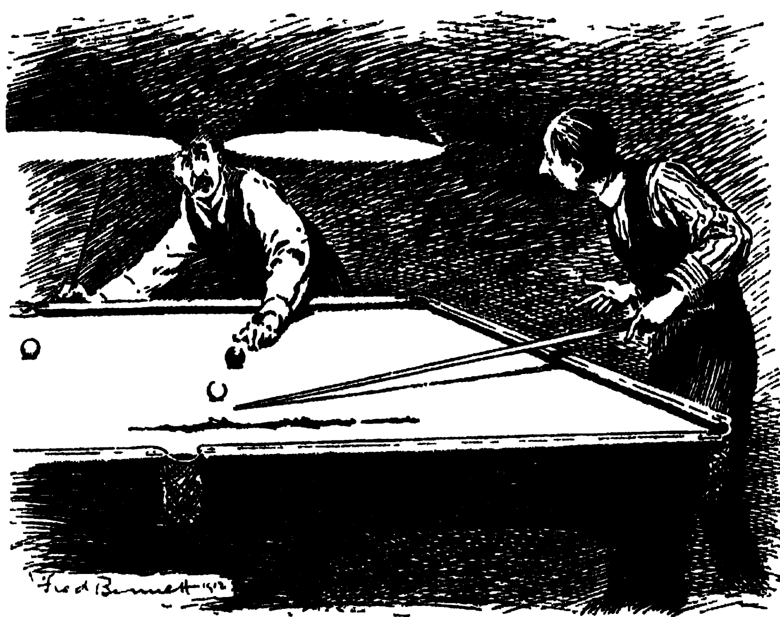
A writer in *The Englishwoman* complains that men prefer silly women to clever ones. And yet, surely, it is just the clever ones who get men to marry them?

While the choral part of the service at Westminster Abbey was in progress last Sunday the congregation was startled by the yelping of a toy dog which had accompanied a lady worshipper. We believe this is not the first occasion on which a member of the canine race has visited the sacred edifice. Not so long ago a dog found his way in, having heard that some of the best bones in the country were to be found there.

The Seattle Board of Health, in order to trace the migratory movements of rats, has dyed a number of the rodents with variegated colours, and turned them loose. Some of them who were in mourning are said to be extremely angry, but others, we hear, are swaggering about in their gaudy coats and making excellent marriages.

A bar of soap was included in a burglar's booty from a house at St. Osyth, Essex. It is supposed that the ignorant fellow imagined it to be a valuable curio.

Mr. Robert Crichton, of Caterham, who celebrated his hundredth birthday the other day, has, the newspapers inform us, never married. This statement, we should say, is calculated to put the spinsters of Great Britain on their mettle and to cause Mr. Crichton no little annoyance at a time when he no doubt craves for rest.



The Novice (who has cut his friend's cloth badly). "Dear me! We can't use this middle pocket now. Won't that mean rather a strain on the other one?"

Immense damage has been caused by floods in West Ontario following a thaw which broke up the recently formed ice jams. Greedy little boys consider the destruction of the ice jams the greater disaster of the two.

"£10,000 BURGLARY
LOSS OF MEXICAN EX-MINISTER TO FRANCE"

Thus a contemporary. The French criminal classes seem to get more daring every day, though we are at a loss to imagine what use a Mexican Ex-Minister can be to a burglar.

Recently published statistics show that for every girl brought before a criminal court there are sixteen boy prisoners. This just proves how much more clever the female sex is.

A letter to *The Daily Mail* complaining of the luggage delays at Charing Cross Station is signed "Leopold Cust." Whether this is a statement of fact or merely a signature we are not in a position to say.

TO JAMES BRAID.

Not at St. Andrews or at Deal,
When Open Champions test your steel,
Does the superbness of your play
Bring us our best enjoyment—nay,
But, far away from vulgar view,
When you appear as partner to
Some gentleman of City fame
Who has a "fiver" on the game—
Some bulging emperor of finance
Who cultivates a crouching stance,
Square-legs his tee-shot every time
And leaves you stuck in swash and slime.
Then, as we marvel at the skill
That resurrects the clammy pill,
Are we (who play the worst of games)
Most conscious of your greatness, James.

From an interview with Miss Horniman in *The Daily Dispatch*:—

"We found that what was liked most was 'She Stoops to Conquer.' I am very glad indeed that was so, because as Sheridan is dead there are no royalties to pay."

This is the sort of argument that Goldsmith could never be made to see. Even when they told him that Milton was dead he still clamoured for his money.

Fashions for the Bar.

"Judges and barristers will still cling to their wigs, not without a tinge of regret when a heat-wave pays us a visit."—*Statesman.*

"The date of Easter Sunday is worked out with great accuracy."—*Scotsman.*

It may not have struck our readers that an error of even twenty-four hours would be extremely inconvenient.

WANTED: A BOYCOTT.

(*One more protest against field-posters and sky-signs.*)

Two things there are my spirit needs
To cure the city's killing blight—
Namely, the green of virgin meads
And "the large and thoughtful night."

Holy I count them, and the man
Who spoils their worship, impious brute,
On him I wish to place my ban
And the toe of my nailéd boot.

And such is he who plants his bills
On Nature's carpet daisy-pied,
Crying aloud his instant pills
For the good of my inside;

And he, whose flaming letters prick
Across the stilly starlit sky,
Saying what beverage, well or sick,
It is best for me to buy.

And sooner would I perish thrice
Of any strange stomachic ill
Than once be doctored at the price
Of a sacrilegious pill.

And rather than with yon accursed
Consommé fill my vacant stoup,
I would elect to die of thirst
In a desert void of soup.

Who joins my boycott? who enrolls
His name against these vandal hordes
That blotch the dark with blatant scrolls
And the fields with blistering boards?

From whisky, pickles, drugs and tea,
Here advertised as angels' fare,
Who will refrain and live with me
On the same stuff found elsewhere?

Dumb is the Law; Art pleads in vain;
But, once we close our purses tight,
Green earth shall come to her own again
And the stars get back their night.

O. S.

MY RESEARCHES IN OCCULT SCIENCE.

Friends have frequently counselled me to take up some hobby, if only as an occupation for my declining years, but it was not till quite lately that I adopted their advice. I decided to go in for Natural Magic, a choice at which I arrived by the merest chance. I happened to find on a second-hand book-stall a volume entitled, "Magus: *a Complete System of Occult Philosophy.* By Francis Barrett, *Professor of Chemistry, the Cabala, &c.*" It was slightly out-of-date, having been published in 1801, but a cursory glance at its pages convinced me that it was full of practical information, and I have since learnt that it is still considered a standard authority on the subject. I acquired it for a few shillings, thinking that the study of Black Art would while away my solitary evenings pleasantly and not unprofitably. My earlier experiments were comparatively unambitious. I began on a toad. "*So great is the fear of the toad,*" I was assured by Prof. Barrett, "*that, if he is placed directly before thee, and thou dost behold with an intentive furious look for a quarter of a hour, he dies; being fascinated by terror and astonishment.*" He adds that he has tried this himself, with complete success. I purchased a toad from a naturalist for ninepence (which I suspect was over its market value), and glared at it with concentrated fury (with and without glasses) for at least fifty minutes. This, I admit, would have been open to the charge of inhumanity had it occasioned any acute suffering to the toad. But, as a matter of fact, the creature did not turn a hair! Obviously, it was not the right type of toad. However, the Professor put me on the way of procuring others which might be more suited for the purpose. "*If,*" he declares, "*a duck be baked in a pie and cut to pieces, and be put in a moist place under ground, toads are generated.*" It seemed a simple process, and I instructed my housekeeper to bake me a duck in a pie, which I duly cut in pieces. Only, as I occupy a top flat, the only land I possess is contained in my window-boxes, so I interred the portions of the duck in them, the soil being as moist as could possibly be desired. The result was in some respects disappointing—I obtained no toads. I fancy my housekeeper must have bought the wrong breed of duck.

There were one or two other experiments in "Magus" which are well within the scope of a beginner, such as this:—"*The ink of a cuttlefish, being put into a lamp, makes blackamoors appear.*" I had a lamp, of course, and I daresay I could have ordered a cuttlefish from the fishmonger, but I didn't. Not that I have any prejudice whatever against persons of colour, but I have never gone out of my way to cultivate their society. Again, according to Prof. Barrett, I might have "raised showers and lightning" by merely burning the liver of a chameleon on the house-top. But from this, too, I abstained. In such a climate as ours it struck me as superfluous. Or, if I had cared to burn the bones in the upper part of the throat of a hart, I could have "brought serpents together"—but unfortunately I happen to have an antipathy for snakes.

So I resolved to proceed to a more advanced grade, and summon up an Evil Spirit. "Magus" contains several authentic portraits of fiends, and I selected a demon of the sinister name of "Abaddon." He was by far the most appalling in appearance, and it is as well to do the thing thoroughly while you are about it.

Prof. Barrett gives elaborate directions for raising every variety of Familiar by means of sacred pentacles, the compilation of a book of Evil Spirits, and what not. But they are a little difficult to follow, and I was relieved to find that, after all, he has another and an easier method. "*If,*" he says, "*a smooth, shining piece of steel be smeared over with the juice of mugwort, and be made to fume, it causes invocated spirits to appear.*"

This ingredient, however, was not procurable without some trouble. It seems that even Store Chemists do not stock mugwort juice; indeed, some were almost rude about it. But eventually I got some from a herbalist. A razor-blade provided me with the "smooth shining piece of steel," and upon this I squeezed a sufficient quantity of mugwort juice, while I invoked "Abaddon" repeatedly by name. I do not like to think that the herbalist was dishonest, but his mugwort most certainly did not fume, which is probably the reason why "Abaddon" never turned up. On the whole, perhaps, it was just as well, for I really don't know what on earth we should have found to say to one another if he had.

I was somewhat tempted after this to try my luck with the Philosopher's Stone, by the aid of which, as I gathered from "Magus," I might "*transmute pints of impure metal into good and perfect gold.*" Prof. Barrett, it appeared, had often done this himself, but there is a tantalising vagueness about his instructions. Not only should I require a crucible and a retort with a receiver, but "an



AN IRRESPONSIBLE OPTIMIST.

Mr. Punch. "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS LABOUR UNREST?"
John Bull. "LABOUR UNREST! I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL OVER. I'VE GOT PLENTY OF COAL."
Mr. Punch. "YES, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FUTURE?"
John Bull. "OH, THE GOVERNMENT WILL ENQUIRE INTO ALL THAT. THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE FOR."



MORE LABOUR UNREST.

First Employée (discussing the Principal). "If you get in 'er bad books she 'as got a spite."
Second Employée. "Yes, it don't matter what you do, you've done it, although it's got nothing to do with you."

egg philosophical," and I have no idea what this may be—unless it is the sort of egg that is sold at twenty-four for a shilling.

But that was not the worst problem. Before even a start could be made, the Philosopher's Stone has to be found and its "first matter" extracted, as to which all the Professor says is this: "*Endeavour to find out in what part of thy composition is the 'prima materia' of the 'lapis philosophorum.' . . . I say, thou shalt find it in thyself.*" Here the Author is mistaken. No one could have searched his composition more carefully than I did—but I never found my *prima materia.* It must have got mislaid somehow.

I was consoled, however, for this *contretemps* by discovering an even shorter cut to untold riches in the following passage: "*There is another trick yet more wonderful: if any one shall take images artificially painted, or written letters, and, on a clear night, set them against the beams of the full moon . . . another man that is privy to the thing at a long distance sees them in the very compass and circle of the moon.*"

It occurred to me at once that there might be money in this, so I wrote to a leading firm of soap manufacturers, requesting them to keep their eye on the next full moon between certain hours. Then I prepared a placard on which I painted the name of their soap in bold letters, and on the appointed evening I exposed this for the specified time to the moon-rays. My calculation, of course, was that the firm in question, on perceiving this novel form of advertisement, would offer me my own terms for the secret.

I was not surprised to see nothing on the moon's surface myself—that being the other people's job—but I was not a little disheartened by receiving no reply whatever from them!

So much so indeed that I have all but made up my mind to abandon Magic for some other hobby which will yield more tangible results. Collecting pictorial lids from Early-Victorian anchovy paste and pomatum pots, for example, I might do worse than try that.

F. A.

Commercial Candour.

From an advertisement:—

"Ask yourself: Do you look forward to your day's duties with pleasure? If you say 'Yes,' you may be sure that —— is the ideal remedy."

"The late —— left over £51,000. The net duties amount to about £91,000."—*Lancashire Daily Post.*

This is the sort of thing that makes Mr. Lloyd George so unpopular.

The House of Correction.

The satisfaction generally felt at the announcement in our columns (on the authority of *The Egyptian Gazette*) that Miss Pankhurst had "not been racked" has now received a rude shock, and the blow is dealt by no less a paper than *Keene's Bath Journal*, which announces that "Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were admitted to boil." A bath journal speaks on this matter with authority, and we can only express our regret that such severe measures should be deemed necessary by the prosecution.

ARE BRITONS UNDERFED?

Mr. Thomas Thatcher has written to *The Daily Mail* to express his view that, although it is quite possible to live on *3d.* a day—he himself has often walked over forty miles in a day upon a fare of about 1½*d.*—the average human being does not eat and drink enough. "I feel sure," he concludes, "that if we lived better and more generously we should be far more contented and happy, healthier, stronger, better workers, better thinkers, and more kindly disposed towards one another." Mr. Thatcher's inspiring utterance has met with a ready response from our constant readers, as the following selection of letters will abundantly show:—

Diet and Unrest.

Sir,—Mr. Thatcher's brief epistle has given me more satisfaction than anything I have read for many years. How can we paint the map red unless we have an adequate supply of red corpuscles in our blood? And how can we have red corpuscles without a generous diet? When people say they can't afford it, I reply they *must* afford it.

The problem of industrial unrest will never be solved until the Black Country is supplied by the State with a full complement of expensive restaurants. The other day I saw that a gallant fellow had won a bet by eating ten penny buns and drinking five pints of beer in fifteen minutes. How much finer the achievement would have been had it been ten pounds of caviare and five bottles of Château Yquem!

Amphitryon Club. E. P. Cure.

A Dine-hard Peer.

Sir,—Mr. Thatcher's noble appeal to Britons to adopt a more generous diet sets me thinking sadly on the exploits of the valiant trenchermen of yore. My maternal grandfather, Lord Rosstherne, was known by his friends as the "three-bottle and four-steak man," that being his habitual *quantum* at dinner. Even as a boy at Winchester he distinguished himself amongst his compeers by his Gargantuan appetite, the old porter having remarked of him that he was "hable to heat height heggs heasily," and on one occasion he "broke the record," as we say nowadays, by consuming 48 hot cross buns in 24 hours. Lord Rossthérne, it may be added, was not one of those who "dig their graves with their teeth," for he lived to a ripe old age, and in his seventy-ninth year astonished Jowett, with whom he had breakfasted, when I was an undergraduate at Balliol, by polishing off an entire ham. Jowett himself, however, was a moderate eater, as I have mentioned in the fourth series of my Oxford Reminiscences, vol. iii., p. 1614, and seldom ventured on a second cup of coffee. It was Sydney Smith, I think, who wondered what people did without tea. My grandfather never touched it, and to the day of his death drank small beer at breakfast. I remember that Jowett, with his characteristic thoughtfulness, sent me out to the "Mitre" for a tankard on the occasion I have mentioned.

Yours faithfully,

Lemuel Longmire.

Megatherium Club.

Our Underfed Public School Boys.

Sir,—I am grateful to Mr. Thatcher for bringing the question of the inadequate feeding of the upper classes to the front again, since it may help to ventilate the crying scandal of the diet of our public schools. As a patriotic British mother I have sent both my boys to one of our leading schools, the bare fees at which amount to about £200 a year. But the feeding is so inadequate that my poor lads are obliged to eke it out with surreptitious viands. Yet when I sent them a hamper containing a dozen of old port, several terrines of pâté, and so on, it was returned at once by their house master! I ought to add that neither of my boys has more than £10 pocket-money a term.

Miriam Fleischbergheimer.

The Wattles, Hindhead.

Genius and Grub.

Sir,—I am entirely with Mr. Thatcher when he maintains that the average human being does not live well enough, or, to be more precise, does not eat and drink enough. But he discreetly refrains from stating *what* he should eat and drink. It seems to me that the most helpful solution of this problem would be to ascertain what is the daily diet of ten of our greatest men—say Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Sir Almroth Wright, Harry Lauder, Lord Northcliffe, Rev. C. Silvester Horne, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Grahame-White, Mr. F. R. Foster, and Mr. Harold Begbie, and then draw up a sort of composite menu for the guidance of parents and guardians.

A. Fludyer Boole.

The Skelligs, Maida Vale.

A Poet's Suggestion.

Sir,—As it has been represented to me that a contribution to your columns on this great subject would be welcome, I venture to send you a distich, in which I have, so to speak, distilled the experience of a long life spent on the watch-tower of wisdom:—

Unless our sons have four square meals per diem,
They cannot stand four-square when troubles try 'em.

Yours faithfully, A. A.



COMPROMISING.

Sad result of neglect on the part of Robinson's wife to take out laundry marks from that gentleman's white waistcoat.

"Au Bon Marché (French).—This means at the good, cheap market, Millfield Bridge, we furnish the home on easy terms. Ice on parley Francis."—*Advt. in "Sunderland Daily Echo."*

The writer of this shows great restraint in not putting another "(French)" after his second effort, and explaining that it means "instalments payable in advance."

"The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and admitted having been convicted at Oxford Quarter Sessions on April 5th, 1910, of larceny."—*Oxford Journal.*

Even a thief has a right to be tried by his peers.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

It is midnight, and I am returned home, depressed.

I have been dining out with the Rokeby-Rokebys, and I have the certain knowledge that I have fallen flat.

We diners-out have our ups and our downs. When we have an up, everything we wear fits, everything we do is right, and everything we say is bright. When we have a down, we arrive at the wrong moment, we do and say the wrong thing, our shirts bulge, and our ties veer to the left.

The Rokeby-Rokebys are of the Upper Ten. Charge them with so being, and they will confess to it frankly. I have even known them own up to it without being charged. By day, perhaps, Rokeby-Rokeby condescends to mix, for sordid and commercial reasons, with the common herd in the City. He even makes acquaintances among them, which it is necessary to entertain every now and then. These, however, he keeps for a separate and second night. He invites his peers for the first night, and I dare say he calls the subsequent gathering the "overflow meeting." At any rate I know there is to be such a gathering to-morrow night. But we are concerned for the moment with to-night's gathering.

I incline to think from their own admissions that the Rokeby-Rokebys are the Upper Two of the Upper Ten, and that the guests of the evening (myself excluded) were the remaining eight of that splendid corps. Why there should have been an eleventh at all, I cannot say. It is not, as far as I know, the usual practice to have a spare man at a dinner-party.

Anyhow, even supposing an eleventh was essential, no one could understand why that man should have been I. The other guests made no concealment of the fact that they could not understand it. They resented my presence. I am not sure that the Rokeby-Rokebys did not resent it too. I began to resent it myself. I took a supreme dislike to myself, because I was such a failure and no one loved me. Had there been a garden handy and worms in it, I would have gone there and eaten them. As it was, I had to content myself with salted almonds, and even with them I went wrong; or rather the almond went wrong, and there was, by way of a climax, a scene. . . .

I am at a loss, thinking it over at this moment, to decide upon the actual psychological cause of this dismal effect. When we fail socially it means that our *ego* is at fault. Either it is too active or it is not active enough.



Personal Friend. "I CAN'T 'ELP SMILIN' WHEN I LOOKS AT YOU, SAM. YOU'RE SUCH A UGLY BLIGHTER. 'AVEN'T YOUR KIDS NEVER TOLD YER OF IT?"

It may have been, with me, the former, and I may have been too conscious of myself. In the matter of shining socially, to think about it is to fail. Ask yourself "How am I getting on?" "Do I look well?" or "Am I being funny?" and the answer is bound to be in the negative. I may have been too anxious to achieve, too willing to please. My *ego* may have been too much concerned with itself, too much on the alert.

On the other hand, that same *ego* may have been not active enough. My real self may have been dormant; my personal magnetism may have been taking an evening off; my emotive ambience, my transcendental essence, my primitive sensitiveness (speaking Futuristically) may have been closed for overhauling and repairs.

Hopeless of solving this problem and of coming to a decision, I turn idly to the Rokeby-Rokebys' invitation and read it again. Thereupon an idea occurs to me and I am faced with another problem, another matter to be decided. Shall I or shall I not go to their house and dine with them again to-morrow night? Shall I go to their overflow meeting and have another try? This time I might succeed, because then I shall, at any rate, have been *invited*.

THE REAL IRELAND.

(*Or, Ireland From Within—the radius: An example of what we may expect during the next two years.*)

[Our Special Correspondent who says he is in Ireland sends us this extraordinarily interesting account of an interview with a typical Irish peasant. With the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, English eyes are turned once more upon the Distressful Country (as it has been called). We can safely say that the true spirit of Ireland breathes more vividly in every line of our correspondent's sketch than in all the pages of the Blue-books, and that any Englishman who wishes to understand the problem clearly will do well to read and ponder this remarkable article. Editor.]

Ballybilge, *Friday*. In my last three articles I described to you of England how I made the adventure of the Irish Channel; how I planted my foot for the first time on Erin's Green Isle; and how finally I travelled, in such primitive fashion as the country offers, to this remote corner of John Bull's Other Island. To-day I have to record how I talked heart to heart with the spirit of Erin, and how the great soul of the Celt has at last been laid bare to me.

It was a thirty-five-mile tramp over bog and potato-fields to the tumble-down hut of the Murphy O'Flahertys, but I was rewarded by finding Mrs. O'Flaherty at home. I produced my card.

"I am," I began, "the representative of——"

"Come in, y'r Honour," she cried, with the boundless hospitality of the Irishwoman all over the world. "The top uv the mhornin' to ye. An' it's glad I am to see y'r Riverince so hearty."

I should here mention for the understanding of your readers that I am in fact neither a judge of the County Court nor yet a beneficed clergyman in holy orders. The Irish, however, are prone to picturesque exaggeration—a fact which should never be forgotten by those who seek to understand the Irish Problem.

"It is very kind of you," I said, "to welcome me so ——"

"Sure, it's where will ye be sittin', glory be to goodness, and me with no chair to offer y'r Riverince!" she cried in dismay. "Bad cess to it, acushla, acushla!"

"You have a cold?" I enquired politely, in order to relieve her embarrassment. "Allow me to offer you one of these lozenges—they stop the sneezing at once."

"Faith, it's jhust on the ould pig I'll be puttin' ye, if y'r Honour will be plased not to mind." She brushed some crumbs from the pig's back with the easy grace which is the birthright of the humblest Irish woman, and I sat down. "It's used to ut is Biddy, more power to her."

"Well?" said I, wishing to show my acquaintance with the realities of Irish rural life. "And how are potatoes?"

"And it's mesilf is wishin' I had a dhrop of the crathur to offer y'r Riverince," she said wistfully.

The power of delicate suggestion latent in the Celtic race is a factor which will always have to be taken into account in any consideration of the Irish Problem. I drew out my flask and we pledged each other and Erin.

"Ghlory, hglory, hghlory," she said in the musical Irish brogue which I have tried, I hope not unsuccessfully, to reproduce.

I looked at my watch and realised with a start that it was growing late; the thought of the thirty-five-mile tramp back weighed upon me. As yet I had not broached the question which I had come all this way to have answered. My difficulty had been to lead up to it tactfully; for it is just our Saxon lack of tact which has always prevented any real peace between the two countries. You in England can little realise the fine sensitiveness of this Irish nation; and, until you understand, the Irish Problem will never be solved.

But the psychological moment had now come. I seized it eagerly.

"And what," I said, "do you think of the Home Rule Bill?"

"Phwhat," she said, "do I think of ut?" There is a wonderful directness about these Irish.

"Yes," I said, "what do you think of it?"

It occurred to me suddenly that the special edition of your paper containing the full text of the Home Rule Bill, the photograph of Mr. Asquith, the snapshot of Mr. Redmond and the history of previous Irish debates in tabular form had not yet reached her remote homestead. But this Ireland has a curious pride of its own. It is perhaps the keynote to the Irish Problem. Mrs. Murphy O'Flaherty was not going to expose her ignorance of the details of the Bill.

"And is ut thinkin' of ut I am at all, at all?" she asked cautiously.

What answer my Saxon mind would have made to this Celtic subtlety I cannot say, for at that moment a slight accident occurred. Biddy (which, as I have shown, was the cognomen of the pig) rose with a suddenness which is one of the most surprising features of the Irish character in action, and precipitated me to the floor.

"Arrah, be aisy now, ye spalpeen," cried my disconcerted hostess; "phwhat for wud ye be upsetting his good Honour, ye black baste, and him wid a bottle of the blessed crathur upon him, the saints presarve him. Bad cess to ye!"

"No, no, my dear Mrs. Murphy O'Flaherty," I protested, as I rose to my feet. "I cannot have you calling your good animal a spalpeen. I assure you I am in no way hurt. I beg you to forgive her."

Reassured as to my safety, my hostess permitted the incident to sink into oblivion. This habit of forgetting is one of the most delightful characteristics of the Irish people. It is only less noticeable than their habit of remembering. Until our statesmen learn the simple fact that the Celt is a bundle of contradictory and apparently irreconcilcable qualities they cannot begin to settle the Irish Problem.

"Well, Mrs. O'Flaherty," I said, holding out my hand to her, for in this remote country all social differences seem to be swept away by the Atlantic breezes, a fact which those who legislate for it would do well to remember,—"well," I said, "I must be going. I have to get back to Ballybilge."

"Ballybilge is ut, be jabers," she said in surprise. "Glory be! The howly saints rhest yer sowl! Ut's no day for Ballybilge at all, at all."

Smiling at her obvious dismay, I took my stick—I had almost written shillelagh, so deeply does the Irish atmosphere bite into the soul—and made my way out.

And as I tramped the thirty-five miles home, over bog and potato-field, I marvelled at the blindness of you in England, I wondered at the Saxon stupidity which makes no effort to understand the subtlety of the Celt. And, knowing that for the first time in my life I had seen deep down into the throbbing heart of a country, I realised that my long journey to Ireland had not been in vain. *Erin-go-bragh!*

A. A. M.

Strikes and the Military.

From "Orders by Lt.-Genl. Sir D. Haig, K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., C.B., Commanding-in-Chief, Aldershot Command":—

"8.—Strikers, Q.F., 13 and 18 Pr.

To avoid serious damage to striker bodies, strikers should on no account whatever, for drill purposes or otherwise, be assembled on the gun without the firing pin being in place. Failure to observe this will quickly render a striker unserviceable."

Commercial Candour.

"'The best is none too good' has always been the motto of the makers of —— Bicycles."



The Brilliantine Committee of a smart West-End Toilet Club discussing the merits of a new hair-wash.

RAPPROCHEMENT.

I live at Welbeck, Ladysmith Avenue, Brickville, and Brown at Chatsworth in the same road. The two houses adjoin, and have each, as their names imply, a back garden. I think it was this fact which first caused our estrangement, for I keep a few prize poultry, and Brown keeps Scotch terriers, and the dividing hedge is unequal to the strain. However that may be, there is no doubt that a coolness sprang up between us. I do not mean that we were on openly unfriendly terms. On the contrary, when Chatsworth Charlie killed three of my best bantams, I was the first person to condole with Brown on the sudden death of the pup that evening, and in the same spirit he was good enough to present me over the hedge with all the plants that my hens had eradicated from his flower beds, together with a certain amount of *débris* to which I had not even that much claim. But we never really fraternized, and the mornings when either of us missed the train through the other fastening the catch of the station gate at the last minute were always followed by some loss of cordiality in our relations.

The Brickville Poultry show is held in November, and early in October my wife suggested to me that a rapprochement with Brown was, in these times of peace and goodwill, my plain duty. She mentioned that, as Brown would be showing his terriers at Tunbridge about the same time, the selfish motives with which he is always actuated would be sure to make him welcome any overtures.

The situation was not without delicacy, but tact can do much. I advertised bantams for sale in *The Brickville Bulletin*, and whilst asking from enquirers a prohibitive price I was careful to explain that I was "declining poultry" in consequence of the annoyance they caused to neighbours. Three days later Thong the saddler stopped me in the street, on some transparently insufficient pretext, for the obvious purpose of informing me that Brown had called upon him to inquire when leather would be falling in price, as, except for the large outlay involved, he was anxious to muzzle his three dogs. The next week I started a newspaper correspondence on the Duty of Courtesy to Fellow-travellers on Suburban Lines, and was pleased to see it continued by Brown in the same strain.

The times were evidently now ripe for our cook, acting upon instructions, to invite Brown's nurse-maid to tea in the kitchen. That apartment was tastefully decorated with flypapers for the occasion, shrimps were provided, and the utmost goodfellowship prevailed, the domestics being much pleased with each other's genial manners. Indeed, the only rift in the evening's harmony which came to my ears was the refusal of my knifeboy to have "Chatsworth" tattooed on his forearm with a skewer and the marking ink.

The next morning Brown missed his train through holding open the station-gate for me a moment too long, and in the compulsory wait thus thrust upon us we finally made up our differences and agreed to share the cost of a fence between our premises.

I took a first prize and two seconds at the poultry show. Brown was



He. "Terrible business this railway accident. Twelve killed."
She. "Yes, such a pity; and by their names some quite *nice* people too!"

unsuccessful with his terriers, and gave this as a reason for immediately selling them; but my wife strongly asserts that his pleasure in them was gone when they could no longer harry our hens. She bitterly regrets the outlay upon the fence, saying that our bantams never went through the hedge, and that they are suffering now from the diminution of their run. I have positively forbidden her to interfere in any way with the palings; they are not strong, and will decay in time of themselves. Besides, only this morning I saw two of the bantams fly over.

The Plaint of an Anti-Suff.

While militants their hammers plied
  I felt convinced our Cause was winning;
But now with Wright upon our side
  I feel less sinned against than sinning.

"A Paris banker has been arrested on charges of embezzlement and fraud. It appears that only £160 was found in his safe, whereas the sums entrusted to him are estimated at £160."
Liverpool Evening Express.

We should have let him off with a warning.

NATURAL SNOBBERY.

In London's West there stands a Square,
  The home of rank and dross,
Whereof the goodly mansions wear
The gravest, most superior air
  You ever came across;

A spot where dignity enjoys
  Its just and noble peace,
Where nasty little whistling boys
Refrain from that indecent noise
  Or go with the police.

The very milkman's voice is mute,
  While, poised on muffled toes,
The wand'rer stills his ringing boot,
And e'en the taxi's vulgar hoot
  More musically flows.

For whoso moves therein will feel
  A spell, before he's done,
About his grovelling spirit steal
That bids him doff the tile and kneel—
  I always do, for one.

This afternoon I took my way
  Forth in a world of Spring;
The town was in its best array,
The very air was brave and gay
  And fresh as anything.

I marked how blithely spread the scene,
  How the bland sun looked down
On trees immaculately clean
In foliage of earliest green,
  Unsmutted by the town.

At last I turned, that hallowed spot
  In reverence to range,
And there discerned—I know not what—
Something that struck me like a shot
  As different and strange.

The sparkling skies were just as bright,
  The selfsame sun did glow;
No fewer leaves rejoiced the sight;
Yet somehow—somehow—this was quite
  A different kind of show.

I marvelled what the cause might be,
  Till in a flash I saw
There was a dulness on the tree,
A grave decorum, which to me
  Somehow suggested awe;

And then I knew, and I was glad;
  For, with a sudden throb,
I felt that I was not so bad,
For Nature, too, was but a cad,
  And Spring, like me, a snob.

Dum-Dum.



THE SLEEPLESS BEAUTY.

Mr. Asquith (*the Fairy Prince*). "I DON'T SO MUCH MIND ALL THIS BRIAR STUFF; IT'S THE LADY AT THE END THAT MAKES ME NERVOUS."





OH, HOW WE ARE MISJUDGED!

Mr. Redmond as seen by a perverted Saxon imagination all this time.

"Now, bhoys! we'll take all we can get and the rhest afterwards!"

Mr. Redmond as he really is, or, shall we say, as he would wish to appear.

"My dee-ar friends! I can only express my feelings in the bee-utiful language of the P-rayer Book!!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Wednesday, April 10.—Sittings resumed after so-called Easter holiday. Westminster boys show no disposition to return to school. Front Opposition Bench literally empty. Bonner and some of his chums been having a day out at Belfast. In acknowledgment of their patriotic service take French leave for extension of holiday. Premier also absent, preparing a few remarks on introducing Home Rule Bill. Majority of his colleagues, lacking same excuse, nevertheless follow his example. A few score unofficial Members scattered over Benches on both sides add to forlorn appearance of House.

Whilst Assembly is chilled by prospect of Keir Hardie maligning the Army, with Chiozza Money to follow in discourse on suggested establishment of Permanent Power Commission to deal with labour unrest, one faithful heart remains undaunted.



"JOSEPHUS REX."

"More than ever like one of Tenniel's masterpieces." (Mr. J. King.)

Other Members may have sought whatever holiday joys Easter Monday provided on Hampstead Heath or by the grassy slopes of Greenwich. Inspired by its ecclesiastical associations Joseph King has turned his powerful mind upon the alleged shortcomings—to be more precise, the unlawful takings—of the Bishop of Bangor.

Of eighteen questions on the paper he contributes no fewer than four, being a trifle under twenty-five per cent. Severally and in the aggregate they deal with the Bishop, who is alleged to have "enclosed certain common lands in the parishes of Penrhos and Abererch." Is further charged with making similar raid on the Manor of Gogarth, Llandudno. What Josephus Rex (looking more than ever like one of Tenniel's masterpieces as he assumes the interrogative attitude) wants to know is, "How the rights over these lands will be affected by the Welsh Disestablishment Bill?"

Home Secretary, jumbling the questions together, makes

reply which leaves upon mind of listeners uncomfortable impression that the Bishop of Bangor has not in the past been all that was expected of him by the parishioners of Penrhos Abererch and Gogarth.

Business done.—Army Annual Bill read a third time. House counted out after an hour's discussion of Chiozza's resolution.

Thursday.—As not infrequently happens when great expectations centre upon a particular event the reality itself falls far short of them. To-day set apart for introduction of Bill representing third attempt to settle Irish Home Rule problem. Papers full of subject in advance. Forecasts of the measure, contradictions and corrections, shouted in the streets. Belfast has had preliminary boil-over on its own account. General Carson, K.C., with misty recollections of *Sim Tappertit* swearing in the "United Bull-Dogs," solemnly administered oath to fifty-thousand Ulster-men pledging them not to accept Home Rule "under any circumstances." Great rush for seats on floor of House and in Gallery over the Clock, whence the United States looked on in the person of its popular Ambassador, one of several plenipotentiaries from across the seas. Peers' Gallery full, but no block at head of stairway, as has sometimes been observed. Among Members late-comers, finding every seat appropriated, flock into side galleries.

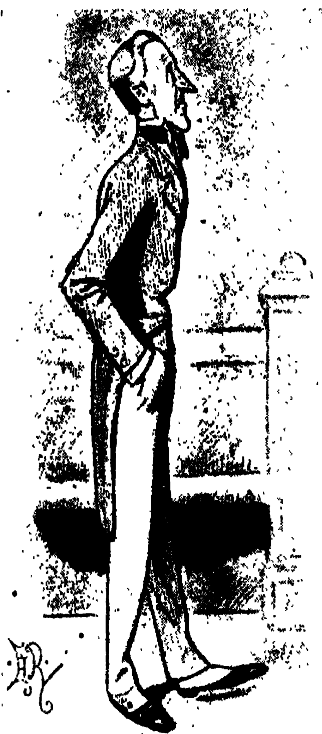
A full House truly, but not comparable with the one that gathered on the same errand twenty-six years ago this very week. Then was seen a spectacle never visible before or since. Rows of closely packed chairs were set on floor, their occupants linking together and making one crowd of the throng seated on benches right and left of Speaker's Chair.

There was a roar of cheers when Premier entered, echoed from Opposition Benches when later Bonner hurried in and found Asquith already on his feet. Also Irish Nationalists cheered arrival of their chief. Prince Arthur entered unnoticed from behind the Speaker's Chair, occupying a modest place low down on Front Opposition Bench. By instinct or accident chose the very seat Gladstone was accustomed to drop into when, after public renunciation of political ambition and purposes, he occasionally looked in during the Session of 1875.

Premier occupied two hours in delivery of speech, an exceptional extension of time. It was in the main a plain business statement, without effort to stir up passion. Once an aside disclosed the fact that we were walking over thin encrustation covering molten mass of lava. It happened when Premier quoted passage from Bonner's speech at Belfast in which he accused Government of selling the Constitution in order to purchase a few months' further hold on office.

"Will the Right Honourable Gentleman repeat that statement on the Floor of the House of Commons?"

Of course he would. Nothing delights Bonner more than such opportunity. Premier momentarily taken aback. Opposition frantically cheered.



"How the human back is capable of expressing insufferable boredom."
(Lord Castlereagh strolls forth to the Lobby.)

Captain Craig performed series of amazing gyrations. Storm fell as abruptly as it had burst, and Premier proceeded to peroration.

His style pellucid but not invigorating. Nor did General Carson or John Redmond, who followed in succession, rouse to flights of enthusiasm an audience that dwindled as the former's speech was prolonged.

This strange unexpected condition of affairs due mainly to fact that each address had been carefully prepared, passages being read from visible sheets of manuscript. Even on momentous question you can't inflame the House by such methods. Beyond this circumstance was consciousness that the whole business was supererogatory. A pearl of wisdom incidentally dropped from lips of John Redmond.

"As a rule," he said, "First Reading debates are more or less futile. One of the earliest reforms of procedure ought to be to abolish First Reading discussion." If that suggestion bear fruit, to-night's proceedings will be worth time spent upon them.

Business done.—Premier introduced Home Rule Bill.

House of Commons, Friday.—Godfrey Sykes, who designed the cover of the *Cornhill* and achieved even more important decorative work at South Kensington and elsewhere, held the theory that "people's backs are very expressive, and should not be neglected by the portrait painter." Thought of this just now when Castlereagh, after sitting moodily on Bench below Gangway sacred to memory of Grandolph and his merry men, lifted his tall head and strolled forth into the Lobby. Realised for first time how the human back is capable of expressing insufferable boredom. There were crinkles about the shoulder-blades, excrescences by the coat collar, a broad expanse of blank depression moulded by the waist, that spoke more eloquently than sighs or yawns or even impatient anathemas.

Truth to tell, House of Commons does not possess for Member for Maidstone the charm it weaves round some others. Things may brighten up a bit when we get into thick of fray round Home Rule Bill. Meanwhile, whether in the aggregate or in individual cases, things are dolefully dull. Cousin Hugh pleases him not, nor Winterton either. Helmsley is occasionally chirpy; but what is he among so many? And then the sort of topics that bring grist to the mill of everlasting talk—Coal Strikes, six millions stored away for Naval contingencies, Conciliation Bills, the iniquities of Lloyd George and the shortcomings of the Premier—what thrice-boiled colewort is this!

Sitting dejected a full hour by Westminster clock, Castlereagh suddenly springs to his feet and makes for the door. Spasm of activity exhausted by first movement. When he gets into stride motion becomes funereally slow. The seeing eye reads in expression of right shoulder-blade doubt whether he will live to reach the glass door. He does, and through it vanishes, grateful to breathe more invigorating air.

Business done.—Defeat of Cottage Homes for Aged Persons Bill.

"Belfast has no beautiful corners like the cities of Touraine."—*The Daily Chronicle (Mr. Harold Begbie on "Orange Rule in Belfast.")*

In the same way experienced travellers report that they can trace no resemblance to Isola Bella (Lago Maggiore) in the Isle of Dogs.

IN LONDON.

Now upon the window sills
There are yellow daffodils,
There's tulip and there's hyacinth each tasteful box adorning;
And our street, at times old-maidy,
Looks a gaily gowned young lady,
So dainty and so *débutante* all on an April morning!

Blue-and-white is all the sky,
And the clouds are driving high
(Around each windy corner how the whistling gusts go shrilly!)
And the square is full of cooing,
For the wood-pigeons are wooing,
And there's sunshine on the pavement all the way to Piccadilly!

See the sparrows wag their tails
On the newly painted rails,
Or they flutter at their nesting very fussy, very faddy,
And there's taxi-cabs a-humming,
And there's fifeing and there's drumming
When the Guards go by to barracks to the bouncing "Hielan' Laddie!"

On the plane-tree's budding bough
There's the thrush who tells us how
He has found in spite of stucco that the city sap is springing,
Tells us how to note the blisses
Of a morning such as this is,
And how April means adventure, and how youth must go a-flinging!

And he tells us that it is
Just the day for Odysseys,
That high magic waits the rover who'll put on his hat and risk it;
So to celebrate the season
It were surely no unreason
If we took the 'bus to Regent's Park and gave the squirrels biscuit!

THE INSUFFERABLE.

It has been long admitted, with grief, that the blot on billiards is luck. By some inscrutable law luck never visits both players at the same time; by another, it never visits me at all when I am playing with one whom for purposes of concealment, not to say humour, I will here call Smith. Were all things equal (whatever that useful phrase means) I could give him twenty in a hundred; most of the men who beat him near the post I can beat with ease; and yet when he and I play together he runs out when I am about sixty. I say runs out, but the phrase is tame: gallops out.

The peculiarly annoying thing is that my game is based on scientific principles; his is a fortuitous assemblage of haphazard but successful strokes. I have more than a glimmering of where the balls will be after a cannon; he has none. Yet when my cannon is made—when playing with him—the balls have so disposed themselves that nothing is left for me, while the reckless strokes of this horrid person leave him everything. I am aware that this experience at odd times is not rare; what is remarkable about it in my case is its persistence. Other men I am unlucky with and lucky with by fits; with Smith (as I choose to call him, he will know why) I am unlucky always.

I have a strong suspicion that he actually shuts his eyes when he plays; I am sure he breaks every law as to where he should place his body and his feet. My instructor (at several shillings an hour) gave me minute training in those matters, and I observe his wise counsels; Smith has never heard that a right and wrong exist. He places his left hand casually on the cloth; his cue shoots out, and instantly the balls begin to rush into pockets. Smith, in short, plays as if the cushions were 3⅝ inches wide and the pockets constituted the remainder of the table.

"It is useless to try that," I say sometimes, in the light of my expensive training, "the angle is too narrow." "Is it?" says Smith, and does it. It is quite a common experience for him to put down all three balls. I have done it once—I am not proud of it; it was a fluke—but when I did it I got only 9 for it; Smith always gets 10. . . .

Last night we played again. I had been in great form for some days and spent part of the afternoon in practising; then he came with his infernal careless way and indifference to tactics and won easily. As we were covering the table he remarked pleasantly, "Do tell me—what does it feel like to lose at billiards?"



Habitual Grumbler. "Waiter! this sandwich is quite cold."

"The Irish Parliament could not alter the stamp duty relating to insura ce and Stick Exchange transactions."—*Liverpool Echo.*

There is nothing an Irishman loves so much as exchanging sticks with an opponent.

AT THE PLAY.

"Othello."

The new and instructive method of disarmament by which an actor-manager replies to his critics before they have spoken (as well as immediately afterwards) relieves me of the obligation of defending the latest revival at His Majesty's. Otherwise I should have said that its scenic elaboration offered little disturbance to my intelligent interest in the play as a play. The crude story, however finely embroidered with noble language, does not give one to think—at least not furiously; and the early action of the plot moves anyhow so slowly that it suffers nothing from the delay caused by the set pageantry of the Court-house scene or the ballet diversion at the Cypriote watering-place. (This was, of course, before the days of seaside Pierrots, a fact sharply recalled by the presence of M. Pélissier in one of the stage-boxes on a mission from the Potteries.) What delay occurred in the subsequent stages, when the action quickens, was due rather to the too-deliberate diction of one or two of the players than to the distractions of the scene.

On the night when I saw him, Sir Herbert Tree was suffering from a sorry rheum which gravely affected his voice, and gave to his early utterances an air of remoteness and even boredom; and it was only by the greatest courage that he met the severe demands put upon him in the heavier scenes that followed. But, when every allowance is made for a temporary disability which must have modified the martial bearing of even the stoutest warrior, one may still say that it is a misfortune for Sir Herbert that so many of the Shakspearean characters which he assumes—*Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Antony*—were soldiers to begin with before they took to tragedy; and it is the effect of circumstance upon this permanent quality of soldierliness that he finds easier to portray than the permanent quality itself. His *Moor*, at first sight, struck me as Messianic rather than militant, and my thoughts, neglecting his earrings and soft apparel, flew to John the Baptist. Yet, if *Othello* is one thing more than another, he is a man of war. "For I have served him," says *Montano*, "and the man commands like a full soldier." True, we know little of his heroism except by report—and chiefly his own; for in the play itself he performs no feat of arms except suicide and the killing of a woman with a pillow. His well-boomed triumph over the Turkish navy (always unseaworthy even in those days) was due to the fact that



Mr. Laurence Irving, as a youthful ancient, takes off his coat and one shirt sleeve and enjoys himself thoroughly.

his ship weathered a terrific stage-storm, while the "Ottomites" went under. They never came into contact with him. Still, he was a soldier for all his drapery, and I doubt if I should have gathered this without the assistance of the words. I except one inspired moment when, having no lethal weapon of his own, *Othello* stole past the points of the guards' swords under cover of his peroration and snatched the dagger from *Cassio's* sheath to stab himself withal.

Mr. Laurence Irving, as *Iago*, always arrested eye and ear with his least word or action. He was never a stage villain. But in avoiding the obvious things of tradition he tended to be impish rather than devilish; and, though I give him credit for singeing an invisible moth in a candle-flame and spitting on his own ensign (incidents not allowed for in the book), yet the real venom of his inhumanity seldom emerged except in his brutal attitude to his wife. This part was played by Miss Alice Crawford, who spent a great deal of time on the stage doing nothing in particular and doing it well and unobtrusively. Her lovely Venetian dress was in sharp contrast to the dowdiness of the villainous "ancient;" and altogether I can't imagine why *Emilia* ever married him.

Miss Neilson-Terry played *Desdemona* with a fine grace and sincerity, but was apt to linger too long over the simplest phrases and so sometimes missed their spontaneity. On the other hand, in the last Act, she got off to sleep with extraordinary smartness, when one considers the trying time she had just gone through, and the fact that the limelight was playing right on her eyes. "Put out the light," says *Othello* a little later; but the limelight-man was deaf to his instructions.

Mr. Thesiger's *Roderigo* was a pretty popinjay; and Mr. George was thoroughly sound as *Brabantio*; but the most satisfying figure of all was the *Cassio* of Mr. Philip Merivale, who looked delightful and played with a very perfect intuition for subtleties of gesture. The charm of Miss Laura Cowie was, of course, wasted on the miserably thankless part of *Bianca*.

The chiaroscuro of Mr. Craven's "Narrow Street" was very effective, and Mr. Harker's Venetian scenes would have been for me a very dream of romance, only I always turn so nervous when a gondola gets loose on the stage. And I fear that Mr. Laurence Irving will for the future share my uneasiness, for his gondola started off with him before he was ready for it (not having yet brought his punting implement into play), and, though he escaped actual immersion, he sustained a very nasty jar. O. S.



Sir Herbert Tree (*Othello*). "She wakes!"

Miss Neilson-Terry (*Desdemona*). "Well, so would you, with a man reciting Shakspeare at your bedside and the limelight playing all over your face."



Annie (after the ceremony). "I MUSTN'T CALL YOU 'MISS' NOW, MA'AM, 'COS YOU'RE 'MA'AM' NOW, MISS."

"BILLY."

Some years ago there was a picture in this paper of a man, very ill, pointing over the side of a paddle-steamer and saying very feebly, "Stop the ship! I've dropped my teeth." It must have occurred to many people that there was the basis of a three-act play in this joke, and they will be glad to learn that after many years someone has at last been found to dramatise it. It is a little lavish, however, of Mr. GEORGE CAMERON to put the two ideas into one farce; the false teeth *motif* alone would have been sufficient for *Billy*, and then he might have given us afterwards another farce entirely about sea-sickness. But no doubt plenty of other ideas will come into his head—he could do something with cheese, for instance. Surely there is a three-act play to be got out of gorgonzola?

Poor Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS! He was *Billy*, and he had to spend three Acts looking for his teeth. He did his best to give an air of refinement to the evening, but even he couldn't prevent us shuddering. And Mr. ROBERT AVERELL and Miss VERA COBURN and other attractive people, all trying to be jolly on false teeth—poor dears, they must have wondered whether the whole thing wasn't a horrible nightmare from which presently they would wake.

However, *Billy* is preceded by *Her Point of View*, which is the best one-act play I have seen for some time. It contains a real idea. In the circumstances I am particularly grateful to Mr. W. T. COLEBY; and he, no doubt, is particularly grateful to Mr. CAMERON. A dinner in which the sardine is the only thing worth eating is always a little disappointing, but such a dinner certainly shows up the *hors d'œuvre* in the best possible light. M.

"D. W. T."

I WROTE a fervid Ode to Spring
In SHELLEY'S soaring strain;
Its haunting lilt and rhythmic swing
Would make an AUSTIN vain;
I rhapsodised of dell and fern,
Of bonny braes and banks;
And yet *The Pink 'Un* (by return)
Declined the gem With Thanks.

I wrote a truly British song
With DAGONET as guide;
The sentiment was hot and strong;
"We'll show 'em yet!" I cried.
The swinging chorus glowed with fire
(WEBSTER supplied the rhymes);
Alas! my patriotic lyre
Was wasted on *The Times*.

Still game, a stirring tale I told
Of piracy and wreck;
On casks of rum freebooters rolled,
Or strode the blood-stained deck;
I caught the mood of R. L. S.
(A daring thing to say);
But to my grief *The City Press*
Returned my yarn next day.

Concerning culinary tips
I penned the pithy par,
But 'How to devil orange pips'
Displeased *The Auto-Car;*
My hints of soaps for baby's tub,
For cleansing stains of beer,
Were, with an editorial snub,
Rejected by *The Sphere*.

At last, brain-weary of the strife,
By Grub Street dullards spurned,
I made the effort of my life—
Light verses neatly turned.
I conjured all my lyric art
To soften souls of flint;
And pity touched one gentle heart,
For here's my verse—*in print!*

PRESIDENT TAFT is reported as having committed himself to the statement that "the man that pulls the rope should hang by the rope." We have always held this opinion with regard to bell-ringers.

From a time-table:—

"London Bridge Passengers change at Streatham except those marked with an asterisk*."

Never having liked Streatham we are being tattooed all over with stars.

IN PARIS.

(Communicated by an invader.)

We knew Paris was going to be great fun, but it has been greater fun than anything we thought, and we really have been enjoying ourselves immensely every day. Dad says we shall have to suffer for it somehow when we get home, but we don't mind that, because that kind of suffering generally doesn't happen, and anyhow there'll be the dear dogs and the cats at home, and they'll make up for a lot of suffering.

I don't mean to say anything about the journey except that we had a frightful hurry at Calais, and we liked the French railway carriages and the white houses with creepers painted all over them; and when we got to Paris we had to wait a long time in an omnibus while Dad was getting the luggage. But he came at last looking very hot and excited; he said he'd been in a street riot once and it was nothing to the *douane*. We didn't mind much because as soon as we got out of the station we saw a *cuirassier* with a long trail of hair floating from his helmet, and that was one of the things we'd all been looking out for ever since we left England. The *cuirassiers* look perfectly splendid, and Peggy has made up her mind to marry one and settle in Paris, only he must wear his uniform always and he'll have to learn to talk English.

Well, we got to the hotel and saw our rooms and had some supper, and after that I don't remember anything, and Rosie and Peggy don't either, but I suppose we went up in the lift, and Mum put us to bed because we were there all right the next morning when the waiter came in with the breakfast; but first we jumped out of bed and rushed to the window and looked out and said, "Hurrah! This is Paris," and then the waiter said something in French to us—but he's a German, I'm afraid—and we answered him in French, and he really understood us, so it is useful having French lessons. French breakfasts are a cup of coffee or chocolate and two rolls each, with butter. One roll is curly and soft and crumbly, and the other is straight and hard, and both are very good, but the soft one is the best. Then, when you've had your breakfast, you do your washing and dressing, and when you get downstairs you're ready to go out directly.

It was a beautiful day, and everything looked as if it had been washed and brushed and made very tidy, and there were great carts with six fat grey horses to draw them. The horses had short ears, and every now and then one of them put up his head and neighed just as if he felt very jolly and wanted to say Good morning to everybody, and the driver shouted out "*Hue*" and cracked his whip like a pistol. And there were motor-cars and taxis and four-wheeled cabs with very skinny horses, and the cabmen had shiny top hats, some black, some white; and the motor omnibuses came booming along at a tremendous rate. They've got a thing like a huge eye on their radiator and it looks as if it was glaring at you all the time. We ran over all the crossings, and Dad and Mum ran too. It was good fun after you had got over.

First of all we walked to the *Champs Elysées* where the great arch is. It's twice the size of the Marble Arch and much handsomer. Then we kept walking on till we got to the *Place de la Concorde* and the real streets, and Dad kept on showing us all the hotels he'd ever stopped at and the restaurants where he'd had good dinners ever so many years ago before we were born. He said it nearly made him cry to remember it all, and what was he going to do in Paris now he'd brought his family and couldn't go out to dinners and theatres as he used to? He said it all kept coming back to him like a beautiful dream, and he really must have a dash one night before he went home, and be a happy bachelor once more. Peggy said she'd go with him.

We wandered about a good deal and saw some beautiful shops, and we all gave one another imaginary presents. I got a diamond tiara, and Rosie a pearl necklace, and Peggy chose five rings (diamonds, rubies and emeralds), and Mum had some bracelets and pendants worth about a thousand pounds. It's almost as good as really getting the things. Then at last we got to the *Louvre* (not the shop but the Gallery) and went in.

Of course we saw the Venus of Milo, and we loved her, though she hasn't got any arms, but her face is so kind and beautiful that you don't want to talk at all but just to look at her, and if you do say anything you say it in a whisper. After that we went through miles and miles of picture galleries, because we were looking for the picture of Mme. Vigée Le Brun and her daughter. We've seen a photograph of it, and that's one of the things we came to Paris to see. After we'd asked a good many times we suddenly saw it in the distance, and we all made a rush for it, and Dad said, "There's the darling," and we all stopped and gazed at her and her little girl, and then we tore ourselves away, and then we came back again and had another gaze. She died many years ago, but somehow you feel as if you had met her and knew her quite well. Aunt Mary says it's because of her mother-look, and that all good happy mothers look like that. So that's why we thought we recognised her.

I must stop now, because there's no more paper, but I want to say that we *are* enjoying ourselves, and the French people we talk to all have such pleasant faces and such jolly smiles that it's quite easy to get on with them, and when you can't quite say anything in French they always help you. And the *cuirassiers* keep on being splendid. One was at the hotel on Sunday and we spoke to him. He wasn't at all fierce.

A RUINED INDUSTRY.

[A French scientist says that the awakening of Nature in Spring is entirely due to the activity of sundry microbes.]

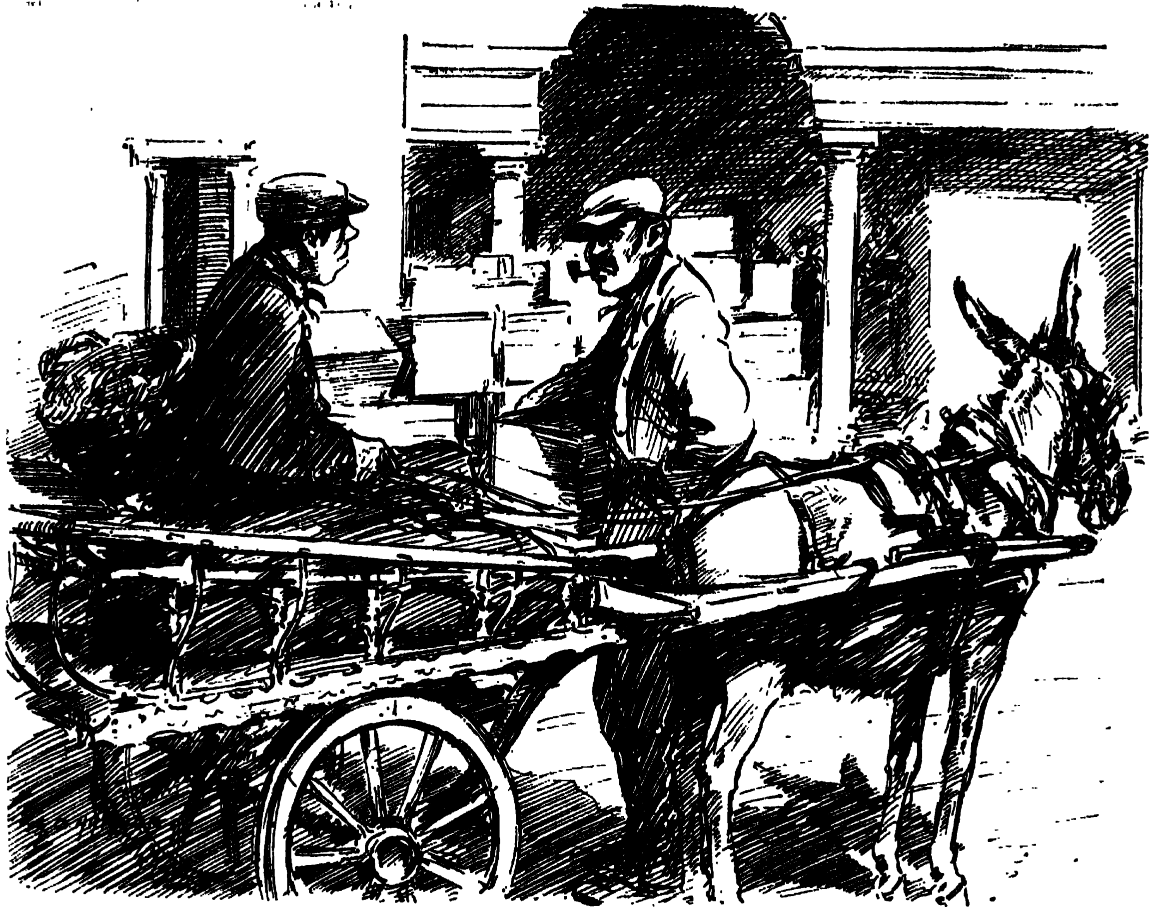
When April's breeze 'gan whispering
And Winter's rigour broke I
Would hymn the buds and blooms of Spring,
Its onions and its croci;
Some lively lyric forth I'd pour
And then some solemn slow thing
(Starting, say, seven weeks before
I shed my winter clothing).

To pay such compliments to her
Had been my custom since I'd
First known the feelings Spring could stir
Within a poet's inside;
But now my heart has got an ache,
My lute a compound fracture,
For what one swallow cannot make
A germ can manufacture.

To think that, when the lambkins frisk
And all the world is joyous,
A mere bacillus makes them brisk—
My word, it *does* annoy us:
Starvation stares us in the face;
In vain we seek to choose a
Fresh theme to take the season's place—
Quo tendes, mea Musa?

"THREATENED SPLIT IN FIFE."—*Morning Post.*

This must be rather like the little rift within the lute.



LUCK.

First Coster. "WELL, PORE OLD BILL'S GONE."

Second Coster (*scornfully*). "PORE, INDEED! LUCKIEST BLOKE IN THE MARKET. COULDN'T TOUCH NUTHINK WIFOUT IT TURNED TO MONEY. INSURED 'IS 'OUSE—BURNED IN A MONTH. INSURED 'ISSELF AGIN HACCIDENTS—BROKE 'IS HARM FUST WEEK. JOINED THE BURIAL SOCIETY LAST TOOSDAY, AND NOW 'E'S 'OPPED IT. PORE OLD BILL, INDEED!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

PERHAPS it is less than fair to Mr. WILFRED HEMERY to suggest that a certain loose clumsiness of method in *The Woman Wonderful* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) has by accident contrived to produce a convincing study of an amiably drifting, feckless character; the success ought rather perhaps to be ascribed to conscious art. *Frank Brown's* sole inheritance is the knowledge, communicated to him on his mother's death, that his father, reputed dead and honourable, was really a defaulting solicitor and is probably alive. Chance drops our *Brown* into the Colonial service and a berth at Conradiesdorp, a South African township. A realistic, almost cinematographic presentment of a great many inconsiderable occurrences shows you a picture likely to give pause to the adventurous emigrant. For not the nethermost depths of Upper Tooting could hold such chances of devastating boredom as this life of a magistrate's clerk in the Dutch-English "society" of Conradiesdorp. Our hero recognises in one *Smith*, a hopelessly recidivist drunkard of the town, his own father, and the father, by a coloured woman, of a little blind boy who is killed by *Smith* during a fit of drunken heedlessness in the unsuspected presence of the other son. To this other son, deputy magistrate for the time, it falls to hold the inquest. The conflict between filial and civic duty provides the tragedy of the book, while not unskilfully through the whole is woven the story of a love not the less intelligible because it is vacillating and unheroic. But when KIPLING made his pæan to "The Woman Wonderful" he had (we will wager our fountain pen) some vision far other than the South Africa of Conradiesdorp. Mr. HEMERY has written a first book of considerable promise.

What worried me about *A Lost Interest* (CONSTABLE) was that it contained such a crowd of characters that Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS seemed hardly able to provide them with enough employment to go round. The result was that, when more and more persons kept flocking in and, finding apparently that they had nothing whatever to do with the very slender plot, wandered out again, I was left with some feeling of exasperation. Of course it may have been intentional. Perhaps it was because she also got muddled by meeting all these strangers that *Violet Egerton* began to lose interest in the young husband who had been called away from her to Central Africa after a few weeks of marriage. Then there was *Sir Everard Lang*, the mild villain of the story, who had arranged the husband's going, and whose personal interest in *Violet* lasted until she cried publicly when walking with him in the Park at the most fashionable hour. But when, in order to rescue her niece, old *Lady Blatherwake* (*Violet's* aunt) got herself farcically engaged to *Sir Everard*, I am afraid I must confess that my own interest was lost never to be recovered. I'm sorry, as I have before now derived great enjoyment from Mrs. WEMYSS'S

writing, but there is no doubt that *A Lost Interest* bored me. This in spite of the fact that the characters, if superfluous, are often pleasant folk, and that the author's wit has by no means deserted her in describing them (as, for example, *Sir Everard*, whose facial mobility was such that "he could look in a shorter space of time sorrier than any other man of his age in London"). And the illustrations of those delightfully pretty people of whom Mr. BALLIOL SALMON has the secret are altogether charming.

Crumpled rose-leaves make uncomfortable bed-fellows, and dead flies, according to SOLOMON, cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour. But you can, after all, make *pot pourri* of the rose-leaves, and put the flies in their proper place, which is buns, and so make the best of a bad job. And that, more or less, is what happens in *The Fly in the Ointment* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), by FRANCES HAMMOND. At first I thought it was going to be a trivial account of some ordinary young people's lives, told as for school-girls. But as they grew up I found that the author had unsuspected strength and purpose, and, looking back on her story of a wealthy little lady with a sweet face and disposition but crooked shoulders, I see that it is good for me to have been shown how heavy a burden a deformity of this kind is for a "white" woman to bear. Also I have enjoyed the psychological interest of it all, the steady development of the woman in her uphill fight against the cruelties and contrariness of life, and the jealous spite and mischievous littleness of the straight-limbed young beauty who shared her home like a sister and made a hell of it. In fact, the savour of FRANCES HAMMOND's ointment likes me well.



NO, THIS IS NOT A THIEF, BUT A BRITISH VISITOR IN A SYDNEY HOTEL, FOLLOWING THE INSTRUCTIONS POSTED IN THE BEDROOM WHICH BID YOU LOCK YOUR DOOR AND TAKE ALL YOUR VALUABLES WITH YOU WHEN GOING TO THE BATH.

Mr. ARTHUR H. HOLMES is a follower of Mr. HENRY JAMES not only in point of style but in disregard of all incidents save the psychological, and in the deliberate way in which he toys with an apparently trivial conversation. To tread in the footsteps of such a leader is no easy task, and I admire Mr. HOLMES's intrepidity and also its partial success. The fault I have to find with *Twinkle* (DUCKWORTH) is that its author requires me to be absorbed in the self-introspection of one particular character, the gentleman who gives his name to the book—has anyone really ever been called "Twinkle," I wonder?—whereas I would far sooner have followed the meditations of one of the others. *Mr. Jacob Twinkle* was a middle-aged, leisured country gentleman living in Cumberland, who suddenly came to the conclusion (which he immediately imparted in the solemnity of two chapters to his wife) that the best principle for life was to "be yourself: accept nothing which you don't like: do nothing which doesn't advance you; and not be afraid of yourself, for you can't know anything better than the best of yourself." The story thereafter is concerned with the reaction of this theory or creed on *Mr. Jacob Twinkle's* family and environment, and more especially on the matter of his daughter's attachment to a young man of inferior social status—the son, to be precise, of a local jeweller. In the fortunes of these young people I was considerably interested; but though they did, I am pleased to say, bring off their match Mr. HOLMES has no eyes for anybody or anything but the internal arrangements of *Mr. Jacob Twinkle's* mind, which began after a while to leave me cold. It was as if Mr. HOLMES continually sang to me—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,"

and by some appalling flaw of impoliteness I failed to share his astronomical curiosity.

When Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAMSON take from a convent a girl who is on the point of becoming a nun and waft her off without any companion to Monte Carlo, we may reasonably expect that exciting things are to follow. Add to this that *Mary Grant* was very beautiful, excessively unsophisticated, and wonderfully reckless, and you have about as much as even this pair of fluent writers can manage in their dashing story. *Mary* had the gambling lust in her blood, and although she was on her way to Florence she jumped out of the train at Monte Carlo as eagerly as any trout ever jumped at a fly. There (unlike most trouts) she nearly broke the bank, and also damaged a few hearts. Yet she remained sublimely innocent that she was doing anything to make people think her not altogether a "nice girl." If you can admit that she could stay in such a delightfully guileless state, you will have no fault to find with *The Guests of Hercules* (METHUEN). Adventurers stream across the stage; people with systems and the usual lack of money are luring the unwary; the stick-at-nothing brigade are not unrepresented, and in the midst of this promiscuous crowd stands *Mary*, unsuspecting and unspotted. The authors have given a faithful picture of the life of Monte Carlo, of its glamour and its shallowness. That *Mary* found a few friends to protect her and a Prince (Italian) to marry, I cannot help regarding as rather a bit of luck.

"Mr. Lloyd George denies the statement of the London News Agency that he had taken Holmwood, Putney Hill."—*Press.*

It is like rare and refreshing fruit in these days to hear of something definite that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has not taken.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor is reported to have said that, if the only thing really at issue regarding the Home Rule Bill were the constitution of the Irish Senate, no doubt his friends would be open to a deal. We fear, however, that his friends want a deal too much.

* * *

The decision that there is to be a separate Irish stamp is looked upon as a mean attempt on the part of the Government to seduce Unionist philatelists from the party they have hitherto supported.

* * *

Many members of the German aristocracy are now becoming business men, and this new movement is being referred to in Germany as "The trust of princes." It remains to be seen whether the well-known advice, "Put not your trust in princes," still holds good.

* * *

If he had a people like the Italians, the Kaiser is reported to have said, he would conquer half Europe. Seeing what little headway the Italians have made in Africa, we other Europeans have every right to feel hurt at the comparison.

* * *

The Glasgow Herald gives us a vivid account of a storm which recently visited that city. "Shortly before two o'clock," says our contemporary, "its velocity was alarming, and a crowd, roughly estimated at 2,000, made its way to Parkhead to witness the return League match between Celtic and Raith Rovers." Football crowds show which way the wind blows, as they say up North.

* * *

The recent excavations at Pompeii, we are told, tend to show that there were Suffragettes at the time of the destruction of that town. The evidence, we suppose, is the large amount of broken glass which has been found there.

* * *

"London's handy man," says Dr. Waldo, "is the policeman." Robert is evidently living down his reputation as a footy man.

* * *

A man stated at Wood Green Police Court that he had named his son "Camo" after the University crews. We hope there is no truth in the rumour that another father, equally interested in the classical boat race, but more in sympathy with the dark blue crew, has christened his little boy "Oxo."

* * *

The East Kent Quarter Sessions had to be abandoned the other day owing to there being no prisoners for trial. An enquiry will, we understand, be held to fix the responsibility for this fiasco.

* * *

"The playing of football," we read, "will be allowed at Wormwood Scrubbs during April. The grounds will be unreserved, and therefore no permits will be necessary." Not even tickets-of-leave?



Early Enthusiast (just bowled out). "Funny thing, I never play well at the beginning of the season!"

"It is now the fashion," *The Financial News* tells us, "to speak of shares as 'aviating' instead of 'rising.'" Oh, those witty Stock Exchange men!

* * *

We seem to be in for an epidemic of escapes from prison. Last week the Norwich Stag Hunt lost a valuable stag, which leaped out of the deer cart while on its way to a meet. An exceptionally unsportsmanlike act.

* * *

"Spring Hunting" is the title of an article in *The Globe*. We hope the writer found it.

* * *

Mr. William Woodward, F.R.I.B.A., suggests that the Royal Botanic Gardens would form an admirable site for the new London University, the objection having been raised that the Bedford estate site would necessitate the University buildings being divided into four plots. Yet, according to Mr. Woodward, the Botanic Gardens would have a somewhat similar drawback. "The lessees," he says, "have for many years past found it difficult to make both ends meet."

* * *

"ALL MODELS REDUCED" says an announcement. This, we fear, is what often happens when artists have just finished their Academy masterpieces.

* * *

In raiding a house containing a number of valuables stolen from museums, the French police have found some letters which may lead to the recovery of Leonardo's "La Gioconda." It is feared, however, that, owing to her recent humiliating experiences, she will have lost her smile.

* * *

Whether it is owing to the spread of Socialism or not it is difficult to say, but there is no denying the fact that class distinctions are tending to disappear. For example, the *demi-monde* and a certain section of Society are now dancing the same dances in the same way.

From "To-day's Notable Dicta" in *The Glasgow Evening Citizen*:—

> "As men's pulses grow big their hearts sometimes become little."

Our pulse goes into strict training to-morrow.

> "One of our compositors anxious to take to heart His Excellency's advice to cultivate a vien of humour began well by spelling 'Humour' as 'Humer' on our Daily Standard poster."
> *East African Standard.*

If this is the same compositor, we congratulate him on his achievement—quite in the right "vien" of humcur.

> "The School has something to be proud of in the fact that one of its pupils, T. M. Airey, was first on the list of honours among 2,481 candidates. This success is annually brought about by the splendid efforts of the headmaster and his capable and hard-working staff, with, of course, the hearty co-operation of the boys themselves."—*Halstead Gazette.*

The altruism of the other boys in standing heartily aside and letting Airey come out top of the list each year certainly deserves mention; but surely this monotonously successful candidate deserves a word of praise for himself. After five or six years he might so easily have gone stale.

BONES OF CONTENTION.

No. I.

"How you can look at those perfect legs and entertain the feelings you do passes my comprehension."

Having delivered herself of this utterance my wife sank into a chair and became absorbed in a newspaper.

"My dear," I ventured pacifically, "legs are not everything in this world."

"Of course," rejoined my wife, "anyone can take refuge in generalities, but to people who really appreciate the Chippendale point of view—— "

"Nobody," I interrupted with some heat, "would venture to assert that I don't possess the Chippendale point of view; but there are moments when art must bow to utility."

"And utility," supplemented my wife, "must of necessity, I suppose, take a degraded form."

"I can't see anything degraded in a nice sensible knee-hole writing table with a lot of sensible drawers to put your papers in," I remonstrated. "That little bureau was designed for a boudoir, and you have always called this room my 'study.'"

"Well, isn't it your study?" demanded my wife sharply.

"Not if I mayn't have what I want in it," I returned firmly.

"When I think," mused my wife, "of the hours that I spent in choosing the things for it! Oh, how I hoped and prayed it might please you."

"Dearest," I interposed hastily, "pray believe that my appreciation, if not adequately expressed, is none the less absolutely—er—stupendous."

My wife crossed to the little bureau and, bending, stroked one of its tapering legs with the air of a sentimental groom.

"Were you the product of the master's sudden inspiration?" she asked it in a low effective voice, "or did you grow into perfection slowly—laboriously, the faltering fingers that fashioned you waiting breathless, ere they added touch to touch, for the divine guidance that has made you what you are?"

"Fingers don't generally suffer from breathlessness," I objected without my customary caution.

My wife turned and looked at me. "You shall have your Victorian atrocity," she enunciated in a cold vibrant voice. "This poor little outcast shall seek an owner who can still find some value, some beauty, in the finer issues of life."

I confess I was nettled. "A bureau isn't a finer issue," I said, "and your remarks, to say the least of them, are obscure."

"Naturally," returned my wife, "they are obscure to you, to whom it makes no difference whether the table on which you work emits inspiration or stands confessed a monument of gross materialism."

"I'm perfectly certain," I protested, "that Mr. Chippendale himself didn't use a little ricket—er—a little delicate thing like that for doing solid work and drawing out his plans."

"There can be no possible profit in that kind of speculation," returned my wife coldly. "Let us close the subject. I wanted to please you and I have failed—lamentably, that is all." She turned and gazed out of the window, and in the gathering twilight her face looked very pale.

A sudden overwhelming conviction seized me that never had husband behaved with such brutality as I.

"I've quite changed my mind," I began lamely. "The significance of having something really perfect as a medium for work was never brought home to me before."

My wife turned and faced me. "Do you really mean that?"

"Oh, absolutely," I lied.

She gave a little sigh: "I am so glad—for your sake."

It was just then that the servant announced Dawkins.

Dawkins is not a particularly interesting or pleasant person, so I need not dwell on his visit; but on this occasion he was responsible for an utterance that may be regarded as almost momentous. He possesses the indisputable merit of knowing more about old furniture than anyone else in London, and my wife regards him as only second in importance to "the master" himself.

"You are very cosy here," he permitted himself to say. "Madame's boudoir, I presume?"

"Oh, no," interrupted my wife hastily, "this is Harold's study."

"Really!" He laughed. "I wonder he uses a little kickshaw like that."

I experienced a sense of unholy joy as he indicated the bureau.

"You don't care about it," suggested my wife meekly.

"Oh, it's quite pretty," he returned with contemptuous good nature, "but it's such a little liar. Look! It begins by pretending that it's Chippendale, then suddenly develops a Hepplewhite tendency at the toes, and finally it flagrantly emulates Queen Anne in its contours. It's an awful pity that they don't get some decent models before they start copying the old stuff."

To-day I sit spreading myself luxuriously at a fine solid knee-hole table.

THE ECLIPSE.

I.—By a Hypochondriac.

I wandered forth soon after ten;
The morn was fair; I don't know when
I've felt more blithe than I did then.

I am a frail and flower-like one
Who only ripens in the sun;
Unless he comes out strong, I'm done.

But here so brave was he and bright
That, as he gained a greater height,
I knew the most acute delight,

Till by degrees I grew aware
Of a strange shade upon the air
That thrilled me with a darkling care.

I thought the sun had passed behind
A cloud. 'Twas nothing of the kind.
I looked. It almost knocked me blind.

Indeed, the sun was shining still,
Yet sombre loomed the day and chill.
I said, "I tell you what—I'm ill."

Visual delusions such as these,
I thought, were signs of grave disease;
I felt extremely ill at ease.

Then home my tottering steps I bent,
And to my bed I feebly went,
And straightway for the doctor sent.

(He is a gross, coarse man, and stout;
I hate him, tho' I do not doubt
The fellow knows his way about).

He came. I hastened to explain
The signs which made me entertain
Fears of a sickness of the brain.

He listened with a front of brass,
Then pocketed his fee, alas,
And told me not to be an ass,

Adding, in tones by no means low,
That any idiot ought to know
When an eclipse would be on show.

He raised the blind, and then withdrew.
I saw the skies were very blue,
And the warm sun came glowing through.

And as I humbly crawled from bed,
And knew that I had been misled,
I dare not tell you what I said.

Dum-Dum.

The Position in Egypt.

"Vanted a littiaid maiker Applier meed uot cale nuless a good cuest."

Egyptian Morning News.

"Prima Donna—'I have here a certificate from a doctor to the effect that I can't sing to-night.' Manager—'Why go to all that trouble? I'll give you that certificate any night.' When this is done the turf is placed back into position again and rolled lightly."

Paddington Mercury.

And that is the end of the manager, so fatal is it to insult a prima donna.



THE OBSTACLE EVENT.

Mr. Asquith. "STIFFISH WORK, I GRANT YOU, BUT NEVER REALLY MONOTONOUS."



First Music-Hall Artist (watching Mr. J. M. Barrie's "The Twelve-Pound Look" from the wings). "I LIKE THIS YER SKETCH; THE PATTER'S SO GOOD. 'OO WROTE IT?' *Second Music-Hall Artist.* "BLOKE CALLED BARRIE, I THINK."
First Music-Hall Artist. "ARST FOR 'IS ADDRESS. 'E WRITES OUR NEXT."

THE ECLIPSE.

II.—BY A PESSIMIST IN THE MATTER OF CLIMATE.

IF accident of birth had made me resident,
  Charles, in a land of sunshine and of song,
In Spain or underneath some dark-skinned president,
  Most likely I'd have come out pretty strong
When I beheld Selene make that messy dent
  In poor old Phœbus: I'd have struck a gong
Or put on sackcloth, crying, "'Tis the end!"
But I am English: I was calm, my friend.

I did not even smoke a pair of glasses
  To see the portent, nor ascend the heights
Of Primrose Hill—I hate the lower classes,
  By which I mean those poor inferior wights
Who have not trod Parnassus' flowering grasses;
  I do not run amok to gaze at sights;
Aloof I wander heedless of the mass
(I did not see *The Miracle*, O Chas.).

Still, as I say, in countries where Apollo
  Holds the high vault eternally at noon,
I might have been disposed my pride to swallow,
  And rush into the street with unlaced shoon,
Shouting, "Alas, my brother dies!" and wallow
  In the white dust; but, as it was, the moon
Damaged the Day-god with that mighty dunch,
Whilst I thought nothing but "an hour off lunch."

And also "Goodness me, it's growing chillier!"
  And struck a pine-wood match and lit the fire.
That is my point: could anything be sillier,
  In this bleak land of hurricane and mire,
Where morn's eclipses are so dashed familiar,
  Than feverish haste to see our god expire?
I am his servant, but I'll not be dragged
Out of my rooms to see the old boy ragged.

The way I truly felt about the matter is,
  Here was a day, the balmiest in the year,
Soft winds that wooed the earth with silken flatteries,
  An April day in England; this seemed queer:
And Jove said, "I have nothing in my batteries;
  Can you oblige me, Cynthia, my dear?"
And so she blotted out the sun, poor soul;
Rotten, I called it, Charles, and rang for coal.

EVOE.

From *The Church News* (N.Z.), in a sudden burst of gaiety:—

"The familiar question was re-opened—How Sunday School children are to be attached to the Church, and once more the use of adhesive stamps was recommended."

"Byron was educated at Eton, and we say that Eton produced him."—*Harmsworth Popular Science.*

The "we" of course refers strictly to the editors of the *Popular Science.* Other people say that Harrow produced him.

"BUMPSTI"; AN APPRECIATION.

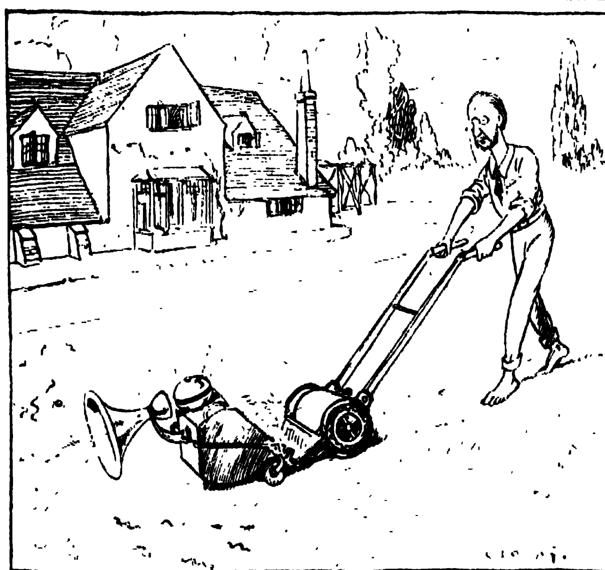
There are two of them, and they are announced on the music-hall programme as "Humpsti-Bumpsti." I have no actual knowledge which is which, but I am morally certain that it is the little one who is "Bumpsti," and until corrected I shall assume this to be so. Their apparatus is Spartan in its simplicity, consisting merely of a kitchen table and several cane-seated chairs. "Humpsti," being, I imagine, the elder brother, comes on first—a tall well-set-up young fellow in evening costume, with black satin knee-breeches and silk stockings. A pause—after which "Bumpsti" drifts in aimlessly. "Bumpsti" is small and pallid; there is a certain dreaminess in his expression, partly due to the black line that traverses each of his eyelids. His dress-coat does not fit him, and he not only wears an unfashionably baggy pair of black silk trousers, but is also guilty of the unpardonable solecism of a plaid neck-tie, though he does not seem to have the slightest suspicion that he is less correctly attired than "Humpsti" himself. I don't suppose he would care a straw if he had. "Humpsti" takes off his crush hat and coat and flings them to "Bumpsti," who receives them with amiable bewilderment, dimly conscious that he is expected to deposit them on one of the chairs, but quite incapable of making a selection with so many to choose from. He solves the problem by meandering off with the garments, and probably losing them in the wings.

On his return he is astounded to see "Humpsti" in the act of throwing a back somersault from the table, and alighting in a sitting position on a chair close by. Upon reflection it occurs to "Bumpsti" that such a phenomenon can only be due to some peculiarity in the table itself which requires his close investigation, and, sprawling across the top, he proceeds to examine it, head downwards, from below, whereupon it promptly turns over with him. He utters a plaintive little yelp, and "Humpsti," coming to the rescue, sets the table and its victim on their respective legs again, whereupon "Bumpsti" retires to a corner and sits on the floor, evidently feeling that the nature of tables is a mystery beyond his comprehension. Any mortification, however, is soon forgotten in the delight of discovering that his plaid bow possesses the remarkable property, as often as the elastic attaching it to his collar is stretched, of emitting a long-drawn wail. This he elicits repeatedly and it never fails to afford him joyous surprise.

But in time the sight of "Humpsti's" acrobatic performances inspires him with the spirit of emulation. After all, his expression seems to convey, he is "Humpsti's" brother! It is quite possible that this agility may run in the family—one never knows. At all events, "Bumpsti" decides to be up and doing. But no sooner is he seated, after laborious efforts, on the table than he is disconcerted by finding that he has unaccountably lost one of his legs! He waves its vacant trouser feebly, while he calls "Humpsti's" attention to the calamity with his customary little yelp. "Humpsti" arrives, and, with just a shade of patronage, convinces him that his alarm is purely imaginary. Both legs have somehow got into the same half of his trousers—that is all! and "Bumpsti's" smile of relief, as he recognises his missing foot, is irresistibly pathetic. *Now* he can achieve something! and, rising unsteadily, he stands, swaying on heels that overlap the edge of the table, and not unnaturally loses his balance. Happily, a push from "Humpsti's" ever-ready hand restores him to the perpendicular, after which "Bumpsti" indicates that he can do no more until he is provided with a few chairs. These are supplied, and he piles them up on the table in an untidy pyramid, obviously with but the vaguest idea of what he proposes to do next. All he *is* certain of is that he wants one more chair. He lifts one from the stage; the seat of the chair catches the edge of the table; he tugs impatiently, and upsets table, chairs and himself, to his unbounded astonishment.

After this he seems content to renounce all further experiments with such tricky objects as furniture, and wanders about the stage like a happy child, occasionally humming snatches of the air the orchestra is playing, and never for a moment looking where he is going. Once he all but takes a header into the arms of the conductor, whom he seems to regard as chiefly to blame, and shortly afterwards, as he staggers in generous admiration of his brother's feats, he very nearly topples backwards among the first violins. "Humpsti" is only just in time to save him by the shirt front—an intervention which "Bumpsti" appears mildly to resent as an officious implication that he is unable to look after himself. So, by way of asserting his dignity and independence, he mounts the table for the third time, and paces it proudly with the air of one perfectly at home. Unfortunately he miscalculates its area, and an incautious step backwards lands him in the centre of three chairs below, all of which are overturned by his impact. He reappears hopelessly entangled by them—a sort of Laocoon in the coils of cane-bottomed serpents. His endeavours to escape only involve him in struggles with fresh chairs, for which he appears to have a fatal fascination. At last he succeeds in shaking them off—but too late! This time even "Humpsti" cannot prevent him from floundering over the footlights right into the thick of the brazen instruments! However, he has soon clambered on the stage again, apparently uninjured, and stumbles off with one foot through a drum, which, tripping him up just as he reaches the wings, deprives his final exit of the dignity it might have had.

I may be mistaken of course, but I am afraid "Bumpsti" will never make a really successful acrobat. Somehow, it does not seem to be in him. I doubt if any perseverance on his part will ever conquer that unfortunate tendency to come croppers. It would be pleasanter to give him more



WARNED OFF THE TURF!

By Smith's "Humanitas" Attachment for Lawn-Mowers.

The worm is necessary for ensuring the healthy state of your garden. *Do not kill it.*—See Darwin.



Immaculate Jones (on his way to a dance). "Won't one of you change places with me?"
Workman (obligingly). "It's all right, Guvnor; you're not in our way."

encouragement, but there are occasions when candour is the truest kindness.

I am all the sorrier to have to say this because there is so much that is lovable in "Bumpsti." With his child-like capacity for being pleased and interested, his placid endurance of mishaps and reverses, and his never-failing hopefulness, he would be an ideal fellow-traveller on a Continental tour. Except, perhaps, at *table-d'hôte*. There—with so many chairs and tables about—it is just conceivable, I admit, that one might find "Bumpsti" rather too compromising a companion. F. A.

"BOOKS UNWRITTEN."

(*With acknowledgments to the weekly edition of "The Westminster Gazette."*)

There are, of course, the books that probably never will be written, such as Mr. Wilkie Bard's rhymed rendering of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and Mr. Silas K. Hocking's monograph on "Rabelais as a World Force." But then there are the books that could quite easily be written, and that I would give much to see in print. Mr. Belloc's "Life and Teachings of Sir Wilfrid Lawson," and "Buddhism and its Modern Application: Being an Essay in Quietism," by Mr. Chesterton, both belong to this class. And why should not Mr. Masefield, leaving for the moment his own excursions into poetry, find time to put into the hands of his publisher a eulogy of "The Later Poems of Mr. Kipling"?

In the drama and matters appertaining thereto, I want to see Mr. Gordon Craig's "The Art of Little Tich," and "The Curtain Raiser as a Medium for Dramatic Expression," by Mr. Thomas Hardy. And in the way of *belles-lettres* I should wish for nothing better than a volume of "Lives of the Saints" from Mr. Francis Gribble; while Mr. Frank Harris might end the Shakspeare-Bacon controversy for us by adding "Shakspeare Day by Day, by One who Knew Him" to the already extensive list of his delightfully intimate associations with deceased literary lions. Mr. Filson Young, again, might delight me with a collection of "The Things That Do Not Matter"—if, indeed, any such exist for that keen soul. When one approaches fiction, however, the choice becomes more uncertain. Our novelists are their own splendid masters, and it is not for me to suggest subjects to them with anything but the extremest diffidence. But I should like to see the result of a mutual exchange of plots for their next novels on the part of selected pairs of our great fiction writers. For instance, I would have given a great deal to have had the opportunity of reading Mrs. Florence Barclay's "Three Weeks," and "The Rosary" of Mrs. Elinor Glyn, while I am sure Mr. Bennett's "Bella Donna" would have been just as enthralling as "The Old Wives' Tale" of Mr. Hichens. And I wonder how Mr. William Le Queux would have written "Life Everlasting"?

Commercial Candour.

"Pianos within. Piano-players sold."

AN APOSTLE OF HONESTY.

Rather precipitately judging him by his clothes—as at first I did—I assumed him to be a middle-aged antiquarian, but, as he approached and each detail of his *negligé* whiskers stood out more clearly, I perceived that he was either a tramp or a philosopher, or perhaps both.

As though he had divined my thought he stopped at the gate and proceeded to introduce himself. He had the air of a rather incompetent sort of person.

"Sir," he said, "I am a spreader."

"Indeed," I replied mildly. "A moderately strenuous profession, I imagine."

He looked at me rather sharply.

"On the contrary, Sir, I find it so complex and colossal a task that for some time past in my more poignant moments of despair I have contemplated giving it up entirely. May I lean against your railings?"

He leaned.

"You see, the idea is so new, so quaint, that the average hard-headed citizen does not readily grasp it. Briefly, I spread the idea of honesty—plain, simple honesty—just that, Sir. I go about asking people to be honest. I was the first to think of the idea, and I believe I may say it was very fitting that I *should* have been the one to think of it. For my whole soul is bound up in it. The Idea *is* Me—I am the Idea. Honesty, Sir—simple honesty. Honesty is the key which unlocks the door to happiness—*I* am the bearer of the key.

"Let us look at this question for a moment, Sir, and see how it works out. Let us assume that everyone in the world is honest. What happens?"

He took off his little, pinched-up, ex-brown soft hat and hung it on the railings, and I was astonished at his extraordinary resemblance to one of our leading statesmen.

"Why, a few sweeps with a razor," I reflected, "and——"

"What happens, Sir? Take, for instance, an ordinary occurrence—a daily, hourly occurrence—one of the commonest and yet, I think you will agree with me, not the least noble and beautiful of the customs of civilised finance—the lending of money. Now, Sir, assuming that everyone is honest, let us suppose one Jackson wishes to borrow five hundred pounds. He is temporarily—er—without resources—a position in which our greatest men not infrequently have found themselves. Jackson says, 'I need five hundred pounds; I will go to Parker. I like Parker—he is a fine fellow in many ways. Yes, it shall be Parker—certainly Parker.' So he calls upon Parker. He says, 'My dear Parker, lend me five hundred pounds.'

"Parker replies, 'Why, certainly, Jackson. For how long do you require it?' Jackson considers. Then he answers, 'I shall repay you on the 21st of May next at eleven o'clock.'

"'Excellent,' says Parker. 'Help yourself from the crate in the hall as you go out.'

"'Thank you,' answers Jackson, takes five hundred pounds from the crate or hamper or basket or whatever Parker keeps his money in, and goes home.

"On the 21st of May he puts it back. Merely that—puts it back. He happens to be passing Parker's, the money's due, Jackson is honest, and so he pops into the hall and puts it back. Do you see, Sir? It is only just the merest honesty—nothing more. And what could be simpler or less expensive? No deeds, mortgages, I.O.U.s, promissory notes, and all the complicated paraphernalia of the law. No worry on Jackson's part and less on Parker's. No expensive safe to buy. Why buy a safe? Everybody is honest, nobody will steal the money. Parker knows that and puts his savings in a crate or in the wheelbarrow out in the potting-shed—anywhere."

The spreader looked into my face, smiling.

"Isn't it simple?" he said.

I confessed that, while it was a little confusing at first, it certainly sounded very ingenuous.

He frowned.

"Ingenious, my dear Sir! How can that be? Why, it is so simple that the only ingenious part of it was thinking out its simplicity. But perhaps you don't understand quite perfectly. Let us consider another aspect of the question. For instance"—he produced a small booklet which resembled a tract, folded it and presented it to me. I am always helpless with these gentlemen, so I took it. "For instance, let us imagine that you have been playing a little croquet in your garden, and while your opponent is engaged in doing the full course in one you come to the gate and lean over it for a little recreation. *I* chance to be passing, and, getting into conversation with you, I sell you a copy of my book for threepence. By the way, you—er—the threepence, please—to illustrate my point—thanks"—for he had collected the threepence off me. "And naturally you say to yourself, 'Now, have I been defrauded? Is this volume, for which I have paid threepence, honestly worth it?'

"Bearing in mind that everyone is honest, you turn to me and say, 'Friend, is this book worth three-pence?' Instantly I answer, 'Sir, it is not. Twopence represents its total value, and therefore I return you one penny.'"

He gravely tendered me the penny, which I took. "And so," he concluded, "you see the exquisite simplicity of it all, my dear Sir, do you not? *You* are delighted—*I* am delighted. And all wholly due to the most elementary honesty."

He took up his little hat, exactly as a person takes a pinch of salt in some of our lesser restaurants, and placed it on his head, beaming at me.

"Remember—honesty, plain and simple," he said.

He took my hand and shook it about. Then, with a last smile and a final "Remember," he went his way, and I pinched myself to make absolutely certain that I had not been dreaming. Then I looked at the volume I had purchased. It was an ordinary two-page tract—quite ordinary, obviously second-hand, and if I had purchased it from any other person I should have considered it very expensive.

Some two hours later my wife protested against the absent-mindedness that had distinguished me throughout luncheon.

"I have asked you to tell me the time twice," she said, and I felt for my watch.

And then, as my fingers closed on the air that hitherto had always been displaced by the ancestral timepiece, I solved the problem which had kept me pondering half the morning. I had wondered why the spreader had given me back my penny. Now I know. He had done so because, on the whole, he felt that he could afford it.

He was a remarkable and talented man, and I have often wondered how he dealt with the person who had given him the tract. *I* had given him nothing and was a gold watch and twopence to the bad. He must have got a grandfather's clock at least from the person who had the hardihood to give him a tract.

"Wanted, two attendants capable of playing first violin, one French horn, one 'cello, one wicket-keeper."

Advt. in "Manchester Evening Chronicle."

If the wicket-keeper can't bowl, and the number of 'cellos is strictly limited to one, there should be plenty of qualified applicants to take on this team.

Responsibility.

"Mr. Maunder was in charge of the Solar System."—*Daily Express.*

Is it quite patriotic of him never to give England a total eclipse?

THE NEW HANDICAPPING.

To judge by the "freak" matches which have been played lately, it appears that golfers are getting tired of the method of handicapping by strokes. Below we suggest some handicaps (with their equivalents in strokes) which would, at any rate, introduce variety into the game.



8 *versus* 36



6 *versus* plus 4.



Plus 6 *versus* scratch.



16 *versus* plus 2.



THE COMING OF SPRING.

STUDY FOR A PROTEST AGAINST MODERN MATERIALISM.

DEBT AND DUTY.

We often wonder, I and Jane,
  By conscience forced to be penurious,
How folk on our financial plane
  Live in a manner so luxurious;
Their movements figure in *The Times*,
  They wear expensive frocks and frills,
They gallivant to foreign climes -
  We stay at home and pay our bills.

My sister Sarah's husband, Jack,
  Is something hopeless in the City,
A man habitually slack
  And greatly given to self-pity;
Yet ev'ry winter he and Sarah
  Evade December's fogs and chills
By skipping to the Riviera—
  I stay at home and pay his bills.

Smith is an artist friend of mine,
  A veritable prince of swankers,
Whose talent chiefly takes the line
  Of overdrawing at his banker's;
Yet Christmas finds him recreating
  Life in the Engadine at Sils,
Ski-ing, tobogganing and skating—
  I stay at home and pay my bills.

And there is Jones—I know his screw
  Is something under seven-fifty;
He's in the Inland Revenue
  And ought to be, but isn't, thrifty;
Yet Jones, instead of barley-water,
  Champagne habitually swills,
And gives it to his wife and daughter!—
  I stay at home and pay my bills.

Surprising too are the affairs
  Of Hopkinson, another crony;
I never meet him but he swears
  That he is "absolutely stony";
And yet he's always playing "Ponto"
  With gay and gilded Jacks and Jills;
Each year he spends a month at
  Monte—
  I stay at home and pay my bills.

I trudge to work on Shanks's mare;
  I haven't got a car or "shover";
The eggs that form my humble fare
  Come from the hen and not the
  plover;
My hair is sparse, my figure weedy,
  I look unhealthy round the gills;
Jane's Sunday hat is getting seedy—
  We stay at home and pay our bills.

I know this long-continued strain,
  Where virtue is its own requital,
Is telling very hard on Jane,
  Whose happiness to me is vital;
And yet, unless I follow *Raffles*
  And take to rifling safes and tills,
I'm bound by duty's curbs and snaffles
  To stay at home and pay my bills.

The Paths of Wise Men.

"No wise man walks on the extreme edge of a parapet which may be rotten; he walks in the middle."—*Spectator.*

If Mr. Strachey will promise to give a display of wisdom, Mr. Lloyd George would no doubt arrange a parapet for him in some ruined Welsh castle.

The Smart Set at Birmingham.

"CLUB AND SOCIETY GOSSIP.
Servant's Five-Hour Yawn."
Birmingham Daily Mail.

Commercial Candour.

From a "specimen menu" advertised in *The Sunday Times*:—

"Poularde Grand Mère."



TOLL OF THE SEA.

[Dedicated to the memory of the brave men who went down in the *Titanic*, April 15th.]

Tears for the dead, who shall not come again
  Homeward to any shore on any tide!
Tears for the dead! but through that bitter rain
  Breaks, like an April sun, the smile of pride.

What courage yielded place to others' need,
  Patient of discipline's supreme decree,
Well may we guess who know that gallant breed
  Schooled in the ancient chivalry of the sea! O. S.



WHAT SOME ARTISTS' FRIENDS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Hostess (to Humorous Artist). "BUT WHERE DO YOU GET YOUR ABSURD SITUATIONS?"

Humorous Artist. "OH, WELL, IF ONE KEEPS ONE'S EARS OPEN AT TEA-PARTIES OR DINNERS, ONE OFTEN HEARS SOME SILLY THING SAID THAT ONE CAN USE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 15.—PRINCE ARTHUR, rising to resume debate on introduction of Home Rule Bill, met with reception testifying afresh to the influence of a charming personality. The Opposition, grateful for much needed aid to their Front Bench, cheered enthusiastically. Generous response from Ministerial Benches hailed a foeman worthy the steel of their own chief.

Speech on the whole disappointing. Partly perhaps in consequence of high pitch of expectation, chiefly because PRINCE ARTHUR found himself in false position. Everyone knows and feels that this three days' debate on First Reading of the Bill is sheer waste of time. For all practical purposes Members might just as well, for the sake of their health even better, go out on Terrace and play at leapfrog.

The whole business based on fundamental absurdity of discussing a measure that Members have not yet had opportunity of studying. In other days this condition was acknowledged by custom of deferring debate till the Second Reading, when the Bill was in everybody's hands and full opportunity given for mastering its clauses. Nothing said last Thursday, nothing said to-night, or within possibility of being said to-morrow, can alter the situation to extent of infinitesimal iota. At moment PRINCE ARTHUR was talking round it the Bill was being finally drafted and sealed up, ready to be sent to the printers in time for circulation on Wednesday morning.

Meanwhile a speech was expected of him. Yielding to call of duty he sharply commented on PREMIER'S description of the measure, devoting considerable portion of attack to ridiculing a scheme of federation to which, whatever else the Bill may be found to contain, there will not be found within its four corners (including the preamble) the remotest reference.

If, and since, there must be full debate on Home Rule Bill, PRINCE ARTHUR, avoiding details that will properly be dealt with in Committee, when real fight will commence and conclude, might have inspired an Opposition depressed by certainty of ultimate defeat had he delivered a rousing speech on broad principle of self-government applied to Ireland, denouncing the policy as harmful to that country, fatal to unity of the Empire.

Nothing new in that. He has been saying it at seasonable times during the last twenty-six years. Merely suggested as preferable alternative to discussion of details of a Bill not yet in print. Incidentally it would have saved him from embarrassment of trying to remember the precise number of Irish representatives proposed to be retained at Westminster, a figure that, with increasing hesitation, he successively named as forty-two, thirty-four and forty.

It was because COUSIN HUGH, more accurately gauging the situation, dealt with it in another fashion that his speech was more effective. Avoiding, or but lightly touching upon, assumed details of the Bill, he dealt directly with its main and mighty purpose—the transference to Ireland of control of purely national affairs

On the project he poured a lava-like stream of contumely and scorn, vigorously hitting out right and left at its supporters, whether seated on Treasury Bench or massed behind him on Benches below Gangway.

Speech, not too long, glittered with sharp points of argument and some new things by way of illustration. He delighted both sides by sketch of CHIEF SECRETARY soliciting audience from Emperor of AUSTRIA with object of learning how Nationalist autonomy worked in his dual dominion. Pictured ST. AUGUSTINE representing House of Commons suffering greatly by congestion of business under present system and prepared to run risk of adopting Austro-Hungarian Parliamentary plan. Vision of riotous scenes of common occurrence in Vienna Parliament rose before eyes of Members, who laughed immoderately.

"I am very much afraid," continued COUSIN HUGH, tying himself together by ingenious manœuvre of catching his left elbow in right hand stretched across his back, "that the venerable monarch would ring the bell and have the lunatic taken away."

Business done.—Second night's debate on introduction of Home Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—House met with feeling of weariness in prospect of another night wasted in spinning words. Depression lightened by certainty that before adjournment division would be taken and first reading of Home Rule Bill carried. Thereafter business might commence. Suddenly, unexpectedly, an unseen Hand brushed away ordered preparation. House found its emotion stirred to profoundest depth.

Asked if he had further news in connection with wreck of *Titanic*, PREMIER read dispatch received by Board of Trade from White Star Company. The great ship had foundered. Of passengers saved there were something little more than one in three, nearly all women and children. On this last note PREMIER in tremulous tones added a few slowly-spoken sentences. The loss of life was stupendous, appalling, irrevocable. At least the nation in its sorrow might be comforted by knowledge that the best traditions of the sea had been maintained in willing sacrifice made to give first chance of safety to those least able to help themselves.

Thus was the dreadful news of wreck of biggest ship in the world, with population of a hamlet on board, officially confirmed.

Brief sentences accompanied by low murmur of sympathy. Touching to see hands furtively raised and heads gravely uncovered. This a Parliamentary custom exclusively reserved for occasions when a personal message from the SOVEREIGN is brought in and read from the Chair. Members felt they were in presence of a Monarch mightier than any seated on earthly throne.

"The Angel of Death is abroad in the land. You may almost hear the beating of his wings."



The Philosopher. "WOMEN 'S QUEER CATTLE. WHEN YOU'VE 'AD AS MUCH TO DO WITH 'EM AS WOT I'VE 'AD YOU'LL FIND THERE AIN'T ONE *AVERAGE* WOMAN IN FIFTY."

Before midnight, Home Rule Bill read a first time by majority of 94 in House of six hundred and twenty-six Members. Not quite so big as was expected; but 'twill serve.

Long-drawn-out performance closed amid scene of excitement.

"Who is prepared to bring in the Bill?" the SPEAKER inquired, when roar of cheers and counter-cheers following upon announcement of figures subsided.

From Opposition Benches came jubilant cry of "REDMOND! REDMOND!"

Ignoring the gibe the PREMIER read list of names on back of Bill and set forth on indispensable march to Bar literally to "bring in the Bill." As he turned and advanced towards the Table the Irish Nationalists leapt to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs. Ministerialists above and below Gangway opposite joined in demonstration; Unionists, remaining seated, grimly laughed. The PREMIER, impassive, continued his passage to the Table; handed a folded sheet of foolscap into custody of the Clerk.

Like debate on First Reading this also an artificial contrivance. Document simply blank sheet of paper known in Parliamentary parlance as a "dummy."

Business done.—Home Rule Bill brought in. According to Journal of House, "read a first time." Another little joke—there being nothing to read.

THE VAGABOND.

THE wind is in the wood,
  The sap hath stirred
Blue flowers in multitude,
  And song of bird;
And, though her day hath been,
  Last summer's fern
Is red among the green,
  For to discern!

What scribe am I, I say,
  To mope within,
Whenas the common's gay
  With yellow whin,
When sun and shower and sod
  In ancient plan
Do praise the hornèd god
  Arcadian?

For I must be astir
  With scrip and staff,
To hear the woodpecker
  In April laugh,
Or go with jest and rhyme
  A-journeying
By Tamis' side from Prime
  Till Nones doth ring!

Where lusty poplars bend
  The path is free;
I'll tread it with a friend
  For company,
Then rest and drink a glass
  If they should brew
Ale at the "Dragon" as
  They used to do!

"The aviatrix made an excellent landing. She states that her trip was splendid in spite of the dog."—*Cork Evening Echo.*

We always say, "Down, Fido!" before starting a flight.

The Chucker-Out.

"At the Notts Quarter Sessions, an appeal against a decision of the magistrates who refused the renewal of a bee-off licence on the ground that the tenant had resorted to the long pull system was dismissed."

Yorkshire Telegraph.

He must try the long push system next time.

AT THE PLAY.

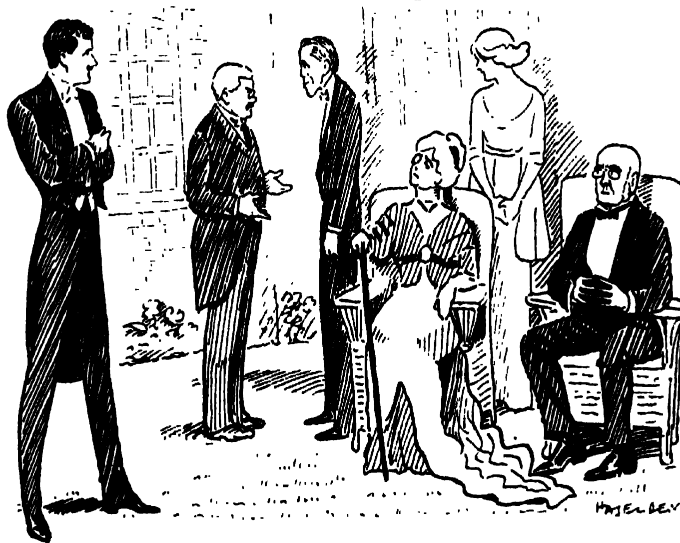
"JELF'S."

I HAVE often thought that the animals at a Zoo or the fish at an aquarium are better placed than we are for seeing strange creatures on the other side of the cage bars or the tank's glass façade, but I never felt this so strongly as when I was privileged the other night to see for the first time the *clientèle* of a bank (Jelf's by name) from the cashiers' point of view. I also got fresh views as to the disposition of a bank's interior. In real bank life, beyond the cashiers' counter (with its bars to keep you off the cash) I had always noticed rows of other counters, unprotected, where other clerks noisily flapped the leaves of ledgers, containing the *dossier* of your private life, but weren't allowed to handle money. But in a stage bank it seems that immediately behind the cashiers' counter is the place where the partners' sanctuary comes, and you get at it through swing-doors that let out a draught straight on to the cashiers' backs. Of course it is a great convenience for the Head of the House to be able to burst through his swing-doors and be at once within arm's length of his depositors during a run on the bank; but for me, who had never seen a sanctum so situated, the little stage realism of these vistas rather spoilt the air of reality.

There was a like congestion of things in the crowded hour or so before 11.15 on the morning presented in the first Act. Within the limits of this brief period, in addition to the usual stream of clerks, plain or confidential, there were introduced, singly and severally, into *Richard Jelf's* private room at the bank the following characters:—(1) his old friend, the *Hon. Archibald Mull*, light-hearted hero, on his way to Ascot; (2) his old friend, *Mr. James Palliser*, seductive villain, on his way to Ascot; (3) his late uncle's friend, *Sir Jonathan Dunne* (Chairman of the Amalgamated Association of Bankers), on a mission of homely commercial advice; (4) his fiancée, the *Lady Fenella Mull*, on her way to Ascot; (5) his fiancée's mother, the *Countess of Skene and Skye*, on a private mission connected with a personal loan. By 11.15 all these characters (to say nothing of the head clerk and the chief correspondence clerk and the porter—the last, as you may guess, a very heavily-worked menial) had been succinctly delineated, and the scheme for Act II. mapped out; and nobody need laugh any more when bankers boast of the exacting nature of their business.

After all this dramatic compression of time and space, how Mr. VACHELL must have sighed for the large freedom of the printed page!

I will not dwell on the plot, which worked up to a happy climax where sacrificial virtue was rewarded—if it's really a reward to be accepted by a girl for your virtue, when she loves someone else for his polo. But I want to say a word about the Harrovian hero.



MODERN BANKING METHODS.—*JELF'S* BANK TRANSACTING IMPORTANT AND CONFIDENTIAL BUSINESS. (WHY WEREN'T THE SERVANTS ASKED TO BE PRESENT?)

From left to right: *James Palliser, of Palliser's Bank* (Mr. KEIGHTLEY); *Adam Winslow, Head Clerk of Jelf's* (Mr. JULES SHAW); *Richard Jelf* (Mr. DU MAURIER); *Lady Skene and Skye* (Miss VANE FEATHERSTON); *Lady Fenella Mull* (Miss ROSALIE TOLLER); *Sir Jonathan Dunne, Chairman of the Amalgamated Association of Bankers* (Mr. ALFRED BISHOP).

No one will suspect Mr. VACHELL of wishing to underrate Harrow of all schools; yet he paid it rather a poor compliment when he made *Richard Jelf* (its alumnus) so little a man of the world. If, during a course of ranching in California, he could preserve the brave traditions of school-boy honour learnt on "the Hill," might he not also have remembered how to put on his clothes? And might not this Old Harrovian have retained some dim impression of the right way of kissing a schoolfellow's sister, even if he had only heard of the process by report.

I have had breathed into my ear the suspicion that Mr. VACHELL belongs to that delightful class (rare and refreshing as the visits of angels) which has never grown up. And certainly if *Lady Fenella's* dithyrambics on the theme of *Palliser's* prowess in the chase and on the polo-field were to be taken seriously, the author of them betrayed an attitude of unconquerable youth. And *Palliser's* snobbery, too, was curiously elementary. Does a grown-up banker ever really tell another grown-up banker who happens to be his rival in love that he (the speaker) has a better claim to the lady's hand for the reason that he can provide her with a superior social environment?

But when all these little cavillings are worked off, it remains to say that *Jelf's* is a very fresh and pleasant play, full of quiet humour. And it was excellently acted. The angularity of *Richard* suited Mr. DU MAURIER, and so did his way of doing noble things without insisting on their nobility; but a drier and less emotional part would have suited him still better. The character of *Lady Fenella*, a woman apparently of serious nature, who yet admitted an insatiable desire for pretty "things," and confessed to the part they played in her affairs of the heart, was very well interpreted by Miss ROSALIE TOLLER. The *Palliser* of Mr. CYRIL KEIGHTLEY was one of those good-looking, clean-limbed villains who with a little more money of their own might easily have been heroes. Mr. ALFRED BISHOP was happy in the unforced humour of his heavy-father part as *Sir Jonathan Dunne*, and Mr. HARRY CANE imparted a delightful quality to the methods of his bank-porter—a type that I have hitherto suspected of being rather colourless. All the other parts fell nicely into their places in a very agreeable mosaic.

The rehearsal of the interview between *Archie Mull* (Mr. RENDEL) and his potential father-in-law (understudied by Mr. DU MAURIER) was admirable fooling; and the final curtain fell upon a charming variation on the usual finish. "Aren't you going to kiss me?" says *Fenella*. "I was *going* to," says *Richard*, with a mock-angry stamp of his foot for the italics. O. S.

THE COLONEL.

[The origin of "Bogie" appears to be shrouded in mystery; the following verses are an attempt to solve the problem by one who believes that he met the prototype in the flesh.]

HE had recently come from the tropics,
From a land of shikaris and Sikhs,
But instead of the usual topics
He dilated on mashies and cleeks;
Red-visaged and spare, you'll depict him,
A warrior pensioned and tame,
Brogue-shod and be-knickered—a victim
Of the "royal and antient game."

No bunker would cause him a flutter,
His approaches were rhythmic and clean,
But he wasn't so sure with his putter
And he always took two on the green;
Though he lacked the resource of a SAYERS,
Though his tee-shots were straighter than long,
The doyen of average players,
He couldn't do anything wrong.

Now it may have been owing to magic
Or a touch of an Indian sun,
But a game becomes terribly tragic
When you know where the globule will run,
When you know that no fluke can diminish,
No foozle can ever inflate,
A score that adds up at the finish
Precisely to seventy-eight.

And this habit of *eadem semper*,
This freedom from stymie or swerve,
Is apt to react on the temper
On an elderly gentleman's nerve,
And he grew so excessively boresome
Concerning his curious play
That we never suggested a foursome
Till the Colonel was out of the way.

But a truce to his fads and his failings,
Let his idiosyncrasies be,
For he lies t'other side of the palings
Which run by the seventeenth tee,
In a churchyard where visions of gladness,
Those dreams of confetti and rice,
Are dimmed by a shadow of sadness—
(You drop and count two if you slice).

And oft in the hush of the gloaming,
When the greens are denuded of flags,
When the caddies are wearily homing
And the lockers are crowded with bags,
There's a sound as of somebody driving,
Of a weird and unnatural "Fore,"
'Tis the wraith of a Colonel that's striving
To put up a different score.

TOSH ABOUT TITLES.

["It is not generally known how Kipling chose such a happy title as 'The Light that Failed' for the book that helped to make him famous. He had almost decided to call the novel 'The Failure,' although he was somewhat dissatisfied with this rather prosaic title. One evening as he was sitting in his study reading by lamplight the light went suddenly down, almost failed in fact. In a second Kipling jumped up and exclaimed, 'By Jove! I've got it.' Pointing to the lamp he said, 'The Light that Failed.'"—*The Tatler*.]

IT is a curious fact that the felicitous title, "Get on or Get out," chosen by Mr. PETER KEARY for his soul-shaking work, came to him by accident. As a matter of fact he had practically decided to call it "The Hustler's Bunyan," though he was not altogether satisfied with the name. But one day, as he was walking in Putney High Street, he overheard a 'bus-conductor remark to a vacillating passenger, "If you don't get on, you'd better get out." "Golly!" remarked the famous *littérateur* in a spasm of uncontrollable enthusiasm, "I've got it," and he handed the 'bus-conductor a five-pound note for solving the problem which had so long perplexed his massive and megalithic brain.

ROBERT BROWNING, it may interest our readers to hear, was within an ace of calling one of his most famous poems by the banal and unconvincing title of "An Italian Romance." In fact he was just sending off the final revision of his proofs to the printer, when a motor-car—a very early and explosive type—passed down the street, ejaculating at intervals, "Pip, Pip." "Great Cæsar's Ghost!" exclaimed the delighted poet, "the very thing I wanted;" and in a voice trembling with emotion he remarked, "Pippa Passes."

Mr. HENRY JAMES is another case of an author saved by mere chance from appending an unimpressive designation to a masterpiece. Some years ago he was about to bring out a volume of short stories over which he had spent more than an ordinary amount of the *limae labor*, and had resolved, not without serious misgivings, to christen the volume "Convolutions." But as he was strolling one evening on the beach at Rye he heard a lady say to her little boy and girl, "Come here, you two mad chicks!" "Sakes alive!" shouted the illustrious novelist, "you've given me—unconsciously—the title which beautifully expresses the inner meaning of my book." Half-an-hour later Mr. JAMES had dispatched a telegram to his publishers containing the words "The Two Magics."

COLERIDGE, as Mr. Snorter has considerately reminded us in one of his masterly paragraphs, originally intended to call his most famous poem "The Assassination of the Albatross." WORDSWORTH tried in vain to induce him to reconsider the title, but COLERIDGE was as adamant. At last he was converted by LAMB, who, in the course of a visit to Highgate, tried to divert the philosopher-poet, then suffering from a severe attack of mumps, by asking him riddles and conundrums. One of these was suggested by the fact that the roof of COLERIDGE's summer-house had been freshly tarred, and was as follows:—"What is the difference between Sir FRANCIS DRAKE and the substance on the roof of your gazebo?" COLERIDGE professed to be unable to give the answer, so LAMB supplied it: "The one is a new tar and the other an ancient mariner." "Trismegistus! Abracadabra! Κόγξ ὄμπαξ!" ululated the philosopher in tones of rapture. "You've got it in one!"

"PALL MALL" PALAVERS.

By Norfolk Howard.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT—AT THE GUARDS' CLUB.

BERTIE. Ullo, ole sport! Give it a name.

DODDLES. Well, I don't mind if I do have a Guinness and Crème de Menthe—arf-an'-arf.

BERTIE. I say, you ole blighter, have you seen what they're saying about Welsh Disestablishment?

DODDLES. No; why should I?

BERTIE. 'Pon me soul, you're a fair treat!

DODDLES. Well, I s'pose they're goin' to disestablish welshers—jolly good thing too for the Turf.

BERTIE. Me dear chap, you ain't got the hang of the thing at all. Ye see it's this way: they want to disestablish the Church in Wales.

DODDLES. Well, why shouldn't they? What's Wales good for anyway but football and rabbits?

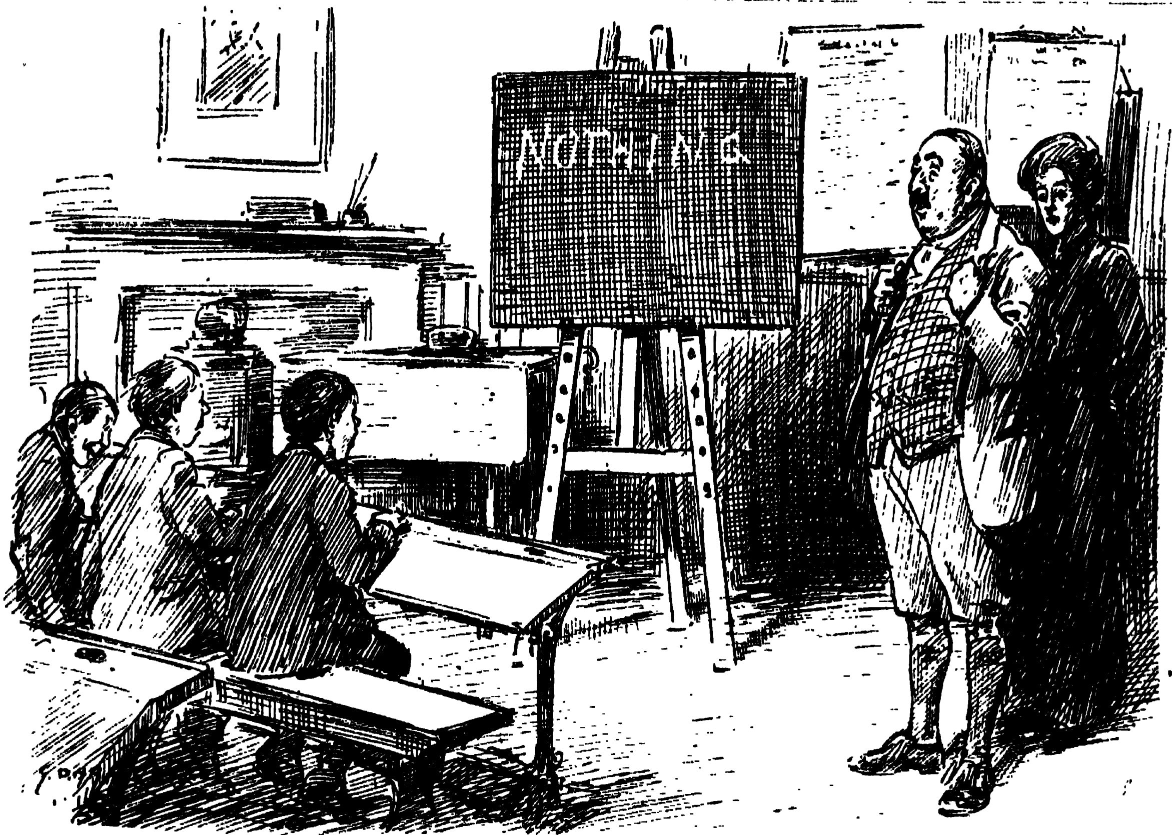
BERTIE. Oh, come, now, that's pitchin' it a bit strong! Y'see, if we disestablish the Church, all the Nonconformist bounders will be simply kangarooing all over the shop.

DODDLES. B'Jove, so they will. I'd never thought of that. You're a reg'lar devil of a chap to think.

BERTIE. All the same, couldn't we simply chuck the whole bally country—cut the painter, dontcherknow—eh, what?

BERTIE. Oh no, no, that 'd never do. Ireland's separated from us by the sea, y' know, and that makes it different. But Wales is joined on to England——

DODDLES. Gorblimey, so it is! I'd never thought of that before. You *are* a clever chap, Bertie.



Goldstein (a newly-made country gentleman who is visiting the village school). "Now can any of you boys tell me what nothing is?"
Small Voice (after long silence). "Please, zur, wot you guv me fur 'oldin' yer 'orse yesterday."

Bertie. Besides, Wales has some jolly good points.

Doddles. I thought it was all bally coal-mines.

Bertie. Have you ever been there?

Doddles. Never further than the *Welsh Harp*.

Bertie. Well, I have, and I can tell you I've s'alked some of the finest salmon in Wales that you've ever seen.

Doddles. But what the blanky buttercups have salmon got to do with dish-tablecloth — I mean (hic) dish-stablishment?

Bertie. Wy, simply this, m' dear ole chap, that if we once disestablish the Church the Nonconformists will make poachin' legal!

Doddles. Wow, wow, I never thought of that! What an offle, offle idea!

Bertie. Well, have I converted you?

Doddles. Swelp me, but you have.

Bertie. Good! then have another Guinness and Crême de Menthe.

Doddles. Yes, just to steady my nerves. I'm all shaken up. No, on second thoughts I'll have a champagne and old brandy. (*Weeps.*)

Spring Fashions for 1912.

"Blanche drooped her lips over her smooth, dark grey eyes."—*Daily Record.*

"WE ARE THE PEOPLE."

[At the recent conference of the National Union of Teachers a speaker from Derby is reported to have said: "It is the Oxford or Cambridge drawl, and not brains, that now qualify for the highest service in the country. These are the men who have modelled, or rather muddled, our education. They have shown by their natural incapacity that there is nothing in the claims they make."]

Fellow-teachers, raise your banner!
Wherefore ape the timid lamb?
We no longer care a tanner
For the Oxford-Cambridge sham!
Hang the pedagogic vices
And the ignorance of Isis!
Hang the supercilious manner
And the priglets of the Cam.

Who are these that we kowtow to
As the salt of all the earth?
Let us start forgetting how to
Cringe to money, blood and birth!
What are wranglers? what are greats-men?
Are they heaven-appointed statesmen?
It is brains alone we'll bow to
As the only thing of worth.

Brains! And where do people hide them?
Oxford quads and Cambridge courts
Only seem to keep inside them
Fools in flannels and in shorts.
Vain the years they spend at college
When the only kind of knowledge
That the varsities provide them
Is the lore of swank and sports.

Let us bid the prigs defiance!
Of their muddling we are sick.
Brains adorn the great alliance
Where we are ourselves the pick—
We ourselves who have meandered
Through the sixth or seventh standard
To the London Inter-Science
Or the glories of Matric.

We have studied education,
We are able to explain
All the ratiocination
In the childish mind we train;
We have spent our mental forces
On laborious training courses,
And researches on dictation
And its action on the brain.

We ourselves possess the pick of
All the hall-marks Culture heeds,
We are moving in the thick of
Hoods of London, Brum and Leeds—
Hoods that make the Cambridge silk pale
As the liquid in the milk-pail,
While the Oxford blushes, sick of
All its manifold misdeeds.

"Stable Aeroplanes."—*Morning Post.*

Why not "Pegasi"? Much more catchy.

THE DANDELION.

When I came upon Mr. Macey this morning he was in his favourite attitude. That is to say, he was bent double, and he was carving viciously with a short curved blade at the grass. Mr. Macey does me the honour to help in the work of the garden. He is made, I think, out of an old oak-log. His rough weather-beaten face has all the honesty and much of the consistency of such a piece of timber, and his whole figure is wooden, if I may employ the term without any implication of disrespect. The greater part of his life he devotes to the garden, but in his off moments he repairs boots and shoes with admirable skill and celerity. Give Mr. Macey a pair of wrecks which were once shoes, and a day or two afterwards he will hand them back restored to all their former soundness. I do not doubt that, if his leisure sufficed, he could produce you a new pair, his own manufacture, soles, heels and uppers complete. He is, therefore, a snob in its best sense, that is, a working shoemaker, and for a family of shoe-destroying children he is quite invaluable. He has his recognised dignity, too. Other gardeners may be Bob or Harry, but he is always addressed and referred to as Mr. Macey.

This morning, as I say, he was working on the lawn, and was carving beneath the surface of the turf at the imbedded roots of dandelions, his hereditary enemies. This year there is a tremendous crop of these gilded usurpers. They have made the green of the lawn one yellow, and from every square foot of it at least one of them flaunts his banner and shouts defiance at you. The plantain, which is also abhorred by Mr. Macey, has, at any rate, a certain natural modesty. It lays itself out as flat as a perfectly detrimental weed can well be laid, and, if it does not mitigate your murderous designs, at least it does not irritate them by superfluous ostentation. But the vulgar dandelion has no scruples of any kind. Like a tall bully it lifts its head and ruins your fair expanse of lawn. This year it is more numerous than ever before. Mr. Macey speaks darkly of last year's drought as the cause of this unexampled increase.

"Nice little lot of dandelions, Mr. Macey," said I.

"Ah, Sir, they be that," said Mr. Macey. "It's a turble sight to see 'em like this on a gentleman's lawn. I cuts 'em out all I can, but they'll come up again, never fear. If I was to uproot 'em they'd take me from now to kingdom-come, they're so deep-rooted and all; but I stops their seed anyhow."

"It'll take you a long time even to cut them out like that, won't it?"

"That it will. It'll be a mortal long job, and when I've done it it'll be to do over again. But I don't believe Oliver Cromwell, no, nor Bonyparty, could 'a' settled a lot of dandelions."

Oliver Cromwell and Bonaparte are Mr. Macey's favourite heroes and world-forces. I have never dared to question him about them, but I suspect he believes them to be still in existence. What they cannot do even Mr. Macey himself hardly aspires to accomplish.

I left Mr. Macey to his task and strolled into the house. It had occurred to me that the ferocious and recurrent dandelion might form a fit subject for verse. The former greenness and smoothness of the lawn might be described, and then would follow the hateful contrast of its present garishness under the sway of the yellow intrusion. Mr. Macey would be the hostile spirit of the grass, incessantly warring but constantly baffled by the hideous vitality of the foe. The night would descend on his labours and the dawn would still find him plying the knife and tumbling the heads of his victims into the basket. Dandelion seemed, at first sight and without close investigation, to be a promising word for rhymes. I rushed to my desk and went at it.

My lawn, upon thy smooth extent
In sober joy I came and went,
Shedding at every pace a care,
And felt thee soft and found thee fair,
The fairest that was ever seen,
And brightly, beautifully green!

That would do for a beginning. The fifth line was weakish, but it could be altered. Now for dandelion, which must, of course, be the key-word:—

I hardly think the poets Bion
And Moschus knew the dandelion.

Something of that kind might be worked in. Or, again, in the plural:—

Not one of all the many Dions
Had ever heard of dandelions.

But this might involve a description of at least two or three Dions—Dion of Syracuse and Dion Cassius, for example—and would lead one too far afield. What else was there?

Hear me with all my strength cry Fie on
That gaudy sham the dandelion.

That was a little nearer to reality. Then there was Zion:—

Waft me, who loathe the dandelion,
Swift to the verdant lawns of Zion.

Ye-es. No. Too irreverent.

Cry on, Guy on, Fly on, Shy on, Tie on, Try on. Ridiculous! What verse-writer could dare to drag in such rhymes as these one after another?

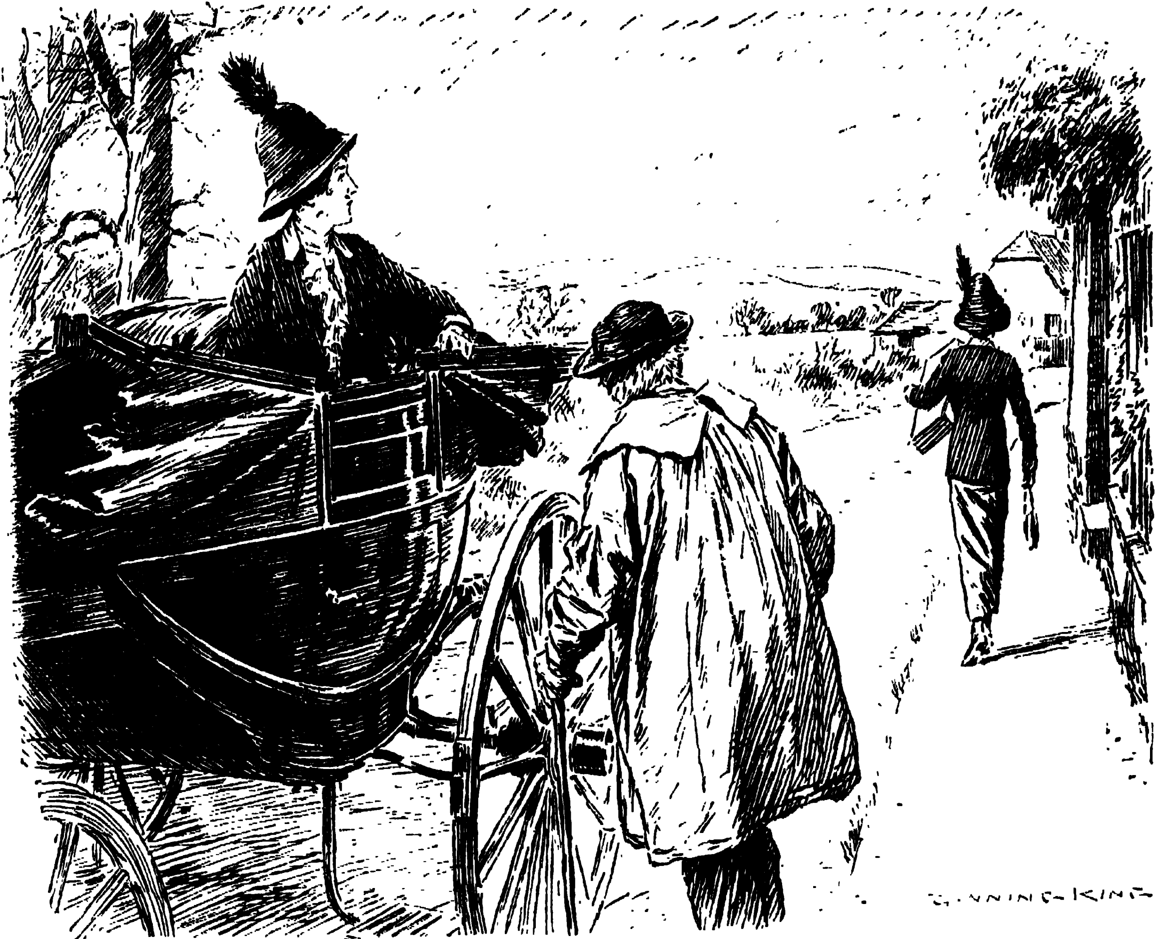
I gave it up. The dandelion, it seems, is infamous in horticulture and perfectly useless for poetry. Not even Oliver Cromwell, no, nor Bonyparty, could manage to versify properly about it.

THE ROAD.

"Now where are ye goin'," ses I, "wid the shawl
An' cotton umbrella an' basket an' all?
Would ye not wait for McMullen's machine,
Wid that iligant instep befittin' a queen?
Oh you wid the wind-soft grey eye wid a wile in it,
You wid the lip wid the troublesome smile in it,
Sure, the road's wet, ivery rain-muddied mile in it—"
"*Ah, the Saints'll be kapin' me petticoats clean!*"

"But," ses I, "would ye like it to meet Clancy's bull,
Or the tinks poachin' rabbits above Slieve-na-coul?
An' the ford at Kilnaddy is big wid the snows,
An' the whisht Little People that wear the green close,
They'd run from the bog to be makin' a catch o' ye,
The king o' them's wishful o' weddin' the match o' ye,
'Twould be long, if they did, ere ye lifted the latch o' ye——"
"*What fairy's to touch her that sings as she goes!*"

"Ah, where are ye goin'," ses I, "wid the shawl,
An' the grey eyes a-dreamin' beneath it an' all?
The road by the mountain's a long one, depend
Ye'll be done for, alannah, ere reachin' the end;
Ye'll be bate wid the wind on each back-breakin' bit on it,
Wet wid the puddles and lamed wid the grit on it,—
Since lonesome ye're layin' yer delicut fit on it——"
"*Sure whin's a road lonesome that's stepped wid a friend?*—"
That's stepped wid a friend?
Who did Bridgy intend?
Still 'twas me that went wid her right on to the end!



OUR SNOBS.

Her Ladyship. "Isn't that my gardener's daughter, Giles?"

Giles. "Yes, yer ladyship; quite a mistake, touching my 'at to 'er. Why, she's as poor as I be."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In Defence of America (Swift), a volume further described as being "for the enlightenment of John Bull," is the work of the Baron von Taube. He has raked together and arrayed in the fore-front of his book thirty charges which he imagines Englishmen to be in the habit of making against Americans. We are supposed to deride and abuse the machinery, the business capacity, the education, the politics, the public servants, the statesmen, the morality, the manners, the women and children, the digestions, the humour, the language, the patriotism and the hospitality of our cousins. All these charges the Baron sets out and solemnly discusses. If I had the honour to be an American I should resent both the Baron's method, which is that of confession and avoidance, and his manner, which is that of a heavy and patronising father. Even though I am a Briton I may be permitted to remark that these "indictments" are a mere hash-up of the inane stupidities occasionally flung about by the few who desire to be accounted witty and who are, as a matter of fact, offensive. Some of these superior persons are English, some German, and the American specimens of the tribe are by no means backward with their retaliations. No sensible man troubles his head about such things. But where in the wide world did the Baron find the Englishman who denied American hospitality or failed to admire American women? I take the two most glaring examples of his wooden-headedness and judge him by them. I ought to add that his publishers announce on the paper cover of his book that "the text is illuminated by a number of more or less humorous anecdotes and dialogues." I applaud the candour of these gentlemen.

The *Bishop of Bedford* was the most notorious *gourmet* in Europe. It was unfortunate, then, that the day on which he proposed to visit his cousin *Molyneux* in St. John's Wood was the very one which the cook chose for leaving without notice. *Eva*, the pretty parlour-maid, though she knew a little cooking, was not to be trusted with a dinner for a bishop. The only way out of the difficulty was for *Mrs. Molyneux* to spend the evening in the kitchen, and for *Mr. Molyneux* to make excuses for his wife's absence. Unfortunately, the excuses were given with such an air of guilt, and were so obviously untruthful, that the Bishop began to suspect. There was nothing half-hearted about his suspicions; he communicated to Scotland Yard his fears that *Molyneux* (in reality the most modest little man) had murdered his wife in order to pursue undisturbed his intrigue with the pretty parlourmaid. From these premises Mr. Storer Clouston has constructed an ingenious and diverting farce, *His First Offence* (Mills and Boon)—a satire, for the most part, upon modern press

methods of conducting murder cases. The getting of *Molyneux* in disguise upon the scene of the crime throughout the investigations is the happiest idea of the book. He had written, under the name of "Felix Christie," a lurid detective novel, and the newspaper in charge of the case offered "Felix Christie" an enormous fee to take up his residence in the house and write weekly articles about the murder. So our hero in false whiskers returns home and writes about "the fiend Molyneux." It was obviously the CRIPPEN case which started Mr. CLOUSTON on this adventure, but, however sordid the source of inspiration, *His First Offence* is both effective as satire and decidedly amusing as a story.

The life of the heroine of Mrs. ARTHUR HENNIKER's new novel, published by NASH, was made up of two great and exhausting passions—one filial, the other conjugal; and in each case she filled the title-rôle of the book—*Second Fiddle*. For the bachelor uncle who had been a father to her "fell on a dotage" and took an impossible person to wife; and the person whom she herself married (for no reason that I could discover) developed a variable taste in first violins. Though the earlier of these tragedies takes up a third of the book, we may regard it as relatively negligible and confine ourselves to the later one. Here I find that the fundamental trouble with *Elizabeth* was her lack of humour. It was not simply that she took life seriously, that she demanded too exigently in others the same high ardour of devotion that she herself offered; she might still have found compensations if she had possessed that gift which is the corrective of all excesses, even in virtue. "If only she could have laughed more," thinks *Anne Curtois*—one of two characters in the book of whom I wanted to hear more, and from whose regard for *Elizabeth* I gathered, incidentally, that she had lovable qualities if only you could get at them. In choosing for her leading character a type that can never make allowances or see life with other people's eyes Mrs. HENNIKER has shown courage; for it is one that is apt to be as dull in fiction as in fact. The author's manner makes no pretence to subtlety, but it is sincere; and if her story suffers from triviality of detail there comes a moment (as late, I admit, as page 266) which will reward your patience with a note of fine wisdom.

I don't know VALENTINA HAWTREY's other work, but if it is all as good as *Heritage* (CONSTABLE) she ought to get at least a *Beta plus* in the Honours School of Modern Fiction. Her chief character has inherited from his father a fine and large family place, an ungovernable temper and a profound contempt for women. For the fine and large family place he very much wanted an heir. But heirs, unfortunately for people of his views, do not grow on bushes, nor even under trees, like Easter eggs. So he was constrained, after he had tried to adopt one and had hopelessly quarrelled with him, to enter into the bonds of unholy matrimony. He chose a wife, a girl whom he had never seen before, exactly as he would have bought a mare for the Home Stud Farm, and then proceeded to bully her out of her life. But before she left it the gods took her part, and wreaked on him a vengeance far more ingenious and subtle than anything that I could have thought of. I only wanted to smack his face and knock him down and tread on him. The author knew a far, far better way than that. And she knows a good many things which are hidden from the bearers of some of the most distinguished literary names in *Who's Who*; she knows, for example, exactly how people talk and think; and I, for one, have greatly enjoyed reading her excellent novel.



MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.

VEXATIOUS SITUATION OF A FARMER WHO HAS TO TIDY UP HIS FIELDS AFTER ANOTHER OF THOSE BATTLES DURING THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

The scene of *Annabel and Others* (MURRAY) is laid in "the sleepy old town" of Michenden, and *Annabel* is an overfed pug. At once I wish to congratulate Mr. R. W. WRIGHT-HENDERSON upon his graphic description of Michenden, a most splendid spot for a rest-cure, provided that one did not become entangled in the meshes of trivial gossip. Here we see the "society" of the place reading SHAKSPEARE, chattering at garden-parties, flirting mildly; the only salient character being a wicked lawyer who made raids upon one lady's heart and two other people's fortunes. A dismal failure both as philanderer and thief, it is easier to sympathise with him than with the fat pug, and I breathed a sigh of relief when the latter went off to London with her incorrigibly selfish mistress. The book gives a perfect picture of a very local town, but whether it is of great interest is another matter. At any rate, it is entirely devoid of offence, and may be recommended to those who do not like their feelings to be harrowed or are tired of "fearless" fiction.

JACK LONDON's *When God Laughs* provides
(*Per* MILLS AND BOON) a lurid crew:
Murderers, burglars, suicides,
With settings fitting thereunto.

Dotted among the rest are found
Some lighter matters, as, *e.g.*,
A boxing contest, round by round,
And famine in a ship at sea.

It's clever work, without a doubt,
But I, for one, can rub along
With milder things, and do without
Tales that are quite so beastly strong.

Our Word-Painters.

"An audible pang escaped from the Radical economists."
Daily Chronicle.

CHARIVARIA.

Americans would do well to note that the British way, when a Commission of Enquiry is appointed, is to temper justice with Mersey.

* * *

The Earl of Dunraven has published a pamphlet entitled "The New Spirit in Ireland." We had always imagined that its whiskey would brook no rivals.

* * *

The story of Mr. Le Queux's "The Invasion of 1910" is, we read, to be reproduced by cinematograph, and with two endings one favourable for Great Britain, and another equally favourable for Germany. Something surely might be done to allay the war feeling in both countries if Britain Victorious were shown in Germany, and Germany Victorious in Britain.

* * *

The Army airship *Gamma* made an excellent flight last week from Farnborough round St. Paul's Cathedral and back. Long may it be before she changes her name to *Digamma*.

* * *

The fight between our English Spas for the patronage of the public promises to be very keen this year. In the first round, to judge by the reports in *The Daily Mail*, Buxton would seem to have scored over her rivals. Buxton, it appears, has been enjoying "climatic conditions," while Cheltenham, Droitwich, Llandrindod Wells, Malvern and Matlock have merely had weather.

* * *

Among the exhibits shown at the Nursing Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall is a perambulator which can be folded up. This is a capital idea. There is nothing a nurse dislikes so much, when a baby has been kidnapped during her flirtation with the Guardsman, as to be seen wheeling the empty perambulator home.

* * *

A jackdaw, *The Express* tells us, visits the British Museum daily to feast on the eggs of the pigeons that nest over the portico; and the pigeons, we hear, are beginning to complain bitterly of the supineness of the police.

* * *

"SOLDIERS IN A KENNEL" announces a paragraph in *The Mail*. It looks as if somebody had forgotten to let loose the dogs of war.

* * *

The case of a labelled crab that walked ninety-eight miles is mentioned in a report presented to the Eastern Sea Fisheries Committee. It is thought that the poor creature, maddened by the chaff of its friends, travelled this distance in order to escape their feeble jests about the label.

* * *

A woman arrested in Lippa, Hungary, has confessed to the murder of four of her husbands. As a husband ourself we may be permitted to express the hope that this horrible hobby will not spread. We are all the more nervous as we are told that ladies are at last showing signs of getting tired of Bridge.

* * *

Both Italy and Turkey, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* states, have given presents to the Palace of Peace at the Hague. Their presence there would have been even more acceptable.

* * *

One great advantage of the new Campanile at Venice being an exact replica of the old one is, the proprietor of an illustrated paper tells us, that one can use an old block instead of having to have a new one made.

* * *

The Chairman of the Cheshire Education Committee complains that spelling is getting uncommonly bad all over the country. On the other hand, this may prove the spread of spelling reform.

* * *

From Shanghai it is reported that a new method of executing prisoners now prevails in the Province of Chekaing. Instead of being beheaded, criminals are now first chloroformed and then shot. As a result of this improvement in local conditions, criminals are said to be flocking to the neighbourhood.

* * *

Fashion Note.—"Father," asked the child, "what are 'panniers'?" "Things, my son," the parent answered, "that donkeys wear."

* * *

"FLODDEN FIELD REMAINS" is the heading of a paragraph in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. With so many American curiosity-hunters in the field we are glad to hear this statement.



Dorothy (spending her holidays on the French coast). "D'YOU KNOW, ERIC, THAT'S THE FIRST PERSON WHO'S SPOKE REAL ENGLISH SINCE WE'VE COME."

THE REBEL.

Once upon a time there was a bold bad man whose whole life was an exercise in revolt. When he entered a shop or establishment with swing doors, one of which was lettered "Pull" and the other "Push," he pushed the one which he should have pulled, and on leaving he pulled the one which he should have pushed. Wherever it was forbidden he walked on the grass and threw orange peel on the pavement. He smoked in the tube lifts. On railway journeys in England he put heavy articles on the hat-rack and his feet on the cushions, and got out before the train stopped; while on railway journeys in France he always "perche-d himself *au dehors*." Yet when he came to die he had just as nice a tombstone as anybody else.

Commercial Acumen;

Or the Secret of Successful Coal-Mining.

"The Kent Collieries Company, realizing that the only way to get coal in commercial quantities is to make a pit wide enough for the miners to go down and for the coal to be brought to the surface, has put the larger part of its effort into the commercial side of its enterprise."

"The Times" Financial Supplement.

"'Billy's Stratagem' is a film so clear and steady that it is almost possible to imagine it as a picture, except for the moving figures."

Eastbourne Gazette.

Those in the know tell us that the idea of moving figures is really the secret of the popularity of the kinema.

BONES OF CONTENTION.

No. II.

"If," said my wife with tearful asperity, "you wish to ruin the dog's character and degrade his point of view you are going the right way to work."

"My dear," I returned with characteristic moderation, "I am adopting a method approved by reason and experience. Nothing else will teach him."

"And it simply means that I have to take him straight up to the bath-room and wash his nose!"

"If your conscience imposes that obligation you are doubtless right to perform it." I tried to speak without bitterness.

My wife took the dog on her lap.

"Poor darling," she said, "you were born to unhappiness, and I confirmed that destiny when I christened you."

This was distinctly a hit at me. The dog is four months old and she called him Hymen, picturesquely enough, because he was born on our wedding day. I assumed my wounded expression which, in days gone by, I have known to prove exceedingly effective.

"There is no reason," I said, "why Hymen should not be the happiest of dogs, but if, like the rest of the world, he resents a little wholesome discipline—or you do for him—he will naturally become discontented."

"I don't suppose," returned my wife, meditatively addressing the dog, "that you will ever forget the beating he gave you when you woke him up by barking at the milkman."

Hymen looked up at her and deliberately blinked a tear from one of his large yellow eyes on to his nose. I have always deeply resented in him a tendency to work the "poor dumb animal" turn at inappropriate moments.

"If it is your desire that an innocent milkman should be attacked," I began with some bitterness.

My wife extended her thumb and forefinger and held up Hymen by the scruff of his neck. "Attacked!" she sniffed.

I decided to abandon that point for the moment. "Of course I know," I pursued sarcastically, "that it is quite unreasonable to indulge in feelings of resentment when one finds one's hair-brushes on the door-mat with half the bristles chawed off."

"As if," retorted my wife, "I had not solemnly warned you never to leave a chair near your dressing-table. Besides, he was more than adequately punished for that; he suffered tortures while I pulled the bristles out of his throat."

"Then if only he would confine himself to one pair of my boots," I added, "but he can't bear left-foot boots."

"I suppose it would be too much to suggest that you could use your boot cupboard for the purpose for which it was made and bought."

"Then there's the garden," I continued patiently. "Of course a dog and a garden are mutually exclusive."

"Isn't that a clever way of putting it?" said my wife to Hymen.

Hymen curled his tongue slowly round from one corner of his mouth to the other with an air of judicious impartiality and yawned.

"The other day," I proceeded, "I found that he had substituted a chicken bone for six tulips. To begin with, he oughtn't to have chicken bones——"

At this moment Hymen created a diversion by jumping suddenly to his feet, rushing wildly to the door, sniffing at the crack, and letting off a series of impassioned barks.

It is very difficult to disbelieve a dog, tradition having inspired one with an almost imbecile credulity where the species is concerned; accordingly I hastened to the door, looked out, listened in the hall, turned on all the lights, unbolted the front door, and took all the precautionary measures usual in cases of emergency. The servants were at supper, and no man or beast stirred in the house. There was no doubt about it, Hymen had told a deliberate lie.

"It must have been a mouse," observed my wife nervously. "He's a wonderful mouser."

At that, Hymen resumed sniffing with some confidence, then he looked at me out of the corner of his eye to note the effect, and just managed to stop himself from repeating the barking turn. Possibly he was wise, for I was in a dangerous mood. At that moment I was silently formulating a brief summary of his character and his conduct, which culminated in the resolve that he should thenceforth work out his destiny in more sympathetic surroundings than I or my house were prepared to offer. I don't suppose that in all my life I have ever been so determined about anything. I opened my lips to speak.

"Of course," said my wife suddenly, "if you decide to get rid of Hymen I could make no objection. His presence in the house, his very name, must keep you so constantly in mind of that distressing, that irrevocable moment of your life when——" Her soft voice broke and she bent her head to the dog. "Hymen," she whispered pitifully.

With a sudden impulsive gesture I threw myself on my knees before her, words of comfort and love, even of contrition, trembling on my lips.

Naturally I knelt on the dog.

* * * * *

Afterwards—some time afterwards—we sat quite close together with Hymen sleeping self-consciously at our feet.

"And so," whispered my wife, "we will always keep him with us—for better for worse, to remind us of that wonderful day that was blessed by Hymen."

"Amen," I sighed.

MORE NANSENSE.

We have read with interest the stories relating to Nansen in *The Westminster Gazette* — that of Sir Henry Irving, who referred to the great explorer as "the chap who stood the cold so well," followed on the next day by that of the late Duke of Devonshire, whose first remark to Nansen on meeting him was, "I suppose you found it pretty cold up there?"

May we, from our own uncertain knowledge, add to these stories, so that the subject may not be allowed to lapse too soon?

Dr. Nansen was visiting Aberdeen during his lecturing tour. It was January and a blizzard was raging. Outside the railway station he happened to run against his chairman of the night before, who remarked pleasantly, as he picked himself out of the snow: "Chilly for so far south, isn't it?"

An amusing incident took place during Dr. Nansen's visit to one of our well-known Marquises. The heir to the marquisate, then a little boy of seven summers, was told by his mother to come and speak to the intrepid voyager. "Is his nose frost-bitten, Mummy dear?" asked the handsome child, looking up for a moment from his model gunboat. "Why no, darling," she said. "Then I think I'm rather too busy to see him just now," was the reply.

From a circular on the food values of nuts:—

"Read also 'The Ideal Dic.'"

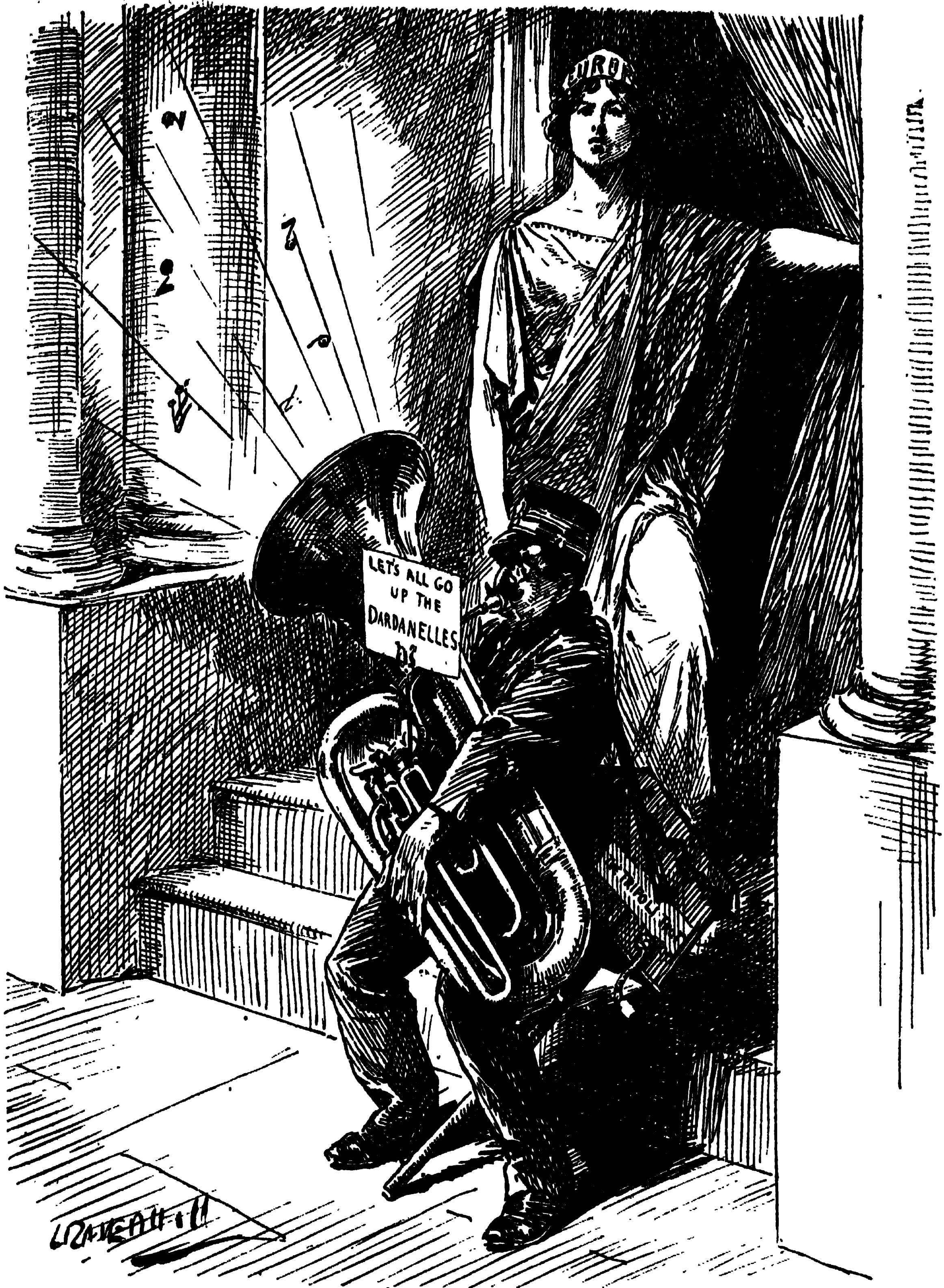
Euthanasia, indeed, to pass away surrounded by gentle cobnuts and with one's favourite Barcelona at one's knee.

Modesty at Carmelite House.

"After all Victor Hugo was a far greater man than most of us."—*Daily Mail.*

"And that recalls the curious combination of 'harp, violin, bassoon' in the band of musicians at the dance in Tennyson's *Maud.*"—*Spectator.*

There must have been a little rift within the flute which led to this substitution of the harp.



SHOCK TACTICS.

EUROPA (*to Italy, who has temporarily discarded the barrel-organ in favour of the bombardon*). "IF YOU GO ON LIKE THAT, YOUNG MAN, YOU'LL GET YOURSELF DISLIKED."

ITALY. "WELL, THAT'S BETTER THAN NOT BEING NOTICED AT ALL."



Retired Cricket Veteran (in whom the old passion has suddenly revived with the opening of the cricket season). "WOW! WOW!! WOW!!! THIS IS ABSURD; TOO MANY IN THE SLIPS. *(Seizing caddie.)* YOU, BOY, GET ROUND TO SHORT LEG, AND YOU, MID-OFF, COME IN FIVE OR SIX YARDS—JUST TO SAVE THE SINGLES."

THE UNFAIRNESS OF IT;

Or, Lines to a Motorist in Spring.

If through the icy mask of that disdain
That leaves me in a cloud of odorous dust
I could despatch some signal to your brain,
Could puncture your conceit and hear it bust;

Or if some second-sight enabled you
To learn the secret workings of a mind
In one so awe-struck to the outer view,
Cringing before your tempest, stunned and blind,

I were content. I do not carp at all
Because you gaze at me, as some calm god,
Holding creation in his dreadful thrall,
Might gaze upon a beetle. I *am* odd.

I like to walk abroad and sniff the air
Fraught with the scent of all the flowers of May;
Poets (perhaps you chanced to see my hair)
Are sometimes taken in this curious way.

I am well used, besides, to have the morn
Hidden by vapours of your home, the Pit,
And hear the blackbird silenced by a horn
Shouting some happy stave of street-worn wit.

But what I do complain of is the fact
That you can spout the spume of your contempt
Over my dumb form like a cataract,
But mine for you remains unguessed, undreamt.

I have no power to show what kind of bug,
What vermin, I esteem you: how you taint
The blessed hedgerows like a poison-drug
Till the rats sicken and the toads turn faint.

How in the witches' broth (*cf. Macbeth*)
Was no ingredient mingled by their art
So utterly abhorred, so kin to death,
As you and your confounded petrol-cart.

How for the wealth of palaces of Ind
I would not sit beside you in that hearse,
Would sooner by a lot be scalped and skinned,
Or write no other line of deathless verse,

Than thus pollute the glories of the Spring:
That is the point of view you cannot see,
Rhinoceros! thrice-epithetted thing!
And yet you deem me envious. Earthworm! flea!

Blind to all beauty, flattered by your fuss,
Mere reveller in the pride and pomp of pelf,
I know you, for I feel exactly thus
When travelling in a motor-car myself.

EVOE.

"In writing of the chance of Mushroom I was made to say, 'No horse has won two City and Suburbans.' I presume that every schoolboy has heard of the exploits of Dean Swift in connection with this famous handicap. The sentence should have read, 'No horse at four years old has won two City and Suburbans.'"—*Daily Telegraph.*

A nasty one for the clever people who thought they'd caught "Hotspur" napping.

BACK AGAIN.

(*Communicated by a Returner.*)

WE got home all right from Paris, but we had to rush about a lot with crowds of other people all rushing about and fighting for seats. Dad says he's an old traveller and he got it all planned out days before, but he wasn't a bit calm when we got to Calais; and when he found the boat was already packed full and none of us could get a chair to sit upon he said some very angry things about railway companies and the Channel. A very polite gentleman gave up his chair to Mum, and we three sat on the deck and hoped we weren't going to be sea-sick, which we weren't; but when we got half-way over Peggy said she thought her nose was getting red at the tip—it isn't a real tip, because it's so round—and she asked Dad if that was a bad sign, but he said, No; if it got pale that would be a bad sign. After that we all rubbed our noses a good deal to keep them from going pale, and it was very successful.

It was very jolly getting home. John was standing on the door-step, and he kissed us all in a great hurry because he wanted to see what presents we'd brought him from Paris. He never stopped asking about them till we fished them all out of our luggage, and then he was very happy; but he didn't care a bit about what we'd done in Paris. We tried to tell him about the Louvre and Versailles and the *Cuirassiers*, but it wasn't any good. He wouldn't listen to us, and went on playing with his toys and telling us how he'd fallen down in the garden that afternoon and cut his knee and not cried. It was a good thing we didn't take him to Paris, because it wouldn't have interested him. Mademoiselle had taught him a little French welcome to say to us when we came back, but he forgot all about it. Mum says he's the most unsentimental boy she ever met.

Then there were the dogs and the cats. The dogs were much more pleased to see us than John was. Duke and Lufra, the Great Danes, pranced round us and then began pulling one another about, and then they dashed into the house and slipped up on all the loose carpets and upset everything, and then they dashed out again and raced round and round the lawn in circles with their tails tucked in in the funny way dogs do when they're excited; and Su-Ti, the Pekinese, rushed after them as hard as his little legs would carry him, barking like mad, and then most of us got knocked down, and they licked our faces, which is a great pleasure for dogs. I thought Su-Ti would never stop screaming for joy when he first saw us. He's a very well-bred dog—I mean his pedigree—and most of him is as black as soot. That's how he got his name.

The cats were much quieter than the dogs. They didn't look as if they had noticed we'd been away, but they sat and blinked at us, and didn't even rub up against our legs. They seemed to be saying they weren't going to make fools of themselves like the dogs. Dad says there's a deep well of affection in a cat's heart, but Mum says it's only milk and fish.

There was a tremendous heap of letters for Dad, and we all helped him to open them. Some of them were the sort that come in long envelopes with half-penny stamps, and they went straight into the waste-paper basket; but every now and then there was a cheque, and Dad called it an oasis or something of that kind, and we all shouted Hurrah! when we got one of that sort, because cheques pay for things, and Dad said all his money was gone because of Paris and the workhouse was looming in front of us. The workhouse always looms when Mum asks for money for the bills. Dad also said that most of his best letters had been kept at home and only the stupid ones forwarded, and it was always the same when he went away anywhere.



"LUMME! I BET 'E GOES FROUGH SOMEFINK WHEN 'E 'AS A 'EADACHE!"

We'd bought presents for all the servants, and when we'd finished with the dogs we went and saw them all and gave them what we'd got. James the butler's present was a fountain pen, and the footman's was a little leather purse, and the cook's was a big necklace of beads, pink and light blue. The housemaids got a silk scarf each. They all seemed very pleased when we told them they were real French things bought in Paris—but cook gave us all a hug and said she'd been dreadfully dull without us, and the best present she could have was seeing us all back again, though we were such mischievous plagues she sometimes had to turn us out, but we mustn't mind because it was only her way and she was too old to change now. So we all hugged her back, and told her that getting home was even jollier than going away. Then she gave us a jam-tart each.

Bed was beautiful. We really did want to go, and it was so comfortable, and the night was so quiet without the motor-omnibuses and the taxi-cabs that we went off to sleep directly. And the next morning there was fried sole and bacon and eggs for breakfast. We never knew we liked them so much.

The Bridge of Allan Gazette, in a complimentary paragraph upon a gentleman who has apparently taken up some new editorial labours, makes the following remarks:—

"He is a successful story writer himself, serials from his pen having appeared in *The People's Journal*, *The Weekly Record*, *The Liverpool Post*, and other popular newspapers, and on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief he should be able to enlist the services of capable authors."

These sweeping and, no doubt, baseless insinuations of plagiarism are greatly to be deprecated.

"On more than one occasion he was within an ace of being boiled and eaten by native chefs."—*Daily News.*

In this country the chef has to confine his activities to the kitchen; he never joins the guests in the dining-room.

THE BIGLEY PAPERS.

[With acknowledgments to Mr. G. W. SMALLEY'S "Anglo-American Memories," Second Series (DUCKWORTH)].

IT is not necessary to introduce Mr. Bigley to English readers, for he is as well known on this as on the other side of the Atlantic. A veritable Nestor of journalists, he has known everybody worth knowing, and as he is gifted with an extraordinarily retentive memory it goes without saying that his book is packed with those racy personalia which are the very life-blood of reminiscence.

Above all Mr. Bigley has the saving grace of not being afraid to recount anecdotes at his own expense. What, for instance, could be more charming than the instance which he gives of the ready wit of the late ABRAHAM HAYWARD. HAYWARD was rallying him on his social activities and Mr. Bigley assured him that he was quite mistaken—that the only form of entertainment he really cared about was a "small and early." "Oh!" replied HAYWARD, "I thought it was 'an Earl and Bigley." In this context one may also note a characteristic anecdote of ROBERT BROWNING. The famous poet was challenged to find rhymes for all the company at a country house party given by the Duke of Doldrum, and, when it came to the turn of the narrator, improvised the following couplet:—

> Worms when they are most wiggly
> Remind me of Mr. Bigley.

Though partial to entertainments on a restricted scale, Mr. Bigley admits that on one occasion he dined out eight times in one week. The eighth dinner was accounted for in the following interesting manner. It appears that he went by mistake to Sir Parry Gorwick's, but did not discover that he had come to the wrong house until he had reached the *entrée*. He then hurried off to Lord Primbury's, next door, in time for the fish, as Lord Primbury's dinner had begun a quarter of an hour later.

The famous saying, *Cherchez la femme*, receives abundant illustration in Mr. Bigley's chatty pages, and he expresses the opinion that Mr. BALFOUR'S resignation of the leadership was solely due to the remark of a lady, in a mixed foursome at North Berwick, that a man who talked psychology on the links could never become a scratch player. Mr. Bigley, we may add, confirms the statement that even in the most trying circumstances Mr. BALFOUR uses no stronger expletive than "Blow!" The GERMAN EMPEROR, it is interesting to learn, is greatly addicted to the picturesque exclamation, "Dash my imperial buttons!"

Another of Mr. Bigley's heroes is Senator SMITH, of whom he relates several anecdotes, showing that his desire for precise information was developed in early youth. Mr. Bigley made the acquaintance of the Senator when he was only ten years old. Even at that age, we are told, he had the same clear notion of what he wanted and how to get it, which has distinguished him ever since.

"At breakfast I remember his asking his mother if the salt was kept in the cellar, and what butter was made of. She told me also that on a recent yachting trip he had climbed up to the crow's nest to see if crows laid their eggs there, and was bitterly disappointed to find that the donkey-engine was not worked by an ass."



Tactless Friend (to sombre artist, who is taking home his rejected works from the R.A.). "YOU ONLY SENT THREE, I SUPPOSE?"

The Right Men in the Right Place.

"About twelve o'clock smoke was noticed to be rising from a field on the far side of the Park. The ranger, P.C. Drew, went at once to the spot and found the long grass blazing furiously, the flames, fanned by the breeze, spreading with amazing rapidity. With the assistance of Sergeant Helliwell and Acting-Sergeant Howley the fire was eventually stamped out, but not before about an acre had been burnt."

Bradford Daily Telegraph.

The police, it has often been noticed, have always been ready for an emergency like this. An acre would be nothing to three of them.

MY SECRETARY.

WHEN, five years ago, I used to write long letters to Margery, for some reason or other she never wrote back. To save her face I had to answer the letters myself—a tedious business. Still, I must admit that the warmth and geniality of the replies gave me a certain standing with my friends, who had not looked for me to be so popular. After some months, however, pride stepped in. One cannot pour out letter after letter to a lady without any acknowledgments save from oneself. And when even my own acknowledgments began to lose their first warmth—when, for instance, I answered four pages about my new pianola with the curt reminder that I was learning to walk and couldn't be bothered with music, why, then at last I saw that a correspondence so one-sided would have to come to an end. I wrote a farewell letter and replied to it with tears . . . .

But, bless you, that was nearly five years ago. Each morning now, among the usual pile of notes on my plate from duchesses, publishers, money-lenders, actor-managers and what-not, I find, likely enough, an envelope in Margery's own handwriting. Not only is my address printed upon it legibly, but there are also such extra directions to the postman as "England" and "Important" for its more speedy arrival. And inside—well, I give you the last but seven.

"MY DEAR UNCLE I thot you wher coming to see me to night but you didnt why didnt you baby has p t o hurt her knee isnt that a pity I have some new toys isnt that jolly we didnt have our five minutes so will you krite to me and tell me all about p t o your work from your loving little MARGIE."

I always think that footnotes to a letter are a mistake, but there are one or two things I should like to explain.

(*a*) Just as some journalists feel that without the word "economic" a leading article lacks tone, so Margery feels, and I agree with her, that a certain *cachet* is lent to a letter by a p.t.o. at the bottom of each page.

(*b*) There are lots of grown-up people who think that "write" is spelt "rite." Margery knows that this is not so. She knows that there is a silent letter in front of the "r," which doesn't do anything but likes to be there. Obviously, if nobody is going to take any notice of this extra letter, it doesn't much matter what it is. Margery happened to want to make a "k" just then; at a pinch it could be as silent as a "w." You will please, therefore, regard the "k" in "krite" as absolutely noiseless.

(*c*) Both Margery and BERNARD SHAW prefer to leave out the apostrophe in writing such words as "isn't" and "don't."

(*d*) Years ago I claimed the privilege to monopolise, on the occasional evenings when I was there, Margery's last ten minutes before she goes back to some heaven of her own each night. This privilege was granted; it being felt, no doubt, that she owed me some compensation for my early secretarial work on her behalf. We used to spend the ten minutes in listening to my telling a fairy story, always the same one. One day the authorities stepped in and announced that in future the ten minutes would be reduced to five. The procedure seemed to me absolutely illegal (and I should like to bring an action against somebody) but it certainly did put the lid on my fairy story, of which I was getting more than a little tired.

"Tell me about Beauty and the Beast," said Margery as usual, that evening.

"There's not time," I said. "We've only five minutes to-night."

"Oh! Then tell me all the work you've done to-day."

(A little unkind, you'll agree, but you know what relations are.)

And so now I have to cram the record of my day's work into five breathless minutes. You will understand what bare justice I can do to it in the time.

I am sorry that these footnotes have grown so big; let us leave them and return to the letter. There are many ways of answering such a letter. One might say, "MY DEAR MARGERY,—It was jolly to get a real letter from you at last——" but the "at last" would seem rather tactless considering what had passed years before. Or one might say, "MY DEAR MARGERY,—Thank you for your jolly letter. I am so sorry about baby's knee and so glad about your toys. Perhaps if you gave one of the toys to baby, then her knee — —" But I feel sure that Margery would expect me to do better than that.

In the particular case of this last letter but seven I wrote:

"DEAREST MARGERY,—Thank you for your sweet letter. I had a very busy day at the office or I would have come to see you. P.T.O.—I hope to be down next week and then I will tell you all about my work; but I have a lot more to do now, and so I must say Good-bye. Your loving UNCLE."

There is perhaps nothing in that which demands an immediate answer, but with businesslike promptitude Margery replied:

"MY DEAR UNCLE thank you for your letter I am glad you are coming next week baby is quite well now are you p t o coming on Thursday next week or not say yes if you are I am p t o sorry you are working so hard from your loving MARGIE."

I said "Yes," and that I was her loving uncle. It seemed to be then too late for a "P.T.O.," but I got one in and put on the back, "Love to Baby." The answer came by return of post:

"MY DEAR UNCLE thank you for your letter come erly on p t o Thursday come at half past nothing baby sends her love and so do p t o I my roking horse has a sirrup broken isnt that a pity say yes or no good-bye from your loving MARGIE."

Of course I thanked Baby for her love and gave my decision that it *was* a pity about the rocking-horse. I did it in large capitals, which (as I ought to have said before) is the means of communication between Margery and her friends. For some reason or other I find printing capitals to be more tiring than the ordinary method of writing.

"MY DEAR UNCLE," wrote Margery—

But we need not go into that. What I want to say is this: I love to get letters, particularly these, but I hate writing them, particularly in capitals. Years ago I used to answer Margery's letters for her. It is now her turn to answer mine for me. A. A. M.

THE FESTIVE ASH-HUNTERS.

THE last complimentary dinner to the various members of the English team which recovered the ashes has now been eaten just in time for the ill effects of the banqueting season to vanish before the cricket season begins in earnest. They were remarkable affairs in which the richness of the dishes and excellence of the wines were equalled only by the eloquence and fervour of the company.

The public has already had some opportunity of reading accounts of the proceedings at certain of these feasts, notably at that given at Cambridge to JACK HOBBS, where a considerable portion of the evening was occupied in the reading of a letter from Mr. P. F. WARNER, in which, having begun by saying that he had praised HOBBS so consistently and for so many years that he had no more to say, he went on to praise HOBBS. But there are several dinners still to be reported, and we are lucky in being able to report one or two of them.

IREMONGER ENTERTAINED.

IREMONGER was entertained by the Travellers' Club, to which he has just



Little Girl (who has been to church for the first time since measles). "I'M VERY SORRY I WAS SO FIDGETY IN THE SERMON, AUNTY, BUT I'M VERY OUT OF PRACTICE."

been elected under Rule 2, which empowers the committee to add a few distinguished globe-trotters to the list of members every year. The chair was taken by Dr. SVEN HEDIN, who read a number of letters from public men in praise of IREMONGER's heroic voyage to Australia and back for no other purpose than sheer love of travel. The Rt. Hon. Mr. JAMES BRYCE sent a special cablegram of felicitations, and there were also a few choice words from Mr. WARNER, who had hoped to be there but was too busy correcting the proofs of his history of the recent cricket tour in the Antipodes. Mr. WARNER commented gracefully upon the happy chance for the recent English team in having so sterling a fellow as IREMONGER on the same boat and in the same hotels. Mr. DOUGLAS, who also wrote, said something very similar, but added that he wished that IREMONGER had told him that he was a cricketer, as he badly wanted an extra man when playing Thirty-two of Dingamooloo. As it was, however, he found another Englishman named KINNEIR, a left-hander, quite decent in his way, and so pulled through.

IREMONGER, in response to the drinking of his health, made a few modest remarks to the effect that travel to be really enjoyable should be an end in itself rather than a means to an end. Australia is a delightful country to anyone with plenty of time to look about him. (Sensation).

DINING VINE.

The dinner to JOE VINE, the "Sussex Whirlwind" as he has been aptly called by Sir HOME GORDON, the *doyen* of baronet cricket-paragraphists, was held at Brighton in the Dome, no other building being large enough to hold his numerous admirers. In the absence of the Jam of NAWANAGAR, the chair was taken by Mr. CHAPLIN, the Sussex Captain.

Mr. WARNER, who was to have been present, but was unavoidably detained at his barber's, sent a telegram of regret in which he said that, ready as he was with his pen on most occasions, words failed him when it came to the brilliance of JOE VINE, the scorer's friend *par excellence*. No matter what time of day VINE went in, the scorers could have their hard-earned nap. (Cheers.) That's what he (Mr. WARNER) called sympathy *in excelsis*. (More cheers.) VINE was a born lover of cricket. He liked everything about it; but most of all he liked the batting crease. He liked it so much that he hated to leave it. (Loud applause.) If he had his way VINE should always be the twelfth man in every eleven. (Great enthusiasm during which VINE's health was drunk to slow music.)

Mr. J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS also wrote saying that VINE was by far the best man Sussex had contributed to the conquering team. Nothing but the necessity of getting back to England in 1913, in time for the Triangular Test Matches, prevented him from going in first with VINE every time. (Loud cheers.) He had only one criticism to make of VINE's play, and that was that he wanted more initials. (Applause.)

VINE in reply said that he had always loved cricket and always done his best. He might not be a JESSOP (Cries of "Oh! Oh!") but he had always done his best (loud cheers) and always should—however long it took him. (Sympathetic applause.)



ART NEWS.

Rembrandt Brown's picture, "Midnight in the Forest," if not exactly the picture of the year, at least has the merit of being by far the best looking-glass in the Academy.

GANYMEDES TO ORDER.

[The London County Council announces the opening of a school where boys will be taught the mysteries of waiting at table. This will include training in all branches of restaurant-craft, and possibly also instruction in Italian patois (so useful in retorting to the wine-waiter) and menu-French, though these are not specifically mentioned in the curriculum.]

Hitherto Waiting has been regarded merely as a bad habit. This step of the L.C.C.'s is confidently expected by optimists to secure its recognition as a full-blown art, too long cradled in its infancy. Some idea, therefore, of the advances possible in the near future may be gathered from the following examination-paper, drawn up by an expert. The more advanced students of the new school will of course make light of such problems as these:—

(1) Give the derivation and English pronunciation of the following expressions: "Sorrisor, beefisoff"; "Two-lumpsandmilksir?"; "Yessir." Indicate the inflection (jaunty or pathetic) given to the last of these when replying to—

(*a*) A request for a Jeroboam of champagne;

(*b*) An order for a sandwich and a glass of water;

(*c*) A demand that the band should cease;

(*d*) A desire for change out of a threepenny-bit.

(2) What would be your course of procedure when, intentionally or accidentally, you have spilt a sauce-boatful of mayonnaise—

(*a*) On the cloth?

(*b*) Into a flower-vase?

(*c*) Down the back of a male customer?

(*d*) Down the back of a female customer?

(*e*) Down the back of an infant customer?

(*f*) Over a toy pom?

(3) Describe the attitude you would adopt in the event of customers addressing you as follows:—

(*a*) "I want something to eat";

(*b*) "What's this you've given me?"

(*c*) "I ordered those oysters more than half-an-hour ago. Haven't you caught them yet?"

(4) Indicate what degree of amusement, if any, you should exhibit at the following remarks:—

(*a*) "Is this a Noah's Ark chicken?"

(*b*) "Have you a cheaper cigar than this?"

(*c*) "Do you call those things *hors d'œuvre* because nobody will employ them?"

(*d*) "Please bring me a dumb-waiter."

"What has happened is best conveyed by quoting the receipts for the sales of grease. These bear testimony to the use of the brains of its sewage engineer."—*Contractor's Record.*

This is the sort of thing which has to be explained to the sewage engineer afterwards.

Wales at a Glance.

"In Mr. Lloyd George appealing so eloquently to the House of Commons one saw and heard Wales incarnate and articulate."

The Daily Chronicle.



REDMONDUS REX.

(Design for the Irish Penny Postage Stamp.)



Claude Duval McKenna (to Welsh victim). "Robbing you! Why, I'm letting you keep six-and-eightpence in the pound."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, April 22.—Noble Lords, after Easter Recess of length inadequate to occasion, returned to scene of patriotic labours. Commons being duller than usual, thought I would look in and humbly share exhilarating atmosphere of the other Chamber. Entering on stroke of half-past four, when public business commences, found the place absolutely tenantless, save that on Woolsack sat Lord Chancellor in animated conversation with his predecessor. Fancy they were comparing notes of appointments to magisterial Bench, with commentary on the unreasonable attitude assumed by interfering, ignorant, irresponsible Public.

Business of sitting entirely military. First order, second reading of Army Annual Bill. At four-thirty enter my Lord Viscount Morley. What did he do in this war galley? Lansdowne immediately following, mystery partly explained. Leader of Opposition, leaning over Table, murmured inaudible remark. Morley, rising, read passage from paper brought with him. From stray word caught here and there gathered he was replying to question about awkward situation recently created in the Dardanelles.

By this time quite a dozen peers had strolled in. Napoleon B. Haldane rose to move second reading of his Bill. Now at last we were in for it. Remember days of old in the Commons when he daily reeled off speech in reply to a question, talked for an hour, sometimes two, when submitting a Resolution or moving stage of a Bill. Alack, House of Lords has proved the St. Helena of our Napoleon B. Never been same man since he went into exile. To-day positively moved second reading of Army Bill in a sentence! Before we knew where we were the stage was passed.

Here sitting might have ended but for Lord Saye and Sele. In his name (which always suggests attesting a will or other legal document) there stood on paper a conundrum addressed to Secretary of State for War. Propounded the query, "How does he propose to deal with the National Reserve in case of National Emergency?" What followed illustrates marked difference between Lords' and Commons' procedure in matter of cross-examining Ministers. In latter House a question must strictly preserve interrogative form. Lapse into anything approaching a speech would be met by angry cries of "Order!" emphasised by rebuke from Chair. In the Lords a Peer has merely to put down question on the paper and is at liberty to enlarge its borders to fullest proportions of a speech, frequently leading to long debate. Thus Saye and Sele said and sealed, so to speak, a lengthy disquisition on condition of Territorial Army, bringing up Haldane with speech in reply.

Little bit of stage management, which deserved a larger gathering in front of curtain, gave peculiar effect to episode. Saye and Sele, rising from back Bench on Ministerial side, found that, with exception of two Ministers on Front Bench, he had the long red-cushioned range all to himself. Radiance of rare Spring sunlight shone through windows richly dight. At one particular spot a shaft shooting across through sheet of plain glass fell on the corner seat by Gangway above which the presence of white-lawned Bishops occasionally lends atmosphere of simplicity and purity. Here Saye and Sele stood. Whilst he spoke the shaft of light fell full upon head and countenance with what is known on other stages as limelight effect. Little manœuvre so successful that it is likely to be imitated. Only it

requires certain concatination of circumstances not regularly recurrent.

Business done.—Lords sat for twenty minutes. In Commons announcement made of appointment of Board to inquire into disaster to *Titanic*.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Long time since Opposition were in such merry mood. The more notable since circumstances of moment don't seem calculated to inspire mirth. Order of day, Bill for Disestablishing and Disendowing Welsh Church. Chief mourners seated in Peers' Gallery. The portly Primate over the clock; Bishops of St. ASAPH and St. DAVIDS weeping apart. Bishop of HEREFORD on back bench successfully mastered emotion. Amid throng in Strangers' Gallery gleam many white neckcloths. Actually a solemn occasion. Perhaps, after all, the laughter which frequently interrupted HOME SECRETARY'S speech was hysterical, testifying rather to deep emotion than to high spirits.

COUSIN HUGH went off at half-cock. MCKENNA scarcely started on exposition of Bill when he remarked, "The Right Honourable Gentleman is misstating the facts."

One so familiar with the Athanasian Creed might have been able to put the assertion in briefer form. This, however, the Parliamentary way of phrasing it. Nevertheless, SPEAKER sharply interposed with suggestion that "It would be better if the Noble Lord permitted the HOME SECRETARY to proceed." This he did for a few sentences. Again interrupted with flat contradiction met by storm of objurgation from Ministerial side.



The Damaged One (entering Gas Company's office). "PLEASE, GUV'NOR, MISSUS 'IRED A COOKER LAST WEEK AN' WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO TELL US 'OW WE STAND? SUPPOSIN' WE WAS TO 'AVE A LITTLE BLOW-UP--ONLY SUPPOSIN', Y'KNOW—A SMASH AN' THE SUNDAY DINNER GONE, OR THE MISSUS 'URT, OO WOULD 'AVE TO MAKE THINGS GOOD?—STAND THE RACKET, IN A MANNER O' SPEAKIN'—ONLY JUST SUPPOSIN', LIKE."

Effect upon BROTHER BOB, seated on corner of fourth Bench above Gangway, electrical. Popped up and down on seat with rhythm and alacrity that would have created feeling of envy in bosom of SWIFT MACNEILL had he been present. Through some anxious moments there seemed prospect of House being temporarily deprived of presence and counsel of the CECILS owing to Lord ROBERT and Lord HUGH being "named." Pulled themselves up just in time. Without other interruption than bursts of mocking laughter and ironical cheers from gentlemen opposite, HOME SECRETARY went on demonstrating to delight of thirty-one Welsh Members out of thirty-four, how sweet are the uses of adversity when in case of a Church they decree Disestablishment and Disendowment.

MCKENNA took especial pride in generosity of measure. As he repeatedly insisted, while taking a full sovereign from the Welsh Church, the Bill did not leave it comfortless. It nobly pressed on its acceptance six-and-eightpence.

Business done.—Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill brought in.

Thursday.—By way of Supplementary Question KINLOCH-COOKE got in a nasty one for LORD-LIEUTENANT. Wanted to know whether it is not true that His Excellency went about Dublin trying to peddle surplus fruit from viceregal gardens, and was rebuffed by the Trade?

"A question both ungentlemanly and undeserved," remarked FLAVIN.

And the SPEAKER ignored K.-C.'s appeal to rule him out of order.

Growing opinion of group of Members who sit at foot of KINLOCH-COOKE at Gangway-end behind Front Opposition Bench that their esteemed Chief is unduly hampered in pursuit of information undertaken on behalf of the State. True when, as not infrequently happens, he has half-a-dozen Questions on printed paper, he is master of situation. Like the Wedding Guest stopped by the Ancient Mariner, the House in such circumstances "cannot choose but hear." It is in matter of Supplementary Questions that WINTERTON, GILBERT PARKER and other of his devoted followers are jealous on his behalf.

Take, for example, debate sprung, at Question time the other day, upon PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE. It appropriated an appreciable portion of period set apart for Questions of which due notice had been given. It filled a column-and-a-half of next morning's Parliamentary Report. No fewer than twenty-four so-called Supplementary Questions were hurled at the Minister; and KINLOCH-COOKE did not get in one.

Failure not consequent on lack of effort. As each inquisitor, after speeding his dart, resumed his seat, K.-C. slowly rose, fixed his pince-nez preliminary to reading Question scribbled on Order of the Day, when, lo! he found another Member had been called by the SPEAKER. Six times repeated, or even four, this slow rising and swift recoil would be embarrassing. But think of 24 times. And just as everyone had had his turn and K.-C. was sole competitor for SPEAKER'S eye, the right honourable owner suggested that perhaps the matter had gone far enough and called on next Question on paper. This may, of course, have been pure accident. Among group alluded to there is disposition to resent it.

What does the poet say?

> Alas for him who may not ask,
> But dies with all his questions in him.

Business done.—Welsh Disestablishment Bill read a first time by 331 votes against 253.

"A cameo, exact in historical detail, from June 15, 1818, the eve of Quatre Bras."
Standard.

Not too pedantically exact, however.

"For sale, or exchange, an infantry officer's frock coat, bought by Territorial officer in error; exchange rabbits, Angora."—*Exchange and Mart.*

If the Territorial really wanted rabbits and got the frock coat by mistake, the case is a bad one.



MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.

Joy of Peasants at hearing Magna Charta read to them in the original Latin.

A FLY ON THE LINE.

I don't think I observed the fly before the train stopped for the third time at Messington Junction. But as soon as I did I perceived that there was something unusual about him. He was crawling steadily along the "six-foot," and above his head were hovering two other flies. I have forgotten how many hundred facets the eye of a fly has, but I know that indomitable purpose and iron resolution were written upon every single facet of each of this one's, and in a moment I realised what he was doing. He was racing the train for a wager, and the other two flies were referees, to prevent him from taking an unfair advantage by using his wings.

Now I do not wish this little narrative to be disbelieved, and so I frankly admit that the train (although it was a "through" train on the Great West Central Railway during the fourth stage of "strike" runnings) travelled considerably faster between the stations than the fly. But the train stopped for a long time at every station, and it also stopped three times at every station. It was a very long train. It was almost as long as one of Mr. Masefield's poems in *The English Review*. And first of all it exhibited the engine and some of its carriages to the people waiting on the platform, and then its middle and then its tail. It reminded me of the Chimæra. It reminded me of all Gaul. It reminded me of essence of wormwood. And of course during these stoppages the fly had its chance of making up lost ground. It was the old story of the hare and the tortoise, though any hare that had not been jugged would have had the legs of my train. It was while we lay at anchor off Toadworthy that the fly first showed signs of flagging. And, fortunately, it was at Toadworthy also that the man with the bag of biscuits and the bottle of ginger-beer moved into the last available space in my corridor. As he had started the day before from Palmerston, which is over eighty miles distant, and there was no refreshment car on the train, he was somewhat hungry; but all the same I begged a few crumbs of biscuit and some drops of ginger-beer from him, and baited the fly out of the carriage window. The gallant creature was evidently re-invigorated and made a splendid spurt. His legs were going about thirty-two to the minute, but five was getting a trifle late. By this time he was naturally an object of considerable interest to all the passengers on his side of the train, and necks were everywhere being craned out of the windows and bets were being laid on him. I still think he would have won had it not been for the down-slope which begins just after Poppicombe and Mortleigh. In taking a down-slope the Great West Central Railway, even during a coal-strike, is second to none in verve and sprightliness, and whilst we were still some twelve miles from Ditchwater, he threw up the sponge. We all took off our hats and gave him a rousing cheer as he faded away slowly in the distance behind us. It was a foolhardy but heroic effort, and our English hearts went out to him.

The moral of this true anecdote is of course that we are very glad that the coal-strike is now over, and we hope that the Great West Central Railway will soon get to hear about it.

"'What is the meaning of the X on the brewer's barrel?' asked a curious questioner at the lunch table. And the frivolous replier said that it was the first syllable of 'excellent.'"

"The Daily Chronicle's" Office Window.

We cannot say if the above conversation was inspired by a recent picture in *Punch* representing a gentleman in a public-house with XXX in compromising laundry-marks on his white waistcoat; but, if so, we are very glad, as we always are, to have been the innocent cause of humour in others.

A STRAIGHT TIP.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In view of the approach of my Wedding Day, I have made out a list of things *I really want*, the receipt of which will undoubtedly awaken in me a high sense of Festival and of Bliss; and in order to prevent misunderstandings I have also prepared a list of things that I particularly *do not want*. Finally, as a special safeguard against reduplication of gifts, I have drawn up an *ordre du jour* for the use of the Pepper-pot and Nut-pick Brigade. Kindly publish and oblige,

Yours receptively,

WILLIAM SNATCHER.

P.S.—I should mention that my car is a "Dart" five years old, and that I hope (all well, and circumstances permitting, etc., etc.) to make a wedding tour in her.

A. THINGS I REALLY WANT.

One cigar-lighter.

Do. grape scissors.

Do. asparagus tongs.

(In regard to the above see *ordre du jour* below.)

Left-off clothing and rags of all kinds.

Cap for oil-can screwed ¾".

Strip of brass, bent the other way round. (Particulars on application.)

Cheque.

A dozen boxes of "Flyaway" golf-balls.

New back axle, complete.

Luggage-strap, 27 feet long and 3 inches wide.

Two first-class season tickets between Reigate and London.

A really good garden roller.

Four spare valve springs.

Another cheque.

My tailor's bill in full—receipted.

400-gallon cylinder of petrol.

A wedding ring (for size, apply to Miss Lala P. Woosnap, Suffolk Hotel, Bayswater Road).

Two more cheques.

Soldering outfit (*not* to be "Master Tommy's Giant Soldering Card").

Umbrellas are always acceptable as I lose them, and if boots are given they should be large-fitting nines, with medium toes.

B.—THINGS I PARTICULARLY DO NOT WANT.

Seventeen cigar-lighters.

Nine-and-twenty grape scissors.

Forty asparagus tongs.

Stuffed kitten mounted as penwiper.

Inkpot exactly reproducing a halfpenny bun with a fly on it.

WORDSWORTH'S Poems—

(*a*) Bound in morocco - - half or full.
(*b*) do. do. calf - - - - do. do.
(*c*) do. do. levant - - - do. do.
(*d*) do. do. any way - - do. do.

Stand for holding newspaper. (I don't read at meals.)

Candlesticks or lamp. (The house has electric light.)

Chafing dish. (I never chafe.)

Antlers. (I cannot bear them.)

Chatty books on gardens. (I write them.)

C.—*ORDRE DU JOUR* FOR PEPPER-POT AND NUT-PICK BRIGADE.

(*To guard against re-duplication of gifts.*)

The Brigade will include all persons enlisted by fate to supply me with salt-cellars, mustard-pots, butter-dishes, knife-rests, spoon-warmers, napkin-rings, menu-holders, cheese-scoops, chutney-spoons, &c., &c., &c.

(1) The Brigade will muster in the waiting-room of the Universal Stores at two o'clock on the afternoon of May 31st, and units will prepare for action by depositing all impedimenta, except purses, in the cloak-room.

(2) Units will proceed to elect a General of Brigade who will appoint not fewer than ten Section Commanders, each of whom will take rank as "Officer in command of Picks," "Officer in command of Mustards," &c., &c.

(3) Units will then rally to their respective commanders, who will ascertain the highest price offered by any unit in his section, and will then give the word of command as follows: "Pair salts, fourteen-and-six, right about, fifth floor," whereupon that unit will proceed to the position named at the double by the first lift available, and complete purchase. He will then return and exhibit receipted bill to the General of Brigade, and will receive the word of command "Dismiss."

(4) Each Section Commander, after his first unit has gone to the front, will agree for some other gift after consultation with other Sectional Commanders, and will give the word to advance to the highest remaining bidder, until every unit in turn has been sent forward. If any unit, through habit or other mental infirmity, is unable to think of any other gift than his original choice, or one which has been already allotted, that unit will receive the word of command and will forthwith order one of the articles listed above, or, if the list has been exhausted, as many gallons of petrol as his proffered subscription will buy, and the personal taste exercised in that unit's choice will be limited to the colour of the tin. No fractions of a gallon will be bought, but the balance, if any, will be spent on cotton waste.

(5) No cases will be bought, except for solid gold or jewelled goods. Any unit attempting, for instance, to buy a pair of plated saltspoons listed at 3*s.* 6*d.* in a shagreen satin-lined case costing seven-and-ninepence, will have his invitation cancelled and his name deleted from the confectioner's list for wedding cake.

TO A SPRING FOX.

Now may you lick your pads in peace
And sleep with your nose in your brush,
Nor fear at morn the note of the horn
Shall spoil the note of the thrush,
For in the gorse the brown bees bumble
And all your little ones squeak and tumble,
Tumble and squeak and rush!

You were the thief that stole the geese
And killed in the russet red,
But you paid the joke when a fox-hound spoke,
And into the wind you fled;
That was the day when you did them rarely,
Raced them level and beat them squarely,
Out of the osier-bed!

But now shall the bristling whimper cease,
The clamorous cry be still,
And you shall turn in the growing fern
And bask on the gorse-clad hill,
Nor cock an ear, when the lark rejoices,
To catch the terrible singing voices
All lifted up to kill!

So you may get your ribs some grease
And go your woodland way,
No hound shall run in the Maytide sun,
No earths be stopped 'ere the day,
When you lie in the owl-light, lithe and limber,
Under the oak-tree's ancient timber,
To see the little ones play!

But that the cubs may show increase
And grow to be bandits free,
You must cross the vale in the moon-beams pale
And up by the barnyard be,
To pick from the roost (since babes must dine) a
Turkey poult, or a Cochin China,
Or ducklings two and three!

And they shall lick their chops in peace,
The bones and feathers among,
And get them strength and sinuous length,
And brain and leg and lung,
That they may run straight-necked and knowing,
When the woods awake at the horn's far blowing
And towl of a fox-hound's tongue!

THE FREE-FOODER.

THERE was the bell, so I rang it. That is what bells are for—to be rung. That is what I am for—to ring them. I can conceive no other use for a bell and, on a Sunday afternoon when I have my party clothes on, I can conceive no other use for myself. Besides, the Verreys are old friends.

"Yes," I said, when the butler opened the door, "I rang it, and, what is more, if you hadn't come before I had finished counting fifty, I should have rung it again. That is the sort of person I am. So be careful when you answer me. Is Mrs. Verrey at home?"

"Yes, Sir," said the butler, being a man of few words but great dignity. I always feel that my Sunday afternoon bell-ringing has not been wasted to produce such a result.

"Mr. Lawson!" he said, as he ushered me into the drawing-room; not, you observe, "Only Mr. Lawson!"

"Ah," I said, advancing into the room with my best smile, "I am delighted to find you in, but not surprised."

"Why not surprised?" said Mrs. Verrey. One must say something on these occasions.

"Because your butler did not look the sort of man who would tell a lie. In some ways," I continued, sitting down and preparing to make a nuisance of myself for some time—"in some ways it must be tiresome to have a truthful butler."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Verrey; "we are always very glad to see you . . . . But to come at once to business—you will take tea, of course?"

"Nothing," I replied, as I took my cup, "was further from my thoughts."

Mr. Verrey is not a social expert. I regret to say that on this occasion he wore a light suit, and said "Liar!" quite audibly.

Later, when he had taken me up to his smoking-room to have a cigarette "before," as he quaintly put it, "you go," he pursued his train of thought. "How one meal leads to another!" he said discursively.

"Tea," I protested, "is not a meal, it is a pastime. Unless you withdraw your horrid innuendo that I came here in search of food and drink alone, I shall go further and say that calling is sometimes a duty."

"You need not have come if you did not want to."

"On the contrary, I was in duty bound to call and thank you for your dinner on Thursday last—ultimo, if you prefer it."

Mr. Verrey, his wife declares, spends his Sundays either sleeping or arguing.



(*A Studio in Rome.*)

Fair Sitter. "THE HADRIANS' VILLA, NOW! WHEN WOULD BE THE BEST TIME FOR ME TO SEE OVER IT? I MEAN, OF COURSE, WHEN THE FAMILY ARE LIKELY TO BE OUT."

"When the man said Mrs. Verrey *was* at home, you could easily have said, 'Oh, in that case I will call again.' What I complain of is this—We asked you to dinner the other night . . ."

"Other?" said I. "To me there was only one night, and that was it."

". . . at a cost to ourselves of (roughly) three-and-sixpence, exclusive of wine. Such expense I incurred knowingly. But it does seem a pity if I can never stand you dinner without having to stand you tea as well. Haven't you any food of your own?"

"Yes, but, to tell you the truth, I like yours better." And I got up to go.

"What I want to know is, where is this going to end?"

"Ah," I said mysteriously, as we walked downstairs together. At this moment an idea occurred to Mr. Verrey for what it was worth.

"That was a very pleasant lunch I had with you at your club the other day," he said. "When may I come and call to thank you?"

I realized that I must be off at once, but I changed my mind when I saw Mrs. Verrey coming across the hall. I did well, for, "You are never going?" she asked; "won't you stay and have some dinner with us?"

If Mr. Verrey thought he had done with me when he turned me out that Sunday night, he never made a greater mistake in his life. On the following Sunday I rang the same bell, with the same happy result. "I have come," I said, advancing into the room with my best smile, "to thank you for the glorious dinner you gave me last Sunday; have come"—I looked severely at Mr. Verrey—"as in duty bound."

AT THE PLAY.

"Improper Peter."

I am not permitted to see into the recesses of Mr. Monckton Hoffe's mind, and so I cannot say what it was that induced him to believe (if he did believe) that his farce at the Garrick was a comedy. He started out, I imagine, to make merry over the embarrassments of a middle-aged gentleman, into whose perfectly honest hands—for the epithet "improper" is only a catchword, applicable to a period prior to the rise of the curtain—has fallen the protection of a solitary female in distress. He then, I further imagine, discovered that the position of this friendless girl, whom a feeble creature had promised to marry "in the sight of Heaven" (Heaven in these cases being treated as slightly myopic), had in it such an element of pitifulness that it would never do to describe the play as a farce. Yet the situation and most of the characters remain farcical, and we are left in doubt of the author's tact in allowing a young girl, in so painful a plight, to be placed in an environment so ludicrous. The stage has made one familiar with this kind of situation, but it is commonly reserved for married women or divorcées, or those, at any rate, who are better able to bear it. Here, such amusement as we may derive from the suspicions thrown upon *Peter* is dearly bought at the price of harrowing emotions aroused by a helpless girl's predicament. Conscious, perhaps, of this defect in his scheme, the author (assisted by Mr. Bourchier in his most unbelievable mood) sought to impart a high gravity to *Peter's* defence of her and expected us to take it quite seriously; but this defence was almost as laughable as anything in the play, thanks to the absurdity of its *milieu*. The fact is, it is easy enough to introduce comic relief into a serious theme, but the converse process is fraught with appalling difficulties.

One's appreciation of the author's motives, if any, was not greatly helped by the performance of Mr. Herbert Sleath in the part of the young man whose elopement with *Periwinkle* was frustrated by his father's intervention. One gathered subsequently that he was trying to satirize the attitude of an age that has discarded the former frankness of men of the world and embroiders its sins with a specious phraseology; but during much of the First Act one simply concluded that his voice and manner were as wrong as they could be. "You don't understand!" he kept saying—a phrase, by the way, that occurred more than once on other lips. And he was right: I didn't understand.

The scenery was happier than the things that went on inside it. The conversation on deck in the First Act was rather second-rate, and made me wonder whether the Royal Yacht Squadron knew much about *Peter's* friends when they elected him to their fastidious corporation; and all the business of the liqueurs and the fantastic toast that went with them was forced. The Second Act showed us the saloon of *The Nut* with a sectional view of the sea. One has of course seen the river in *Das Rheingold* so treated, but I never remember to have had the sea presented to me in this architectural aspect. There was also a fat pinnace permanently fixed and affording a very adroit cover for the arrival and departure of *The Nut's* visitors. The extremely small dimensions of the saloon, which at one time was required to hold almost the entire cast, had the bijou air which one associates with private theatricals.

On the other hand the spacious drawing-room of the Third Act offered ample accommodation for the most incredible Court of Enquiry that was ever conducted, Royal Commissions not excepted. Mr. Fred Kerr, who took a leading hand in its manipulation, could have played the part of *Sir Walter Stancombe* on his head; he chose however to do it on his feet, and was inimitable in that position. Mr. Bourchier did not seem quite to realize himself in this scene; at times he was in deadly earnest, at others his interest appeared to wander. But he had had a good deal to go through. He had been loath to forego his ancient reputation as the pink of impropriety, but was bound in honour to adopt a parental attitude towards the girl committed to his charge. He had watched his emotions suffering a sea-change into something more sentimental; and, while for the girl's sake he had had to repudiate the base insinuations of his wife, for his own he had privily rejoiced at this excuse for a divorce. In the result I am not sure that his versatility did itself full justice. Miss Julia James as *Periwinkle* was rather wooden in her gestures, but perhaps this was right; anyhow she came very well out of a difficult task. Mrs. Raleigh's nice voice and other attractive gifts were thrown away on the invidious part of the wife. The exchange of national dress and manners, as made between *Elliot Hay, U.S.A.* (Mr. Carew) and *George Plumley* (Mr. Wehuelin), made a very pleasant diversion in a play which, though it has its good qualities, is not likely to immortalize its author, Mr. Hoffe.



"Once aboard the lugger and the girl is"—somebody else's.

Periwinkle ... Miss Julia James.
Peter ... Mr. Bourchier.
Charles ... Mr. Sleath.

* * * *

From Hoffe to Hoffmann sounds but a slight step. I took it on Thursday night when I looked in for an hour or so at Mr. Hammerstein's House and refreshed my memory of a couple of the brief and rather foolish *Contes*. I was in time for a few admirable renderings of the popular barcarolle, and once more found Madame Victoria Fer in great voice as the consumptive *Antonia*. Mr. Frank Pollock was again a delightful figure as *Hoffmann*, and everybody sang and played worthily of the high reputation of the London Opera House for the excellence of its *ensemble*. O. S.

"Herbert Oricut did well to draw 2-2 with Thursday."—*Woolwich Gazette.*

A good omen for Herbert's great match with Tuesday week.

Things that don't really want Arranging.

"The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have arranged to make an expensive tour through Canada."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*



Simple Lifer (who is doing a walking-tour in the hills). "I don't expect you see many strangers up here!"
Old Shepherd (reflectively). "Weel, there's yersel' the day, and there was anither tramp hereaboots last week."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It will, no doubt, be excellent news for the many admirers of *Incomparable Bellairs* that her creators, Agnes and Egerton Castle, have now given to the world certain further adventures of this fascinating lady, in a book called *Love Gilds the Scene* (Smith, Elder). I protest 'tis a title vastly well-suited to the matter of the tales, since all of them turn upon some pretty affair of gallantry or tender intrigue. As for the manner of them, because the great quality of eighteenth-century fiction is atmosphere, and this is far more difficult of attainment in a short story than a long, you must not be surprised if they suffer a little from their brevity. But for all that the adventures are excellently entertaining; comedies, light and artificial as the time itself, with scarcely a note graver than the lamentation of some jilted exquisite or the half-serious distress of a fair lady over the fickleness of her lord. And through them the lovely *Kitty Bellairs*, now promoted to *Lady Kilcroney*, takes her elegant and devastating way, string-pulling with all the grace and skill imaginable. Of her exploits, I think I best liked that in which she foiled the plot of a jealous rival, who had purposed that the country bride of *Beau Stafford* (another old friend) should appear at Bath races a figure of fun in green and cherry-colour. How *Kitty Kilcroney* detects this, re-dresses the chit in record time, and winds up her triumph by presenting a blushing beauty to H.R.H., can better be read than described. Certainly you will enjoy it better in that way.

Mr. Edgar Jepson is doing for the suburbs even more than Mr. Arnold Bennett has done for the Potteries. Mr. Bennett makes the Five Towns romantic; Mr. Jepson makes Chiswick lurid. In the last book of his that I read, Chiswick was enjoying a jolly bout of human sacrifices in the back garden; in *The House on the Mall* (Hutchinson) it is suffering from a spasm of murders indoors. I have always held that the only really readable novels of sensation are those written, tongue in cheek, by men capable of better things. *The House on the Mall* goes to strengthen this theory. Even when the blood is pouring its thickest and the thunder rolling its loudest, Mr. Jepson never loses his distinction. His characters live, even when they are dying violently. The *Marquess of Drysdale, alias* that simultaneous criminal duo, *Paul Mauleverer* and *Andrew Rawnsley* (he is both of them in turns), is a delightful character, who makes Professor Moriarty, N.O.C. (Napoleon of Crime), seem like a curate. For one moment, in Chapter XXIX., I was afraid that he was about to forget himself and vulgarly murder a guest with a knife; but I was swiftly reassured. Instead, he let him down in a lift into an underground cell beneath the Thames, shut him in and drowned him, like the fine old English gentleman he was. Another acquaintance he disposed of by dropping him into a cellar, the floor of which was a sort of sinister Joy-Wheel, doing—like some South American Republic—its 250 revolutions a minute. Finally, I should like to add that the real Edgar Jepson peeps out at intervals throughout the story in some comedy chapters full of excellent dialogue between the only three non-murderous characters in the cast.

A keen sense of humour, an intimate knowledge of Dublin, and an X-ray-like insight into the souls of charwomen, policemen, labourers, labourers' wives, young Irish patriots and children, are the qualities which enabled Mr. James Stephens to make *The Charwoman's Daughter* (Macmillan) the little gem it is. Perhaps it is in his psychological analysis of the policeman that Mr. Stephens more particularly excels. The nameless constable whose vast shadow falls on the life of *Mary Makebelieve* will remain in my mind long after I have forgotten many another character in contemporary fiction. Never after this, though I may not agree with *Mary's* mother, the charwoman, who held that "their continual pursuit of and intercourse with criminals tended to deteriorate their moral tone," can I feel quite the same towards the Force. You see, this policeman of *Mary's* was a snob. He courted *Mary* till he found her one day scrubbing the floor of his aunt's house, and then he decided that it would be *infra dig.* for a man of his class to marry her. So he abandoned the idea, and when, on consideration, he decided that he wanted her after all, she had discovered that she did not want him, but preferred *Mrs. Cafferty's* lodger, a young man with a fiery soul and a perpetual hunger which even stirabout could scarcely blunt. Whereupon the policeman violently assaulted the young man, who came home "in a mood of extraordinary happiness" and declared that "he wouldn't have missed it for a pension." It is a very long time indeed since I read such a human, satisfying book. Every page contains some happy phrase or illuminating piece of character-drawing. I particularly enjoyed *Mrs. Cafferty's* bracing treatment for invalids, which involved the co-operation of all her six children and a cat, some to play runaway horses about the room, others to be tigers in a jungle, and two to play the game of bump on the bed, while she herself sat at the side of the bed "telling with a gigantic voice a story wherein her husband's sister figured as the despicable person she was to the eye of discernment."



Leading Man in Travelling Company. "We play *Hamlet* to-night, Laddie, do we not?" *Sub-Manager.* "Yes, Mr. Montgomery."
Leading Man. "Then I must borrow the sum of two-pence!"
Sub-Manager. "Why?"
Leading Man. "I have four days' growth upon my chin. One cannot play *Hamlet* in a beard!" *Sub-Manager.* "Um--well--we'll put on *Macbeth!*"

It would be impossible to tell the story of *Sharrow* (Hutchinson) in a single paragraph; the Baroness von Hutten has herself taken 379 closely printed pages for the purpose, and none of that is mere verbiage. Indeed, my grievance is that so much happens to *Sandy* before and after he becomes *Lord Sharrow* that his biographer can find no space for comment or digression; and the story, in its series of short sharp paragraphs, reads too much like a précis to be entirely satisfactory as a novel. Drinks should not be over-watered, but too much spirits should not be taken neat; which brings me back to the story, whose hero, if he had not consumed so much neat brandy, would have married *Viola Wymondham* quite early on and ceased to be of interest. I do not remember having previously watched the averting of an undesired marriage by the process of deliberately intoxicating the lover in the presence of his mistress, and I am not over-anxious to watch it again. But in this instance the brutal thing is so well done and is so much part and parcel of a fine study that it is not only forgivable but legitimate. I advise those in search of a good book to read this one in small doses, closing it from time to time and pausing to deduce for themselves the moral which the clever authoress would no doubt have inserted if only she could have found the room and the time to do so.

In a preface to his novel, *The Prince* (Mills and Boon), Mr. Metcalfe writes: "The work, after all, is but the outcome of the varied jumble of a life of some few sorrows and many great joys." His book reminds me of a sale at which you may pick up a bargain, if you only have the patience to wait and rummage until you find it. The bargain in *The Prince* is a chapter called "De Profundis," in which a shipwreck is described with a flash of real genius. For that chapter I am glad to have read the book. But the story itself did not grip me; one never gets on intimate terms with the characters, and the author as a showman is continually in the front of the picture. The hero, a son of rich but extremely unsatisfactory parents, seems to have stepped out of the back of beyond. He hurries around doing good deeds and distributing money, then he loses everything and becomes practically a beggar-prince, until in the end love and justice are triumphant. This is a first novel and, although I cannot recommend it as a whole, one chapter is worth reading and remembering.

The Cuckoo in Sussex.

Sir,—I think it may interest your readers to know that during a holiday in the heart of Sussex since Easter I have not yet heard the cuckoo. Unhappily I have been rendered stone deaf, at least temporarily, by the singing of the nightingales.

Your obedient Servant,

Observer.

CHARIVARIA.

THE anniversary of the Turkish SULTAN'S accession was observed last week in Constantinople with more than usual display, but the arrangements to view the Italian fleet unfortunately fell through.

* * *

"On Saturday," writes a correspondent to *The Evening News*, "my son caught an orange-tip butterfly in the garden in front of my house. Surely this is an unusual occurrence in April?" The person best qualified to answer this question is surely the son?

* * *

In consequence of a Paris chauffeur having had his cab stolen from him, in future these vehicles will be fastened to the drivers by means of a stout chain.

* * *

We merely give the rumour for what it is worth; but it is said that at the French Sidney Street affair the police could have rushed their men long before they did, only the cinematograph operators objected, wishing to make a really good thing of it.

* * *

"Who framed the Home Rule Bill?" asks a correspondent. We cannot bring ourselves to divulge the secret, nor even to say whether so sketchy a design was really worth framing.

* * *



"THESE THICK FRAMES ARE A GOOD IDEA."

Mr. CHURCHILL, in opening the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, asked Members to look at the Irish question with "the modern eye." He must have meant "The Glad Eye."

* * *

The provisions of the Shops Act have aroused so much ill-feeling in barbers' shops, according to one account, that several Cabinet Ministers are now careful to do their own shaving.

* * *

How, it is being asked, will the promoters of "Shakspeare's England" at Earl's Court be able to work in the flip-flaps and the wiggle-woggles, and similar sensational attractions which seem to be necessary to the success of a modern exhibition? We understand that these will all be there under the title, "What Shakspeare Missed."

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette draws attention to the fact that in France there are statues to QUEEN VICTORIA and KING EDWARD, JOHN STUART MILL, SHAKSPEARE, JENNER, and Lord BROUGHAM, and asks whether there is a single monument to a Frenchman in this country. The state of affairs is not so bad as our contemporary imagines. We have one of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

* * *

The Nation informs us that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT is about to leave Fontainebleau and to reside permanently in England. If this report be true it is one of the most signal compliments which have been paid to this country for some time.

* * *

Messrs. PITMAN have just published a new volume entitled "Wool" in their "Common Commodities of Commerce" Series. Mr. MAXWELL is fortunate to have been first in the field with his *In Cotton Wool*.

* * *

"When Persia was most prosperous," says a lecturer, "poetry was at its worst." So, after all, the motives of many of our poets may be altruistic.

* * *

It is reported that, a short time ago, the lions that guard the Nelson Monument started "sponging." We see no objection to this. It is a cleanly habit.

* * *

Mr. C. E. DAWSON, in a lecture at the Camera Club, declared that the ugliest thing in London was a man's silk hat, and suggested as a substitute a Roman helmet, similar to the headgear of the members of the Fire Brigade. A correspondent would like to know whether he should wear a morning coat or a frock coat with it; and what about spats?

Also "A Browbeaten Husband" writes to say that Mr. DAWSON cannot have seen his (the writer's) wife's new hat.

* * *

Alterations in the service for the burial of the dead, to make it suitable for persons of bad as well as for those of good character, were suggested at the meeting of Convocation last week. We understand that a series of demonstrations by persons of bad character is to be held all over the country in order to strengthen the hands of the reformers.

* * *

We can find no excuse for the misprinter who referred to The *Printers' Pie* Trust as The *Printers' Pie* Crust.

* * *

Thirty shillings in gold have been found by some men cleaning out the slot line of the tramways in High Road, Clapton. To drop a penny in the slot is a common proceeding, but this looks as if someone has been overdoing it.

* * *

An undertaker's advertisement figured on the official programme of the Health Week at Kingston-on-Thames. This is a pretty tribute to the influence of that admirable movement. The undertakers are evidently realising already that it will become increasingly difficult for them to get business.

The Journalistic Touch.

"A party of eight started into the sealed passages of the cave at two o'clock, and they did not return to daylight again until late last night."—*Daily Dispatch.*

The Daylight Saving Bill seems to be at work here.

Life in the Provinces.

"Two wasps have been sighted off Birkenhead."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

And the blue-bottle which was observed circling over Liverpool last month is never mentioned now at local tea-parties.

"To the first quart of strained water add cold water, and the dirt will come out of the coat and look new."—*Liverpool Echo.*

And then you can put the new dirt on another coat.

"Suffering seems a tombstone hung round us; in reality, it is a weight to keep down the diver while he is collecting pearls."—*Hendon Times.*

So we discovered when we collected this pearl.

THE STRIKE OF TAILORS.

(Thoughts after a visit to the Royal Academy.)

TAILORS! Your insurrection rives my heart!
I was to have a waistcoat made,
An evening waistcoat, proper to a smart
Occasion, fitting close as suède,
With points depending halfway to the knee,
And now—it cannot be!

Inside its virgin samite as I sat,
The cynosure of eyes, the hub
Of incidental conversation at
The Poets' Self-effacement Club,
I should have made my mark, I feel convinced,
Upon the 18th inst.

Strikes I have borne ere now, as Britons can,
With cheek unblenched, with head sublime;
When coal was off I faced it like a man
(Being out of England at the time);
But this comes nearer home; this new unrest
Touches me on the chest.

The moment you select is too unfair—
Now, when our youth would fain rehearse
The change from vernal bloom to summer wear;
And yet you might have done far worse,
Might have declined, last season, to compose
Our Coronation clo's.

What we had lost if you had struck just then,
Burlington House is witness: here,
Figures from that high pageant live again,
Posing in full official gear
(Notably I remark the very natty
Suit of Sir A. SCOTT-GATTY).

Harder the blow, though this were hard enough,
Had you refused to ply your thread
For common portraits where the tailored stuff
Kindly eclipses face and head;
You would have ruined half the staple toil
Of such as work in oil.

So, when I think what havoc might have been
In Art's domain, I am resigned
To waive my waistcoat, and with soul serene,
Walking the Park, to view my kind
Enforced, in Summer airs, to trail the Spring's
Belated trouserings. O. S.

The Diver.

"An item which was deservedly appreciated and encored was Chopin's Pollonaise 'Sea Miner.'"—*Wexford Free Press.*

"One diner at a City restaurant yesterday had just reached the fish at 2.30, when his favourite waiter, with an apologetic cough, ingratiatingly remarked, 'Shall you require anything more, sir? I have to go to luncheon myself now, sir.' This is compulsory under the Act."—*Daily Mail.*

There will be an outcry when the first waiter is sent to prison for omitting the apologetic cough.

"An unattended perambulator, containing a baby, at Willesden yesterday started down an incline, ran on to the canal towing-path, and dropped into the water. Walter Norwood, who witnessed the accident from the bridge, promptly dived into the water, rescued the baby, and handed it over to its mother.

The Luxury of a bath is incomplete without the addition of ——'s Ammonia. . . . *Advt.*"—*Morning Post.*

Seeing, however, that it was quite an unpremeditated affair on the part of both bathers, they may be forgiven for leaving out the ammonia.

THE SECOND CITY.

May, 1912.—The news that Glasgow is seeking parliamentary powers to increase her boundaries and swallow up Govan, Partick, and other suburbs, has been received in Liverpool with no little consternation and dismay. Despite the exceedingly disappointing results of the 1911 census, it must not be supposed that the enterprising seaport on the Mersey ever lost hope. On the contrary, it was full of confidence in its ability to make up the necessary leeway before the close of the present decade. It is now, however, estimated that Greater Glasgow will contain over one million inhabitants, and Liverpool recognises that unless effective action is taken at once there will no longer be any room for doubt—even among its own optimistic inhabitants—as to which is the Second City of the Empire.

September, 1912.—Our Special Correspondent learns that the Liverpool Municipality now hopes to promote a Bill in Parliament with a view to incorporate Birkenhead, Wallasey, and—probably—Ormskirk. Doubt has been expressed, however, in local circles as to whether this will quite do it, some authorities declaring that the total will still be a few thousands short. The figures for the last census are being closely scanned, and it is probable that—in order to make assurance double sure—Poulton-cum-Seacombe may be thrown in at the last moment.

January, 1915.—Glasgow has annexed Paisley. A municipal medal has been struck to celebrate the event.

May, 1915.—It is understood that Liverpool—after the recent appropriation of Hoylake and Lower Bebington—presented an ultimatum to the Lord Provost of Glasgow. Its actual terms have not transpired, but there can be little doubt that it pointed out the hopelessness of continuing the struggle and drew attention to the vast population of South Lancashire, all eagerly awaiting the invitation to dub themselves citizens of the Second City.

January, 1931.—The inclusion of Falkirk within the area of Greater Glasgow, while not in itself of any importance, has caused a growing feeling of uneasiness on the banks of the Mersey. It has been noticed that Glasgow's expansion in the last decade has all been in an easterly direction; and this sinister fact is a source of deep anxiety to her rival.

Later.—Liverpool has taken over Warrington.

January, 1932.—There is nothing at all startling in the New Year Annexations, published to-day. It may be assumed that London is quite prepared to move swiftly and effectively, should any of the threatened combinations in the North imperil her supremacy.

January, 1933.—The blow has fallen. Greater Glasgow has to-day roped in Edinburgh, Leith, Portobello and Fisherrow. Greater Liverpool's obvious counter-stroke has unexpectedly failed, as Greater Manchester has escaped from her clutches and grabbed Greater Birmingham on her own account. A frightful struggle is in prospect between the two Lancashire cities for the possession of Greater Widnes.

January, 1953.—Since the discovery of unlimited gold (in enormous nuggets of great purity) in the immediate vicinity of Ventnor no census has been taken in the Isle of Wight. But experts are now convinced that Greater Ventnor is already the Second City of the Empire.

"The water is less cold than has been felt two months later than it was this year the first week in April."—*Guernsey Weekly Press.*

This is one of the "Sentences we generally decide to begin again some other way"; and we would have called it that only it makes such an awkward title.



FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

UNCLE SAM (*philosophically watching the Taft-Roosevelt scrap*). "WAL! I GUESS OLD FRIENDS ARE THE BEST!"



Policeman (to motorist, who, having inadvertently left his car in charge of an expert thief, has had his magneto stolen). "NOW, SIR, WOULD YOU BE PREPARED TO SWEAR THAT YOU HAD IT WHEN YOU ARRIVED?"

MORNING-POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

[Being a feeble attempt to rival the inimitable literary methods and profound musical knowledge of the musical critic of *The Morning Post*, who, in the issue of May 2, included *Tristan und Isolde* in the *Ring*.]

To complete the present cycle of Wagnerian music-dramas VERDI'S *Carmen* was performed last Saturday at the Royal Opera. Originally composed as a *lever de rideau* by the veteran Italian maestro, under the title, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the opera is now universally accepted as a typical work, and its performances are greeted with generous toleration by the opera-going public, though it cannot be seriously contended that the ethical significance of the story conduces to the maintenance of a decorous conception of civic life.

The performance was for the most part in such capable hands, or perhaps we should say, throats, that the meritoriousness of the rendition appealed with convincing force to the more serious-minded section of the auditors. Madame Fritzi Langerzahn has appeared many hundred times in the part of *Carmen*, but on this occasion, as during the whole of her present engagement, she indicated an advance of redoubtable dimensions upon her previous efforts. She met every demand on her resources with a determination that evinced great physical energy reinforced by patient artistic study of the most compelling verisimilitude, and her handling of the castanets in the scene when the infatuated dragoon violates the dictates of discipline at the call of amorous inclination elicited unstinted panegyrics from all quarters of the house.

Signor Tombolini, as *Don José*, sustained his share in the representation with more than all his wonted zest, though he did not invariably succeed in furnishing the chaste quality of timbre to which he has familiarised his numerous admirers. One could not help feeling that to an artist of his sensitive temperament the somewhat glaring scheme of colour embodied in the integuments of his nether man must have impaired the equanimity which as a rule he is so fortunate in being able to evolve from the recesses of his dramatic imagination. But, with these reservations, his impersonation was marked by a gallant and soldierlike bearing such as one might naturally expect in an officer, even though of subordinate rank, belonging to a race renowned for their peninsular dignity.

Herr Hugo Rumpelmayer remains the best representative of the tauricidal gladiator that has yet emerged on the metropolitan boards. His range of facial expression, indicative of the whole gamut of emotion, is a masterpiece of lineamental exposition. The *Micaela* of the cast was Madame Gemma d'Antichità, whose impeccable demureness of demeanour invested the *rôle* with an ingenuous archness wholly germane to the situation. In Mlle. Eugénie Pipette was found a *Mercedes* of greater youthfulness than usual, but her appearance supported her rich vocal tone. The reception of the work was marked by a cordiality which testified how fully the audience appreciated the meritorious efforts of the artists concerned in a thoroughly conscientious rendition.

The Daily Chronicle denies the existence of "caves" among the Ministerialists, and protests that the Government policy is "far from being the cause of dry-rot." But does this prove anything? We ourselves have often noticed the absence of dry-rot as a feature of caves, especially sea-caves.

THE MIXTURE, NEW STYLE.

You want to know the true inward history of the glorious speech which made the miserable minions of an enslaved democracy tremble in their venal shoes, and sent spasms of sacred jubilation to irradiate the vales of Ulster and the hills of Wales, to say nothing of the habitations of the Primrose League, with which our own beloved Britain is magnificently dotted. The speech, you say, made the name of Applegate for ever famous. Well, I'm not going to say a word against Dick Applegate. He was a good enough sort, free with his subscriptions and a steady-going figure-head at bazaars and smoking concerts; but he was just a little thick in the skull, and the plain fact is that without my help that speech of his would never have existed. I'll tell you how it all came about.

We were sitting in Applegate's smoking-room. Dick was curiously glum and depressed. I had done all I could to cheer him up—read him extracts from BONAR LAW's last great fighting speech and picked paragraphs from Mr. LEO MAXSE's monthly compendium of the elegances, but all was useless. At last he made an effort and spoke: "The fact is," he said, "I've got to make a bit of a speech on Friday at our Junior Senior Constitutional Association. It's to be a big affair. Some of our greatest leaders are to be there, and of course I shall have to chip in with a vote of thanks or something. The Chairman tells me they will look to me to give them some real hot stuff on Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, and I've been cudgelling my brains for two or three days, but I can't work it. The words won't come."

"Look here, Applegate," I said, "this is serious. Think what an opportunity you have. Confiscation; spoliation; robbery; immoral aggression on the sacred rights of the Ulster minority; the brains and the brawn of Ireland, as embodied in Captain CRAIG and Mr. MOORE, placed under the disgraceful heel of a bedollared REDMOND; traitorous attack on the monarchy by a cringing but evanescent majority of mean-spirited political mountebanks; loyalty and patriotism bartered away at the bidding of a paltry pettifogger; religion dragged in the mud of faction by curs without convictions and sneaks without souls—upon my honour, Applegate, there's stuff enough in the present situation for fifty speeches. Study your CARSON, my boy; read up your F. E. SMITH; dip deep into your BONAR LAW; take a hint or two from WINTERTON; tell the Ministry that Mr. GLADSTONE would disown them if he could revisit the scene of his statesmanlike activities; and, if you want some real plums of logic and language, spend half-an-hour or so in the immediate neighbourhood of a brace of Welsh Bishops."

The upshot of it was that Applegate asked me to write down some notes for him. I did it, and he thanked me enthusiastically. On the Friday he made his speech, and on the following day the whole country was ringing with it. *The Daily Mail* called it an unsurpassable effort in oratory, *The Daily Telegraph* said it was better than BRIGHT in his best day, and Applegate was a made man. Now that all the actors have passed away from the scene, I don't mind telling you that the speech was substantially mine, but there was one peculiarity about it. Applegate got my notes out of their proper order, but he was so carried away by the occasion that he didn't mind. He mixed up Home Rule and Disestablishment and Wales and Ireland inextricably, but it didn't in the least affect the success of his speech. Indeed the Chairman said that he had never in his whole life listened to any speaker who had so completely and brilliantly covered the ground. "The name of Applegate," he continued, "will now take its stand beside CHATHAM and BEACONSFIELD and CHAMBERLAIN." Do you remember the purplest of Applegate's patches? This is how it went:—



THE LATE COAL STRIKE HAS CAUSED EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST TO BE TAKEN IN THE PICTURE ENTITLED, "A DESERTED COAL MINE," BY MR. INKERMAN KNIGHT, THE MINER ARTIST.

THE SIMPLICITY, BREADTH OF TREATMENT AND TRANQUILLITY OF COLOURING OF THIS PICTURE MAKE IT APPEAL TO ALL TRUE LOVERS OF ART, PEACE AND CHEAP COAL.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we are met together at a crisis in the affairs of our country. Other Ministries have been mean; this Ministry is fraudulent. Let them learn that the free men of England will not allow Ulster to be robbed of the great and splendid organisation which for centuries has spread the light of religion through the length and breadth of Wales. If a Church is to be attacked and despoiled by these time-servers, led by the outcast of Limehouse, a million blades will leap from their scabbards in defence of Ulster's patriot Presbyterians. Far be it from me to counsel insurrection, but if ever men were justified in taking arms it is those who have rallied in defence of the money which the liberality of pious benefactors has bequeathed for the purposes of the Church in Wales. That Church is not lightly to be treated as the milch cow of REDMOND and his gang of paid politicians. Are men like that to be allowed to break up our Empire, to control our armed forces, and to batten on the plunder of the poor parishes of Wales? Are cathedrals to be turned into dancing saloons without a protest from those whose welfare is inseparably bound up with the teeming industries of Belfast? Let us hurl back the challenge so rashly given by the pestilential faction whose presence in the council-chamber of the nation is an outrage to the Sovereign and an offence to every decent-minded man. Ulster may perish, but she will not perish unaided by the Bishops and Clergy of a country whose only fault has been to produce the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. St. Asaph will fight, gentlemen, and St. Asaph will be right."

There were other bits more or less like this, but this was the best. Applegate never quite repeated his triumph, but he was in great request as a platform speaker for years afterwards. When he got his Privy-Councillorship he sent me a silver cigar-box.



Short-sighted Old Soul. "DEAR ME, AUGUSTUS! IT'S EXTRAORDINARY HOW THE LOWER CLASSES AFFORD TO PLAY GOLF!"

A PRAYER TO MAY.

NOT for the bluebell carpet spread
  Under the blossom-roof,
Not for the cowslip's sake, I dread,
  Not in the birds' behoof
    I ask you, May—be gentle, ma'am;
    Sorry of course I always am
    When rough winds spoil the unweaned jam,
And the rathe swallow, almost dead,
  Cries that the Spring was spoof.

Tears for the bloom of peach and plum,
  Tears for the forest floor,
Tears may be ours for songsters dumb,
  But, oh! far more, far more
    For "nuts" that feel the force unkind
    Of wintry days—for nuts whose rind
    Gleams with a gloss for Spring designed,
Suits that could drown a rolling drum
  And vests that shriek and roar.

There is a young man up our road,
  And who can say what vats
Empurpled his attire, what woad
  The neck-wear that he pats?
    For weeks he has gone up to town
    Tilting a straw hat on his crown,
    His face already slightly brown,
He keeps a sort of "you-be-blowed"
  Languor and two white spats.

And yet a month or more agone
  He was a worm, an ort;
Shabby the garb he used to don,
  Dusty his tile, his port
    Showed nothing of the man he is,
    Forth bursting from his chrysalis,
    A study in life's harmonies;—
His comrades sometimes call him John,
  And sometimes "good old sport."

But oh! if sudden storms of rain
  Should make him doff that vest,
If darkling he should fare again
  To the tube-station, dressed
    In his old bowler and worn suit,
    That were a sorrow more acute
    Than all the spoiling of the fruit,
More poignant than the swallow's pain
  His agony confessed.

Therefore I ask your mercy, May:
  From all dark morns and dim
Spare us, except just once, we'll say
  (Pardon a poet's whim),—
    Just once the kind of day one loathes,
    And let John wear his cast-off clothes
    And hurry shamefaced, full of oaths,
Tube-wards, and let me pass that way
  And smile one smile on him. EVOE.

THE CONTINENTAL MANNER.

Of course I should recognise Simpson anywhere, even at a masked ball. Besides, who but Simpson would go to a fancy-dress dance as a short-sighted executioner, and wear his spectacles outside his mask? But it was a surprise to me to see him there at all.

"Samuel," I said gravely, tapping him on the shoulder, "I shall have to write home about this."

He turned round with a start.

"Hallo!" he said eagerly. "How splendid! But, my dear old chap, why aren't you in costume?"

"I am," I explained. "I've come as an architect. Luckily the evening clothes of an architect are similar to my own. Excuse me, Sir, but do you want a house built?"

"How do you like my dress? I am an executioner. I left my axe in the cloak-room."

"So I observe. You know, in real life one hardly ever meets an executioner who wears spectacles. And yet, of course, if one *can't* see the head properly without glasses ——"

"By Jove," said Simpson, "there she is again."

Columbine in a mask hurried past us and mixed with the crowd. What one could see of her face looked pretty; it seemed to have upset Simpson altogether.

"Ask her for a dance," I suggested. "Be a gay dog, Simpson. Wake London up. At a masked ball one is allowed a certain amount of licence."

"Exactly," said Simpson in some excitement. "One naturally looks for a little Continental *abandon* at these dances." (*Portrait of Simpson showing Continental* abandon.) "And so I did ask her for a dance just now."

"She was cold, Samuel, I fear?"

"She said, 'Sorry, I'm full up.'"

"A ruse, a mere subterfuge. Now, look here, ask her again, and be more debonair and dashing this time. What you want is to endue her with the spirit of revelry. Perhaps you'd better go to the bar first and have a dry ginger-ale, and then you'll feel more in the Continental mood."

"By Jove, I will," said Simpson with great decision.

I wandered into the ball-room and looked round. Columbine was standing in a corner alone; some bounder had cut her dance. As I looked at her I thought of Simpson letting himself go and smiled to myself. She caught the edge of the smile and unconsciously smiled back. Remembering the good advice which I had just given another, I decided to risk it.

"Do you ever dance with architects?" I asked her.

"I do sometimes," she said. "Not in Lent," she added.

"In Lent," I agreed, "one has to give up the more furious pleasures. Shall we just finish off this dance? And don't let's talk shop about architecture."

We finished the dance and retired to the stairs.

"I want you to do something for me," I began cautiously.

"Anything except go into supper again. I've just done that for somebody else."

"No, it's not that. The fact is I have a great friend called Simpson."

"It sounds a case for help," she murmured.

"He is here to-night disguised as an executioner in glasses. He is, in fact, the only spectacled beheader present. You can't miss him."

"All the same, I managed to just now," she gurgled.

"I know. He asked you for a dance and you rebuffed him. Well, he is now fortifying himself with a small dry ginger, and he will then ask you again. Do be kind this time; he's really a delightful person when you get to know him. For instance, both his whiskers are false."

"No doubt I should grow to love him," she agreed; "but I didn't much like his outward appearance. However, if both whiskers are false, and if he's really a friend of yours——"

"He is naturally as harmless as a lamb," I said; "but at a dance like this he considers it his duty to throw a little Continental *abandon* into his manner."

Columbine looked at me thoughtfully, nodding her head, and slowly began to smile.

"You see," I said, "the possibilities."

"He shall have his dance," she said decidedly.

"Thank you very much. I should like to ask for another dance for myself later on, but I am afraid I should try to get out of you what he said, and that wouldn't be fair."

"Of course I shouldn't tell you."

"Well, anyhow, you'll have had enough of us by then. Oh, by the way," I added, as we walked back, "I think I ought to inform you that I'm not really an architect; this is only a disguise."

"Still, the plan is very sound," she said with a smile.

* * * * *

So I can't say with authority what happened between Simpson and Columbine when they met. But Simpson and I had a cigarette together afterwards and certain things came out; enough to make it plain that she must have enjoyed herself.

"Oh, I say, old chap," he began jauntily, "do you know—match, thanks—er, whereabouts is Finsbury Circus?"

"You're too old to go to a circus now, Simpson. Come and have a day at the Polytechnic instead."

"Don't be an ass; it's a place like Oxford Circus. I suppose it's in the City somewhere? I wonder," he murmured to himself, "what she would be doing in the City at eleven o'clock in the morning."

"Perhaps her rich uncle is in a bank, and she wants to shoot him. I wish you'd tell me what you're talking about."

Simpson took off his mask and spectacles and wiped his brow.

"Dear old chap," he said in a solemn voice, "in the case of a woman one cannot tell even one's best friend. You know how it is."

"Well, if there's going to be a duel you should have chosen some quieter spot than Finsbury Circus. The motor-'buses distract one's aim."

Simpson was silent for a minute or two. Then a foolish smile flitted across his face, to be followed suddenly by a look of alarm.

"Don't do anything that your mother wouldn't like," I said warningly.

He frowned and put on his mask again.

"Are chrysanthemums in season?" he asked casually. "Anyhow, I suppose I could always get a yellow one?"

"You could, Simpson. And you could put it in your button-hole, so that you can be recognised, and go to Finsbury Circus to meet somebody at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. Samuel, I'm ashamed of you. Er—where do you lunch?"

"At the Carlton. Old chap, I got quite carried away. Things seemed to be arranged before I knew where I was."

"And what's she going to wear so that you can recognise *her*?"

"Yes," said Simpson, getting up, "that's the worst of it. I told her it was quite out of date, and that only the suburbs wore fashions a year old, but she insisted on it. I had no idea she was that sort of girl. Well, I'm in for it now." He sighed heavily and went off for another ginger-ale.

I think that I must be at Finsbury Circus to-morrow, for certainly no Columbine in a harem skirt will be there. Simpson in his loneliness will be delighted to see me, and then we can throw away his button-hole and have a nice little lunch together.

A. A. M.



Scene—*Church Parade, Hyde Park.*

Mr. and Mrs. Jones laboriously talk Hurlingham, Ascot, Motor-tours, etc., for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. The Robinsons do the same for the Jones's.



Unfortunately they meet going home in the Cricklewood 'bus.



Old Party (recovering from influenza). "Thanky, Miss, I'm better now; but I 'ears as 'ow you've 'ad it, too?"
District Visitor. "Yes; but I'm nearly all right now. It has only left me with a little neuralgia in my head."
Old Party (sympathetically). "Dear, dear, Miss, that's bad; but they do say as it do allus attack the weakest part."

THE RULING PASSION.

At this time of the year there must be many Golfing-Cricketers who turn from their constant study of the Rules of Golf to the contemplation of the Rules of Cricket, and find themselves completely at a loss to understand the meaning of the latter. It is clear that if the summer game is to retain its popularity its Rules must be re-written in language that comes within the comprehension of the earnest Golfer.

A brief specimen will illustrate this idea:—

If the ball, after having been in the opinion of the Umpire legally delivered by the bowler in accordance with the provisions of Rules 10, 11 and 12 and the Appendices to these Rules, touch, brush or impinge upon the hand of the striker (whether the hand of the striker be in motion at the time or not), but not if it touch, brush or impinge upon the nose, throat, chest, ears, or any portion of the anatomy other than the hand of the striker, whether the striker's eyes be open or closed, and not if, by reason of his having an insect in his eye at the moment of the delivery of the ball or for any other reason apart from squint or other chronic physical disability which the Umpire shall consider fair and reasonable, the striker be prevented from obtaining a proper sight of the ball and signify his unpreparedness by uttering in an audible voice "Not ready!" or an equivalent phrase, provided that it be readily comprehensible by a person of average education (for definition of "average education" see footnote), be secured by a fielder whether by the hand, mouth, stomach, or other part of the person (for the purposes of this Rule the leg-guards of the wicket-keeper shall be considered "another part of the person") or by any number of such parts acting in conjunction, whether belonging to one, two or more fielders, before touching, in the opinion of the Umpire as provided for in Rule 47, the ground or any grass or other vegetation growing from or lying upon the ground, provided that the ball when secured shall not have passed outside the boundaries previously arranged by the two Umpires and agreed upon by the Captains of the respective sides, then the striker is out, unless it be decided by the Umpire on appeal that the case comes within the operation of any one of the seventeen Appendices to this rule or of any other Rule, Footnote or Appendix in force for the time being and applicable thereto.

COTTAGE GARDEN PRAYER.

Little garden gods,
  You of good bestowing,
  You of kindly showing
Mid the pottings and the pods,
Watchers of geranium beds,
  Pinks and stocks and suchlike orders,
Rose, and sleepy poppy-heads,—
  Bless us in our borders,
    Little garden gods!

Little garden gods,
  Bless the time of sowing,
  Watering and growing;
Lastly, when our sunflower nods,
And our rambler's red array
  Waits the honey-bee her labours,
Bless our garden that it may
  Beat our next-door neighbour's,
    Little garden gods!

A Modern Argus.

"I have seen some of these trucks filled with my own eyes."—*Evening News.*

Ready to be worked into boot buttons.



TURN AND TURN ABOUT.

IMPATIENT DRUID. "NOW THEN, WHEN ARE YOU GOING ON WITH MY HAIR?"

BARBER ASQUITH. "COMING SIR, COMING." (*To Irishman*) "I'LL JUST TRIM HIM A BIT MORE, AND THEN I'LL COME BACK AND FINISH YOUR FACE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 29.—The ways of the honourable Member who desires to take opportunity provided by the Question-hour to obtain cheap advertisement are not past finding out. On the contrary, they are almost childish in their ingenuousness. Most common form is to nip in with a supplementary question, if possible conveying personal aspersion upon Minister addressed or some of his colleagues. To-day, as it happened, there has been outbreak in another direction.

Standing Order directs that at a quarter to four catechism shall be cut off and business of Sitting entered upon. But there is a proviso that questions of an urgent character, which have not appeared on notice-paper, may be put, albeit the allotted time is fulfilled. It is here where opportunity of gentleman with his eye on the newspapers comes in. Ordinary Member who, in obedience to command, has duly given notice of a question, is not permitted to recite its terms. All he may do is to refer to its number on the printed paper. His shrewder brother, announcing a question of which he says he "has given the right honourable gentleman private notice," is privileged, amid silence of expectant House, to read its terms, which, with the Minister's reply, appear verbatim in Parliamentary reports.



"No sucking dove could have cooed 'Ulster' more gently."

Object of the proviso apparent. Occasion might easily arise where sudden occurrence of urgent moment would justify Leader of Opposition or other representative Member in asking for instant information. The private notice questions put to-day, of which there were four or five, had no more claim to urgency than had the average interrogations standing on the printed paper.

However, there they were. They served their purpose, and when some presumably precious time had been spent upon them House got into Committee of Ways and Means on Budget proposals.

Question was that Committee should sanction the holding over of surplus of six and a-half million realised in past financial year to meet possible contingencies in Naval expenditure. Situation awkward for patriotic Opposition. When scheme expounded in Budget of wily Chancellor of Exchequer gentlemen opposite applauded what they admitted was unexpectedly far-seeing precaution calculated to maintain supremacy of Navy. But it's the business of the Opposition to oppose. So to-night, saying little or nothing about provision made for what Byles of Bradford described as "those monsters the *Dreadnoughts*," which, he informed the Committee, he "had seen disporting themselves" (presumably like dolphins), they turned and rent the Chancellor of the Exchequer forasmuch as he had diverted this surplus from customary course of reduction of National Debt.

This a difficult position to defend. You can't eat your cake and have it. Having at disposal a realized surplus of six millions and a-half, you can't put it on one side to strengthen the Navy and at same time pass it on to reduce National Debt. House of Commons—God bless it!—is a master of the art of make-believe as practised by the *Marchioness* when entertaining *Dick Swiveller* in *Sally Brass's* kitchen. When she had no lemon-peel wherewith to flavour her cup of water she "made believe" she had and lapped the beverage with gusto. Pretyman, Son Austen, George Faber, Terrell—a new authority on Finance, with childlike faith in the Financial Press—Banbury, Evelyn Cecil, Lord Bob and eke Harry Chaplin indignantly denounced conduct of Chancellor of Exchequer in his dealing with the Sinking Fund—conduct responsible, among other things, for the fall in Consols, the large blue flies in butchers' shops, and the nip of cold weather which to-day mocks the almanac record of the birth of Spring.

Lloyd George, with back to wall, cited figures showing that during six years Government have been in office they have cleared off considerably larger amount of National Debt than any of their predecessors—eleven million a year against nine million discharged by Son Austen when he was at the Treasury. But what of that? The Parliamentary game must be played whichever Party be in Opposition. Talk went on till shut up by closure, and the Labour Members, who won't have *Dreadnoughts* at any price, and Unionists, who want more than eight and won't wait, joining forces in division lobby, Government majority was reduced to 47.

Business done.—Budget proposal for dealing with last year's surplus sanctioned.

Tuesday.—At Westminster Youth and Age are, as Coleridge sang in exquisite verse, "housemates still." The Winsome Winston, aged 38, opened debate on Second Reading of Home Rule Bill; Member for East Cavan, aged 90, who with rich Irish humour is named Young, continued it.

Winston's speech presented interesting personality in new light. Has made his way to the front by hard hitting. A few weeks ago he set the Boyne aflame preaching on its banks the gospel of Home Rule. To-day no sucking dove could have cooed "Ulster" more gently. Moore of North Armagh and Craig of East Down sat aghast. They had come to howl; they remained almost to cheer. As for Bonner, he had a great stroke of luck, escaping opportunity to interrupt by damaging remark whose flight might have resembled that of the boomerang.

Winston's novel position assumed by clever device. Presented himself to crowded audience in character of young

man from the country, at school when Home Rule Bills of 1886 and 1893 were to the fore. True he had read something of those direful times. His fresh young mind had been scared by stories of extreme Party animosity, even of a free fight on floor of House. These things must be believed since they are written in history. The younger generation, coming into their heritage, had no personal knowledge of the alleged facts. They approached consideration of third Home Rule Bill with open mind, desiring to consider it simply on its merits in relation to circumstances of the day.

House, gathered in expectation of slashing speech irritating to Ulster, listened in evidently pleased amazement. Instead of clash of cheers and counter-cheers the level flow of speech was broken every now and then by decorous approval.

WINSTON, conscious of presence of old Adam, fearful he might pop up at some turn of unfettered speech, observed precaution of writing out his new evangel and reading it from manuscript. Notable as he proceeded how he got over little difficulty about pronunciation of letter "s" that embarrassed his maiden speech and others immediately following. He then slurred the plain "s" into "sh." As SARK pointed out at the time, had he lived when JEPHTHAH ruled Israel he would have come out scathless at the passage of Jordan when the Gileadites slew the Ephraimites. "Say Shibboleth," challenged the crafty sons of Gilead. The hapless Ephraimite betrayed his nationality by responding "Sibboleth," and was straightway slain. Had the test been put the other way about and the Ephraimite WINSTON commanded to say "Sibboleth" he would never have lived to sit in succession on both sides of House of Commons.

Business done.—FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY moved Second Reading of Home Rule Bill. On behalf of Opposition WALTER LONG moved rejection.

"Some startling facts are disclosed in the annual return by the City Chamberlain on the city churches. There are ten buildings included on the list, and these provide accommodation for 9.045 persons."—*Glasgow Paper.*

"Those d——d little dots," as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL remarked.

"There were two delightful little train bearers, and they were prettily dressed in long frocks of white satin with lace caps, and each carried a posy of panama hats."

Surrey Advertiser.

Very pretty, but not so fashionable now as a bouquet of bowlers.

DAVID *versus* JONATHAN.

IT is greatly to be regretted that the public quarrel between those old friends, President TAFT and Colonel ROOSEVELT, is having influence all over the world, and in emulation ancient bonds of amity are snapping like cotton. In response to inquiries which *Mr. Punch* has been making it is clear that among our own Tafts and Roosevelts are not only Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, but those famous erstwhile allies, Mr. BELLOC and Mr. CHESTERTON.



"THE WILY CHANCELLOR."
"FOR THE NAVY? I DON'T THINK!"

Interviewed yesterday on the subject of his break with Mr. CHESTERTON, Mr. BELLOC admitted that they were no longer the David and Jonathan that they once were.

"No," he said, and the brightness of his eye witnessed the veracity of his speech,—"no, I had to give him up. To tell you the truth, he is too paradoxical. Once upon a time I may have liked that, or at least tolerated it, but to-day I am all for business directness. And then, again, his size. Terrific, you know. Too big. There are limits."

Mr. CHESTERTON, whom our representative found watering his cauliflowers in his Buckinghamshire garden, was equally frank and final. "Yes," he said, "it's true. I have permanently severed my old association with BELLOC. Not that he is a bad sort—on the contrary, I think well of him, within bounds—but he's vigorous, you know. So appalling. I am a lethargic man; I move slowly. BELLOC is all fire and intensity. And where is it carrying him? Ah!"

"Mr. BELLOC," I put in, "accuses you of being too paradoxical."

"Does he?" cried the great seer. "Does he? He too! Oh, how tired I am of that charge! Paradoxical indeed. I am not paradoxical; I am plainer than the hills. Tell him that if I am paradoxical he is—what shall I say?—an Oxford demagogue. Tell him that."

Encountered on the Terrace, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL did not deny the suggestion that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was no longer the brother he once had been.

"Not so long ago," he said, "we were comparing strawberry marks on our arms. There are none left to-day. I have had mine removed by a skin expert, and I believe the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has done the same."

"But what, may I ask," I said, "has led to this unfortunate breach?"

"It is not unfortunate, Sir," said the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY; "it's fortunate. Nothing is so fortunate as to discover a man's true colours before it is too late."

"And what, then," I said, "is your complaint of the CHANCELLOR?"

"My complaint, Sir? My complaint is that he is a Welshman. That he is named DAVID. That he sits on the Front Bench. That he exists at all. He annoys me. He is eloquent, and I dislike that. He is ambitious, and I dislike that. Worst of all, he wants me to stick stamps on forms for my servants—those servants whom I care for as my own brood."

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, on the other hand, was not so communicative. "Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL," he contented himself with saying, "is a young man in a hurry with a large size in hats. If I bought him at my valuation of him and sold him at his own I should be richer than ANDREW CARNEGIE and have to pay myself a fortune every year in income-tax. The gods give us a good conceit of ourselves by all means, but not too good. That way danger lies. I used to like CHURCHILL. I thought him a promising boy and did what I could for him. But no more."

And, sighing a deep sigh, the weary Titan returned to the perusal of Mr. GRANT's amendment.



Irate Householder. "WHY CAN'T YOU ANSWER THIS BELL SOONER? THE FIRE'S OUT AGAIN. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"

Maid-of-All-Work (resigned). "I 'VE BIN PACKIN' UP MY THINGS. I CAN'T STOP TO DO THAT; IT'LL LIGHT ITSELF SOON; *THE 'OUSE IS AFIRE!*"

INSULT AND INJURY.

"COCKROACHES AND OTHER ABOMINATIONS."—*Extract from a letter in a morning paper.*

"OTHER abominations"! Let the libel stand confest.
That is a thing that wakes the bile in every beetle's breast,
And as a loyal cockroach I indignantly protest.

It's true we are not popular. I know, whene'er we peep
Forth on a cold and wakeful world, pale women scream and leap,
And brave men own to being struck all over of a heap,

Till one more gallant than the rest, though shivering at the core,
Cremates us with the horrid tongs or, springing from the floor,
Crackling descends, and leaves us sweltering flatly in our gore.

And yet we are a harmless folk, and, humbly though we crawl,
Is that a cause for slaughter? E'en the looks that so appal
I do not think that you've the right to cavil at at all.

Indeed, if you consider from the proper point of view,
We're every bit as natty and as elegant as you,
Our legs are more ingenious, and we haven't only two.

But still, it isn't that so much. Observe us and recoil,
Nay, slay us, for we're used to it; what really makes me boil
Is insult at the lips of those for whom we have to toil.

Our job is not a lofty one and not what one would choose,
But it's a deal more dignified than writing to abuse
The folk that play the scavenger when you retire to snooze.

For, when your lusty snores affront the deep and throbbing scene,
Then we come forth to labour and to keep your kitchens clean,
And make a nightly meal on what would turn your cockles green.

"Other abominations." It's a neat and human touch.
I don't suppose it struck you that to label him as such
Might hurt a beetle's feelings and depress him very much.

No, trample us to atoms or commit us to the flames;
We try to do our duty, and we make no further claims;
But, even though you murder us, you needn't call us names.

DUM-DUM.

"Mr. Napier, during his long period of railway work, has seen many changes, including the repainting of Buchanan Street Station."

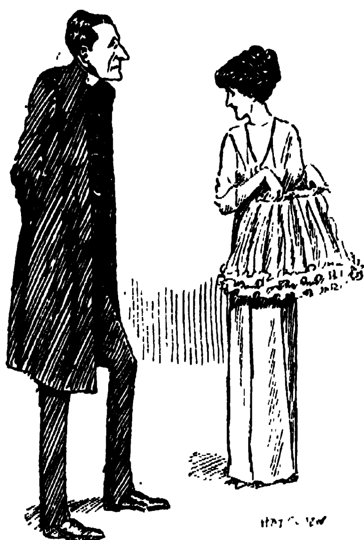
Glasgow Herald.

What more can life offer?

AT THE PLAY.

"LOVE—AND WHAT THEN?"

IT was bad luck for Mr. CYRIL MAUDE that he should have missed the best part of the play through coming in only just in time to see the curtain fall on the First Act. Up to the point of his episcopal entrance, "signalised," as the cricket reporters say, by a clap of thunder (as though he were a demon),



The Vicar's wife gets a short Pierrette skirt as a preliminary to a high kick over the traces.
Rev. John Burden ... Mr. GAYER MACKAY.
Mrs. Burden ... ... Miss MARGERY MAUDE.

we had been having some really excellent and natural light-comedy; but for the rest of the time, if one excepts a delightful scene between the three clerical types, the author was perhaps a little inclined to press for his effects; requiring, indeed, in the last resort, to fall back upon a mislaid baby and a squirted soda-siphon, always a confession of weakness.

His motive, too, became a little obscure. We were constantly asked to keep on being merry on the edge of a rumbling volcano; and the ultimate emergence of a mere mouse never satisfied us that the supply of lava was exhausted. And may I respectfully beg Mr. MACDONALD HASTINGS not to blend his tears and laughter too light-heartedly; not to play about with the emotions of his audience; not, for instance, to make a wife say of her lover, with a fine resolve, "I shall never see him again," and then let us down with the flippancy, "I shan't have the opportunity"? Mr. BARRIE, being privileged, has the sole rights in this kind.

The burlesque of the melodramatic stage in the Second Act might have been fairly amusing if it had not been so palpably dragged in to eke out the time. But worse was to follow in the Third Act. There is nothing more deadly than to announce beforehand that an event is to happen at a certain time and then put a clock on the stage so that the audience may know exactly how long their patience has to be tried with stop-gap dialogue. It was all timed to a nicety; but in the meanwhile some of us were in full sympathy with the bishop, who frankly went to sleep.

It was not Mr. MAUDE's fault that his *rôle* was too easy for him, too familiar; and that his bishop might just as well have been an admiral or a general officer or a country squire, except that the liberality of his outlook took on a certain piquancy from the fact of his being a hierarch.

As a young wife in revolt against her husband's clerical discipline Miss MARGERY MAUDE was always charming, and, in the First Act, fairly understandable also. Afterwards one became worried by the thought that she didn't know what she wanted, but wouldn't be happy till she got it. The lady's simplicity was a little too disingenuous, her naïveté a little too complex. And I frankly suspect that the innocent wife who wants to be kissed hard by a man who is not her husband in order to know what it feels like, irrespectively of the lovableness of the kisser, is a type of fledgling not to be found under just any hedge.

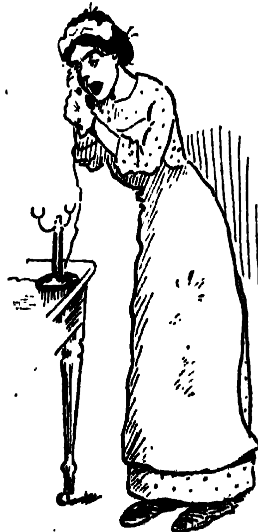
The one really satisfactory performance was that of Mr. GAYER MACKAY as the *Rev. John Burden*, her husband. I have seldom seen a better or more convincing deportment. One so rarely finds a clergyman on the stage who is neither heroic nor ludicrous, neither angel nor ass. In a part that might easily have been made laughable Mr. MACKAY preserved a reasonable and even sympathetic dignity and seemed veritably born to the cloth. Mr. ERNEST GRAHAM, as the Bishop's chaplain, was extremely funny. Gauche and taciturn, untouched by the diversions of musical-chairs or hunt-the-slipper, he suddenly found his humanity in a shattering outburst of enthusiasm over the fielding of a certain Somersetshire cover-point. Miss FRANCES IVOR, as *Mrs. Burden, senior*, was excellent with the good things she was given to say in the First Act, but they did not last out; and after this mother of ten had told us that she had never loved her late husband, and that her babies would have been no bar to her leaving him if she had not run short of good nurses, the sentimental note on which she made her final exit left me rather cold. Mr. MATURIN had a thankless and unheroic part as a philandering Sapper, but played it with a nice easy looseness of manner. The Misses CELLI and GREATWICH were satisfactory flappers; but they should be told that even flappers may have the *joie de vivre* without necessarily breaking into a delirious gallop when they go off the stage.

I will add that Mr. BRUCE SMITH's drawing-room at the Vicarage was a real room that must have been lived in.

Whatever I may have said to the contrary notwithstanding, I enjoyed the play very much and laughed loudly and often. But in the retrospect my logical mind rebels against its inconclusiveness. The question in the title, *Love—and What Then?* remains unanswered. It recalls to me a familiar elegiac composition by a fourth-form boy on the theme "*Femina dux facti.*" This couplet, it will be remembered, took the form of the following dialogue:—

"Femina dux facti." "'Facti dux femina?'
Quid tum?"
"'Quid tum?' Tum facti femina dux fuit."
"O!"

The curtain-raiser, *Before Breakfast*, by the author of *Rutherford & Son*, was a most attractive trifle. Here we have a cadet of good family who has adopted Socialistic views, professedly on their abstract merits, but actually to provide argument in support of his intended marriage with a chorus-girl. But when he finds that he has been deceived about her origin, that she is, in point of fact, sister to his mother's own kitchenmaid, his emancipated theories are proved inadequate to meet the new conditions. The scene is freshly laid in the library of a house at an hour when the family is not yet down and the servants are in occupation, the butler (nicely played by Mr. HARWOOD) being engaged in reading a report in his "special" of his young master's projected mésalliance. Mr. LAWRENCE



HER FIRST TELEPHONE.
Jinny ... ... Miss VERA COBURN.

ANDERSON was not quite equal to the prodigal's part, but Miss VERA COBURN gave a most astonishingly good character-sketch as *Jinny* the kitchenmaid.

O. S.

MR. VADE MECUM ABROAD.

I MET Mr. Vade Mecum in Italy. His intention was of the kindest: to help me over stiles; but he was less useful than entertaining. I wanted to admire him, as we always wish to be admired by those whom we instruct; but he made it difficult. One keeps one's admiration for the self-possessed capable persons, and here was V. M. blundering at the very start. No sooner did we arrive at the station and perilously descend to the far-away Italian platform than I found him saying to the porter—in faultless Italian, I admit, although possibly a shade too grammatical—"I have left my bag in the train," followed by the question, "Where is the Lost-Property Office?" This came as the greater shock because on the steamer across he had been enquiring, "*Dove tengono le cinture di salvataggio!*" and I had honoured him for his forethought.

That he could be impulsive I gathered from the things he said at the bicycle-mender's, where I met him a few days afterwards. How he came to have such an accident I never learned, but some idea of the completeness of his smash may be gathered from the tale of damage that he told. Thus: "The brake does not act. The frame is twisted. The back wheel is buckled. The handle has come off. The fork is snapped. The lamp will not burn. I have lost the pump and the spanners." It seemed to me a mistake in tact on the part of a Mentor to let one have such a glimpse of the disastrous side of his life.

On our way from the station I gathered that he is not a generous man from the fact that his genial remark to the cabman, "Hurry up! I will give you a good tip," was followed instantly by, "Take me to the nearest doctor," which seemed to indicate a fearful and sudden spasm brought about by the promise of unwonted munificence; but it was at the jeweller's that he came out in the least handsome light. "I wish," he said (always in best Italian), "to choose an emerald brooch for my wife." That was promising and affectionate, I thought, except that perhaps it did not point quite to the latest fashion in jewels; and incidentally it suggested that Mrs. Vade Mecum was not exactly artistic. But V. M. went on to spoil everything. "Tell me," he added, "the lowest price." Ah, V. M. (thought I), not thus did you address the jeweller in the days of your courtship! Worse was to follow. "I want," he went on, "to purchase a few charms"; and here again I began by thinking well of his good nature. He evidently had some daughters or nieces to whom he wished, very properly, to take a souvenir of his pleasant Italian journeys. But imagine my pain when he added the deadly words, "*Qualche cosa a buon mercato che sia d' effetto*" (Something cheap but showy).

That was too much. At that point I threw away this conversation book and bought another.



"OH, MA'AM, MA'AM. I'VE SWALLOWED A SAFETY-PIN."
"SO THAT'S WHERE MY SAFETY-PINS GO, IS IT?"

The Gentle Art.

"The Conservatives have nothing but a flood of words. That is why the country refuses to rise to their baits and bribes."—*Daily Chronicle.*

One can hardly blame these fish for refusing to bite at a flood.

The passage quoted, in our last issue, from an account of the Kent Collieries Company, and headed "Commercial Acumen, or, the Secret of Successful Coal-Mining," should have been ascribed to an advertisement in "*The Times*" *Financial Supplement*, and not to the *Supplement* itself.

BONES OF CONTENTION.

No. III.

THERE are occasions when my wife sees fit to play at a terrible game—a game which, it is true, seems to afford her considerable inward satisfaction, but to me brings only a sense of haunting disquiet and invariably throws me into a cold perspiration. It is the game of Horrors, and begins with the ill-omened word "supposing." Usually my wife's indulgence in this recreation is inspired by the contemplation of a problem play, but on the last occasion it was after witnessing one of Mr. PÉLISSIER'S spritely ebullitions that her mood merged into that shade of contemplative melancholy which always premises the game of horrors. There is, I suppose, some subtle thread which inextricably unites the frivolous and the gruesome. I must ask a psychologist about this.

Innocently I sat sipping my mild whiskey-and-soda before retiring to rest.

"Supposing," said my wife suddenly, "that I was run over by a taxi and terribly disfigured."

"Why?" I asked mildly.

"Well, I want to know what you would do."

"I should be dreadfully upset," I suggested after a moment's consideration.

My wife tapped her foot impatiently. "What else?" she demanded.

"I should try to get damages out of the company," said I, with a flash of inspiration.

"And what of me?" demanded my wife tragically, "with my scarred, distorted face? You couldn't possibly care for me any more."

"Of course I should." Practise this as I may and honestly as I mean it, I simply cannot say the words with the smallest trace of sincerity or conviction.

"Or suppose," mused my wife, "that I just had my nose crushed and was obliged to have it amputated."

"'Sing a song o' sixpence,'" said I with forced, but relevant, jocularity.

"Could you care for anyone without a nose?" she insisted.

"I have never tried."

"I know you couldn't," she returned with bitter conviction, "not even in the dark."

"If it was you I shouldn't mind—that is—at least—oh, you know, dear." The cold perspiration began to set in as, in response to a frantic summons to my dignity, I grew conscious that my voice and countenance were merely becoming permeated with an expression of sheepish apology.

"And then supposing," continued my wife more cheerfully, "that I sustained terrible internal injuries and had to lie on my back all day. How would you like being burdened with me?"

I finished my whiskey-and-soda at a gulp. "I don't like this game at all," I said.

"The refuge of one who dare not make a truthful answer. But you are right; it would be far, far better for me to be in my grave and you free to marry someone else. Do you think you would choose a fair or a dark one next time?"

"Piebald," said I.

"I had hardly thought," returned my wife with dignity, "that my sudden death was a fit subject for jest."

"It isn't a fit subject for conversation," I objected.

"Of course you *would* marry again?" she urged almost coaxingly.

"You can't imagine that after my first lamentable experience—" I began with elaborate facetiousness.

My wife checked me with a glance.

"Can you never be serious? Would you tell her about me?" she proceeded. "She'd be sure to want to know which you liked best."

"I never gratify idle curiosity," said I.

"So you would, then?"

"What would?"

"You would marry again?"

"I never said so."

"You said that you wouldn't gratify her idle curiosity."

"Well, nor I would." The cold perspiration took complete possession.

"There you are again."

"Well, I mean if I did I wouldn't," said I with painful lucidity.

"So you think you would?" insisted my wife.

"I'm perfectly certain I should not." Bemused as I was, I felt this to be a brilliant effort and wondered vaguely why I had not thought of it before.

"Oh, you just say that to satisfy me," accused my wife.

It was the most astoundingly true observation that she has ever made in her life, and it fairly shook my mental balance. For a moment I was speechless as I watched the wounded disapproval of her countenance. Then: "I don't understand the rules," I pleaded, "and surely it is my turn to do the supposing."

"Oh, very well," she agreed unwillingly.

"Supposing, then," I launched out desperately, "that I had been having a little flutter in the oil market. Supposing that catastrophe upon catastrophe had met my honest endeavours to promote our financial welfare; that, in fact, the relentless gushers had swept away the larger portion of our little capital——"

"But, Harold," interrupted my wife, "you would never——"

I did not look at her, but continued my theme with a somewhat remarkable flow of eloquence:—

"Supposing that, for your sake, I had risked much because I longed to see you in the gowns from Paris or Dover Street that you would grace so transcendingly. Supposing that instead it meant reach-me-downs from the Tottenham Court Road, hats that you trimmed yourself. Supposing," I continued graphically, "that we were obliged to knock off cream for tea, to descend to bloaters for dinner, to dismiss the cook and promote the tweenie at a reduced salary. Supposing——"

But at this point I was stopped and allowed to proceed no further. My wife stood facing me, her burning eyes gazing into mine.

"So *that* was your pressing business in the City," she said in a vibrating voice. "Oh, Harold, you a gambler—and a ruined one!"

"You aren't playing properly," I objected. "I'm certain you oughtn't to have said that, especially if I did it all for your sake."

She turned away. "I think you have broken my heart," she said.

"Wrong again," said I, and then suddenly I saw that her face was wet.

It took the best part of an hour to undo the mischief I had done, to convince my wife that our capital, still unimpaired, lay snugly reposing in the cotton-wool of Liverpool Corps. and Canterbury three per cents. I had, she assured me, taken ten years off her life, and when at last she went to bed she left me feeling like a remorseful elephant who, in a fit of skittishness, has crushed a bird of Paradise beneath his heavy foot. Her last words completed my mental collapse.

"If people who have no imagination," she said decisively, "would only recognize their limitations, much unhappiness would be spared to those who are obliged to associate with them."

I rose with a sigh and helped myself to another whiskey-and-soda—a strong one this time.

* * * * *

Now, supposing that my wife had been me, and supposing that I had invented the game of horrors, can one suppose that I should have ever supposed that she would suppose——. Oh, hang it!

Phrases we Should Like to See Illustrated.

"Their aspirations are summed up in a dare-devil way of seizing the English tongue by the throat and bidding it stand up and deliver."
English Review.



Mistress. "WHY, JOHN, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

John. "I CAN'T STAND IT NO LONGER, MUM! NO SOONER DOES I GET STARTED ON A JOB THAN MASTER COMES 'ITTING THEM LITTLE BALLS ABOUT. 'PROACHIN' HE CALLS IT. I ALLERS GETS BE'IND BUSHES OR SOMETHINK, BUT THEY COMES THROUGH AND 'URTS SOMETHINK BITTER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

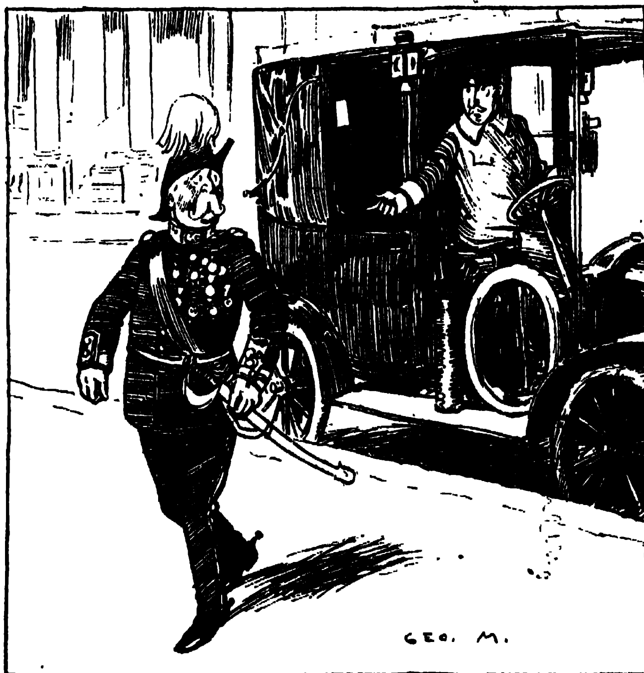
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE way of being optimistic, of course, is to refuse to look at the ugly facts of life and so to arrive at the belief that they do not exist—a method which is perhaps more practicable when applied to affairs other than one's own. Maiden ladies of lordly lineage and old-time sweetness may live by a road as destitute and disreputable as Hog Lane and yet remain convinced that the world is happily and entirely free of such evils as destitution and disrepute. They need only keep down the blinds of those windows which look out upon the Lane and they are left with the view of their own garden and with no knowledge of any less peaceful and proper existence on the other side of the house. This the *Misses Mauleverer* did, and Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL has caught them doing it. Furthermore he has discovered the whole town of Charminster in gentle conspiracy to maintain the ladies in their illusion by keeping sedulously from their eyes and ears all incidents, local or world-wide, which might prove upsetting to their comfortable beliefs. But Mr. VACHELL insists upon the facts being faced, and ultimately Shame, not to be confined to Hog Lane, appears in the garden. Nor is It left there, for, when all the blinds are pulled down, It comes into the very house itself and must at last be beheld. One error of taste or sign of excess would have ruined this dainty story; mawkish sentimentality might well have resulted. With pleasure, therefore, I hereby certify that I have examined *Blinds Down* (SMITH, ELDER) and found it in every way sound and worthy of consideration.

I daresay you will be astonished to find that Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE is the latest exploiter of the imaginary kingdom, in a story that he has called *The Prince and Betty* (MILLS AND BOON). Somehow, though I don't know exactly why, I had not expected this of Mr. WODEHOUSE. But because he is an author with a reputation, highly deserved, for whimsicality it was a relief to find that the trappings of Ruritania are worn by him with a certain difference. Though *Prince John*, the central figure, was a young man of a type not unusual in fictional royalty, the real power behind the tinsel throne of Mervo was *Mr. Scobel*, the multi-millionaire financier, who was running the kingdom as an attractive setting to his casino, and wanted *John's* help as combined figure-head and advertisement. It was with this idea that *Mr. Scobel* had turned out the republic and arranged a picturesque restoration for the rightful heir, a Cambridge undergraduate who had been brought up in ignorance of his own identity. So *John* came to Mervo, and met *Betty*, and the story resulted. It is quite an entertaining story of its improbable kind, and Mr. WODEHOUSE makes his puppets dance, in sprightly fashion enough, through a series of amusing adventures till they reach the inevitable pairing off in the last chapter. I cannot add that any one of them has more than a superficial resemblance to humanity; but after all, in an affair of this sort, that is no great matter; the author's invention is the important point, and that is here as fertile and jovial as ever, notably in his description of the new model casino, which you must read and enjoy for yourself.

Huntley Trotman, a nice person, met *Jolotta Lane*, equally

niece, in the first chapter of Mr. Algernon Gissing's *The Top Farm* (White) when he, *Huntley*, was fifteen and she but two years younger; in the twenty-seventh they marry. To *Huntley* this marriage was an experiment, quite likely, one judges, to be successful; to *Joletta*, it was a sort of habit she had fallen into. Why precisely she married, first, an unsatisfactory horse-doctor, and, second, a still more unsatisfactory farmer who was violently in love with somebody else, Mr. Gissing tries to explain with that easy skill which he commands. But he didn't convince me of the plausibility of the various separations and mystifications. And I consider it was his business to do so, and not to be content with entertaining me as he did. True to the authentic modern method he has spent the most of his pains on the unpleasant folk of his little country stage. *Prisca Cambray*, governess, who has two beaux to her string, marries the uncle (unloved) who has the money, rather than the nephew (loved, or so *he* says) who only expects and loses it. She is of the kind that turns strong men weak even to the point of folly, caddishness or crime as occasion dictates. Naturally you have to take her surpassing beauty for granted. You get only her callous vanity, her temper, her tricks. Nemesis comes at the violent hands of her discarded lover. Both characters are well conceived and deftly drawn. . . . I fell to wondering why Mr. Gissing has adopted the irritating habit of writing "the man" when he simply means "he"; and why, so old a craftsman, he retains the services of the utterly discredited "and which." But his small beer is well brewed and has a nice head on it.



Taxi-Driver (to fare who has just paid the exact amount registered, and expressed his regret at having no coppers). "Ow, no coppers! Wot abaht all them medals?"

It is feasible, of course, to make a thoroughly absorbing novel out of the plain narrative of an uneventful life (what would Mr. Arnold Bennett say if I were to deny it?), but it needs extraordinary cunning, a method of intricate detail, and perhaps a more than usually attractive hero or heroine. In *The Family Living* (Murray) Mr. E. H. Lacon Watson has very doggedly set about the task of describing within the ordinary limits of a book of romance a second-rate character who does nothing in particular, and cannot even perhaps be said, like the Elizabethan House of Lords, to do it very well. *Algernon Ridley*, suffering from birth (in the abbreviated form of his Christian name) under one of the cruellest handicaps that can befall a young man, is brought up in the expectation of succeeding to his father's cure of souls at Gosport, and to that cure, after various ineffectual revolts, he does eventually succeed. The author has sketched his boyhood, his mediocre career at Cambridge, his love-affairs, ending in his re-engagement to the girl for whom he never apparently felt more than a mild affection, and his excursions into pedagogy and business. I am sorry about *Algernon*, but I am forced to confess that his incurable middlingness, if I may use that word, extended itself to the interest I felt in him and the story of his life. If I am over at Gosport on a Sunday I shall go to hear him preach, but I cannot promise to stay awake during the whole of his sermon.

Nora le Geyt, the central character of Alice M. Diehl's latest novel, *Their Wedded Wife* (Stanley Paul), appears to have been cursed with a strangely uncertain memory. It is a defect that I have noticed before in heroines of a certain type. Thus, when *Colonel Selwyn* met her as his aunt's companion at Nice and asked her to marry him, she never seems to have thought of explaining that what she describes as a previous infatuation for a man who disappeared had really been an actual marriage, followed by a month of wedded bliss. So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells, and merrily passed the time, till, as I foresaw, husband number one turned up again. Then a lot of unpleasantness resulted. "'Wretch!' he hissed, advancing towards her'—that was *Paul's* contribution, when they met in the drawing-room alone before dinner. But *Nora* simply shattered his record by hissing a long and complicated paragraph, without a single sibilant; moreover she "gasped as she hissed out the words, wringing her hands in mortal anguish of soul." After this, I lost all interest in the competition, merely pausing to acknowledge a very creditable attempt on the part of *Colonel Selwyn*. "Sir," he hissed, "for less than what you have said I would have called you out." On the whole, however, the prize undoubtedly belonged to *Nora*, who seems to have felt the inferiority of her husbands, as she soon afterwards left them both and went on to the stage. I should have suggested the music-halls myself, but I suppose she knew best. Anyway, I agree that her natural gifts were wasted in private life.

I am quite unable to decide whether *Daphne in the Fatherland* (Melrose) is really, as it pretends to be, the work of an ingenuous anonymous and rather attractive English girl who recently spent some time in Germany, or only a carefully disguised imitation. There are plenty of intimate personal sketches of Germans, from the Emperor downwards, who might be recognised by themselves and their friends, but nothing very scandalous; so there is no particular reason why it should not be all true, or, for the matter of that, all fiction. In either case I cannot understand why the publisher's reader did not disentangle some of *Daphne's* sentences from the maze resulting from a paucity of punctuation marks. The book is quite entertaining, but not quite entertaining enough to justify the second reading which this peculiarity of style frequently entails.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is said that, with a view to improving our relations with Germany, not only is Lord HALDANE to go to Berlin as our Ambassador, but the office of War Minister vacated by Lord HALDANE is to be filled by Mr. KEIR HARDIE.

* * *

"Yesterday (Saturday) was the first real holiday I have had for years," said a waiter discussing the Shops Act with a representative of *The Daily Mail*, "and I spent most of the time in bed, just for the joy of it, and because it was wet." If it should be the hobby of many of the emancipated to lie in a damp bed, the new Act will not, we should say, do much to improve our health statistics.

* * *

In the opinion of some critics of the Royal Academy the innovation of showing a frame without its picture is not carried far enough.

* * *

An individual who was charged last week with walking about in a state of aboriginal nudity in Tudor Street was ordered to enter into a recognisance in the sum of £10 to be of good behaviour. In view of the possibility of a prolongation of the Tailors' Strike, this decision is of considerable importance, and renders it more necessary than ever that the dispute should be settled at once.

* * *

Mr. DERRICK JULIUS WERNHER, son of Sir JULIUS WERNHER, the millionaire baronet, now finds himself in the Bankruptcy Court as the result of making money fly. Another martyr in the cause of aviation.

* * *

"We want a red-hot Church," says the Bishop of LONDON. To judge by the lack of ventilation in some of our sacred edifices this ideal has constantly been before some of our clergy.

* * *

"It is a matter of comparative indifference to the public what becomes of a man when he has turned fifty," says Alderman BROADBENT, "but with a baby it is different." This endorses our own sentiments. Babies over fifty interest us enormously.

* * *

The power of the Press again! *The Daily Mail*, which looks upon its reputation for modesty as one of its most precious possessions, does not like to draw attention to the fact itself, but a strong leader in its columns against the continuance of the drought was followed by an immediate downpour, and on the following day we read that more rain had been promised.

* * *

The first of a series of special services for sportsmen, who were invited to attend in the costumes in which they intended to pass the day, has been held at St. Andrew's Church, Surbiton. The congregation numbered between seventy and eighty, and included golfers, cyclists, lawn-tennis players and boating people. It is a matter of some comment that not a single exponent of the game of marbles thought fit to attend.

* * *

The Daily Chronicle has been indulging in some correspondence on the question: Who should pay for breakages—the servant or the mistress? Seeing that the servant gets far more fun out of the incident than the mistress, we give our vote in favour of the former.

* * *

In pursuance of a recent decision of the Paris Municipal Council, we read, a new branch of the police, called the Criminal Brigade, has been organised. The name is not a particularly happy one, unless we are to understand that the Council has decided to act on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief.

* * *

Mr. MACDONALD HASTINGS says that his new seven-act play will begin with the fourth act. Something in a way similar to this happened in connection with a work by another playwright. The very first production of one of SHAKSPEARE's compositions was announced as *Twelfth Night*.

* * *

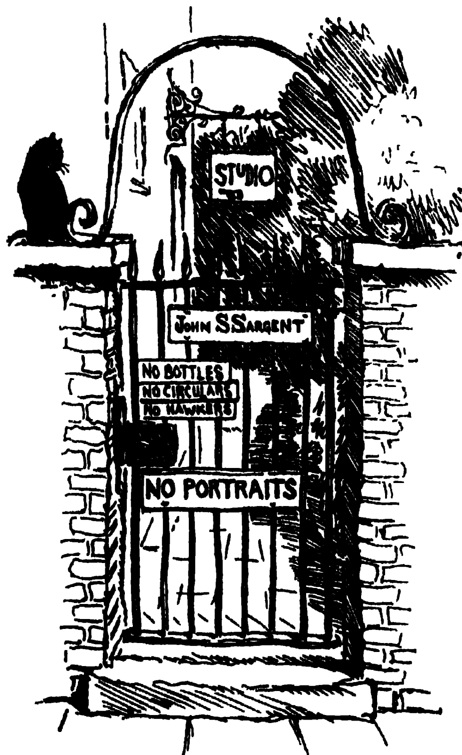
"The Chief Secretary," said Mr. BIRRELL, in the Home Rule debate, "is a mere gramophone." And what about "His Master's Voice"? Can it be Mr REDMOND's?

* * *

Mrs. PEARSALL WALKER, of New York, who died there recently, has, *The Express* informs us, left an annuity of £300 to her donkey, Sunny Jim. The report that the fortunate legatee will shortly be seen driving about in a carriage drawn by a pair of mokes is a heartless invention.

* * *

A lady's hat was set on fire one day last week in the City, apparently by a match thrown from the top of an omnibus, and completely destroyed. Some idea of the vastness of the structure may be gathered from a report to the effect that the fire raged for some little time in the north end of her head-gear before the lady was aware that anything was amiss.



THE PRESERVING OF MR. SARGENT, R.A.
FANCY PORTRAIT OF AN OLD CHELSEA GATEWAY.

Rara Avis.

"A pine marten has just been shot in Carnarvonshire, which is a great pity, because the bird is extinct in the kingdom except in the remoter parts of Wales and the Lake District."

Western Mail.

This bird became extinct through boredom at being continually mistaken for a pole-cat.

The New Pronunciation.

"Oh, please," exclaimed Miss Minima,
"Put on my newest pinny, Ma,
And take me to the Cinema!"

"SWISS BATTLESHIP."

Headline in "South China Morning Post."

You should see it guarding the entrance to the Lake of Lucerne, which is now closed to international navigation.

"His first ball was such a rank delivery that Wilfrid Payton likewise made a clean cut that urged the crimson rambler up against the balustrade."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

Mr. F. B. WILSON must console himself with the thought that all great wits have their imitators.

BONES OF CONTENTION.

No. IV.

I WAS really pleased when my wife decided to write a novel, not because I had any reason to entertain a very deep regard for her literary abilities, but because it has always seemed to me that the practice of novel-writing should be reserved for the fair sex as a safe and suitable outlet for the flights of imagination to which they are undeniably prone.

I listened to the first two chapters wearing an expression, practised before the glass, of melancholy but affable sobriety which I calculated would be most acceptable to my wife; but as she proceeded I began, to my great astonishment, to experience a sense of indefinable disquiet. It was not till we were in the middle of chapter iii. that enlightenment pierced through my uneasy placidity *and I understood.* As she read, in fact, a sudden picture flashed across my mind of a little boy in a sailor suit wrenching his hand from his nurse and dashing across the road to disport himself in the delicious feathery spray of a passing water-cart. To understand the true relevancy of this it must first be explained that the little boy was myself, and, secondly, that this escapade was only one of many which my nurse utilised as the basis of romances lurid and alarming in character. Thus almost every night my nurse would tell me of the doings of another little boy, of the awful judgments that befell him and of the indescribably evil workings of his mind. True, this little boy bore a different name from mine, he even wore kilts instead of sailor suits; but I knew—and, knowing, my tongue was tied. To defend the actions or even the motives of the kilted fellow was to let the cap fit—to admit part-ownership of his depraved little mind. Never shall I forget the sense of impotent misery with which these romances inspired me, and now gradually, in chapter iii., it was being borne in upon me that those same youthful sensations were reproducing themselves in my manly breast.

My wife's novel, entitled, "Just a Wife," pivoted, as might be expected, round a lady of that vocation, and expanded upon the sufferings and trials that she experienced at the hands of a soulless husband. The husband was, so the novelist was at pains to assure the incredulous reader, at heart an honest, kindly fellow, but lacking in all the subtle and essential qualities which would have enabled him to appreciate the delicate machinery of (I quote) his wife's finely-poised, sensitive mentality. It is true that his name was Hector, that he had black curls and wore a red tie; but, oh, in other respects, with what savagery did the fellow pursue his distorted mimicry of me! My wife laid down chapter iii. with a sigh and gave me a searching glance.

"Well, dear?" she said.

I cleared my throat.

"The psychology is remarkable," I suggested.

"Of the wife or the husband, do you mean?" inquired my wife sweetly.

"The husband hasn't got any," I said.

"Oh, yes, he has." She gave a peculiar little smile. "He's very human really, you know."

"Then perhaps you've exaggerated him a little," I ventured.

"I don't think so," said my wife sadly; "I'm afraid not. He was quite a good fellow, you know, but he just didn't understand."

"Well, it was rather a tough job for him to understand that woman," I observed aggressively.

"He certainly found it so," agreed my wife; "that was just the trouble."

"For instance," I proceeded, "if she had explained to Hector that she had invited her mother and sister to stay purely with the object of giving him pleasure I don't believe that terrible scene would ever have occurred."

"When one does a thoughtful and unselfish action," returned my wife reproachfully, "one doesn't want to go and spoil it by explaining how thoughtful and unselfish it was."

That was rather a poser. "Well then," I pursued, "when she tidied up his papers she never let him know that she had stayed at home to do it, instead of keeping a most delightful engagement, solely because she thought he would be too tired to do it himself when he came home. Hector was ratty about that because he simply thought that she had been suffering from a tidying-up mood and had been officious."

My wife eyed me suspiciously.

"You plead his cause very well," she said coldly.

I pulled myself together. Very narrowly had I missed fitting on the cap!

"Of course I've no patience with the fellow," I protested. "Great cumbersome unimaginative lout! but still I think you have a little bit neglected to give his point of view."

"I have tried to give the impression that he was just a creature of instinct," explained my wife.

"So of course he hadn't got a point of view?" said I.

"Not exactly one that would lend itself to analysis."

Suddenly my wife rose to her feet.

"I've just had an idea for the outline of chapter iv.," she said. "I think I'll go and note it down."

Left to myself, I drew up a chair to the fire and lighted a cigarette. For several moments I had been conscious that right at the back of my mind lay something—a vague recollection, an experience, a pigeon-holed discovery, I knew not what, that it was essential I should straightway lay my hands upon. Slowly, beautifully, the smoke curled up and hung in a little haze before my eyes. Somehow I *must* find that elusive thing.

Ah! What was that little boy in a sailor suit saying to his nurse? "If you tell me a story, Nannie, I'm going to tell you one, too." And the story? It told of a nurse who spoke crossly to little boys for no reason, who did up buttons that were too tight for them, who put soap in their eyes out of pure cussedness, who scratched them with needles that she wore in her apron. These and a thousand other instances of inhumanity went to furnish the stories which that little boy had eventually hit upon as the only possible device for self-defence and retaliation. I had found what I wanted.

I crossed to my writing-table and drew a sheet of foolscap before me. To-morrow I shall read to my wife the first chapter of my novel, entitled, "Just a Husband."

Our Immortals.

"The anniversary banquet of the Royal Academy of Arts was held on Saturday evening at Burlington House. Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., presided, and there assembled the same brilliant and distinguished company of the leading men in diplomacy, politics, art, science and literature, in the learned professions and the professions of arms, that has always been gathered together on the occasion."

Times.

Yes, but we could not help noticing with regret that the IRON DUKE, Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, Lord PALMERSTON, and Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE showed distinct signs of advancing age, and in consequence did not appear in the toast list.

An All-round Trier.

From an advertisement, in *The Buenos Aires Standard*, of an English preparatory school we cull the following:—

"Head Master, Rev. ——, late assistant and house master at Dulwich College, and all the public schools of England."

"To those who know what a cut-out is the term January, 1911, was 19,989." —*Motor.*

We are one of those who didn't know what a cut-out was, but we certainly thought that there was more in it than that.



HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND: A FORECAST.

PRIME MINISTER (*to Caledonia "stern and wild"*). "IT'S TRUE I PROMISED YOU I WOULDN'T LET THE GRASS GROW UNDER MY FEET; BUT—WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT GRASS IS."

[To a deputation of Scots Members who demanded Home Rule for Scotland Mr. ASQUITH gave assurance that he "would not let the grass grow under his feet."]

COMING CONTESTS.

M. MAETERLINCK's decision to meet CARPENTIER in the ring and box a few rounds with him for the benefit of a French charity has caused unbounded excitement among our lively neighbours.

As it is only a few years ago that the Belgian Shakspeare (as he was once wittily called) was describing boxing as a brutalising sport, the *volte-face* lends additional interest to the encounter.

Whatever the result of the engagement—and CARPENTIER is no novice—one thing is certain, and that is that the author of *L'Oiseau Bleu* will record his impressions in an essay to be entitled *L'Œil Noir*, the proceeds of the sale of which are to go to the same charity.

Promoters of benevolent enterprises in England have not been slow to take the hint, and some piquant contests in the realm of sport, between intellect on the one side and brains on the other, are promised.

Interviewed last evening at Lord's, Mr. BARRIE said that it was perfectly true that he is meeting HIRST in a single-wicket match in aid of the funds of the Society for Naming Boy-Babies Peter. He had no doubt that even if he did not win he should make a good fight of it. He had a slow ball which sometimes never reached the wicket at all, that would, he felt confident, puzzle HIRST not a little, and should, at any rate, keep down the runs. About his own batting he felt less sure; but cricket, he had noticed, was full of uncertainty—he might even say glorious uncertainty—and, well, the issue would show.

We found Mr. W. B. YEATS in a Turkish Bath in the West End, reducing his weight for his great race at Newmarket with FRANK WOOTTON in aid of the funds of the Society for Providing Halting Verses with Artificial Feet. Mr. YEATS is to ride the Irish crack "Hornet's Beauty," while WOOTTON will be on "Long Set." When we add that Mr. YEATS is taking lessons at a riding school, and that the race is run on the 18th instant, we can but increase the anticipations of the public who are certain to be there in great numbers not only for the fun of the thing but to support so admirable a cause.

Mr. GALSWORTHY, whose skill with fire-arms of all sorts is notorious, has accepted a challenge from Mr. WALTER WINANS to compete in an exhibition contest, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to endowing a BROWNING Scholarship at Ruskin College. Interviewed on Saturday at his bungalow at Silver Boxmoor, Mr. GALSWORTHY said that he awaited the result with perfect and patrician calm. He was confident of hitting somebody. The weapons chosen are of course Browning pistols, and Mr. BELLOC has undertaken to act as judge.

In order to raise funds for the benefit of distressed German bandsmen thrown out of work by the operation of the super-tax and the popularity of the gramophone, Mr. CHESTERTON has undertaken to play an exhibition match of tennis at Prince's with COVEY, the new champion. As Mr. CHESTERTON has never been in a court before, his antagonist is to concede 40 in each game and to be further handicapped by playing blindfold in a hobble-skirt, with a ginger-beer bottle in place of the usual racket. Tickets for the CHESTERTON-COVEY match, price a guinea each, can be obtained at all the libraries.

In this context we may note that Lord AVEBURY has issued a challenge to M. MAETERLINCK, in which he backs his own bee, Melissa I., to buzz against any belonging to the Belgian apiculturist, any honey-gathering hymenopterous insect of the genus *Apis* to be eligible. It is proposed that the contest should take place at the Hummums, the stakes to be held by the Begum of BHOPAL.



Regular Customer. "I SHALL WANT A LARGE QUANTITY OF FLOWERS FROM YOU NEXT WEEK, FOR MY DAUGHTER'S COMING-OUT."

Flower Woman. "YES, MUM. YOU SHALL 'AVE THE VERY BEST FOR 'ER, PORE DEAR. WOT WERE SHE PUT IN FOR?"

THE NATIONAL GAME PRESERVATION ACT.

AT the Central Criminal Court yesterday, before Mr. Justice C. B. FRY and a special jury of writers on cricket, ERNEST BARRY, the champion sculler of England, surrendered to take his trial on an indictment charging him, under the new Act, with "that he being a British subject of full age was found at large with no audible means of cricketing conversation and no apparent knowledge of the game of cricket." Mr. F. E. LACEY prosecuted on behalf of the Society for the Enforcement of Cricket, and, at the request of the Judge, the prisoner was defended by Mr. R. C. BOURNE, late President of the Oxford University Boat Club.

The prisoner, who displayed little interest in the proceedings and seemed totally unaware of the gravity of his position, pleaded not guilty.

In his opening speech Mr. LACEY explained to the jury the provisions of the Act. It was laid down in Clause xxv., which was the operative clause, that every British subject of full age shall either (1) play in a cricket-match at least once a week, or (2), as an alternative, spend at least three hours of every week-day in conversing rationally about the game of cricket. The word "rationally" might perhaps in some cases be apt to raise a difficulty, which would have to be solved by the evidence of experts. In this case, however, that point did not arise, as he should be able to prove that the prisoner had never conversed about cricket at all; nor had he ever played in any match, though he had plenty of opportunities for so doing. No doubt he would urge that he was ignorant of the law.

His Lordship. Ignorance of the law is no excuse.

Mr. LACEY said that was so.

Mr. Bourne. My learned friend must not anticipate what I may be going to say in defence. Let him confine himself to his own speech.

Mr. Lacey. I am not here to take lessons from anyone as to the conduct of my case.

His Lordship begged counsel to restrain themselves. These recriminations served no good purpose.

His Lordship's remark was greeted with applause from a knot of watermen assembled at the back of the court.

His Lordship. This court is not a theatre. If that occurs again I will have the court cleared.

The first witness called was P.C. Skorer. Witness said that from information received he went to Putney on the last Friday of April. He arrested the prisoner at 5 P.M. as he was stepping out of his sculling boat. He told him what the charge was and warned him that anything he said might be used as evidence against him. Prisoner said if this was the sort of thing they'd got to put up with he'd as lief go to Russia. He wasn't going to waste three hours a day in talking about cricket. He'd got other things to do. Witness then took him to the Marylebone Police Station and searched him. Nothing was found on him.

His Lordship. Not even a bail?

Witness. No, my Lord, nothing.

The Prisoner. It wasn't likely he'd find anything on me, considering he took me in shorts and a zephyr.

His Lordship advised the prisoner not to interrupt. He was defended by very able counsel and would have an opportunity of making his own statement in the witness-box if he so desired.

Continuing, the witness said he applied the two usual tests. The L.B.W. test produced no result at all, the prisoner having no knowledge of the rule. The No-Ball test was equally unsuccessful.

In cross-examination Mr. BOURNE elicited that the witness did not know what was the length of pitch on which the No-Ball test was applied. He could not swear it was more than sixteen yards.

His Lordship. For the purposes of the Act the length is immaterial. The delivery is the only thing that matters.

Several other witnesses gave evidence that the prisoner confined his conversation to sculling and had never been heard to say a word about cricket.

Mr. BOURNE, for the defence, said the prisoner's circumstances must be taken into account. He was a professional sculler, and had lived during the greater part of his life in close proximity to a navigable river not primarily adapted to the purposes of cricket. Yet he had on more than one occasion displayed some anxiety as to the result of the Australian tour. He had twice shaken hands with BREARLEY, and had once met IREMONGER at a smoking concert. He earnestly appealed to the jury to weigh the matter dispassionately and not to let their feelings as cricketers run away with them.



BENTHORNE HAS GIVEN UP CLOCKS AND WATCHES, WITH OTHER MODERN ATROCITIES, SUCH AS HATS, SOCKS AND BOOTS. FEELING UNWELL, HE TRIES HIS PULSE BY SUN-DIAL. HE HAS ALREADY COUNTED UP TO 1193, BUT THE TROUBLE IS THAT THE SUN WENT BEHIND A CLOUD AS SOON AS HE GOT TO 15.

The prisoner went into the box and bore out the statements of his counsel. In cross-examination he admitted that he knew nothing about the popping-crease, and had only once had a bat in his hands. He did not think he could talk for three hours about cricket if he wanted to, which he didn't. He had never spoken about the triangular test matches, but thought they were a good thing.

His Lordship, in summing up, said the prisoner had been indicted under one of the most important and beneficent Acts ever passed by the Legislature. Where should we be if Englishmen ceased to take an interest in cricket? Under the Act such an interest could be shown by actual play or by conversation. No evidence had been laid before the Court to show that the prisoner had done either.

On the conclusion of His Lordship's address the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of guilty.

His Lordship, addressing the prisoner, said that it was his (the Judge's) duty to impose such a sentence as would deter others from committing a similar offence. He sentenced the prisoner to 12 months' hard bowling at the M.C.C. nets, to be followed by three years' preventive detention in the cricketing department of a sporting newspaper.

THE BEST TEST.

One of the papers has been printing an analysis of the visits of distinguished persons to that play in which a crafty little Scotch body pulls strings. According to this, the Prime Minister has been five times, the First Lord of the Admiralty six times, Lord Curzon five times, the Chancellor of the Exchequer four times, Mr. Balfour four times and Mr. Redmond (who is himself not wholly ignorant of the art of string-pulling) twice. One lady unnamed goes to the play once a week, and a suburban clergyman has been six-and-twenty times. These figures speak well; but there are more eloquent signs of popularity still. Let me tell you.

A few weeks ago I was visiting a house where pet animals are numerous and choice. In the course of breakfast I was suddenly aware of a soft and comfortable weight on my shoulders; and behold, a grey Persian cat had leaped from the ground to that position, and was already tickling my cheek with her whiskers. I am the last person on earth to resent such a compliment; but my hostess had fears that I might not be, for she was full of apologies for Bunty's audacity and begged me to put her down.

A few days later, having tea in a Kensington house, I was most prettily and coaxingly approached by another cat, who wanted attention, and again my hostess implored Bunty not to be such a nuisance. And then this morning it was my privilege to be in practically at the birth of a litter of kittens in the country, one of which was at once appropriated by the youngest daughter of the house and, regardless of sex, christened Bunty out of hand.

And when you come to think of it, you whose privilege it has been to watch a kitten with a ball of wool or a cotton reel, there could not be a better name. What I am now wondering is, how many Bunty cats England boasts at this moment?

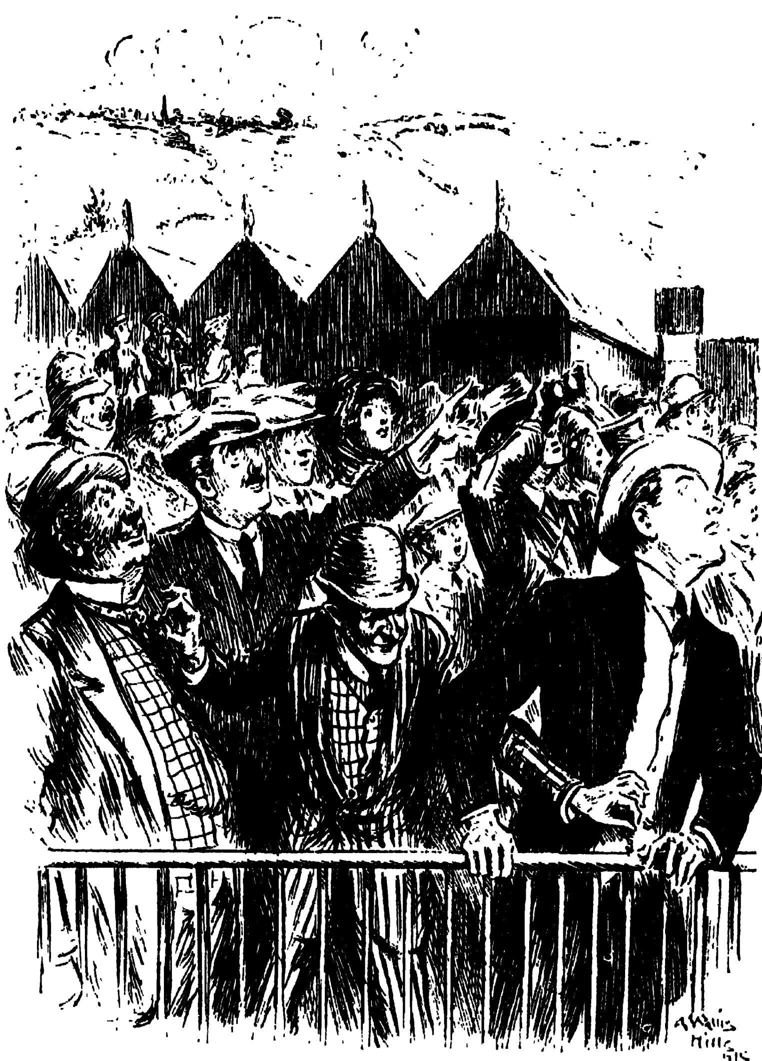
Manners for Men.

From *The Unknown Steersman* by Irene Burns:—

"Captain S. was exactly like a thousand others of his rank. . . . He was followed by a fox terrier with tan ears. He licked Eva's hand and flung himself on the boards at her side."

"The Eastern Bengal State Railway Government Police Force is shortly to be strengthened by the addition of 200 constables for catching the passenger trains."—*Dacca Herald.*

The daily bag ought to be largely increased.



Light Fingered Gentleman (in foreground, soliloquising). "Race meetin's is all right, but for *real* business give me one of these 'igh-flyin' contests."

FASHIONS FOR FIGHTERS.

"The Home Rule Fight: Why Kid Gloves?" asked the poster of *The Pall Mall Gazette* last Friday. Not a moment too soon has the question of the correct fashions for the great struggle been raised, and we hope our contemporary will not be content with the investigation of this single detail.

If the flower of our young men are to be persuaded to join those who will set sail from Liverpool sooner or later, it is of the utmost importance that they should be well informed on this vital matter of fashions. If puttees are the correct thing, no man wants to wear pale-blue socks. The bravest of us has his feelings; we do not wish to appear ridiculous.

There are problems of the kind already agitating the minds of intending combatants, to our personal knowledge. Are black boots ever worn with khaki? Do spurs serve any purpose if there is no horse? Does a horse serve any purpose if there are no spurs? Would it be in order for the bearer of a rifle to carry a sword also? How about spats?

We do hope *The Pall Mall* will gather all the information it can for us. It is surely due to such as are about to fling themselves into a sanguinary conflict that they should be well advised beforehand of all the essentials of correct appearance.

"A Hounslow arithmetician who took the trouble at church to total up the numbers of the hymns on the notice board horizontally, vertically, and diagonally, found that the sum each way was 700."—*Evening News.*

The sermon must have been rather dull.

"Mr. R. H. Dillon, a brother of Mr. E. W. Dillon, the Kent cricketer, did the seventeenth hole on the Sundridge Park golf course. The length of the hole is 128 yards."—*Statesman.*

At last! Now he can retire.

THE HERALD OF SUMMER.

MISS MIDDLETON has a garden of which she is very proud. Miss Middleton's father says it belongs to him, and this idea is fostered to the extent that he is allowed to pay for the seeds and cuttings and things. He is also encouraged to order the men about. But I always think of it as Miss Middleton's garden, particularly when the afternoons are hot and I see nothing but grimy bricks out of my window. She knows all the flowers by name, which seems to me rather remarkable.

"I have come," I announced, feeling that some excuse was necessary, "to see the lobretias; don't say that they are out. I mean, of course, do say that they are out."

"But I don't think we have any," she said in surprise. "I've never heard of them. What are they like?"

"They're just the ordinary sort of flower that people point to and say, 'That's a nice lobretia.' Dash it, you've got a garden, you ought to know."

"I am afraid," smiled Miss Middleton, "that there isn't such a flower—not yet. Perhaps somebody will invent it now they've got the name."

"Then I suppose I must go back to London," I said, getting up. "Bother."

"Stay and inspect the meter," pleaded Miss Middleton. "Or ask Father for a subscription for the band. Surely you can think of *some* excuse for being here."

"I will stay," I said, sitting down again, "and talk to you. Between ourselves, it is one of the reasons why I came. I thought you might like to hear all the latest news. Er—we've started strawberries in London."

Miss Middleton sighed and shook her head.

"But not here," she said.

"I was afraid not, but I thought I'd remind you in case. Well, after all, what *are* strawberries? Let's talk about something else. Do you know that this is going to be the greatest season of history? I've got a free pass to the Earl's Court Exhibition, so I shall be right in the thick of it."

"Oh, I thought last season was the great one."

"It was spoilt by the Coronation, the papers say. You remember how busy we were at the Abbey; we hadn't time for anything else."

"What else do the papers say? I seem to have missed them lately. I've had a thousand things to do."

"Well, the Sardine Defence League has just been formed. I think of putting up for it. I suppose you have to swear to do one kind action to a sardine every day. Let's both join, and then we shall probably get a lot of invitations."

"Do they have a tent at the Eton and Harrow match?" asked Miss Middleton anxiously.

"I will inquire. I wonder if there is a vice-presidency vacant. I should think a vice-president of the Sardine Defence League could go anywhere."

"V.P.S.D.L.," said Miss Middleton thoughtfully. "It would look splendid. I must remember to send you a postcard to-morrow."

Tea came, and I put my deck-chair one rung up to meet it. It is difficult in a horizontal position to drink without spilling anything, and it looks so bad to go about covered with tea.

"This is very jolly," I said. "Do you know that my view during working hours consists of two broken windows and fifty square feet of brick? It's not enough. It's not what I call a vista. On fine days I have to go outside to see whether the sun is shining."

"You oughtn't to want to look out of the window when you're working. You'll never be a Mayor."

"Well, it all makes me appreciate the country properly. I wish I knew more about gardens. Tell me all about yours. When are the raspberries ripe?"

"Not till June."

"I was afraid you'd say that. May I come down and see your garden in June—one day when I'm not at Earl's Court? You can give all the gardeners a holiday that day. I hate to be watched when I'm looking at flowers and things."

"Are you as fond of raspberries as all that? Why didn't I know?"

"I'm not a bit mad about them, really, but they're a symbol of Summer. On a sloshy day in November, as I grope my way through the fog, I say to myself, 'Courage, the raspberries will soon be ripe.'"

"But that means that summer is half over. The cuckoo is what I'm listening for all through November. I heard it in April this year."

I looked round to see that nobody was within earshot.

"I haven't heard it yet," I confessed. "It wasn't really so much to see the lobretias as to hear the cuckoo that I came to have tea with you. I feel just the same about it; it's the beginning of everything. And I said to myself, 'Miss Middleton may not have a first-rate show of lobretias, because possibly it is an unfavourable soil for them, or they may not fit in with the colour scheme; but she does know what is essential to a proper garden, and she'll have a cuckoo.'"

"Yes, we do ourselves very well," said Miss Middleton confidently.

"Well, I didn't like to say anything about it before, because I thought it might make you nervous, and so I've been talking of other things. But now that the secret is out I may say that I am quite ready." I stopped and listened intently with my head on one side.

There was an appalling silence.

"I don't seem to hear it," I said at last.

"But *I* haven't heard it here yet," Miss Middleton protested. "It was in Hampshire. The cuckoos here are always a bit late. You see, our garden takes a little finding. It isn't so well known in—in Africa, or wherever they came from—as Hampshire."

"Yes, but when I've come down specially to hear it——"

"*Cuck-oo*," said Miss Middleton suddenly, and looked very innocent.

"There, that was the nightingale, but it's the cuckoo I really want to hear."

"I *am* sorry about it. If you like I'll listen to you while you tell me who you think ought to play for England. I can't make it more summery for you than that. Unless roses are any good?"

"No, don't bother," I said in some disappointment; "you've done your best. We can't all have cuckoos any more than we can all have lobretias. I must come again in August, when one of the pioneers may have struggled here. Of course in Hampshire——"

"*Cuck-oo*," said somebody from the apple-tree.

"There!" cried Miss Middleton.

"That's much better," I said. "Now make it come from the laburnum, Lieutenant."

"I'm not doing it, really!" she said. "At least only the first time."

"*Cuck-oo*," said somebody from the apple-tree again.

There was no doubt about it. I let my deck-chair down a rung and prepared to welcome the summer.

"Now," I said, "we're off."

A. A. M.

From a foot note to an Isle of Wight time-table:—

"C. Saturdays only.
D. a.m."

As we have often said ourselves on a Friday afternoon.

"White and black cigarettes, with diamond clasp are very universal, and are often upstanding en couronne round a chignon."

Calcutta Journal.

It is pleasant at a dance to know that you can always touch your partner for a white cigarette.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



CHIMPANZEES BEING TRAINED FOR THE STAGE: GETTING THEM USED TO THE FOOT-LIGHTS.



THE FIERCE SUNLIGHT OF MR. LA THANGUE'S PICTURES HAS SUGGESTED THE ABOVE HUMANITARIAN TREATMENT OF HIS MODELS.



EXTRACT FROM A TAILOR'S LIST OF FASHIONS FOR MEN: "WE DEPICT HERE A SMART LOUNGE SUIT THAT IS BOUND TO BE MUCH IN EVIDENCE DURING THE COMING SUMMER. ONLY ONE BUTTON IS NECESSARY, THUS ALLOWING A LONG PLEASING ROLL TO THE LAPEL. A NO-COLLAR WAISTCOAT IS USUAL, AND THE HERALDIC EMBLEMS OBVIATE ANY TENDENCY TO PLAINNESS," ETC.



AFTER THE ANGELUS.



NEW DANCE AT THE PALLADROME, "THE LURE OF THE NORTH."

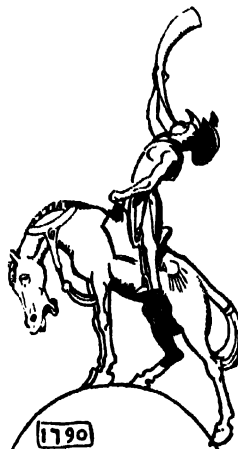


LABOUR UNREST AT AN ARTIST COLONY. THE MODEL GOES ON STRIKE.





"SOFAS ARE ALL VERY WELL, BUT THEY MIGHT HAVE MENTIONED US IN THE CATALOGUE!"



THE DUET.



The Urbane Shop-Walker. "BOOT POLISH? UPSTAIRS, MADAM; SECOND FLOOR."



Little Hostess. "Won't you come and dance? You seem very lonely. Can't you find your mother?"
Small Boy. "Oh, thanks, I'm all right. The Mater's gorging in the next room."

THE VENDETTA.

In this warm caravanserai, O Thomas,
  You might suppose there was no factious jar,
You might think murder very distant from us;
  But that is not so: sitting where we are,
Here in this England, not in far off Fiji,
  Or Patagonia or Yucatan,
Although your comrade is KING GEORGE'S liege, he
Trembles: there is a waiter there—Luigi;
  Thomas, I fear that man.

I dare not ask myself what waves of passion
  Are surging now in that dark Southern soul;
He bites his lips, you see, his face is ashen,
  Look at the way he blends that salad-bowl,
His is a wild, wild mood; he scarcely smothers
  His meaning as he carves the chicken's limb.
He does not joke nor smile among his brothers,
And why? Because he knows I am another's,
  Who once belonged to him.

He is not what I call a model waiter,
  As some Italians are; he seldom brought
The things I asked for, and he served me later
  Than all men else; he had an air distraught.
I said "Italian," but observe his eyebrows;
  Not from the plain of Lombardy he comes,
But Sicily, where brigands (deepest dye) browse,
Or Corsica, that land of dreadful tribe-rows:
  Watch him remove those crumbs.

I stood it patiently. I am a Briton,
  Accustomed to be hoodwinked by his kind,
The "Yes-sir, Yes-sir"—words in water written,
  The "Coming in a minute," vain as wind;
But one day (for I do not wear the myrtle,
  The bay-leaf crown, to be a henchman's dupe),
I felt wild rage within me hiss and hurtle,
I think it was the day he brought mock-turtle
  When I said ox-tail soup.

I said no word: I did not chide the sinner,
  But oh, a bitter smile was on my lip,
So far as one *can* smile when eating dinner;
  I finished and I paid the usual tip.
But on the next night—you have known unstable
  Members of Parliament secede or rat,
You know what clamour was aroused, what Babel,—
When I went in and chose a different table,
  Tom, it was just like that.

And still he glares upon his hated rival,
  And still he glooms at me and hugs his wrong;
I marvel every morn at my survival;
  I do not think such luck can last for long;
So if to-night he cries, "False faith and Punic!"
  And, too forgetful of our alien laws,
Plunges a bread-knife in Antonio's tunic,
Or puts some prussic acid in my Munich,
  Well, you will know the cause. EVOE.



UNQUALIFIED ASSISTANCE.

PATENT MEDICINE (*to the Author of the Insurance Bill*). "NEVER MIND, DEAR FELLOW, *I'LL* STAND BY YOU—TO THE DEATH!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday 6th May.—For first time since PREMIER in businesslike speech brought in Home Rule Bill, debate has attained fiery heat. It was CAMPBELL who worked the spell—JAMES HENRY, colleague of GENERAL CARSON, K.C., in representation of Dublin University. Name smells Scotch, as late Sir ROBERT PEEL, in quite different connection, cited the sense of smell in identification of another nationality. But he was born in Dublin.

Speech mainly retrospective in character with some acrid bits of biography. SEELY has been so long a tower of strength with Liberal Ministries that House is apt to forget that, like WINSTON, he entered political arena from opposite gate. CAMPBELL related how, having found salvation, the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR avowed himself at Liverpool a convinced Home Ruler. Straightway the startled electric light went out. Rest of proceedings conducted in darkness. Later, appearing at Newry, SEELY declared on behalf of His Majesty's Government that they are prepared to stand or fall by their Home Rule proposals. Whereupon the platform gave way, and enthusiastic but anonymous supporter of Home Rule Cause seized opportunity created by consequent confusion to "convey" the COLONEL'S best fur rug.

SEELY smartly explained that there are so many Home Rulers in Ulster that it was difficult to build a platform strong enough to hold them. But he was dumb on subject of fur rug, which, if it has not been bartered for cash, doubtless ministers comfort to a householder who sees in Home Rule the only panacea for the broken hopes and the cruel wrongs of Ireland.

All the same, there is something uncanny about this recurrence of tragedy.

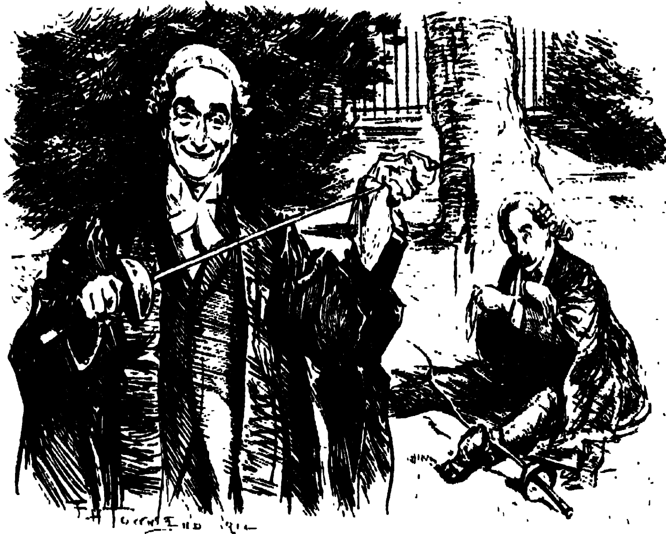
RUFUS ISAACS, put up to reply to CAMPBELL'S vigorous onslaught on Bill, maintained debate at level reached after many days. CAMPBELL in course of speech enlarged on what he described as organised intimidation, systematic persecution, exceeding anything known in Ireland for thirty years past. Quick came effective retort from ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

"I know nothing personally of the facts cited; but I accept them because they supply the strongest argument in favour of the Bill. They prove that the long-established, still existing system of governing Ireland is a failure."

Another point that stirred momentarily crowded House to cheers and counter-cheers was ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S treatment of what he scornfully described as conditional loyalty.

"Ulster," RUFUS said, "assumes monopoly of loyalty. Ulster Members proclaim that they will remain loyal as long as one-fifth of the representatives of Ireland are allowed to coerce the majority of Irishmen."

On the whole the duel between two well-equipped swordsmen triumphantly answered familiar taunt that what DIZZY used to call "gentlemen of the long robe" are ineffective Parliamentary debaters.



TWO WELL-EQUIPPED SWORDSMEN.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Rt. Hon. JAMES HENRY CAMPBELL.

Business done.—Third night with Second Reading of Home Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—With the impetuosity of middle-aged youth WILLIE PEEL let cat out of bag in matter of multitude of questions which day by day assail Ministers. To tell the truth, cat's head long time in full view. Nevertheless just as well to have authoritative admission of its presence and its purpose.

Yesterday, consequent on customary springing upon various Ministers of debate on miscellaneous subjects, a number of Questions on the Paper were left unanswered. Among them were two standing in name of esteemed Member for Taunton. Appears he had given notice to Clerk at Table that he would repeat them on following day. CHANCELLOR, unaware of this intention, handed in written answers which were circulated with Votes.

If simple object of a question were to obtain information this procedure as good as any other. Indeed better, since the process saves time and presents answer in more convenient and reliable form. At Washington, legislative business of nation carried on without daily performance of catechising Ministers. WILLIE PEEL insisted on right to oral reply.

"Otherwise," he bitterly said, "it is very easy for a Minister to avoid supplementary questions being asked."

Ay! there's the rub. Questions that crowd the paper, involving waste of valuable time in Public Offices preparing replies for Ministers to read, are what contemptuous CARLYLE used to call simulacra. They are mere jumping-off boards, preliminaries to effort to show how smart a person is the catechiser, how ignorant and iniquitous the Minister.

The MAD HATTER, increasingly disposed to take charge of affairs Home and Foreign, turned aside from assisting EDWARD GREY in vindicating British Minister at Washington, to point out that, Question hour exhausted, there still remained on Paper forty interrogations unanswered. Could the forty, emerging, so to speak, from the oil jars, march down in a body and give clerks at Table notification of intention to repeat question on following day?

"Yes," said the SPEAKER. "I may also point out that there is a simpler way of getting questions answered—that is by not asking so many supplementary questions."

Burst of grateful cheering from both sides. In this matter SPEAKER is not only counsellor. He is arbiter. He might an he pleased, by reverting to former practice in respect of supplementary questions, deliver House from burden equally intolerable and harmful.

Business done.—More hour-long speeches round about Home Rule Bill.

Thursday.—"If this should be the last speech I ever make in the House I shall always rejoice that I have been permitted to express my opposition to a measure dangerous alike to the interests of Ireland and of England."

Thus HARRY CHAPLIN, noblest Roman

of them all. His Parliamentary record goes back to a date few others touch. Through it all, right or wrong, he has been consistent. A Protectionist before Tariff Reform was quartered on the escutcheon of the Unionist party he has been uncompromising in opposition to Home Rule since in far-off days the word was first spoken to scoffing House by Isaac Butt. To-night, as always, he preserved the old Parliamentary oratorical manner of which Dizzy was the most illustrious exponent. Pleasant to see his reception on both sides and by all sections. Majority differ from his opinions; all esteem the man.

Towards 9 o'clock Benches filled up. Chamber began to present appearance portending historic division. Leader of Opposition and Premier, winding up debate, had between them maximum period of hour-and-a-half, about as much as less important Members appropriated for their own speeches.

Bonner in great form, kicking out ahint and afore to uproarious delight of his men. His picture of what would happen when the federated system is completed throughout the Empire—four or five Chancellors of the Exchequer entering for a donkey race, each trying to come in last—was a great hit. Quite in "the new style." Premier followed, receiving ovation from his own side. Sat down with five minutes in hand before debate must close. Mason proposed to occupy these with a few remarks which, if carried over 11 o'clock, would temporarily stump the Bill. Asquith promptly moved closure. Carried by a majority of 100.

This showed how the land lay. Ministerialists cheered uproariously. Climax came when on Second Division Walter Long's motion for rejection of measure was negatived by 372 votes against 171; majority 101. Thereupon crowd massed to right of Speaker, and the solid wedge of Irish Members rammed into Opposition Camp opposite, leaped to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs, madly cheering.

Business done.—In House of record numbers Second Reading of Home Rule Bill carried with royal salute of 101 guns.

Adventitious Arithmetic.

"The 12-handicap man must first divide his 12 by ½. . . . . This ludicrous practice of qualifying handicap by adventitious arithmetic has no standing in the history of golf."
Daily Mail.

It hasn't. The 18-man who divided his handicap by ¾, making it 24, would have no standing anywhere.

NEW LEAGUES OF MERCY.

A French League for the Protection of Horses has hit upon an ingenious method of promoting the object nearest its heart. It has prepared a cigar to be used as a reward to cabmen who have been observed to treat their animals well or to dispense with blinkers and bearing-rein. The cigar band bears a humane legend, and when a cabman has acquired ten of them he will be presented with a pipe.

This procedure may seem to be somewhat roundabout, and to take too little account of the thoroughly merciless



LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.
Mr. Willie Peel.

drivers, but it is sufficiently attractive to have already found its imitators in our own country. An early derivative is the "League of Courtesy," just established at Westminster, to which so many members of the Liberal Party belong, and which has Mr. Lloyd George for its energetic president. The League has decided to put upon the market a Flor de Cuba of unusual strength, length and seductiveness, to be known as a Colombino. The band will bear the words, "The Reward of Mealiness," and whenever an Opposition speaker interjects a conspicuously gentle comment or delivers a speech notable for its sweet reasonableness, a Liberal Member will cross the floor of the House and present him with one of these nicotine guerdons. Rumour has it that Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir Edward Carson, and Sir C. Kinloch-Cooke have ordered new and doubly-commodious cigar cases.

Not to be outdone in altruistic zeal, a section of young Conservatives, under the banner of Mr. F. E. Smith, have formed themselves into a "League of Pity" for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the more pathetic and broken-down Members of the Government. Whenever any of these played-out cynics makes a more than usually fatuous defence of a corrupt policy or a more than usually rash forecast of poisonous legislation Mr. Harold Smith will cross the floor and offer him a dainty charm in the form of a tiny gold boot, artistically chased. For the reception of these tokens of good will Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill are acquiring new watch-chains several yards long.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the President of the "League for Promoting Charity to Cats," has made a luminous suggestion for the popularising of the tenets of that body. He proposes to raise a fund of £5,000 for the purpose of purchasing ornamental milk-jugs, each bearing the legend, "Pity Poor Pussy," to be distributed to all persons who can adduce documentary evidence of their having done an act of kindness to any member of the feline species. Any person who possesses ten of these milk-jugs will be entitled to a plaster statuette of the Egyptian deity Pasht, or ten Tipperary cheroots.

"For sale, a quantity of Freshly-Cured English Chaps; 3½d. per lb."

This is from an advertisement in *The Wilts, Berks and Hants County Times* (how nice of them to share a paper) and shows that convalescents are a drug in the market.

"Broadstairs.—Young gentlewoman desires few paying guests in her charming villa; Minuet band and sea."—*Advt. in "Evening Standard."*

We're very stately and select at Broadstairs. No vulgar Bunny-hugs there.

"They none of 'em know Latin, but if they did, each ruined man, as he walked out of the building wherein he had lost his all, would take off his shiny hat, and say with a smile, 'Dying I salute thee.'"—*Daily Herald.*

It's not really a difficult language, Latin.

"London's Criminal Business.
No Amalgamation."
Daily Telegraph.

There might at least be a Hard Labour Exchange.

RAIN!

(An article which our exhausted contemporaries are at liberty to use at the end of the next great drought.)

RAIN at last! Real wet rain, falling in profusion on the thirsty earth! At 9.15 yesterday morning the first drop fell in Fleet Street and was immediately surrounded by a cheering crowd, who gazed at the wet spot on the pavement—fascinated! City men raised their hats and a loud cheer. But there was more to follow. Other drops began to fall, and soon the air was full of them. Pit-pat they fell, and presently the gutters were running full bore with a chuckle to the gratings, down which the precious fluid fell with a merry splash, as if conscious that it was on its way to Ocean! And so it was.

In Hyde Park the flowers began to prick up their ears, scarcely daring as yet to believe that the improbable had happened. Worms came to the surface and hastened back again to spread the glad tidings among their friends. Bashful slugs and snails came out in their thousands. I heard a gardener singing near Kensington Palace, and assumed that he was drunk. So he was. Drunk with rain. Blind to the world. Blind to everything except that the blessed rain had come at last. Blackbird and thrush expressed the joy we all felt in our hearts, only much better. Everyone was sniffing the savour of the sweet wet earth as if it were the perfume of some rare box breathing all Arabia; and those who were not near wet earth at the time read about it in their Lunch editions, which was almost as good. Once again the wisdom of SHAKSPEARE is proved where he said, "The property of rain is to wet" (*As You Like It*, III., 2).

WATER-DROPS.

It is a curious coincidence that the longest droughts have always occurred under a Liberal Government.

"An April without a shower is like an egg without salt," said the Rev. BERNARD LITTLEWOOD in an address to the Roehampton Boy Scouts.

A humorist on the Underground has, by scratching out one letter, made the inscription on the door of a carriage read: "Wait until the rain stops."

HIS MAJESTY THE KING witnessed the rain from a window in Buckingham Palace. The arrangements were carried out by the Office of Works.

When the first drop fell an umbrella merchant in Cornhill suddenly recovered his reason.

A pair of sparrows which had built their nest in a rain-water head at Kilburn are on the look-out for an "Ideal Home."



THE INDIGNITY OF LABOUR.

Young Hopeful (who has lately started to study mechanics). "WHY DO YOU ALWAYS PULL YOUR BARROW, GRUBBLES?"

Grubbles (a pessimist). "'COS I 'ATES THE VERY SIGHT OF 'IS."

MR. PUNCH AND THE GUARDS' CLUB.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In *The Pall Mall Gazette* of April 15th there appeared, under the heading "London Dialogues," what purported to be a conversation on Home Rule between two members of the "New 'Varsity Club," conducted in a manner which can only be described as one of extreme resilience. In frank parody of the misrepresentative methods of the writer in the *P.M.G.* a dialogue on Welsh Disestablishment between two members of the Guards' Club appeared in your issue of April 24th, under the heading "'Pall Mall' Palavers," the title, it is hardly necessary to add, having a journalistic and not a geographical application. The parodist never intended for one moment to make his dialogue representative of the manners or intelligence of real Guardsmen. His sole aim was to show how the pseudo-realism of the *P.M.G.* writer, who, while assuming the standpoint of a man of the world, did not hesitate to ascribe to University men the manners of bar-loafers, would work out if applied to the officers of a crack corps. As, however, the tone of the parody has been resented by some members of the Brigade of Guards who have misunderstood its motive and are possibly unacquainted with the original on which it was based, the foregoing explanation is offered by

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

"The East Riding County Council have decided to allow an examiner to hold an animal inspection in religious instruction."
Yorkshire Evening News.

Alas, our tortoise continues to make no headway with the Athanasian Creed.

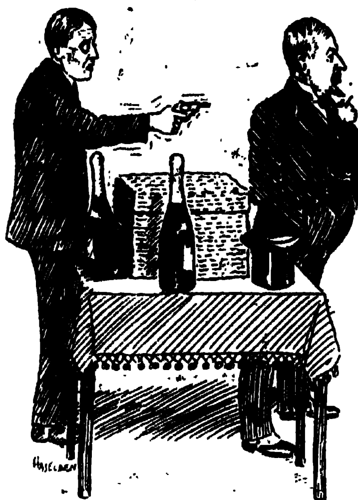
AT THE PLAY.

"THE NEW SIN."

I HAVE to thank Mr. B. MACDONALD HASTINGS for a very entertaining evening. Once we had done with the professed humour of the introduction there was scarcely a dull moment in it. But surely the title was a mistake. Ever since the days of KING SOLOMON (who lived a long while ago) it has been considered rash to ascribe novelty to anything under the sun. And certainly the sin of continuing to live when your death would be a great convenience to other people is not a new idea. Mr. BARRIE in one of the delightful works of his earlier days—*Better Dead*—introduced us to a club which existed for the sole purpose of correcting this sin by doing away with those whose existence had ceased to be desirable. The real novelty of the present variation lies in the fantastic improbability of its hypothesis. There are circumstances, fortunately rare yet readily conceivable, in which a man might regard it as a point of honour that he should get out of other people's way by taking his own life. Mr. HASTINGS has discarded these in favour of the following preposterous condition. The late *Mr. Cutts* (one of the most unkindest I have ever heard of) was a rich draper who wanted to inflict posthumous punishment on his eldest son, *Hilary*, a ne'er-do-weel, and so gave instructions to his executors to let his property accumulate during the lifetime of the eldest son, or for twenty-one years, whichever period should prove to be the longer, and then be divided among his other ten children. (The twenty-one years' clause apparently revealed a gratuitous desire on the part of *Cutts père* to punish the rest of his children for no reason shown.) The father dies, and the ne'er-do-weel develops into the one decent representative of the family. He actually makes his own living as an artist, while every single one of the ten others is reduced to penury, and has to beg of *Hilary* for his daily beer.

Now I observe that Mr. HASTINGS is conscious of the foibles of his brother playwrights, and at one time attempts to disarm criticism by making *Hilary* apologise for a commonplace coincidence with the words: "Life bristles with coincidences; it's getting worse than the drama;" but he offers no sort of apology for the preposterous preamble which I have briefly set forth. After it had been shot upon us it was of course impossible to take anything seriously; but the subsequent melodrama was so well done that the entertainment never flagged. For myself, I should have preferred it if *Hilary* had taken the advice of his friend, a Labour M.P., who thought that, if the hero was determined to die, he might just as well sell his life dearly and be hanged for a holocaust of people whose blood appeared to him, the Labour Member, to want spilling. Instead, he chose suicide, but was diverted from this purpose by the chance of assuming a younger brother's guilt in the right *Sydney Carton* manner.

I do not so much complain that the subject of death should be treated lightly. We Occidentals attach far too much importance to it, and forget, what the Japanese, for instance, never forget, that life is the thing that really matters. But I do complain that we should have been instructed by the critics who saw it at the Royalty to take all this as a profound treatment of an elemental theme, when the author himself must have recognised it as just a smart piece of melodrama in the "Grand Guignol" vein. There was no analysis of the dark problem of suicide, no probing of the question whether a man's life is his own to throw away. And the only character who showed any really poignant emotion in the matter of *Hilary's* dying was the younger brother; and he was concerned purely with its relation to his own prospects. The idea of his brother's death, regarded from a detached, or even from a fraternal, point of view, merely struck him as a very humorous incident. And it was only poetic justice that upon him should descend the full humour of the irony when the convicted man was reprieved.



A CHERRY PICNIC.

Maximilian Cutts ... MR. O. P. HEGGIE.
David Llewellyn Davids MR. A. G. POULTON.

Some day, when the author is at liberty to satisfy my curiosity, I should be glad to know the origin of the comradeship that existed between those three incongruous types—the dapper playwright, the robustious artist, and the Labour Member with the broad brogue. Never did a more ill-assorted trio hang together. And I should further like to know how it was that the inarticulate draper's assistant of the Second Act was transformed so suddenly into the voluble cynic of the opening of the Third. Also, at which of the "famous public schools" or universities, where we are told that a portion of the family was sent, *Hilary* learned his rolling gait. But I shall not press for an explanation of the brilliant conversational gifts of the man-servant, for this class has long been accepted as the exponents of all that is best in our stage humour.

The performance, which kept the right note of restraint, was very good throughout, and if the play suffered at all from change of atmosphere I, at any rate, who now saw it for the first time, was incapable of imagining how it could have been done much better. My only trouble was that, at its reincarnation on the boards of the Criterion (of all houses) it brought with it the flattering *cachet* of approved matinées at the Royalty and the solemn benediction of the critics, and so started on its new career with a definite prejudice in its favour, having been advertised not as merely a clever melodrama, which it undoubtedly was, but as a "strong" play, which I think it was not. However, Mr. MACDONALD HASTINGS is far too intelligent to allow himself to be persuaded into the belief that *The New Sin* is a "contribution to the serious drama."

This, by the way, is the second of his plays that I have seen in two consecutive weeks, and I am tempted to ask what in the meantime is that other pluralist doing? Where is Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM? O. S.

"The Bacon statue is the work of Mr. F. W. Pomeroy. The simple inscription on the front of the pedestal will be
"Francis Bacon—156? 1626."
Pall Mall Gazette.

Considering the number of mistakes in dates on public statues in recent years, this attempt at meticulous accuracy is all the more refreshing. Even Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON should be satisfied.

"His only mistake was at the eleventh, where he was in difficulties through hitting the top of a bunker, and also took three punts."
Birmingham Daily Mail.

We are not quite sure of the rule about casual water in a bunker, but it certainly doesn't allow for these boating facilities.

HOW TO LIVE ON SIXPENCE A DAY.

Dear Mr. Punch,—For the benefit of those of your readers who contemplate making the experiment of sustaining life for a whole week on sixpence a day, I beg you to allow me space to recount my experiences.

No doubt a number of unscrupulous persons will come forward and claim a hearing on the strength of having done it on sixpence and an odd farthing or so. Against these upstarts I need not urge you to use your editorial powers without mercy. The extra bun or stick of barley-sugar in the day makes all the difference.

That it could be done I knew, because somebody had done it and written all about it to the press, enclosing his balance-sheet for the week. But, having lost the newspaper-cutting referring to it long before the eventful Monday, I was thrown entirely on my own resources. Yet in my very loss lay my greater chance. What one Briton had already done, was another Briton to be thwarted from doing? Never! Else where was our boast of empire, what had our pioneers suffered and died for? I chose Monday as the day to start the experiment for two reasons. The first was that it comes after Sunday, a day, in our family, almost exclusively given to eating, and consequently forming a good basis for privations of this nature; the second was that Monday is universally the recognized day for putting all new resolutions into practice.

Well, on Monday I bought a packet of cigarettes and some acid drops. That, I admit, was a mistake, and when I woke on Tuesday morning I saw directly where I had gone wrong. Of course, what the system required was something at once fattening and sustaining, satisfying yet withal cheap; and for all the nutriment the human frame could be expected to get out of acid drops and cigarettes, in themselves antidotes, I might just as well have wasted my time eating flies. No, I must think of something better. There then occurred to me the dear old friend of our childhood, cod liver oil. With sixpennyworth of it *per diem*, judiciously taken, surely I could count on keeping body and soul together till the ensuing Sunday—a teaspoonful for breakfast, a dessertspoonful for lunch, another teaspoonful for tea, and a tablespoonful for dinner, and probably some left over for the cat. Moreover, having recently become a bull in oils, I knew I was practically certain to see my money back. But no sooner had I dipped the end of my tongue in it than I realized with horror that I was a doomed man. In the imperfect recollection of my childhood I had forgotten the orange wine. My day's sixpence was spent and starvation stared me in the face. For certainly no one but a Laplander could be expected to eat that nauseous stuff neat. It merely remained to write a letter of explanation to the coroner and wait patiently for the end, my only hope being that my natural reserves of fat, with Sunday's reinforcements, would respond nobly to this sudden call upon them. However, to my surprise, finding myself still alive on Wednesday I determined to take no further risks, and demolished two loaves out of hand, and on Thursday I had several square meals.

I am told now that the staple ingredients of human food consist of nitrates (exclusive of the gold, silver and copper varieties), carbo-hydrates, phosphates and fat. Had I known this at the time, what were easier than to go to the chemist, buy a pennyhalfpennyworth of each, shake them all up together, and take a dose of the mixture four times a day? If they are anything like as cheap as bacteria, you ought to get quite a lot for sixpence. Should any of your readers care to make the experiment, the only stipulation is that they must not spend more than sixpence. But, if the pantry door *should* happen to be open and the cook of a conniving spirit, it says nothing at all about that. I enclose my name, for your private perusal, on a separate sheet of paper. My photograph and a lock of hair, mounted as a shaving-brush, I am sending under another cover.

Yours faithfully,

One Who Has Been and Done It.



Uncle George. "What! hate all your lessons? Come, now, you don't mean to say you hate history?"

Niece. "Yes, I do. To tell you the truth, Uncle, I don't care a bit what anybody ever did."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

WALKER told me to meet him in the Furniture department of Parridge's Stores at twelve-thirty, and he would give me luncheon. If I had arrived there within a quarter-of-an-hour of the time all might have been well; but as it was I got there at one o'clock, and all was not well. It is not much good looking for anybody in Parridge's.

I approached the furniture man and questioned him. "Have you seen a small, squat person, with rather loud trousers" (I was annoyed with Walker for his excess of punctuality; if nobody bothered about being punctual there would not be all this fuss about it) "who looked as if he had lost someone?"

My friend, said the man, had gone. That seemed to me a contradiction in terms. If he had gone he was not my friend. I gathered that he had indeed been on the look-out but had retired eventually, looking, if anything, a little relieved. "That's my man," said I, and followed him to the book department, whither, the furniture man said, Walker had enquired the way. The book man, discovering at once that I was not going to buy books, was less helpful. He overdid it. Yes, he had seen a short gentleman in distinctive trousers that morning—in fact, about a hundred-and-twenty of them. Some of them had . . . I did not stay to hear the rest, but thought it would be a sound idea to go to the restaurant and wait for him there.

The restaurant is at the top of the building. It is approached by lifts. I took up a position opposite the lift-gates and hoped for the best. I felt encouraged to notice that there were *four* lifts; the more lifts, I felt, the more chances of Walker's ultimate arrival. But, though those lifts worked hard for half-an-hour, they produced nothing nearer to Walker than another acquaintance of mine, named Pearson.

I looked at him with annoyance because he was not Walker, and he returned the glare because I was not someone else. "You haven't picked up a tall fellow with an umbrella, have you?" he asked me, "because, if you have, he is mine. I have lost one."

"No," I answered, "but will exchange for a short one with lightish trousers."

"What a pity," he said, "that we are not looking for each other!" I did not like the way he said that; it sounded almost as if it might have been meant for a hint to which I could not accede, having left all my real money at home.

"It's Walker I want," said I.

We waited long in vain, for the lifts seemed to have taken a dislike to our sex and were disgorging nothing but women.

"I'm awfully hungry," said I, with intent.

"So am I," he answered.

"I shall have to lunch some time, and so will you. Luncheon is one of those things which must be. What are we going to do about it?"

"It almost looks as if we shall have to lunch together," he said inadvertently.

"Thanks awfully," I said, before he had time to cover his mistake.

He tried to smile graciously, as if he had meant to do something kind. He half got up from the chair, on which he sat waiting. Then, "I think perhaps I ought to wait a little longer for my man," he said.

His idea of a "little" was a shade too long for me. "What about it?" I said at last.

"Oh, it's very good of you," he said, getting up with alacrity.

When we were seated at the food, I felt feverishly in my pocket, but no money had grown there since the last feverish search. "I must be candid," I said later on. "It was not so much my man I was wanting as his free luncheon."

"Same here," said he, with disconcerting brevity.

"I have ninepence," said I, producing it.

"And I a latch-key, a threepenny-bit and two stamps." He also laid his cards on the table. "And one of the stamps is a halfpenny one."

"Were you late, too?" I asked.

"A mere nothing—not more than twenty minutes or so. It was hurrying to get here even twenty minutes late that made me leave my money behind."

"The popular craze for punctuality has a lot to answer for," we agreed. Meanwhile we had eaten together two-and-ninepence worth of food.

I suddenly looked bright, optimistic, confident and very knowing. "I have it," I whispered, getting up and winking at him. "You just wait here and keep up appearances." I made my way to the smoking-room, which is an annexe of the restaurant.

When I said "I had it," I lied. I am now sitting in the smoking-room, writing a faithful account of it all. I hope Pearson's ingenuity or audacity will have settled the matter. There is no limit to the free luxuries provided by these modern Stores. I had had the faint hope that the last and most up-to-date and considerate convenience for customers might be an emergency exit, by way of the smoke-room, for customers who found it inconvenient to pay for their meals. But I cannot see it, and here I am, rapidly coming to the end of the story and with no alternative but to make my way out again through the restaurant.

If that fellow in the frock-coat, who stands by the door and *appears* to be taking no notice of anything, hinders my passage out and says, "Pardon, Sir, have you paid for the luncheons? Your friend" (I was so busy remembering a moment ago how clever I was that I forgot Pearson might be cunning)—"your friend said you would see to it," I shall answer briefly; "I have no friends," and shall endeavour to pass on.

Wish me luck!

A POSTER IDYLL.

THOUGH the morn be drear and soaking,
 She smiles on me and you,
When the 9.15 from Woking
 Arrives at Waterloo;
She stands in a glade of flower and fern
 (That is ours for five and three)
And tells of love and a cheap return
 To Baydon-by-the-Sea.

All white from shoon to bodice,
 She hangs, divinely tall,
A Rivieran goddess
 Suspended from the wall;
Mid the station smells you can almost sniff
 The tang of a Baydon breeze,
As you gaze on the gulls and a crumbling cliff
 And the bluest thing in seas.

And every night I toast her
 As I quaff the brimming bowl,
This girl who thrills my poster-
 Impressionable soul,
This holiday lass who softly smiles
 On passengers and guards,
And wafts them in fantasy miles and miles
 From sooty station yards.

But I've sampled the quaint aroma
 Of the "Wachuwant" cheroot,
I have scanned the gay diploma
 They send with the Korn-kure boot,
And I've always found that the scent or soap
 You buy at a hoarding's call
Is never the same as you dared to hope
 From the picture on the wall.

And that is why, dear maiden,
 I've passed a firm decree
That I'll never go to Baydon,
 To Baydon-by-the-Sea;
I've lost my trust in a hundred pills,
 In a pen and a score of shoes,
But the faith I've pinned to those girlish frills
 Is a faith that I would not lose.



Quartermaster (examining candidates for the Territorial Medical Corps). "AND, NOW, WHEREABOUTS IS YOUR SPLEEN?"
Jones (at a venture). "IN MY KIT-BAG, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Moon Endureth (BLACKWOOD) is a collection of tales and fancies, in prose and verse, which Mr. JOHN BUCHAN has contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*. It reminds me of an old well-thumbed saffron-coloured book, called, I think, *Tales from Blackwood*, which was one of the soberer delights of my schoolboy days a many moons ago. It isn't only that in several of the stories Mr. BUCHAN makes me feel the thrill and ecstasy that come of the cool, clean breath of mountain and moor and loch, and the boundless space of sunlit skies and the sound of running waters. That he can always do when he sets his mind to it. But he has somehow caught the indefinable spirit of the old "*Maga*" magic, which makes a typical *Blackwood* story as different from ordinary magazine fiction as the spacious repose of Tudor houses from the irritating pretence of modern jerry-built villas. His title, which is not very happily chosen, refers really not to the promise of the Psalmist, but to the belief of ST. FRANCIS that the moon stands for the dominion of all strange things in water and air. In that region of mystery and horror Mr. BUCHAN is always at home. But I like, too, his other fancies, more particularly those of the Americans who came to Europe to invite PRINCE CHARLIE to be their king, and found him drunk, and of the Lemnian who fought side by side with the Lacedæmonians at Thermopylæ. They might both so easily have been true.

Believe you me that Mr. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM is the rare lad for a lark. He is that same. And his latest, *The Inviolable Sanctuary* (NELSON), is his best yet. I call it his latest, but not, I hope, by any means his last. I would like indeed that Mister BIRMINGHAM should be writing tales this great while, the way I will be reading a fresh one every onct in a while; and me with perhaps the black care on me for him to charm it away. But as for telling you the full story of *The Inviolable Sanctuary*, that thing I will not do. It is himself and no other shall explain to you just what was on the island of Inishbawn, and what took *Priscilla* and *Frank* voyaging about the bay in the *Tortoise*. In short (to drop an idiom that is becoming bothersome) you must read the book and chuckle, as you are practically bound to do, over the supposed German spies, and the sponge-collecting lady and the varied enthusiasms of *Miss Lentaigne*. It was this last that I enjoyed as much as anything else. Whether she is a Christian Scientist, denying the existence of a sprain in *Frank's* ankle, or a fresh-air faddist, or a devotee of female independence martyrising herself in the endeavour to smoke cigarettes, *Aunt Juliet* is always delightful. So is our last word of her, in a letter from *Priscilla*, where she is described as having "dropped being a suffragette in disgust, and taken up appendicitis warmly." But the whole book is the most rollicking fun; the jolliest that Mr. BIRMINGHAM has written, which, as you probably know, is saying a good deal. Let you read it at once.

In the coloured comic supplement of one of the New York Sunday papers there used to appear a series of pictures, each instalment of which showed, as its dramatic finale, a small boy pointing accusingly at some enemy,

and uttering the words, "Bad mans!". I was irresistibly reminded of this small boy when I read Mr. AUSTIN PHILIPS' *The Common Touch* (SMITH, ELDER). His "Bad mans" is the Modern, the Intellectual, the Shavian, or whatever he likes to call himself; and he attacks him with a naïve lack of humour and a total absence of artistry which suggest extreme youth. Whenever two of his characters get together, the story is hung up while they scold Bad mans. Not that there is very much story to hang up. *Monica Priestly* is a would-be Intellectual (Blackheath model), and when she goes to serve in the post-office at the county town of Rutherford she shocks the natives at first by appearing in a djibbah. But is there not a heart of gold beneath that djibbah? There is, indeed. Along comes the local doctor, whom she had seen playing football at Blackheath and worshipped from afar. He is Good mans. Will she marry him and play golf like a nice-minded English girl, or will she, so to speak, djib at the prospect? She marries him. And that's all. Mr. PHILIPS is so sincere and so obviously believes that he is saving the country that it is not pleasant to have to scoff. But, if there is one thing which should be written well or not at all, it is a philippic, and *The Common Touch* is badly constructed and childish. And no Intellectual ever accused the Plain, Ordinary Man of being such a portentous bore as Mr. PHILIPS unconsciously makes him.

Among our great-grandfathers there was many a one who started life on half-a-crown a week and died worth something like that sum a minute. The ambition and achievement of these Northern giants was to build great industrial concerns, and it was only by the way that they founded also notable families to maintain incidentally the business, but more to flourish exceedingly on the net profits and to be much sought after by others and much venerated by themselves in local society. The affairs of this provincial plutocracy do not figure largely in romance; their attitude towards life is usually too cautious and themselves too businesslike to touch passionate extremes. But they are liable to their problems like the rest of us, and one of the gravest threatens when the line of descent appears inevitably bound to come to a point in an only son, who is of a mind not wholly commercial and prudent, is artistic even and cogitative, intellectual, unmercenary, and advanced. So *The House of Robershaye* (SMITH, ELDER) threatened to conclude in *Ambrose*. To avert disaster, the father made a will (quite a feasible will, for once in a novel) by which *Cousin Robert* was forced upon *Ambrose* as a lifelong companion and partner, *Cousin Robert* being, from a business point of view, It. It was the father's misfortune, if deceased testators can have misfortunes, that a feminine contingency arose. It is hard enough in the ordinary way for two men diametrically opposed to live at peace in the same house and work harmoniously in the same cotton mill, but when in addition they become rivals for the love of the same woman trouble is certain and even murder is possible. . . . Miss EMMA BROOKE'S study is always well informed and sometimes nearly inspired. She has only failed at one point. In overdoing her hero's merits she has made him a prig, and so misses the reader's sympathy. It is not till too late that one learns what a good fellow he really was all the time, and can manage to regret his destruction.

I despair of coming to any understanding with Mr. A. B. LE SAGE about *Doll Berryman*, the heroine of *In the West Wind* (DUCKWORTH). She married "*Captain*" *Harvey*, foreman of her father's tin mine and, when her husband went to South Africa, carried on a *liaison* with *Stephen Pengelly*, a lodger, whom she had at first disliked and despised, and also apparently with one or two other people. *Stephen Pengelly* was killed in an accident in the Wheel Crom mine, *Harvey* returned home, and *Dolly* apparently settled down to a quiet domestic existence with him for the remainder of her years. Since she was only the daughter of a Cornish farmer (the tin was a chance discovery on his estate) it is natural, I suppose, that she should not indulge in a great deal of psychological introspection, as she would have done if Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS had been her creator, but nevertheless the story of her amours leaves me rather baffled. There is a fine Cornish flavour about this novel, like the saffron in a local cake. I like saffron cake, but I am not sure that this is a wholly successful example of the confectionery. Mr. LE SAGE'S descriptions of scenery, his dialect, and his interiors are all of the best, but his heroine should either have been more articulate, or treated from a more aloof and critical standpoint. The story fails to provide any palpable thrill, and I am left with a feeling that life is not quite bracing enough in the west wind. Perhaps the author will use baking-powder as well as saffron next time.



THE VULNERABLE SPOT.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT IN THE CAREER OF ACHILLES.

When the heroine of *The Visioning* (MURRAY) began to develop "views" it took me some fifty pages to recover from the shock. At the outset *Katie Jones* was rather hair-brainy, delightfully ingenuous and withal of a personal charm that made men (to their credit) fall in love with her. Not for a moment did I guess that serious thinking was to be numbered among her many accomplishments. However, let no one be alarmed, for in her most solemn moments she was never tedious. I applaud Miss GLASPELL'S story as heartily as I dislike the extra syllable in her title. Her theories are applied solely to America, but the pill (if it be a pill) is so girt with sugar that it can be recommended to everyone, except to those who insist upon taking refuge from Socialism by ignoring it. With many of her ideas I am totally at variance, but it is impossible to deny the cogency and humour with which they are expressed. The book indeed is a brilliant example of how to be strenuously modern without being in the smallest degree ferocious or offensive. Incidentally I am pleased to know that Americans call a niblick a sand-club.

CHARIVARIA.

AUSTRALIA is doing what she can to help on the *rapprochement* with Germany. The Victorian Minister of Railways has just given a large order for tyres to Messrs. KRUPP in preference to a British firm.

* * *

One of the illustrated Academy Annuals contains reproductions of a certain number of pictures which were rejected by the hanging committee. This idea of strengthening the volume is distinctly a smart one.

* * *

"The Exodus of Old Masters" continues to attract attention. "The Genesis of Old Masters" is a subject which ought also to interest American millionaires, to judge by the specimens which some of them own.

* * *

"Here," says "Observator" in *The Observer*, "is a legal conundrum. The late Mr. Dilley, of Pennsylvania, left his estate in trust during the lifetime of a certain cat, to be divisible, at the cat's death, amongst certain specified persons. How would the law deal with one of these heirs if he killed that cat?" Obviously it would be a feliny.

* * *

The text has been published of a Whist Drive Defence Petition to the House of Commons. We are astonished that it makes nothing of the point that Cattle Drives have for some time past been condoned by the Government.

* * *

Some idea of the intensity of our recent heat wave may be gained from the fact that during its prevalence Snow Hill station disappeared.

* * *

On the ground that Bermondsey is "one of the most healthy places in the country to live in," the borough council has refused to allow one of its officials to live outside the borough bounds. There is even some talk of changing the name to Bermondsea, or even Berm-on-Sea, and making a bold bid, by means of attractive posters, for the patronage of holiday-seekers.

* * *

"Captain Coe" is continuing to give his valuable advice to the readers of *The Star*, which is owned by the proprietors of *The Daily News and Leader*. In the circumstances we think he might change his *nom-de-guerre* to "Captain Coe Coe."

* * *

Medical men are evidently becoming alarmed at our dwindling population, and everything is being done to attract children to our planet. The latest move is to advocate more food and less education.

* * *

The Penal Reform League has sent a letter to the HOME SECRETARY criticising the way in which Children's Courts are conducted. There is little doubt that if they were made more attractive they might in time become as popular as the grown-up Police Courts.

* * *

Mr. J. COLLINSON, of the Animals' Friend Society, writes to complain that among the many rare birds recently shot by "sportsmen" in this country is a Siberian nut-cracker. In view of the fact that there is just now a most difficult problem to solve, namely, that of Miss MALECKA's Siberian sentence, this seems especially regrettable.

* * *

"LADY GODIVA IN A LAW SUIT" announced a newspaper last week. "Which is better than no suit at all," remarks Mrs. Grundy.

* * *

A prisoner at the Clerkenwell Police Court declared the other day that his name was WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. Presumably he thought this justified his making an exhibition of himself.

* * *

The Evening News draws attention to the fact that the meteorological prophecies published by its contemporaries have been strangely at variance with the facts. It is only fair to *The Express* to point out that this paper's weather forecast is always the first item in a column entitled "To-day's Story."

* * *

The attention of the HOME SECRETARY is to be drawn to a grave miscarriage of justice. A youth has been sent to prison for disendowing his master's till.

* * *

It is proposed that a memorial shall be erected to DICK TURPIN at Brough, a Yorkshire village situated near the scenes of some of the highwayman's most famous exploits. No arrangements have at present been made by his admirers for a statue of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the precincts of any Welsh cathedral.



Desperado. "LAY A FINGER ON ME, AND I CALLS THE FERIKEE."

THE COLOUR ORGAN.

[This is a new instrument which can throw a succession of colour-schemes upon a screen by means of a key-board.]

SELL the grand piano, dear;
Henceforth let us try
Tunes that, striking not the ear,
Smack us in the eye.
When in future I am bored
Or your heart is sad,
You shall sit and strike one chord
Of music like a plaid.

We will bid some purple thing
Soothe our mental ills;
Red and white and blue shall bring
Patriotic thrills;
When for sport my mood is ripe,
Crimson we will choose
With a green and yellow stripe
(In short, my blazer's hues).

Nor, when I would overcome
Some elusive rhyme,
Need our infant's daily strum
Cease before its time;
Though my study walls are thin,
Silence shall prevail
While she fairly wallows in
The new chromatic scale.

Commercial Candour.

"Unwearable Washable Belts."
Advt. in "Irish Times."

"Surrounded by all the comforts and conveniences of civilisation the invalided worker or civil servant could renew health and strength."—*Mozambique Gazette.*

It is a kindly thought, but the health of the civil servant is such a rare and precious plant that it might suffer from association with any sort of worker, even an invalided one.

A NEW MISSION.

["Cricket is peculiarly a Christian game. No pagan nation has ever played it."

Melbourne Paper.]

WHEN wild in woods the savage ran,
Being a prehistoric man,
There is no record hinting at
His rude delight in ball and bat:
And, when, in times a shade more dressy,
People's amusements weren't so messy,
No trundler known to ancient lore
Got pagan PHARAOH leg-before;
MOSES, who must have had a notion
Of heathen games as played in Goshen,
Has neither praise nor yet rebuke
Of Cricket in the Pentateuch.

No Old Phoenician "found a patch"
In any Tyre-and-Sidon match;
There is no story from Tibet
Of lamas slogging at the net;
No sporting annals tell us how,
During the dynasty of CHOW,
The full-sized volley sped through space
And took CONFUCIUS in the face.

We hear not how ACHILLES spent
Whole weeks inside the scorer's tent;
Nor read of PRIAM, stiff of joint,
Dropping a cert at silly-point:
Nor, on a nasty pitch that bumped,
Of ARISTIDES being stumped;
Nor how, when Phœbus came out hot
At Salamis (a dampish spot),
The Attic skipper won the spin
And coolly put the Persians in.

No fable tells of Roman Cricket—
How well HORATIUS kept the wicket,
How brother REMUS took first knock,
Or FABIUS played against the clock;
Or JULIUS CÆSAR showed alarm
At BRUTUS "coming with his arm;"
Or CICERO in palmy days
Bowled with his head and broke both ways;
Or BALBUS—he that built the wall,
Played like it, blocking every ball.

Nor did our isles adopt the game
Till Christian missionaries came,
And even then the pagan sort
Failed to regard it as a sport.
No Viking, landing from his ships,
Was ever captured in the slips;
No Irish heathen learned the hat-trick,
Though freely coached by good ST. PATRICK;
No Pict, in legends known to me,
After the interval for "tea,"
Lashing his sporran round his pad,
Appealed because the light was bad.

It was the same in our domains:
Not once on Bengal's tented plains
Did the great NAWAB lift a googly
Halfway across the astonied Hooghly;
Nor yet was Cricket in his thought
When the high priest of Juggernaut,
Rain having fallen after drought,
Ordered the heavy roller out.

And, if at length this art of arts
Has wooed and won exotic hearts,
To Christian Cambridge is it due
Who of her RANJI made a Blue,
Taught him—what other creeds had missed—
His speed of eye, his sleight of wrist,
Taught him—who learned it like a lamb—
To cut and push and glance and slam
And live to be a perfect JAM. O. S.

MUSICAL NOTES.

No event of the season is likely to excite greater interest than the series of orchestral concerts which Herr JOHANN SEBASTIAN BEETHOVEN is about to give at the Royal Albert Hall. The programme will consist exclusively of compositions by the concert-giver and his great-great-grand-uncle, the well-known Bonn master, and those interested in the problem of hereditary talent cannot fail to be profoundly impressed by the comparisons forced on them by this method of juxtaposition. Herr JOHANN SEBASTIAN BEETHOVEN is at all points a far better equipped musician than his eccentric ancestor. His hearing is perfect, he dresses in the very best taste, he can ride a bicycle and possesses a motor-car. Among the works from his pen which will be heard for the first time in England during his visit are an Agricultural Symphony, a Limelight Sonata and an Ueber-Kaiser Concerto.

Mr. Nathan Gherkin is giving a recital on the xylophone at Blüthstein Hall on Friday afternoon, at which he will play selections from the works of Szlumper, Strzgowski and de Pussy. Mr. Gherkin, who will be assisted by Herr Agus Aspar on the mirliton, is a younger brother of the eleventh wife of Professor Lessipoffsky, the famous Viennese pianist, and it is only twenty-three years since he was born at Kew, Cumberland (Mo.).

An extraordinarily interesting programme has been arranged by Messrs. Fulsome Ould and Dursey Ranger for their concert on Saturday at the Great Banqueting Hall of the Hygienic Restaurant. The various items—all of them compositions or transcriptions by the joint concert-givers—will be interpreted by what they call a "neolithic orchestra," from which all metal, string or wood will be sedulously banished. The instruments are named the petrophone, the pianoflint, the pickoloot and the vegetable bassoon, and to lend verisimilitude to the performance the players will all be attired in troglodyte dress with peacock's-feather head-dresses and talc helmets. The programme includes a chanty from the island of Mull in praise of usquebaugh, which Mr. Ranger has set as a four-some for four vegetable bassoons, accompanied by a highly mixed choir. The chanty will be sung in the original Pictish; but Mr. Fulsome Ould has furnished a singularly spirited rendering into the vernacular, of which (by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Boozy) we append the following extract:-

Wow-wow-wal'aby,
Wurra-gurra-jim-jam-ju!
Water is good
For a weakling brood,
But give me Mountain Dew!

The Baltimore Sun has, we regret to say, committed itself to the deplorable view that romance is irreconcilable with total abstinence. It observes:—

"What would become of romance if there were no alcohol? Imagine a teetotaler writing 'Much Ado About Nothing,' or the Fifth Symphony, or 'Le Malade Imaginaire,' or 'Peer Gynt,' or the Zend-Avesta, or the Declaration of Independence or any other great work of feeling and fancy! Imagine Wagner, bursting with ginger pop, at work upon 'Tristan and Isolde.' Imagine Leonardo, soaked in health drinks from Battle Creek, fashioning the unfathomable smile of Mona Lisa!"

As a matter of fact we believe that RICHARD STRAUSS wrote his *Salome* entirely on a diet of ketsup and ammoniated quinine. *Elektra*, on the other hand, was composed on a blend of absinthe, macassar oil and Condy's Fluid.

In *Rigoletto*, the other night, Signor SAMMARCO, who was impersonating the tragical buffoon, "picked up his distressful daughter Gilda on his shoulder and strode off with her. Such a feat," the musical critic of *The Daily Mail* remarks, "had not been possible for years." The Grand Opera *prima donna*, until quite recently, weighed on an average between fourteen and fifteen stone. Indeed, it is alleged that on one memorable occasion when a more than usually portly *Brünnhilde* was hoisted on to the back of her steed at the close of *Götterdämmerung*, the back of the unhappy quadruped broke with a loud crack, horse and rider collapsing together on the stage.

"'Silencers' have also been fitted to the . . . engines, so that the airships can slip far more noisily than heretofore within an enemy's lines."

Daily Telegraph.

This recalls the famous couplet:—

"He that, in quest of silence, 'Silence!' hoots
Doth oft create the hubbub he imputes."



AUTOLYCUS IN THE ÆGEAN.

Snapper-up of Unconsidered Trifles. "ANOTHER WHALE! LET 'EM KNOW IN ROME!"



A CONSCIENTIOUS ANSWER.

Plain but Wealthy Spinster (to Impecunious Suitor as they walk through a portion of her vast estate). "DO YOU TRULY LOVE ME, CLARENCE?" *Clarence.* "I WORSHIP THE VERY GROUND YOU WALK ON."

OVERWORKED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I suppose that if I do not write to you now, before the season is in fuller swing, I shall be too late. I feel that if I can get you to take up my cause without delay something may really be done at last to purge our cricket journalism of a perennial stain. Of course you know what I mean—that weary, old, miserable business about the *Ashes*. Even the triangular nature of this year's contests will not, I fear, save us from it. Soon we shall learn that "the destination of the Ashes is still in doubt," and after the decisive Test Match terrific headlines will shriek forth the news that the Ashes are to remain in England or again to cross the sea. We shall read of "the mythical Ashes," "the legendary Ashes," "the illusory" and "fabulous Ashes"; it is more than likely that we shall meet with the "coveted Ashes," the "longed-for Ashes," or the "highly-desiderated Ashes." Certainly, long before the season is through, many of us—I for one—will be heartily sick and tired of the Ashes.

I do not want you to think that I don't know the derivation of the phrase, but incidentally I should like to ask you to remember that it is an exceedingly awkward and cumbersome thing to explain to maiden aunts and others, whose knowledge of cricket is vague at the best, in spite of their enthusiasm. Have you ever tried? I suppose one should regard the ordinary use of the term as in its essence humorous; but, if it *is* a joke, surely it was never an overwhelmingly funny one—surely by now it has become a very, very old one?

Well, Sir, my point is simply that it has had its day. The time has come when success in International Cricket should be capable of expression through some other channel. The great cricketing public deserves a rest.

I hope that, though you yourself are not without guilt in this matter, you will be willing to help me. As Secretary of The Ashes Protest League I am doing all I can. We have prepared a leaflet (2*d*. each—£7 10*s*. per 1000) which may be had on application, and is guaranteed to win by-elections. And I may add, as evidence that we are determined to keep the controversy on the highest possible plane, that we have studiously avoided any reference to the matter as a Burning Question.

Yours, SACKCLOTH.

The New Diplomacy.

"Let the British people come out in their millions, and tell Sir Edward Grey what to do. - Lover of Justice, Cricklewood."
Daily Chronicle.

But the British people hangs back, awaiting the trumpet-note of Paterfamilias, Willesden.

"'Whew . . . il fait chand.' The Parisians have been making this original remark, and wiping their brows as proof of the sincerity of the sentiment. 'Oui, il fait chand.'"
Pall Mall Gazette.

We have no quarrel with the word "original."

"His ball which pitches on the middle stump can break sufficiently to hit the stumps or a batsman's pads if dead in front."—*Evening News.*

This defines the limits of our break (both ways) very neatly.

"When his bath was at full height Snooke seemed to lose all knowledge of where the ball was, and he was bowled off his pads."
Daily Chronicle.

We never wear pads in our bath.

THE SAD CASE OF FERRIBY.

FERRIBY was doubly unfortunate. He was unfortunate not only in the fact that from childhood he had been cursed with a propensity for the facetious turn, the antique jest, the too manifest retort—a strange malady that feeds upon itself, thriving best upon a low diet—but also that up to early manhood he had been wantonly abetted in his deflections from the paths of true humour.

In boyhood these aberrations were encouraged by the family circle, his own father applauding them with gales of laughter and a smiting of his palms the one against the other—energy grievously misdirected.

True, in later years a corrective outside influence was brought to bear upon him, chiefly by companions who, exercising the privileges of friendship, covered him with abuse; but none of them—none of *us*, I ought to say, for I confess with shame that I was of their number—realised the full gravity of Ferriby's case; and our demonstrations were always the outcome of wrath, never of sympathy.

With the indications of the malady itself most people, I imagine, are familiar. *À propos* of something or other a person innocently remarks, "Oh, really, you know, I can't stand this!" "Then take a chair," says the afflicted one. Or perhaps at a concert: "That's very pretty; what is she playing?" And the deadly answer, "Why, can't you see? She's playing a piano." Or again, to quote an even more flagrant example: "Where does this road go to?" "This road, Sir, does not move."

But why harrow the reader's feelings unnecessarily? Let it suffice that I have indicated the nature of poor Ferriby's complaint.

I suppose one of the chief difficulties experienced by the pathological criminologist lies in correctly fixing the demarcation line between crime and disease. The old avenging order has changed, and a gentler if more inquisitive spirit is abroad; yet when I recall how we shunned poor Ferriby, or suffered his company only that we might revile him, I am stricken with remorse. True, when at last we saw that his transgressions, far from exalting him with unholy pride, occasioned him sufferings almost in excess of our own, we strove to make reparation, and by humane measures to check the insidious advance of his disease. Alas! it had then got too firm a hold upon its victim to yield to our treatment.

I recall with painful vividness the hour when first the true pitiableness of Ferriby's condition became evident to the more discerning of his companions. It was at the close of an informal little supper. One of our party excused himself for running away to catch a train.

"I am sorry to leave the table," he remarked, rising; and I saw the muscles of Ferriby's face twitch curiously, whilst his breath came in short gasps.



Novice (with great determination after numerous attempts). "I'LL STAY HERE TILL I HIT THIS BALL."

Caddie. "WEEL, YE CAN GET SOME ITHER LADDIE TO HAUD YER STICKS, FOR THIS IS MA BATH NICHT."

"Don't—don't apologise for leaving the *table*," he said, a tinge of colour mounting into his pale cheeks; "you couldn't very well take it with you."

"Oh, heavens!" we cried, momentarily mastered by our indignation; "do you call that funny?"

Ferriby dropped a haggard gaze upon his plate.

"Why, no—no, of course not," he murmured brokenly; "but what can I do? What can I do?"

I suppose something in the wording of this reply, something too in Ferriby's tone and look, must have penetrated to our understandings. We exchanged glances and forbore to press our grievance.

I think also that after this—if, indeed, we had not instinctively done so for years—we tried to avoid in Ferriby's presence any remark lending itself to the more devastating forms of repartee. I like to think that we did this no less for his own sake than for ours; I know that as a consequence of this selectiveness our conversation became wretchedly formal and halting. Outsiders, of course, brought calamity upon their heads at every turn, and I well remember once entering the Club lounge as old Mr. Caysnor and Ferriby were parting after a short chat.

"And so you've been down to see your people. How did you find your Uncle George?" Mr. Caysnor was asking, and I saw Ferriby turn quite white.

"F-find him? But I never lost him," he said miserably, and then mumbling some vague excuse he was gone before Mr. Caysnor could pull himself together. I think the dazed, hurt look in the old gentleman's eyes will haunt me till I die, for in Ferriby's infancy he had been almost a fairy godfather to him.

Ferriby now got rapidly worse, and even members of his own family began to realise how feebly the pulse of humour beat in his veins. Often he had to be helped out with his repartees. It was not alone that physically he was almost too weak to give them tongue, but that the shame of the words choked him.

I saw him only once again before he was ordered abroad. He had had a bad day. Taking the air in his bath-chair, after a couple of days' enforced rest, he had been stopped by an acquaintance who enquired how long he had been laid up in bed. "You mean laid *down* in bed, don't you?" said Ferriby in a low voice. "Well, how long *were* you in bed, anyway?" corrected his friend, and Ferriby, his features white and drawn, had murmured faintly, "Just five feet nine and a half," and collapsed beneath the apron of his bath-chair.

I was told all this by Dr. Keane as he conducted me to Ferriby's room. Several of his friends were there, and among them Joe Vayle—breezy Joe—but even he on this occasion kept up his spirits with a very palpable effort.

"Well, I must be off now, Ferriby, old chap," he was saying. "My train goes at 4.7."

And then, almost as he said the words, he felt what he had done, and I knew that he was inwardly cursing himself for his thoughtlessness. A spasm of pain twitched the corners of Ferriby's drawn mouth; his lips moved automatically.

"Not . . . not . . ." he gasped, and then paused. The perspiration stood in cold drops on his brow. Dr. Keane was at his side in a moment.

"Yes, yes, go on, Ferriby; we're all friends here," he said, and the rest of us stood about in awkward silence, even the least emotional of us suffering something of the agony of those tense moments.

"Not—not *your* train . . ."

"Yes, yes, old fellow; go on! You want to say, not *Joe's* train, but the South-Eastern Railway Company's."

"Y-yes. Yes, that's what I wanted to say. I'm sure you're very good to me; I don't know what I should do——"

"Oh, that's all right," said Dr. Keane, and he spoke brusquely, but that was to hide his emotion.

He then quietly advised us to go, saying that he could not answer for the consequences to his patient were anything to bring on another spasm of repartee.

Poor Ferriby! His case puzzled me, and after they got him abroad I wrote to Keane about it, asking how it was that a condition of mind so often accompanied by sound physical health should in Ferriby's case have proved almost fatal.

I have the doctor's reply, and reading between the technicalities I divine that Ferriby developed a capacity for self-criticism after the pernicious habit of the retort facetious had actually got absorbed into his mental system, and the agony he suffered in hearing himself give utterance to one feebleness after another had gradually undermined his strength.

Occasionally Keane is too—what shall I say?—therapeutical for my lay mind to follow him; he speaks of a "varicose vein of humour," etc., etc. I quote the close of his letter:—

"We give it out that he (Ferriby) is abroad because he finds the climate more beneficial, but, really, of course, it is the language. A strange tongue offers few opportunities to anyone with Ferriby's complaint, and physically he is already in better case. He is now in Italy; but as he grows familiar with the speech he will have to move on to Constantinople, St. Petersburg, or, possibly, even Peking. My private apprehension is that so far as English-speaking countries are concerned he is an exile for life."



Customer (sarcastically). "I've managed to cut this steak, but I'm bothered if I can *chew* it!"

Waiter. "Yes, Sir. We guarantee our knives, but our responsibility does not extend to our customers' teeth."

A LOCK-OUT.

For years he'd been her humble slave,
But, fretting at his fate,
The man determined, growing brave,
To better his estate.

So, risking coldness or rebuff,
Severe and business-like,
He said, "Your friendship's not enough;
Love me, or I shall strike!"

"But I repudiate the debt,"
She said in level tone;
"Be satisfied with what you get,
And, friend, let well alone."

The grievances he then revealed
But made the lady pout,
She shook her head and would not yield,
And so the man "came out."

Till, slowly starving, day by day,
His heart began to yearn
For that unsatisfactory pay
He lately used to earn.

But, when half famished, thin and poor,
With penitence he knocked,
He found, alas, that friendship's door
Was tightly barred and locked.

The Duet.

"Mimi, the little seamstress who shares the timbrel with Sydney Carton."—*Standard.*

OVERDOING IT.

[A day's gleaning from the London papers—and a satisfactory explanation why my friend Mr. Edward Kingston does not play golf.]

From "The Morning Awakener":—

THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

(*By our Special Nut at Turnberry.*)

THE girls—bless their pretty faces—may be inferior to the male sex at golf (though Miss Amelia Divot would give any man a good game), but there is no doubt about their pluck. There was half a gale of wind blowing this morning at the first tee, yet Miss Amelia faced the elements bare-headed, her lovely black hair blowing unfettered about her dainty ears. Miss Hooker showed no less courage, for she was wearing a pair of pink stockings beneath a pale blue skirt, a loosely knitted green jersey and cap completing her costume. She is a splendidly built, strong-limbed girl, and the way she drove into the bunker from the first tee would have made many a scratch player envious. But Miss Amelia Divot is no less splendidly built and strong-limbed. She was dressed this morning entirely in mauve, even down to her stockings and dear little shoes, and her fine brave swing must have sent a thrill of pleasure through every male heart.

I followed Miss Amelia for the first nine holes, and she was certainly playing glorious golf. On this form she should win the championship, and nobody could grudge such a pretty girl the victory. Yesterday she was playing entirely in white, and was a little off her game, but to-day she made no mistake with Miss Imogen Fairway, a dainty brunette from the West. Save that she duffed her putt on the eighth green, her game was irreproachable.

To-morrow Miss Hooker plays Miss Divot, and the girls are all agog with excitement. That it will be a close match is certain, for both are magnificently proportioned and supple-limbed specimens of England's girlhood. I am officially informed that Miss Amelia Divot will play in a grey skirt and red stockings, while Miss Hooker will be entirely in blue. I fancy Miss Divot's chances, although Miss Hooker is quite as nice-looking as her opponent. Bless both their pretty faces!

From "The Evening Messenger:"—

GOLF NOTES.

THE NEW COURSE AT BRAMBLEBURY.

A NOVEL FOURSOME.

(*By Sammy Slicer.*)

I am sometimes a little puzzled as to what to write about in this column, for I have now been a golf journalist for twenty years, and (as my readers know) I have had to turn out no fewer than four golf articles a week in different papers. Multiply four by twenty by fifty-two and you get four thousand one hundred and sixty columns about golf—say five million words. Of course in five million words one must have touched fairly fully on most of the broader aspects of the game, but each week generally offers some fresh topic for comment, and to-day I have fortunately remembered that the new course at Bramblebury has not yet been described in this paper.

Strictly speaking, Bramblebury is not a new course, for it has been in existence some fifteen years. When I say new, I mean new to me. Those of my readers who have played there will no doubt be glad to hear what it is like, and those who haven't can console themselves with the thought that they will now recognise the course when they do go there.

We start with a plain two-shot hole of 550 yards. A lucky pitch may give us a three, but we shall probably be content with a four. The next is of the dog-leg variety, and when I was there last Monday a strong wind from the south-east rendered it extremely interesting. To get on the green in two it is necessary to carry the river from the tee. On a calm day this is comparatively easy, but in the teeth of a stiff south-easter the 319 yards to the opposite bank wants some doing. Probably most players will find that it is hopeless to attempt it with a cleek and will take a baffy. The third hole does not call for comment, but the fourth presents an extremely pretty problem. It is a short hole of 245 yards, and my opponent boldly tried to run it with a putter. I took a niblick and managed to get safely on the green; but I tremble now to think what might have happened to me. There is a regular sea of gorse and bramble in front of the green, and, once in that, all hope of a two would have disappeared.

The fifth hole must be described in some detail . . . (*It is; and so are the other thirteen.*)

I took part in a novel foursome the other day. It can hardly be called golf, but it passes away a pleasant hour on any of the lesser known courses, where decent golf is impossible. A and B play against C and D, but instead of A and B sharing a ball A and C share it. It is C's business to put A into all the trouble he can until they arrive on the green, when he drops out. We played four most amusing holes in this way, until C discovered that it was simpler just to play A's shot straight back at him again. After that the game languished.

From "The Daily Hope:"—

THE WONDER OF GOLF.

(*By Henry Iron.*)

It is a wonderful game this golf of ours. The more we play it the more we marvel at its intricate simplicity. Its simple intricacy, to put it in another way, baffles us. The deepest problems of statesmanship, of religion, of art and literature will all be revealed to us ere we understand the secret of this game of golf. A man may spend a lifetime in the study of it (and surely he could not spend his life more worthily), but in the end he will have to confess that he knows no more than he did in the beginning. Sometimes I lie awake for weeks thinking about golf, so greatly does the mystery of it haunt me. HARRY VARDON, prince of golfers, once called it "a funny game." It is more than a funny game, it is a deeply psychological game. For a good golfer is a good man, make no mistake about that. Success at golf demands far greater qualities than does success in politics, in art, in commerce. And how much better worth achieving! Yes, this golf of ours is indeed a wonderful game!

(*And so on in a dozen other papers until my friend Mr. Edward Kingston is ill.*) A. A. M.

The Deadly Influence of the Home Rule Bill.

"The Salvation Army authorities in London have decided to separate New Zealand from Australia."—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

"Six of the sixty-nine bachelors of Dunshaughlin, who were told by the local council to 'marry or fie,' have decided to marry."
Daily Express.

Mr. Punch's advice to those about to fie:—Don't.

The South London Press, in reporting a speech, says:—

"She wished the name of Traiff Reform could be changed."

It might be called Tariff Reform.

"Kyd, in attempting to cut to leg, was surprised to find a ball from Coulter making its way to his wickets."—*Dundee Saturday Post.*

Apparently it didn't even stop to watch KYD's remarkable stroke.

"Mrs. Drew, in a light soprano voice, was heard in some of Weckerlin's 'Bergerettes,' while Mr. Drew was no less successful in some German songs."—*Daily Express.*

Audibility is perhaps not the whole aim of a singer, but it is certainly a beginning. The rest will come.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



415
"La Mort du Cygne."
Sad affair at the Round Pond.



21
Disadvantages of having no Windows.
Chorus of Street-Hawkers (in the original Greek). "'Ere y'are, lady!"



772
Sherlock Holmes again meets with an untimely end.



256
How to deal with a restless model.



478
A Playing-Card.



1719
How to utilize some of the sculpture. A suggestion.



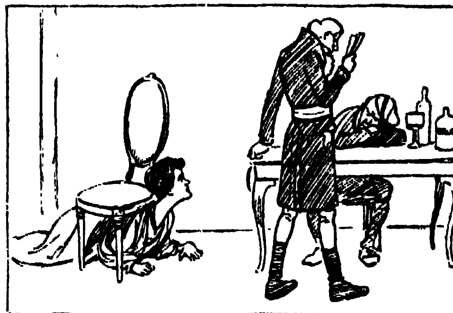
313
First performance of *Merry Wives of Windsor.*
(1) Shakspeare, (2) Bacon, (3) Falstaff, (4) Ben Jonson, (5 and 6) Messrs. Beaumont and Fletcher.



19
At the Restaurant.
"Oh, I'm sure they take me for an actress!"



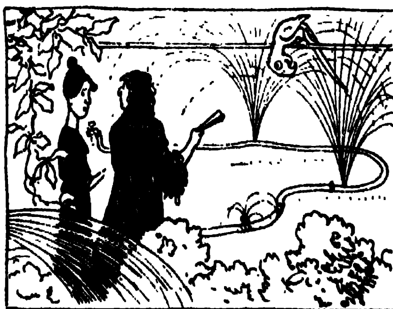
180
The Fair Juggler.



142
The Lady Detective.



605
"Not a bad day's bag, eh—what! Two birds and a hat!"



236
"My dear, I really think it is time we got a new garden-hose. Polly is getting quite rheumatic."



60
In the Coliseum.
Lady Artiste. "Real fruit! This beats the legitimate stage."



THE CALL OF THE BLOOD.

Head Nurse (as last resort to baby who won't take his medicine). "BE BRAVE, DARLING! REMEMBER YOU ARE A TALBOT DE THRESPIGNY!"

GANYMEDE AGAIN.

[Amongst the suggestions for the instruction of boys attending the new London County Council School for Waiters is a course of lessons in the relative importance of the principal London newspapers.]

THERE are some secrets that the envious gods
 Reveal to men—for instance, how to fly,
The art to reckon cubes, or racing odds,
 The way from Hammersmith to Peckham Rye;
But not to judge perfection: rose and lily,
 Which is the fairer of these two fine plants?
To seek to find such measurements is silly;
 Taking another case, I have two aunts,
Both of them estimable ladies; vain
To ask me which is worthier of the twain.

So with our newsy prints: like vernal blooms
 Their fragrance on the morning air they breathe;
All have the latest wires, and each one booms
 His goods the best; the garland that I wreathe
Of eglantine outperfumes not the cedar;
 The Chronicle is sweet, *The Daily News*
(Amalgamated with *The Morning Leader*)
 That too is sweet; and how can mortals choose?
Some worship *The Express*, some do not quail,
Strong, silent Englishmen, before *The Mail*.

Lo! as I speak *The Standard* rears her head,
 Smiling amongst the penn'orths; can she boast,
For all her radiant charms unnumbered,
 Beauty more rare than *Telegraph* or *Post*?

What of our evening papers, swift to follow,
 From noontide till he fades into the West,
With flower of fresh editions, fair Apollo?
 Hanged if I know which organ is the best;
Rosy and white and green their petals fall
And Mr. S......o gets his ads. in all.

No, William; Henry, no! Young ardent boys,
 Destined to serve the board and tot the bill,
Learn what you can of culinary joys
 And how to suit the jaded diner's will;
But some things must be hidden, lest the blunderer
 Where angels fear to tread approach too nigh;
How shall you gauge the value of "The Thunderer"
 To yon pale customer with blood-hued tie?
How of *The Athenæum*? I have sat
Hungrily down at times to read *Home Chat*!

The wine, the bird, the salad, you may guess,
 And give soft counsel on what leaves to browse,
But not the larger mysteries of our Press,
 These are for private choice; you don't want rows.
And, if some foreign gourmet haply asks you
 To bring the best of England's printed sheets,
Tell him the choice of Paris too much tasks you,
 Ply him with dainty fare, and whilst he eats
Send for the lot, collect the whole wild bunch.

* * * * * *

On second thoughts, no, William. Give him *Punch*.

EVOE.



PROSIT!

Britannia (*to the new German Ambassador*). "BARON, I HEAR YOU'RE IRRESISTIBLE?"
Baron Marschall. "MADAM, I HEAR THE SAME OF YOU."
Britannia. "WHY, THEN, WE OUGHT TO BE THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



The Portadown Unionist Club "in battle array" under Lord LONDONDERRY and Sir EDWARD CARSON.

House of Commons, Monday, May 13.—Under pressure PREMIER has set apart four sittings for debate on Second Reading of Welsh Disestablishment Bill. When House met to-day OLIVER RONALDSHAY asked for more. A punishment that would most closely have fitted this suggestion of crime would have been compulsory attendance throughout the first day's sitting. The noble and shrewd Lord, however, departed at close of earliest hour and was seen no more steeped in study of argument for and against Second Reading.

That hour after hour, between six and eleven o'clock, Benches should have been more than half empty has in these times come to be a matter of course. CARLYLE, who did not love Parliaments, partly perhaps because, had he been a member of one, others would also have insisted on talking, gleefully records a conversation in the National Assembly in 1789.

"It was," remarked a Member on his legs, "dull as this day's assembly."

"*Pourquoi dater!*" asked MIRABEAU.

When one writes about dulness in the Commons there comes the reflection, Why particularise the day? In respect of dejection the days pass and resemble each other.

About to-day's experience there is a certain irony that conveys a useful, sure-to-be-disregarded lesson. Here we are entered upon fresh campaign against property and the Church. The nation is supposed to be riven into sections, seething whether with enthusiasm or indignation. The Opposition, after dying in the ditch in resisting Home Rule, are *more Hibernico*, pledged to spill every remaining drop of their blood in defence of the Church in Wales. On opening night of struggle they send to the front one of their choicest champions. Promoters of the Bill on their part put up the latest Minister, a popular and capable man, whose first important speech in new capacity commands friendly curiosity.

Reasonable to expect a thronged Chamber buzzing with excitement, cheering the champions with applause or with not less inspiriting hostile interruption. What actually happened was far remote from realisation of this ardent fancy. There was moderately full attendance when F. E. SMITH rose to move rejection of Bill in speech sparkling with witty sentences. At end of hour movement towards door commenced. ELLIS GRIFFITHS, unduly impressed with solemnity of position, did not succeed in stopping the flow. When he made an end of speaking all pretence of interest in the matter was abandoned. There were recurrent moments when it seemed a count-out was inevitable. But talk rolled on till stroke of eleven o'clock mercifully dammed it.

And all this while, in some secluded spot uncheered by dinner, Lord RONALDSHAY was wringing his hands, lamenting the intolerable obstinacy of reckless PRIME MINISTER who declines to add another day or two to course of debate.

Business done.—Second Reading of Welsh Disestablishment Bill moved.

Tuesday.—PRINCE ARTHUR gave much-needed fillip to debate on Disestablishment Bill by delivery of brilliant speech opposing it. Arrangements for intervention were cut-and-dried like everything else that invests the affair with depressing air of unreality. But there was no competition for favourable points of hearing, no "sitting out" on Gangway steps, no moaning at the bar by reason of inconvenient thronging

of eager listeners. Just a fairly full audience, at one in its welcome to graceful actor temporarily returning to familiar stage.

PRINCE ARTHUR in best form. House listened with delight to the old style of pinking an opponent with flashing rapier as contrasted with bludgeoning him with a blackthorn. ELLIS GRIFFITHS, in course of his speech, mentioned that the Archbishops of Canterbury enjoy certain social precedence.

"True," said PRINCE ARTHUR. "But after all you are not taking £173,000 a year away from the poor because the ARCHBISHOP goes in to dinner before a Duke."

UNDER-SECRETARY hastily explained that he had touched upon this subject in answer to one of many interruptions to which he was subjected.

"If that be so," said PRINCE ARTHUR encouragingly, "I think the honourable gentleman ought to be grateful to the questioner, since he appears to have provided him with all the more important parts of his speech."

And then there was the canonisation of the HOME SECRETARY. PRINCE ARTHUR found in his speech on introducing Bill design to create organisation of a new Church.

"I suppose," he went on, regarding HOME SECRETARY with something of fatherly pride, "the Welsh Church of the future is to look back to the right honourable gentleman as its founder, and, as we talk of ST. AUGUSTINE and ST. COLUMBA, so posterity will talk of ST. MCKENNA."

HOME SECRETARY blushed. ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL looked a trifle annoyed. Doubts whether there is room on Treasury Bench for another Saint. The House rocked with hilarious laughter and, when PRINCE ARTHUR made an end of speaking by delivery of something nearer approaching peroration than of late customary, Members went forth, leaving the place to solitude and J. EDWARDS.

Business done.—Second night of Debate on Disestablishment Bill.

Wednesday.—Some sensation created by disclosure of details of preparation for fighting in Ulster should Home Rule Bill be carried. Hitherto been disposition to regard threats of Ulster Members as only their fun. Suddenly, without word of warning, abyss opened on floor of House. Members found themselves staring at possibilities promising to wipe out from its proud place in history the cabbage garden wherein SMITH O'BRIEN, with myrmidons of the law at his heels, vainly sought safety.

From question addressed to CHIEF SECRETARY it seems that the Members of the Portadown Unionist Club are already setting themselves in battle array. Squads carrying deadly wooden guns are paraded. After certain manœuvres "they marched past Colonel FITZGERALD, J.P., and Major BLACKER, J.P." The COLONEL, who had apparently been studying literary style of NAPOLEON'S proclamations to his army in Italy, Egypt and elsewhere, addressed the assembled force in stirring speech, foretelling the state of terror into which "English and Scotch" people would fall when they learned that the armed Portadown Unionist Club, banded together to defend their rights, are determined "never to submit to be governed by a Home Rule Parliament."



"Doubts whether there is room on Treasury Bench for another Saint."
(ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL and ST. REGINALD MCKENNA.)

CHIEF SECRETARY was called upon to explain "why no action has been taken against the persons responsible for this incitement to sedition and armed violence against the Crown."

ST. AUGUSTINE, after familiar Ministerial manner, tried to make light of affair. "Hypothetical rebellion," he called it, not worth serious attention. All the same, House doesn't like look of things.

Business done.—Here endeth the third lesson derivable from debate on Second Reading of Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Thursday.—Evidence promptly forthcoming that Members not disposed to look so lightly upon the Portadown affair as ST. AUGUSTINE would have them do. The MEMBER FOR SARK tells me of a question addressed to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, drafted at meeting in Committee Room upstairs of influential group of Members. It runs thus: "To ask the ATTORNEY-GENERAL whether his attention has been called to the fact that the sentence passed upon Miss MALECKA was in accordance with the Russian Criminal Law of 1903, which provides that anyone belonging to a revolutionary organisation aiming at the separation of parts of the country from the Empire shall be subjected to a minimum penalty of exile for life, and a maximum of twenty years' penal servitude.

"And whether" (no Parliamentary question is complete without "and whether") "in view of declarations affecting the status of the Province of Ulster, made in this House and elsewhere by honourable and right honourable gentlemen, he will bring in a short Bill embodying in the criminal law of this country the provision enacted in Russia."

Business done.—Second Reading of Welsh Disestablishment Bill carried by 81 votes.

"ALL THE BEST OF BOTH."

ON the well-known principle that nothing is more infectious than matrimony, the recent union between *The Daily News* and *The Morning Leader* has set an example that is expected to be widely followed. The following very interesting announcements have not yet been issued to the public, but might appear at any moment:—

(1) On and after Monday next, the two great London weekly papers,

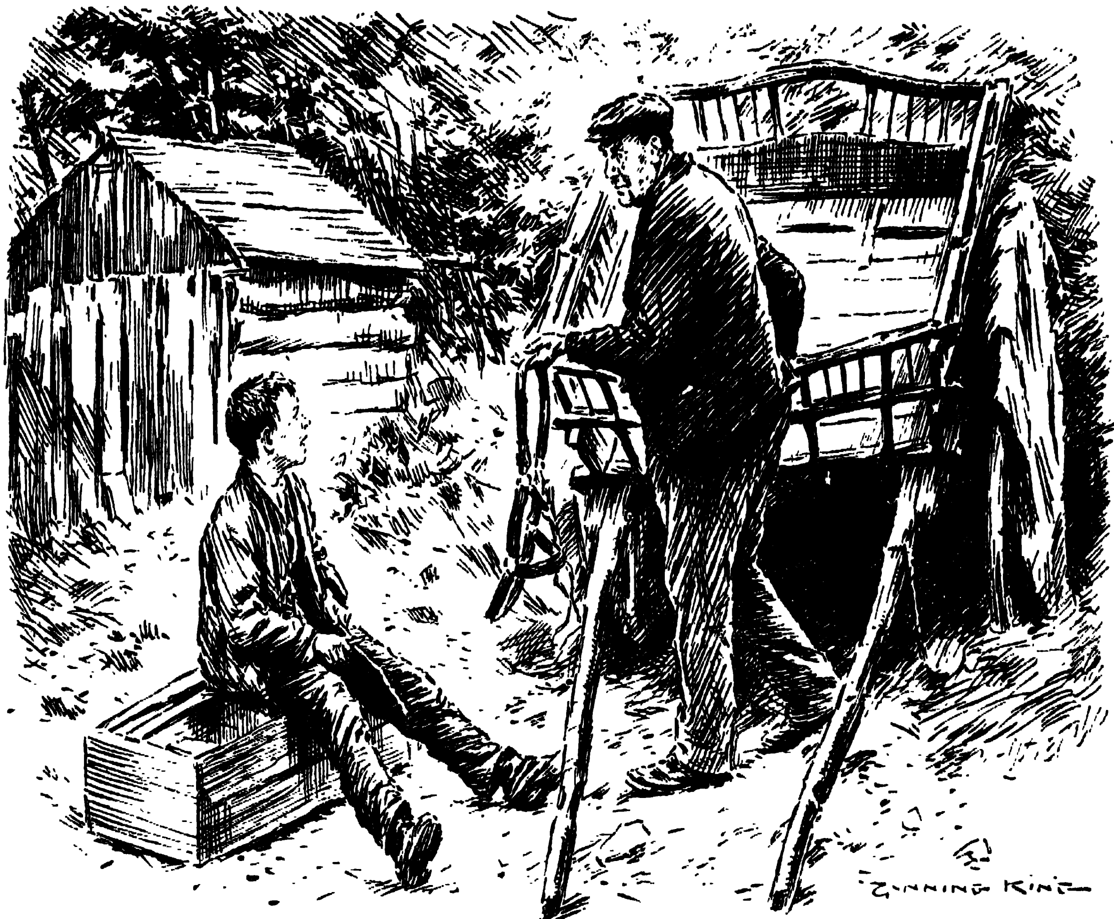
The Spectator
and
The Looking-Glass,
will be amalgamated under the composite title of
Reflections.
Price 3*d.* every Saturday.

Two papers in one, and all the best of both.

Reflections will contain the solidity of *The Spectator* and the seasoning of *The Looking-Glass.*

Reflections will be the weekly journal for men, women and others.

Reflections will be the only paper



Father. "Tom, go and fetch the old horse." *Tom.* "Why the old one, Father?"
Father. "Wear out the old one first, that's my motto." *Tom.* "Well, Father, then you fetch the horse."

appealing simultaneously to the study and the stable.

Special joint article next week, "The Starting-Gate and its influence upon German expansion."

(2) The Editor of *The Arena*, the new popular journal of University and Public School life, begs to inform his readers and the world at large that from next month *The Arena*, while retaining its present title, will incorporate within itself its bright little contemporary, *Home Notes*.

All the manly features of *The Arena*, with added daintiness.

School Notes. Sport at Oxford and Cambridge. Athletic groups, etc. All as before, together with a strong serial tale of love and pathos entitled, "From Milliner to Marchioness," and a set of brown-paper patterns.

Next month: "Rowing Shorts—how to embroider."

(3) Another interesting amalgamation will be that of

The Tatler and *The Church Times*.

The Publishers hope that they will be found to have blended all the serious value of the former with the light touch of the latter.

Our new motto—

"Pulpits and Personalities."

A Special Feature will be Bright Pars for Parishioners, a gossipy record of the ecclesiastical week.

Twelve pages of snap-shots. All the smartest pew-holders.

Social snippets: Who's Who at the Mothers' Meetings, etc.

(4) On and after next week the Proprietors of those successful publications,

The Baker and Confectioner
and
The Family Doctor,

beg to announce that they will appear as one under the new and strikingly original title of

The Baker and Confectioner and Family Doctor.

What this means. This means that two journals, hitherto wasting much of their power in pursuance of a mutually antagonistic policy, will now combine. Price ½*d.* weekly.

Two papers for the price of half of one.

Read "The Bane and the Antidote," special page of recipes and prescriptions in parallel columns.

Exclusive article next week, "Rich Damp Cake with Green Sugar," by Captain Hook (author of "How I nearly captured Peter Pan").

(5) Sensational Combine!

The Proprietors and Publishers of

The Little Puddleford Telegraph
(*and Visitor's Directory*),

circulating in Little Puddleford and district (price one penny), are happy to inform their readers that in future the paper will be merged into the equally well-known *London* (*Daily*) *Telegraph*.

Twenty-four pages. All the best features of both journals, including a special three-line article of Little Puddleford happenings, contributed by the former Editor under the title of "Health and Sunshine."

N.B.—The Visitor's List will be discontinued for the present.

(6) On and after April 1 next *The Angler's News* will be fused with *The Story-Teller*, and will be known as

The Lyre.

No change of policy or contents.

WHITSUNTIDE CYCLE TOURS.

(*Some useful Hints.*)

BUNS.

IT is inadvisable if over twelve years of age to eat freely of these confections before commencing a run. Nevertheless there are many uses to which a bun can be put by the resourceful rider. Firmly tied on with pink tape, it makes an excellent and durable saddle cover. If the tourist is unfortunate enough to have a puncture but no repair outfit, the tyre can be stuffed with chunks of bun until it is hard enough to be ridden. If, on the other hand, he has a repair outfit but no puncture, a good deal of harmless amusement can be obtained by splitting the bun longitudinally in half, placing a piece of rubber cut to shape between the two sections, fastening them carefully together so that the bun resumes its normal appearance, and handing the result to the first youngster met on the road. A bun can also be used as a substitute for pedal rubbers, as a chest protector, a mudguard extension, a collision mat, or a duster.

INSECTS.

The most efficacious method of combating these pests is to cover the face thickly with zinc ointment. Insects will then adhere in great numbers, and the cyclist should dismount occasionally, survey his features in a hand-glass, and despatch the little creatures in a humane manner by snipping off their heads with a pair of scissors.

BRAKES.

In the event of the brakes collapsing on a steep descent, the cyclist has the choice of the following alternatives:—

(1) Leap forward from the saddle so that the waist impinges upon the handle-bars, and the chin, a moment later, upon the front tyre. Open the mouth wide and bring pressure to bear simultaneously with the upper and lower jaw, and at the same time wedge the heels against the back forks in such a manner as to form an efficient rim brake.

(2) Move the pedals to quarter past nine, and, with a resolute spring, turn a double somersault forwards, landing on the feet well in front of the machine, which can then be stopped and wheeled to the foot of the hill.

(3) Take off the pump, fill it repeatedly over the back wheel and discharge it over the front wheel. This will cause a vacuum immediately behind the machine and a cushion of compressed air in front, the combined effect of which will be to bring the cycle quickly to a standstill.

FREE WHEELS.

These can sometimes be secured outside village inns, but the collector must exercise the greatest care, and in view of the widespread activities of the police the operation is at best a risky one.

SIGNPOSTS.

These must never be trusted blindly, since it is a favourite pastime in rural districts to twist them round in the sockets. It is the wisest policy on the whole to take every precaution, and the following procedure is recommended whenever a signpost is encountered at cross roads:—Ride along one of the roads until a village is reached, and ascertain its name from an inhabitant. Return to the starting-point and repeat the process over another road. The signpost can then, if necessary, be adjusted until two of its arms are pointing in what are now known to be the right directions, when it may be assumed as at least highly probable that the remaining arms are correctly disposed.

PIGS.

Straying porkers form a great danger on account of their playful habit of bolting across the road at precisely the wrong moment. It is best to dismount on sighting one of these creatures, turn the bicycle round, re-mount, and ride *backwards* until the danger is passed. The animal will imagine you to be proceeding in the opposite direction, and will harmlessly cross what he believes to be your front. Another plan is to climb over the hedge and imitate the rattling of a bucket by hammering the gearcase with a spanner. This will lure the pig into the field and afford you a chance of escape.

MAPS.

In order to avoid unnecessary expense, it is a good plan to find the Free Library at each town visited and ask to see the local directory. An admirable map of the district will usually be found just inside the cover. This may be unostentatiously detached, retained as long as required, and then sent back to the Librarian by post.

OIL.

Lubricant oil is usually forgotten, so that a list of easily obtained substitutes will be welcome:—(1) cider, (2) fried bacon fat (before congealed), (3) melted butter, (4) tomato sauce thinned with vinegar, (5) red ink, (6) sardine oil.

SARDINE TIN.

The empty tin, when suspended by a piece of string, makes an efficient gong, and may be presented to the landlord before leaving as a mark of esteem or in part payment of the bill.

THE CINEMA HEROES.

HONOUR where honour is due, and in a world that has instant praise for everyone connected with the footlights the great cinema comedians have been too long neglected.

Who are they? you ask. Well, there are many, and their adventures and misadventures are many too, but the chief of them are MAX, BUNNY, PRINCE and TONTELLINO.

No matter into what electric theatre you drop, there for a certainty is one at least of the four in a comic drama, and if only the cowboy romance and the Indian melodrama and the events of the week were not also present, all four might be on view.

These irresponsible gentlemen, whose feats and blunders give amusement to millions of their fellow-creatures all over the world every day—for cinema films go everywhere—are the sons of four different nations. MAX is either German or Austrian, PRINCE is French, TONTELLINO is Italian, and BUNNY is American. England alone has as yet no famous cinema comedian; but no doubt one will come.

MAX is the pick of the bunch for elegance and charm and manly beauty. MAX is tall; he wears his clothes well; he has animated and expressive features, as indeed a cinema actor must have, since he cannot speak; and about him is an air of style. His devotion to a little black moustache also suggests that he will never, as the others have done, impersonate a woman. MAX is the man about town, the gay Lothario of the cinema. He loves and triumphs, or he loves and fails, and it's all one to him. He smiles and prepares for the next film. One day his cook leaves him, and we see him struggling with the mysteries of the cuisine. He goes to the market and buys a live fowl, and before he can kill it—with his revolver—he has destroyed £100 worth of furniture, glass and crockery.

At another time he marries and, finding that his wife prefers a rival, calls in his collie as a spy. No sooner does the other appear than the collie rushes to the telephone to apprise MAX in his office; and MAX, arriving at home, turns both wife and lover out, and resumes his *ménage à deux* with the collie. But everything he does is done with *sang-froid* and *élan*. That is MAX.

PRINCE is a more typical actor. He has the comedian's face and figure: blunt features, clean shaved. His *rôle* chiefly is marital embroilments, jealousies, subterfuges. He tears his hair, his eyes start out of his head, he rushes about as French comedians always must. He gives appointments to several



Sweet Seventeen (watching the useless efforts of riderless horse). "Poor darling! Somebody ought to tell him."

young women at the same rendezvous and the same time—by accident, of course—and all turn up at once. Then Prince is in his element. Seeing so vast a concourse he flies, and all pursue, even to the river, which they swim hard on his heels. For they are a hardy lot, these cinema performers, and must be ready for anything.

Tontellino is the Italian Prince; but with a difference. Prince can take part in a serious drama; Tontellino never could. He has a figure *pour rire* to start with: he is small with a prematurely old face, as our own Dan Leno had. Hence his *rôle* is sheer farce. He is the husband of enormous women, who bully him and carry him about. He is told to fight the men who insult them and has to take lessons in physical development until his muscles are gigantic. In one film he is converted at a drawing-room meeting and leaves it with a passion for the conversion of others. He enters a café and removes the drink of a party at a table. They fall upon him and sweep the floor with him. Undeterred, he pursues his proselytising way, always ending in rough-and-tumble disaster.

And Bunny—Bunny is an American comedian with a positive acreage of face. It is the biggest face on earth, clean-shaven, pliable, capable of expressing the depths of woe and the heights of joy. Bunny is equally at home as woman or man. At one time he is a stage-struck cook who flings up a situation to enter musical comedy. At another time he is a householder overcome with the purpose of reducing his flesh, of which he has enormous quantities, by a private Turkish bath. In this he is sitting naked and a prisoner when a burglar enters and calmly clears up the valuables. Such is the variegated exciting life of Bunny in the films. What it is privately, who can say? But one thing is certain—he cannot long be anonymous. Such a face as that sticks in the memory.

And how to become a great cinema comedian? That I do not know. Perhaps it is necessary to fail first on the real stage, perhaps not. But if so there is hope for nearly every one.

Seen in the window of a Belfast print-seller:—

"'The Whistler's Mother'
McNeill."

The pathos of this picture appeals to every mother of a young family.

AN ART IN THE MAKING.

I sing a skilled artificer
Who, soaring o'er the real,
Seems, strange as it may sound, to err
By a too high ideal;
You know him and that lack of flaws
That mars his best ambition:
'Tis he who fits his fellows' jaws
With counterfeit dentition.

I'd have him make some faults in it
(Although to him mere eyesores);
One canine twisted round a bit,
Or gap 'twixt two incisors;
But no, 'twould seem he could not bear
The smallest space to part 'em,
He cannot grasp, for all his care,
Ars est celare artem.

His "sets" are far too bright and good
For human nature's feeding;
Deceive a child they never could,
Yet on he works unheeding;
But whoso takes this hint to heart,
My business instinct guesses,
A fortune waits his novel art;
Perpend, good L.D.S.'s!

"Special week end terms; Sat.-Mon., with free gold."—*Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."*

We have been looking for this hotel for years.

THE SHAW EXTENSION AND POPULARISATION COMPANY, UNLIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

SHAW CAPITAL £10,000,000.

Divided into 10,000,000 Preference Shaws of £1 each. Of which 5,000,000 are now offered for subscription at a premium of £100 per Shaw.

PAYABLE IN FULL ON APPLICATION.

The remainder of the Capital (namely, 5,000,000 Shaws) has been allotted, fully paid, to the Vendor, Mr. G. B. SHAW, in part payment of the purchase price.

Directors:

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, London, England.
GEORGE B. SHAW, Edinburgh, Scotland.
G. BERNARD SHAW, Dublin, Ireland.

Bankers:

Messrs. GEORGE, BERNARD & SHAW.

Solicitors:

Messrs. SHAW, BERNARD & GEORGE.

Auditors:

Messrs. BERNARD, GEORGE & SHAW.

Secretary and Registered Offices:

G. B. SHAW, No. 1, Self Street, Vanity Square.

PURPOSES OF THE COMPANY.

The Company has been formed for the acquisition and development of the well-known statesman, playwright, poet, essayist, speaker, vegetarian and hero, Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, who has himself, in accordance with an agreement dated May 16, fixed the purchase price of himself as a going concern, a liberal rebate having been made for the absence of any tangible goodwill. Mr. SHAW has by another agreement bound himself to write and speak exclusively for the Company during the period of what it is proposed, subject to Mr. SHAW's assent, to call his natural life. The Vendor's accounts show that he has a full productive capacity of 200,000,000 gallons per day, exclusive of signed letters to the newspapers, an amount amply sufficient to ensure a handsome profit. All bye-products will be carefully tested before being placed on the market. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN's office and the CENSOR will be maintained in good working order so as to ensure the customary flow of acidulated matter, and waste will be checked by the old system of universal advertisement.

The Vendor's accounts have been examined by the Company's Auditors, who report as follows:—

DEAR SIRS,—We beg to report that, after an exhaustive investigation, we have come to the conclusion that no risk whatever attaches to the purchase you are contemplating. All the undertakings of the Vendor have been conducted on sound business lines and in an enlightened spirit of self-interest. The SHAKSPEARE department, with illustrations of Mr. SHAW measuring his brain against SHAKSPEARE's, has never failed to show profits, and the same may be said of the Marriage-undermining Branch, opened some time ago. The sub-office for the Destruction of Public Confidence in Doctors has shown large favourable balances, and has been but little affected by the Insurance Act. The branch for the Abolition of Belief in Heroism is also doing good work in calling attention to the Vendor. He proposes in future to extend this branch, so as to cover all battles, sieges, mine-explosions, railway accidents and shipwrecks. We anticipate largely increased profits from this source. The Vendor will, we understand, continue to dissect himself and his feelings in public.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) BERNARD, GEORGE & SHAW.

A suitable SHAW-factory building in London is under consideration, and subsidiary companies will be established in all the capitals and populous provincial centres of the world.

Prospectuses and Application Forms can be obtained everywhere.

ROUNDABOUTS AND SWINGS.

IT was early last September nigh to Framlin'am-on-Sea
An' 'twas Fair-day come to-morrow, an' the time was after tea,
An' I met a painted caravan adown a dusty lane,
A Pharaoh with his wagons comin' jolt an' creak an' strain;
A cheery cove an' sunburnt, bold o' eye and wrinkled up,
An' beside him on the splashboard sat a brindled tarrier pup,
An' a lurcher wise as SOLOMON an' lean as fiddle-strings
Was joggin' in the dust along 'is roundabouts an' swings.

"Goo'-day," said 'e; "Goo'-day," said I; "an' 'ow d'you find things go,
An' what's the chance o' millions when you runs a travellin' show?"
"I find," said 'e, "things very much as 'ow I've always found,
For mostly they goes up and down or else goes round and round."
Said 'e, "The job 's the very spit o' what it always were,
It's bread and bacon mostly when the dog don't catch a 'are;
But lookin' at it broad, an' while it ain't no merchant king's,
What's lost upon the roundabouts we pulls up on the swings!

"Goo' luck," said 'e; "Goo' luck," said I; "you've put it past a doubt;
An' keep that lurcher on the road, the gamekeepers is out;"
'E thumped upon the footboard an' 'e lumbered on again
To meet a gold-dust sunset down the owl-light in the lane;
An' the moon she climbed the 'azels, while a nightjar seemed to spin
That Pharaoh's wisdom o'er again, 'is sooth of lose-and-win;
For "up an' down an' round," said 'e, "goes all appointed things,
An' losses on the roundabouts means profits on the swings!"

A Sporting Offer.

"WANTED, situation as plain cook; no objection to doing a little plain cooking. Apply Cook."—*Buenos Aires Standard.*

"We have printed, verbatim, all that Phillimore gives on the subject. Nor has Phillimore rested his facts on Prideaux alone. He quotes Ibid as his authority for paragraphs 3 and 4, both of which paragraphs confirm paragraph 2, based on Prideaux."—*Nottingham Daily Express.*

We have never considered, though, that IBID will take a high place among the great minds of the age. His thoughts are generally a mere amplification of those of previous writers, and his style is sheer plagiarism. VIDE SUPRA, the Hungarian philosopher, is just such another parasite.



"I AIN'T BEGGIN', SIR! I'LL WORK! WEED YER YARD FOR YOU, SIR!" "CONFOUND YOU, NO! THAT'S THE LAWN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I ONCE read a story where a sixteenth-century fugitive, instead of taking refuge in the Secret Chamber, simply went to bed. They never thought of looking for him there, while the Secret Chamber, of course, was the first place they searched. To my mind, the young conspirator should avoid writing cipher letters just as carefully as that wise fugitive avoided secret chambers. They are always decoded by the enemy, and then where is he? These remarks are inspired by Mr. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY'S latest historical novel, *A Health unto His Majesty* (HURST AND BLACKETT). So far from wishing health unto his Majesty King CHARLES II., his secretary CHALLIS was plotting against him, and to that effect wrote a cipher letter (fool!) which was promptly seized and interpreted by JANE LANE. Armed with this, JANE was enabled to force him to back her up at the dramatic moment when she was sacrificing her happiness for the sake of CHARLES'S future. Mr. MCCARTHY is always a fascinating historian, and this "tale of CHARLES the debonair untraced by CLARENDON'S monumental pen" will increase his reputation. He has made CHARLES a very human young man, especially lovable in his verbal duel with General MONK; and the only pity is that the Muse of History will not permit too many liberties to be taken with her. She sternly forbids a happy ending to this story, dismissing CHARLES to marry the Princess of PORTUGAL, JANE to live with her memories at Bentley Court, and the reader to wish it could have been otherwise.

A Candidate for Truth (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) is Mr. J. D. BERESFORD'S second book about *Jacob Stahl*, and it ends with the announcement that "the further history of Jacob and Betty will be told in another volume." This, of course, is in quite the modern manner, but I doubt the wisdom of it. For my own part I feel that, although I have not had anything like enough of Mr. BERESFORD, I have had quite enough of *Stahl*. At the beginning of this second lap we find *Stahl* in an out-at-elbows state until *Cecil Barker*, an East-end parson, employs him as a secretary. *Barker* spent his life in looking for and helping queer "cases," but he was utterly unable to screw up any enthusiasm over *Stahl*. Really virile sinners who could be brought to a virile state of repentance appealed to him; the new secretary was simply flabby, with neither the courage to sin up to the Vicar's standard nor the power to do anything except wonder why he was such a failure. *Barker*, who is drawn brilliantly if a little spitefully, got rid of *Stahl*, and had I been in his place I should have acted precisely as he did. It is true that, as the book progresses, *Stahl* begins to throw off some of his flabbiness, but he is only interesting to me because he proves his creator to be an artist of the highest promise. Never have I encountered a more unerring eye for the weak points of human nature; but this insistence upon the foibles of humanity tends to produce a gloomy atmosphere, and as Mr. BERESFORD possesses humour of the most delightful brand it is a crime not to use it more freely. If he will only be a little less introspective and "fearless," I may have to acknowledge—when the third and (presumably) last lap has been completed—that *Stahl* is a better stayer than I at present think him.

That pleasant and companionable quality for which I have before now had occasion to be grateful in the work of Mr. J. E. BUCKROSE, comes out as fresh and charming as ever in his latest story, *A Bachelor's Comedy* (MILLS AND BOON). The comedy is a little sentimental perhaps, but

this will be no fault for many; and certainly the tenderness and humour—of smiles rather than laughter—with which Mr. BUCKROSE presents it are altogether delightful. Its hero, the *Rev. Andrew Deane*, new Rector of Gaythorpe, is a figure new also to fiction, and wholly welcome. The jollity of the lad (still young enough to be haunted by an over-present fear of being called *Andy*), his good-heartedness and sentiment and small affectations, are all of them set out in a manner to make him live and be loved. Of course in the book he is loved very actually by *Elizabeth*, the Squire's fair daughter; and because, even in such a pleasant comedy as this, the course of affection must not run too tamely smooth, there are misunderstandings. But, though Mr. BUCKROSE keeps these going up to the very day before that on which *Elizabeth* should have married somebody else, they didn't frighten me more than the least little bit. I was almost certain that no author could create such an engaging hero as *Andy* without rewarding him with the appointed heroine. Still, I was glad when all was put right and I could enjoy the improbable but happily Buckrosian fashion in which *Elizabeth's* family took the sudden change in her plans. This is only one of a number of scenes that should ensure for *A Bachelor's Comedy* the success it deserves.

If there are any egoists left nowadays, they must be men who do not read modern fiction. Novelists of to-day seem to have taken it upon themselves to understudy MEREDITH's imps. One after another they join the pursuing pack. The latest to give tongue is Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT, in *The Dewpond* (HURST AND BLACKETT). Drawing the Mayfair spinney, he has started *Mr. Saintsbury*, the eminent politician. Personally, I think he might have left the poor man alone. *Mr. Saintsbury* may have had "no subconscious hinterlands," but he was not a bad sort of fellow on the whole, and I followed the hunt with mixed feelings. That *Basil Coburn*, the fascinating novelist, was scheduled sooner or later to rob him of his wife was obvious; and, as nothing else happens in the story, I might have found *The Dewpond* rather tedious reading, if it had not been for *Violet Henderson*. She is a perfectly delightful character. As *Miss Guest* puts it, "she would warm a workhouse." *Miss Guest* is a minor character who saves Mr. MARRIOTT the trouble of direct narrative by telling the story for him in a series of letters to her brother. It is only through the medium of her observation that the reader is permitted to see into the minds of the principal actors in the comedy. The method is ingenious, and helps to conceal the fact that the story might have been told with considerably more brevity; but it has its defects. Somebody else's opinion of what somebody else's opinion of somebody else may conceivably have been is never quite so satisfying as first-hand information from the author.

The dependencies of *Zenda* would by this time cover many continents, but I am inclined to hope that the country which Miss WINIFRED GRAHAM makes the scene of *Sons of State* (MILLS AND BOON) may be regarded as what vulgar persons would call the limit. *Mortimer Dugdale* soon found what kind of a place it was when, going as a casual spectator to the lying-in-state of its youthful monarch, he discovered that the king still breathed, and for saying so publicly was condemned by the queen-mother to be "gnawed by starving vermin." Even after that alone, the tourist agencies might advertise cheap fortnights in lovely Lambasa in vain, so far as I am concerned. But, of course, there was lots more. *King Maldio* breathed at his own funeral, because the court physician who was hired to poison him had prescribed the old *Friar Lawrence* mixture instead, in order to rescue him later, like *Juliet*, from the family vault. Which was done; and *Maldio*, prudently determining not to proclaim his recovery, went off to Cambridge instead, where it appears he had already been educated as an undergraduate. (I must look up Mr. OSCAR BROWNING's memoirs about this.) In Cambridge he wooed and won the fair young daughter of an amiable professor named *Magnus*, but not even on his honeymoon was he safe from his foes in Lambasa, who, having discovered his identity, concocted a terrible plot to abandon him handcuffed in a deserted cab, from which indeed he was only rescued by his devoted bride, who gave chase on a bicycle. It was about here that I began to realize that Miss GRAHAM's sense of the ludicrous did not coincide with my own. And when *King Maldio* got back to Lambasa and it was discovered that the professor's daughter was really a Princess in her own right, well, you see what I meant by "the limit."



MORE TRADE SECRETS.

NIGHT SCENE ON THE HEATH—EVE OF BANK HOLIDAY.

TO A CRITIC OF STYLE.

["He was a gentleman, even to his dogs."
J. L. Adolphus on his contemporary, Sir Walter Scott.]

NOT to your penman's fame I make objection
(Writ large in our Museum's Catalogues),
But I would like to ask in this connection—
"Are you a judge—of gentlemen or dogs?"

"Brown says"—thus one to him who wrote *Pendennis*—
"You're such a gentleman!" . . . Came answer slow:
"How kind of Brown! The only question, then, is—
Excuse my asking—how came Brown to know?"

Truth, honour, courage, loyalty, devotion
Are gentle qualities, as none deny,
And many a dog—at least I've half a notion—
Is far a finer gentleman than I.

As is one gentleman toward another,
So was he to his dog, his peer and chum;
Shall we deny what we accord the other,
Merely because one gentleman was *dumb*?

CHARIVARIA.

Say what you may about the Welsh they have certainly mastered the art of making their political meetings merry and bright. At Mr. Lloyd George's Carnarvon meeting, for instance, we read:—"When one woman in the gallery shouted 'Votes for Women!' her hat was torn off and hurled down on the platform. It alighted on the head of the Revd. Evan Jones, who, in a frenzy, rose from his seat, jumped on the hat, and hurled it back among the audience."

* * *

The War Office, according to *The Express*, sold the right to take cinematograph pictures of the King's recent visit to Aldershot to the highest bidder. At this rate it may yet be possible to carry on a war one day at a profit.

* * *

The Home Secretary has issued an order that male convicted prisoners undergoing sentences not exceeding one month shall not be permitted to attend divine service daily, as hitherto, but only on Wednesdays and Sundays. We cannot help thinking that this may have the effect of preventing many religious persons from becoming prisoners.

* * *

An elderly person named Henry Nixon was fined five shillings and costs last week at Canterbury for striking Sir Norman Pringle, who was interfering in a dog-fight. In canine circles this is considered a gross miscarriage of justice, and there is some talk of presenting Mr. Nixon with a collar bearing an appropriate inscription in praise of his action.

* * *

We understand that among the more thoughtful members of our leisured classes there is a feeling that there may be something in Mr. H. G. Wells' suggestion to the effect that the use of luxurious motor vehicles may cause a certain amount of irritation in the minds of working men. As a result it is just possible that the discarded four-wheeler and the old-fashioned horse omnibus, not to mention the coster's barrow, may yet become the favourite equipages of smart society.

Rosinante seems to have figured creditably in the recent production of *Don Quichotte* at the London Opera House, but we found no allusion to *Sancho's* donkey. Surely we have plenty of artistes who could have done justice to that *rôle*?

* * *

"I do not believe," says Dr. Hutchison, "that you can habitually overfeed a healthy, growing child." This opinion has been endorsed by a large proportion of the class referred to, and a number of public-spirited children have even expressed themselves as willing that experiments should be made on them.

* * *

It transpires from police-court proceedings at Glasgow that a professional fat lady of that city, weighing forty-seven stones, intimated that she was looking for a husband, but, upon a gentleman mounting the stage and offering to marry her, she knocked him down and threw him among the audience. The charge of assault was ultimately withdrawn, but we cannot help fearing that the lady's chances of matrimony are not so rosy as they were.

* * *

The extinction of the office boy is threatened, we are told, by the many mechanical devices for saving labour to be seen at the Business Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall. Our experience, however, goes to prove that the office boy is making a game fight to show that he can be as clever in labour-saving tricks as any of the new devices.

* * *

"M. Maurice Maeterlinck wishes it to be known that there is not, and never has been, any arrangement to box with Georges Charpentier at a charity fête in June." It was nice of the master not to deny the report until we had all had time to make our little jokes on the subject.

* * *

"This pair of common storks in the gulls' aviary at the Zoological Gardens," we read, "are rearing a family of five." This confirms what we hear on all sides, namely, that it is only the common or lower classes nowadays that have large families.

* * *

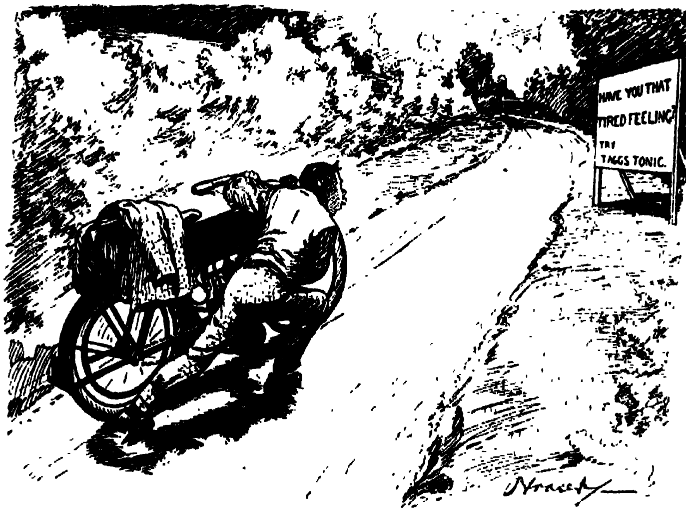
"Secrets of Vesuvius revealed.
Yawning abysses."

Thus *The Daily Chronicle*. Yet we are never surprised to hear of abysses yawning, for they always have the appearance of being bored.

* * *

A gruesome story reaches us from a certain hospital. On its staff is a surgeon who is famous for the celerity of his operations. The other day he had twelve on his list. When he had polished off the eleventh he asked where the twelfth was. "Oh, Number One refused to leave his bed," he was told. "What a pity!" said the surgeon. "That means that I have performed the wrong operations on all the others, for I took 'em in the order of the list."

* * *



A BANK-HOLIDAY IDYLL.

An uneasy feeling, approaching panic, has been aroused among the clients of a certain beauty doctor by a rumour to the effect that he is about to publish a book, illustrated by portraits, entitled "Masterpieces of the Restorer's Art."

* * *

Visitors to the Louvre will in future be able to hire portable stools on which they can rest in front of the great masterpieces. It is hoped that this will render it unnecessary for visitors to take the pictures home to study—as was done recently in the case of Leonardo's "La Gioconda."

* * *

Two girls in Budapest who had decided to fight a duel over a young man with whom they were both in love have, the well-informed *Express* tells us, settled the matter by becoming engaged to the two men who volunteered to act as their seconds. This reminds us strangely of a recent duel in France in which both the principals escaped, but one of the seconds was mortally wounded.

TO A GENTLEMAN OF ENGLAND.

[Being thoughts, suitable for Whitsuntide, on the question whether a fair division of labour might not help to solve the present unrest.]

As when in slumber's net enmeshed,
Our limbs relaxed, our head supine,
It is our hope to rise refreshed
Just as a giant after wine,
So in the calm recess of Whit
We gather strength and moral beauty
That we may face, superbly fit,
The rather clamorous call of Duty.

You've read the wisdom day by day
Of Mr. WELLS and other seers,
Showing what England has to say
To you and all your favoured peers;
Hinting that this profound unrest
Which so disturbs our peaceful polity
Demands a sacrificial Quest
From men, like you, of knightly quality.

And now this Whitsuntide retreat
Should serve as lubricative oil
To turn you out prepared to meet
The claims of universal toil;
Not that it seemed a piece of news—
This debt you owe your poorer neighbours,
But such appeals may well infuse
A zest in your accustomed labours.

More honestly than ever yet
You will address yourself to win
The prize of smartness from the set
That Providence has placed you in;
Plying your work as one by whom
Its sanctity is understood would,
On Epsom Downs you'll tan your bloom,
At Ascot toil and spin at Goodwood.

Henley shall see the labourer's brand
On brows perspiring in a punt;
Hurlingham mark your horny hand
Tightened against the tourney's brunt;
Dinners and dances, plays and masques
Nightly you'll be assisting at a
Fresh item of the season's tasks
Till Duty calls to Cowes Regatta.

Nor yet the round of work is done
For those of conscientious type:
The restive grouse awaits your gun,
The early cub will now be ripe;
Then comes the pheasant's claim, and still
These calls that tax your nervous tissues
Will find you straining, neck or *nil*,
To solve the nation's social issues.

Then, lest upon your active powers
Too soon the lid of languor shuts,
Cull while you can these Whitsun hours!
Go maying in among the nuts!
That none may tell it, to your shame,
How, when her trouble came upon her,
You did not play your country's game
As fits a gentleman of honour.

O. S.

From *The Making of London*:—

"The worship of Lud was a water-worship."

Which is why judges (who are proverbially sober) are addressed as My Lud.

THE OTHERS.

A LITTLE while ago "F. T. G. V. (Westmount)," a diligent and serious reader of *The Montreal Daily Star*, wrote to the editor the following letter:—

"Would you kindly publish in your columns a short biography of H. G. Wells? I am most particular to know what professions or occupations he has followed in the course of his life, and the probable effects they have had upon his writings."

The editor at once complied in the following terms:—

"Harry Gideon Wells, pathologist, was born at New Haven, Conn., in 1875. He obtained the degree of Ph.B. at Sheffield Scientific School, Yale, 1895; A.M., Lake Forest University, 1897; M.D., Rush Medical College, 1898; Ph.D., University of Chicago, 1903; interne, Cook Co. Hospital, 1898-9; studied in Berlin, 1904-5. Among his published works are "Chemical Pathology, 1907," besides numerous articles in medical and biological publications. . . . . Another H. G. Wells, born in Hartford, Conn., was a dentist, and claimed to have discovered anesthesia and used it in his profession. He was also a contributor to periodical literature."

On perusing this, the British reader, accustomed to think of his "H. G." as the one and only, rubs his eyes and once again gives utterance to the pathetic inquiry, "What is a sardine?"

One can only too easily imagine further activities of the patriotic intelligence department of *The Montreal Daily Star*. Thus "A. F. (Romeville)" asks, "Will you kindly favour me with a concise biography of G. B. SHAW?" The answer is prompt:—

Gabriel Bunyan Shaw, minister of the gospel, was born at Oxville, Pa., in 1863. He was educated in his native town, but took his degree at the Boskito Divinity Seminary in 1885. Since then he has had charge of many chapels in various parts of America and is now not only pastor of the Sixty-seventh Avenue Free Congregational Church but literary editor of the *Sabbath Recreator*, a post that he has held since 1906. Mr. Shaw is the author of a number of devotional works, of which the best known are *Fanny's First Sermon* (modelled on *Jessica's First Prayer*), *The Angel's Disciple*, *The Quintessence of Moodyism*, *The Missionaries' Dilemma*, and *Mrs. Warren's Conversion*. In addition to these he has a variety of domestic volumes to his name, chief of which is the ever-popular *What to do with the Cold Beef*. There is also, of course, the famous G. B. Shaw, of Chicago, whose pork-packing factory is known all the world over; but we do not suppose that our correspondent is interested in him.

And again, "K. B. (Cheepeekie Falls)" wishes to have some particulars of the career of H. H. ASQUITH, in whose mentality she is deeply interested; and she is informed in terms such as these that Hannibal Homer Asquith, comedian, is one of the best comic men the States can boast. He was born in 1871, at Carthage (Me.), and made his *début* at the age of eleven as one of a troupe of tramp cyclists at the Freak Theatre, Poughkeepsie. Attracting the attention of the late JOSEPH JEFFERSON, he played several hundred times as the contortionist in *Rip van Winkle* before renouncing the boneless wonder business for sand-dancing and farmyard imitations. In 1905 he patented the Angel Cake-walk, and was appointed Professor of Saltatory Exegesis at the University of Tipperusalem, Oklahoma. In 1909 he married Stanleyette Maclardy, the famous Georgian soubrette, and toured in Mexico, Yucatan and the Klondyke. His recreations are Christian Science and golf, at which his favourite club is the knobkerrie.

A modest request from "P. G. (Little Muddy Creek, Ill.)"



DOGG'D.

WINSTON. "*SHIP'S* BISCUIT, I THINK."



Healthy Passenger (*on Isle of Man steamer*). "MY DOG HAS JUST RUN UNDERNEATH YOUR CHAIR; MAY I ASK YOU TO MOVE, SIR?"
Sick Passenger (*faintly*). "NOT IF THERE WAS A WILD ELEPHANT UNDERNEATH IT."

for a succinct memoir of GEORGE ALEXANDER elicits the following:—

Alexander, George, American merchant, was born of Macedonian stock at Thermopylæ (Miss.), on July 11th, 1859. He attended a public school in that city till he was fourteen, then became a clerk in a drug store, and was a retail clothing salesman from 1881 to 1887, when he established, with Nahum Stosch, the clothing house of Alexander & Stosch, in Buffalo. Mr. Alexander, who has patented the famous "anticorrugator" trouser-stretcher, early identified himself with religious work, and has been since 1895 President of the Rational Dress Reform League.

One wonders if America has a correlative of every one on this side who is at all famous. We had long known, of course, of the two WINSTON CHURCHILLS. These later revelations are even more astounding.

VIKINGS' FARE.

ACCORDING to *The Daily Mail* the following is the recipe for M. ESCOFFIER's new masterpiece, *Fraises Sarah Bernhardt*, for whose appearance gourmets have for some time been palpitating:—

"Select some very fine ripe berries, carefully remove the stalks, and place the fruits in a silver or china timballe (bowl). Cover with powdered sugar and moisten with a few glasses of 'Curaçao à la Fine Champagne,' after which keep in a cool place.

Prepare a pine-apple ice, which turn into a square 'Comtesse Marie' mould; also a very fine light mousse flavoured with the same brandy Curaçao, adding a few spoonfuls of strawberry pulp passed through a very fine sieve so as to give the mousse a nice warm appearance.

When ready to serve, turn out the ice on a deep dish, if possible square in shape. Place the strawberries all round the ice and completely cover the latter by the mousse.

To enhance the effect, place the dish whereon the strawberries repose in a block of natural ice, and cover the whole with a veil of drawn (spun) sugar."

Feeling that there is something a little decadent and effeminate about this confection as a food for the masters of the waves *Mr. Punch's* gastronomic expert has great pleasure in presenting a similar but slightly more stimulating dainty, which will be tested by a gathering of boy-scout *cognoscenti* on Hampstead Heath next Saturday. He entitles it

Fraises Francis Drake.

Prepare a large heavy *mousse*. To do this take two mocassins, one tomahawk, and bow and arrows. Stalk the *mousse* carefully until within about fifty yards, then pot it behind the left shoulder-blade. Skin body and remove the brisket (whatever that may be) and cure it over camp fire. Use it as football until thoroughly tender, mince in chaff-cutter, and mix with two pints of Devonshire cream (which should be whipped thoroughly for two hours with a stock-whip) and a quart of stone ginger-beer.

Place in a refrigerator for an hour, and if it looks cold when it comes out wrap in soft woollen comforter and sprinkle lavishly with red pepper. Now run the lawn-mower lightly over the strawberry bed for ten minutes, and pour the result round *mousse*. Garnish with comfray, poppadums, and angelica. Serve hard into the left-hand court with a cut, and fly for cover.

GEORGE'S WIFE'S BABY.

FROM one point of view, of course, it is George's baby. But somehow I never think of it in that light—partly, I suppose, because I have never come across George and it together, and have scarcely so much as heard him speak of it. There are times, indeed, when I am disposed to doubt if George has ever seen it.

I myself met it for the first time the other day.

"Isn't he a darling?" cried George's wife ecstatically, as she held it out for my inspection; and I could not help being at once struck by the fact that it was a singularly obese baby.

I looked at it critically and dispassionately, but thought it best not to say exactly what I felt.

"Well, can't you speak?" asked George's wife. "What do you think of him?"

"I—I was thinking that . . . Surely he doesn't take enough exercise?" I burst out at last, trying to put it as nicely as I could.

"What on earth do you mean?"

I saw that it was necessary to state the truth boldly and bluntly.

"Why," I said, "can't you see for yourself how stout he's getting? If I were you," I went on impressively, "I should knock off one of his meals. And don't let him sleep so much after lunch; you can't help putting on flesh if you do that."

"Putting on flesh, indeed!" cried my sister-in-law with indignation. "Why, everybody says he's the nicest little fellow that ever was—isn't 'oo, icksey-dicksey? He'd take first prize at any Baby Show—wouldn't 'oo, toodleums?"

"Is that his name?"

"Is what his name?"

"Toodleums."

"No."

"Icksey-dicksey, then?"

"No."

"Then why——" But there was a stiffened look about George's wife's shoulders as she bent over her offspring that I did not quite like. So once more I sought refuge in silence, and for a space engaged in quiet contemplation of the fleshy mass.

"Well?" asked George's wife again; and again I found I was expected to say something.

"What are you going to do with him?" I inquired with an effort.

This time there was a metallic gleam in George's wife's eyes that I liked even less than the stiffening of her shoulders.

"Is it possible," she asked, "that you are trying to work off on me a so-called joke which even the back pages of the magazines have got tired of printing? Do you want to know whether I am going to keep it or drown it? Because I may tell you at once that I've quite made up my mind to keep it."

"You misunderstand me. I merely wanted to know what profession you intended him for."

"Well, whatever happens, he's certainly not going to be a horrid, spiteful journalist man who's always poking fun or slinging mud, is 'oo, icks- -are you, Dicky darling?"

"Dicky darling," looking his worst, answered with a loud yell.

"There, then, did his nasty unky make him cry?"

"No, he did not," I answered shortly.

Miraculously enough, at the sound of my voice the crying stopped, and I turned a triumphant gaze on George's wife. I could see she was in two minds whether to make the baby yell again or not, but in the end her better feelings conquered.

"Ask unky to show 'oo his nice new watch," was her next foolish remark, and she waited expectantly. I waited too. "Well, why don't you show it to him?" she said at last.

"I was waiting for him to ask me; you told him to, you know."

"Bless the man, does he think a three-months-old baby can talk? Here, give it to me."

"I—I think I must have left it at home."

"Then what's that you've got on the end of your chain?"

There was no help for it, and I had to take out the watch—a new and valuable one, given by dear Aunt Josephine to her favourite (and most talented) nephew on my last birthday—open the case and hold it up to his ear. I got tired of this before he did, and then the trouble began, culminating in the point at which offspring and hairspring became hopelessly entangled. It may well be, as George's wife afterwards alleged, that I gave free expression to my feelings, and even if I did say "Drat the little beast!" (which I have no recollection of doing) there was surely plenty of provocation. What I do remember quite plainly, however, is that before I went I gave George's wife some sound advice concerning her baby.

"It seems to me," I said, "that he's well on the road to become a smug, self-conscious, self-indulgent little prig. He has absolutely no thought beyond himself. But what can you expect if you keep him at home all day? Let him run about with others of his own age, or, better still, send him to a good public school. That'll knock some of the nonsense out of him, and take off some of his ridiculous fat into the bargain. You mark my words——"

But by this time I was alone in the room, and since then I have not been on the best of terms with George's wife. Nor with George either, for that matter. I happened to ask him for seven-and-six, the price of repairs to my watch, and his reply was worthy neither of a father nor of a brother.

"It's your own fault," he said coldly. "What on earth did you want to give it to him for?"

Two hours later I thought of a suitable answer; but the only person handy on whom I could have worked it off was the office-boy, and he hasn't got a baby.



THE "WHISPER GIRL" MAY BE AN EXCELLENT INSTITUTION, BUT WE ARE INCLINED TO THINK THERE MAY BE MISUNDERSTANDINGS AT FIRST.

[A whisper girl has been installed at the Globe Theatre to receive telephone calls and convey the message in a whisper to the person concerned.]



"Dear me, quarrelling again! You must try to give and take." "That's what I'm trying to learn 'im!"

LINES TO AN AERIAL INTERRUPTER.

Good airman, sailing up and down,
If haply you should note
(Blobs on the links beneath you) Brown
And me in my green coat,
Me, by some fortune on my game,
And putting all the shots to shame
Of poor old Brown, then heed my claim
Airman, and do not act the untimely goat.

Keep far away, young flying man!
The wolkin's windy trough
With those imperious pinions fan,
Shoo! little bird, be off!
When I have punched a peerless drive
Straight as the homing bee to hive,
Pinwards, or bested bogey five,
None of your foolish antics. This is golf.

Golf, and I want the caddies' praise,
And Brown's resentful "Whew!"
As the long tee-shot, winged by fays,
Transcends their struggling view;
Golf—when my mashies, soft and clean,
Do a *vol-plané* on the green,
I look for plaudits blent with teen,
I do not want them gazing up at you.

On other days—ah well! when Fate
Is niggard and unkind,
And dooms my ball to devious gait
And dunches in the rind,
And Brown (no golfer, Brown) instead
Lays the long brassie well-nigh dead
And turns to me, with triumph red,
Seeking my homage—then I do not mind.

For then I glance at Brown (quite pink,
As I observed before)
And murmur, "Brown, I sometimes think
Golf is a beastly bore;
How better far to be employed
Like that young chap, to scour the void,
Doing one's country's work or, buoyed
By dreams of bullion from *The Mail*, to soar

High from this petty vale of woe
Where we poor earthmen plod,
Threshing the landscape blow by blow,
Whilst he, like some swift god,
Holding the future in his hand,
Does battle for the wreath—how grand!—
At Hendon;—do I understand
(Caddy, my niblick!) that I play the odd?"

That is the time, young lord of air,
For you to flutter down,
Or wheel above us bold and fair
With bee-like noise, that Brown
May have the gilded nectar-cup
Dashed from his lips or e'er he sup,
But when the bard is two holes up
Oblige me, then, and do not play the clown. Evoe.

AN UNHAPPY SPECULATION.

THIS is how I became a West African mining magnate with a stake in the Empire.

During February I grew suddenly tired of waiting for the summer to begin. London in the summer is a pleasant place, and chiefly so because you can keep on buying evening papers to see what Kent is doing. In February life has no such excitements to offer. So I wrote to my solicitor about it.

"I want you" (I wrote) "to buy me fifty rubber shares, so that I can watch them go up and down." And I added, "Brokerage ⅛" to show that I knew what I was talking about.

He replied tersely as follows:

"Don't be a fool. If you have any money to invest I can get you a safe mortgage at five per cent. Let me know."

It's a funny thing how the minds of solicitors run upon mortgages. If they would only stop to think for a moment they would see that you couldn't possibly watch a safe mortgage go up and down. I left my solicitor alone and consulted Henry on the subject. In the intervals between golf and golf Henry dabbles in finance.

"You don't want anything gilt-edged, I gather?" he said. It's wonderful how they talk.

"I want it to go up and down," I explained patiently, and I indicated the required movement with my umbrella.

"What about a little flutter in oil?" he went on, just like a financier in a novel.

"I'll have a little flutter in raspberry jam if you like. Anything as long as I can rush every night for the last edition of the evening papers and say now and then, 'Good heavens, I'm ruined.'"

"Then you'd better try a gold-mine," said Henry bitterly, in the voice of one who has tried. "Take your choice," and he threw the paper over to me.

"I don't want a whole mine—only a vein or two. Yes, this is very interesting," I went on, as I got among the West Africans. "The scoring seems to be pretty low; I suppose it must have been a wet wicket. 'H.E. Reef, 1¾, 2'—he did a little better in the second innings. '½, Boffin River, 5/16, 7/16'—they followed on, you see, but they saved the innings defeat. By the way, which figure do I really keep my eye on when I want to watch them go up and down?"

"Both. One eye on each. And don't talk about Boffin River to me."

"Is it like that, Henry? I am sorry. I suppose it's too late now to offer you a safe mortgage at five per cent.? I know a man who has some. Well, perhaps you're right."

On the next day I became a magnate. The Jaguar Mine was the one I fixed upon—for two reasons. First, the figure immediately after it was 1, which struck me as a good point from which to watch it go up and down. Secondly, I met a man at lunch who knew somebody who had actually seen the Jaguar Mine.

"He says that there's no doubt about there being lots there."

"Lots of what? Jaguars or gold?"

"Ah, he didn't say. Perhaps he meant jaguars."

Anyhow, it was an even chance, and I decided to risk it. In a week's time I was the owner of what we call in the City a "block" of Jaguars—bought from one Herbert Bellingham, who, I suppose, had been got at by his solicitor and compelled to return to something safe. I was a West African magnate.

My first two months as a magnate were a great success. With my heart in my mouth I would tear open the financial editions of the evening papers, to find one day that Jaguars had soared like a rocket to 1 1/16, the next that they had dropped like a stone to 1 1/32. There was one terrible afternoon when for some reason which will never be properly explained we sank to 15/16. I think the European situation had something to do with it, though this naturally is not admitted. Lord ROTHSCHILD, I fancy, suddenly threw all his Jaguars on the market; he sold and sold and sold, and only held his hand when, in desperation, the TSAR granted the concession for his new Southend to Siberia railway. Something like that. But he never recked how the private investor would suffer; and there was I, sitting at home and sending out madly for all the papers, until my rooms were littered with copies of *The Times*, *The Financial News* and—so literally was my order taken—*Answers*, *The Feathered World* and *Home Chat*. Next day we were up to 31/32, and I breathed again.

But I had other pleasures than these. Previously I had regarded the City with awe, but now I felt a glow of possession come over me whenever I approached it. Often in those first two months I used to lean against the Mansion House in a familiar sort of way; once I struck a match against the Royal Exchange. And what an impression of financial acumen I could make in a drawing-room by a careless reference to my "block of Jaguars"! Even those who misunderstood me and thought I spoke of my "flock of jaguars" were startled. Indeed life was very good just then.

But lately things have not been going well. At the beginning of April Jaguars settled down at 1 1/16. Though I stood for hours at the club tape, my hair standing up on end and my eye-balls starting from their sockets, Jaguars still came through steadily at 1 1/16. To give them a chance of doing something, I left them alone for a whole week—with what agony you can imagine. Then I looked again: a whole week and anything might have happened. Pauper or millionaire?—No, still 1 1/16.

Worse was to follow. Editors actually took to leaving out Jaguars altogether. I suppose they were sick of putting 1 1/16 in every edition. But how ridiculous it made my idea seem of watching them go up and down! How blank life became again!

And now what I dreaded most of all has happened. I have received a "Progress Report" from the mine. It gives the "total footage" for the month, special reference being made to "cross-cutting, winzing and sinking." The amount of "tons crushed" is announced. There is serious talk of "ore" being "extracted;" indeed there has already been a most alarming "yield in fine gold." In short, it can no longer be hushed up that the property may at any moment be "placed on a dividend-paying basis."

Probably I shall be getting a safe five per cent.!

"Dash it all," as I said to my solicitor this morning, "I might just as well have bought a rotten mortgage." A. A. M.

A Peculiar Hobby.

"The mole is a warlike animal—the most voracious, perhaps, in our island.

It is a popular belief that every true Mitford of Mitford has three moles on one part or another of his or her body."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

This fine story of British stoicism puts the tale of the Spartan boy quite into the shade.

An Adventurous Voyage.

"The liner *Virginian*, which arrived at Liverpool from Manchester on Saturday, reports having sighted seventy-seven icebergs during the voyage."—*Belfast Evening Telegraph.*

Steamers passing through the Ship Canal at this time of year ought to take the southern route.

"It must be accepted as a generally established principle that, contact having been obtained with the enemy, the Military Aviator should at once take to flight."

Air-Service Regulations.

Military Aviator: "Well, I'm tired of pushing the bally thing along. I wish I could see an enemy."

MODES FOR MOODS.

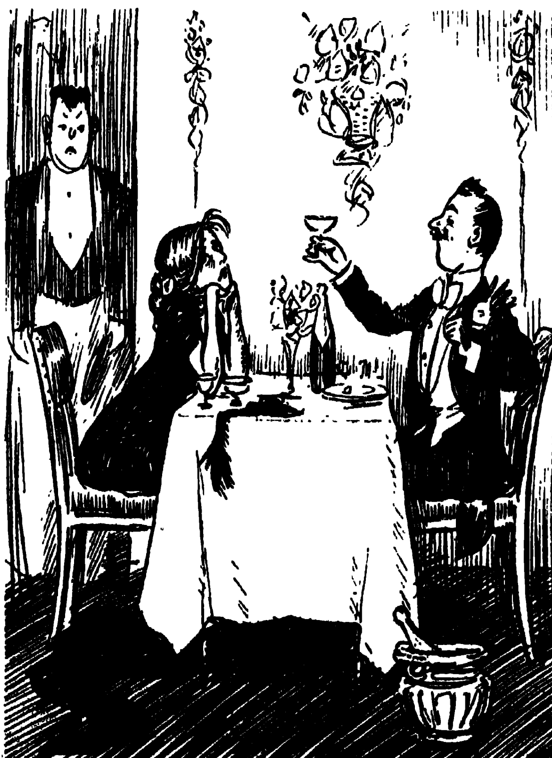
SHOWING THE DISADVANTAGES OF ADOPTING MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH'S THEORY (RECENTLY PROPOUNDED IN A CONTEMPORARY) THAT ONE'S CLOTHES SHOULD SUIT ONE'S MOOD OF THE MOMENT.



Extract from Diary.—AFTER LUNCH, WENT OUT WITH BILL. FELT ROTTEN. BILL HORRIBLY CHEERFUL.



BOUGHT A NEW HAT. FELT BETTER. BILL UNFORTUNATELY OVERHEARD PRICE. BOTH HAD TO GO HOME AND CHANGE BEFORE GOING TO PARK.



BILL WENT ON TO HIS CLUB AND HAD A SUCCESSFUL GAME OF SNOOKER. I WENT TO MINE AND PLAYED BRIDGE. HELD ROTTEN CARDS ALL THE TIME. BILL INSISTED ON DINING OUT.



PERKED UP AFTER DINNER. THE CHAMPAGNE OR SOMETHING DISAGREED WITH BILL, SO WE BOTH HAD TO RETURN HOME AND CHANGE AGAIN BEFORE GOING TO THE DUMPSHIRES'.



Otherwise Respectable Person. "IF I HOLD ON I LOSE MA TRAIN! IF I LET GO I FA' DOON! WAS EVER MORTAL MAN IN SIC A PREDEECAMENT?"

THEATRICAL NOTES.

THE recent action of Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in changing the title of his Garrick Theatre success to *Proper Peter*, in order to meet the views of "many parents," is one that was sure to give rise to considerable comment in dramatic circles. Other managements will certainly not be slow to follow his excellent example.

Thus we learn, on wholly impeachable authority, that Messrs. VEDRENNE and EADIE are about to rename their programme at the Criterion; and that *The Kiss* and *The New Sin* are to be called respectively *The Handclasp* and *His Father's Will.*

Mr. MACDONALD HASTINGS' other work is also to be brought into line with the new movement by having its title changed immediately from *Love—and What Then* to the more innocent one of *Affection—et Cetera.*

On the other hand, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS wishes us to contradict a rumour that the name of the spectacular drama at the National Theatre is to be changed from *Ben Hur* to *Ben Him.* Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER also denies in the most emphatic manner that he has any intention of playing *Bella Donna* under the suggested new title of *Ammoniated Quinine.*

At the Apollo Theatre, every evening, *The Pleasant Smile.*

Other recent innovations by two West-end managements, of which one provides a "Whisper Girl" to convey telephone calls to members of the audience during the performance, the other adds a short story by a popular author to its programme, have not passed unnoticed. It is very generally felt that these actions mark a tendency which, if carried far enough, may entirely remove the fault so often found with the theatre as a place where there is "nothing to do but watch plays."

Happily the palatial building shortly to be erected by the enterprise of Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN will do much towards this end, as we hear that, in addition to spacious reading and writing rooms, London's newest theatre is to be provided with a swimming-bath, a gymnasium, and a circulating library. It is said, moreover, that an ingenious system of sound-proof shelters, attached to the higher-priced seats, will enable their occupants to enjoy complete immunity from the often disturbing traffic of the stage.

THE MYTH.

(*A Thames Trout.*)

WHERE the bulrushes grow ranker
(Oh, the long green spears a-gleam!)
There the punt shall rock at anchor
In the stream;
By the weir's cool curve of thunder,
By the stones where wagtails plunder
Foolish daddy-long-leg flies,
And the strings of rainbow bubbles in
a rhapsody arise!

Hours may pass and hours go fleeting,
You shall heed them not, but stay
Lost to them, and all the sweeting
Of the may;
For beneath the swelling current
Where the midge cloud hangs susurrant,
And the sweeping swallows go,
Lives a most prodigious monster, lurking
learnedly and low!

No! I've never really seen him,
But the boatman tells a tale
Of a something ("must 'a' been 'im")
Like a whale
On the shelving shallow showing,
"Where them kingcups is a-growing,"
Only just the other night,
And the frightened fry went leaping
from the Presence left and right!

But a crafty old curmudgeon
He must be, for ne'er a fin
Does he move for any gudgeon
That you spin;
With a wink he maybe watches
'Neath the willow-root's dark notches
As you toil with aching wrist,
But the landing-net's no nearer, nor
the deft taxidermist!

But the skies are smiling bluely,
There is shade along the shore,
And the chestnut's litten newly
Lamps a score;
Drop the rod then and be thankful
For the sights that fill the bank full—
Verdant meads and ancient stems
And the broad paternal bigness and the
peace of Father Thames!



ON THE CRATER'S EDGE.

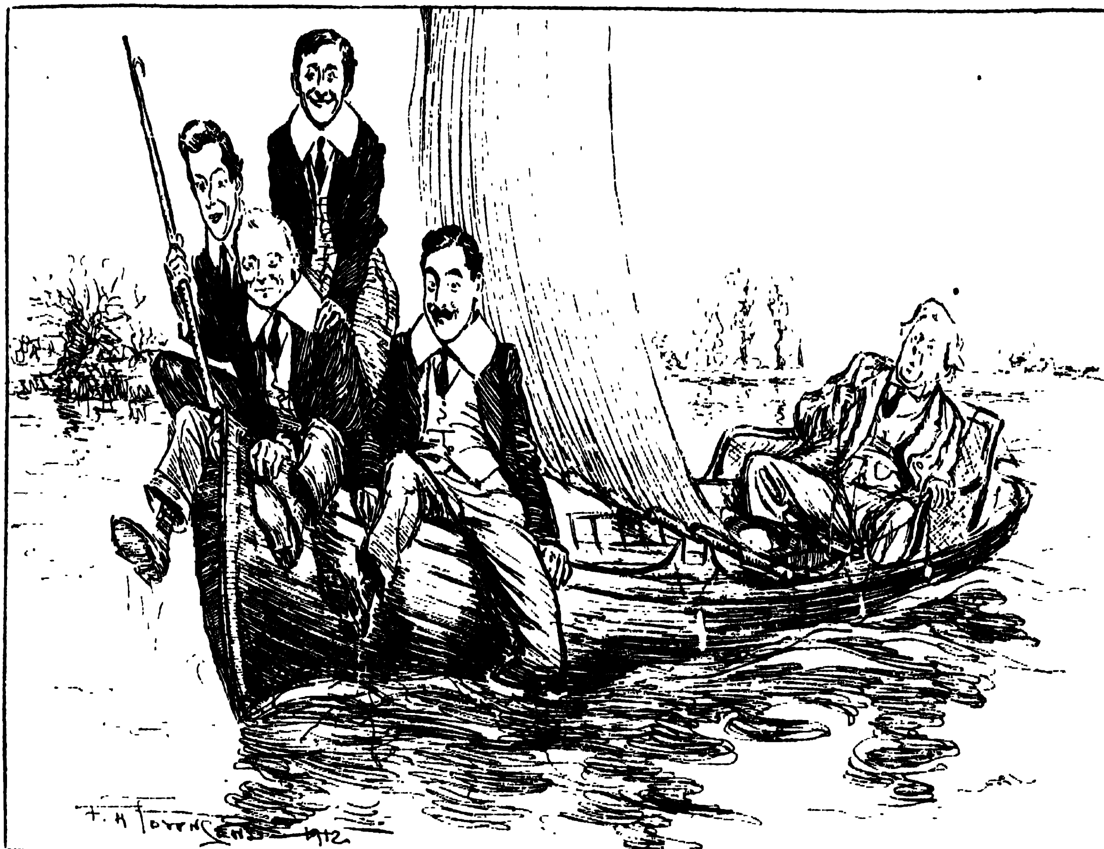
JOHN BULL (*to Committee of Enquiry*). "HALLO, DOWN THERE! ANYBODY DISCOVERED ANYTHING?"

VOICE (*from below*). "NOT YET, BUT WE'RE GETTING WARM."

[An Italian *savant* has recently been prosecuting investigations in the hollow of Vesuvius.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"YOUTH AT THE PROW AND (MIXED) PLEASURE AT THE HELM."

MR. F. D. ACLAND. MR. WEDGWOOD BENN. MR. ASQUITH.
SIR JOHN SIMON. MR. HERBERT SAMUEL.

House of Commons, Monday, May 20. Curious how history repeats itself in the record of Parliament. Time was within memory of a few still seated on the green benches when the House of Commons possessed two BENS. One was the Right Honourable GEORGE BENTINCK, Member for West Norfolk, who proudly wrote himself down in *Dod* "A Tory," an ancient honourable style, which in his later days became effaced by intrusion of the modern name Conservative. The other was CAVENDISH BENTINCK, Member for Whitehaven, a legislator with tousled hair which when, in accordance with frequent habit, he stood at the Bar surveying the House, suggested that he had just been drawn through a hedge backwards. One, by reason of his ample proportions, was known as BIG BEN. The other, moulded on smaller scale, was LITTLE BEN.

To-day we have with us only one BENN, upon whom his godfathers and godmother in his baptism, with prophetic foresight of what in due time would become a precious antique ware, bestowed the name of WEDGWOOD. The twentieth-century LITTLE BENN ranks in Ministry as Junior Lord of Treasury, his place being in the Whips' room or the Lobby. PREMIER'S quick eye discerning his capacity, he has this session found provided for him a seat on Treasury Bench, where he represents FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, throned in the Lords.

The preference fully justified. The DEPUTY FIRST COMMISSIONER'S answers are excellent alike in matter and manner. To-day delighted House by unexpected turn of ingenuousness. Long question on paper affecting status of architects engaged by Board of Works. Reply duly read. Up gat inevitable Supplementary Questioner with endeavour to confound the young Minister by reference to state of things existing in 1869.

"I am afraid," said LITTLE BENN, irresistible boyish smile illuminating his countenance, "my memory does not go back so far."

The House, remembering that he is in his thirty-fifth year and looks nineteen, burst into roar of sympathetic laughter, under which the Supplementary Questioner, for once abashed, sat silent.

The incident focusses attention upon prominent, noteworthy characteristic of present Government. SARK, whose memory, going further back than LITTLE BENN'S, recalls the *personnel* of the DISRAELI Government, declares that, compared with long succession of Ministries subsequent thereto, the average of age in the present one is by many points the lowest. The barge of State is manned by Youth at the prow and (mixed) Pleasure at the helm in the person of ASQUITH, himself youthful compared with PALMERSTON, DISRAELI and GLADSTONE when they were seated in his place.

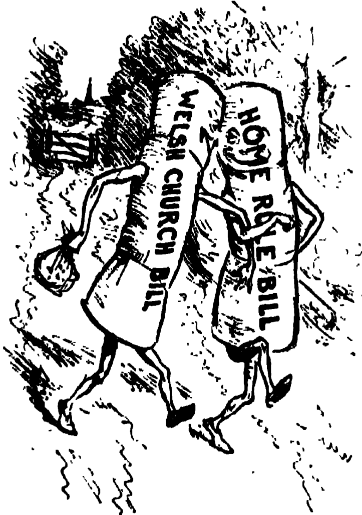
In one respect Nature has done something to rob FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY and HOME SECRETARY of the attribute of youthfulness theirs by right of years. As in some Alpine regions, volcanic forces at work leave particular mountains bald-pated among a group of snow-clad hills, so these

twin Ministers would find convenient headgear in the halo PRINCE ARTHUR has already fixed on the head of ST. MCKENNA. At the time when GEORGE WYNDHAM, *Silas Wegg* of the Front Opposition Bench, dropped into poetry, voicing the aspiration of the patriotic Party in the immortal couplet

We want eight
And we won't wait,

it was proudly said of MCKENNA, then at the Admiralty, that he never turned a hair. WINSTON is still capable of performing that acrobatic feat. But the intense heat of brain force beneath the cranium is rapidly withering away the heather.

For the rest the young men of the Ministry suffer no detriment from natural youthfulness of appearance.



OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

"What a lark if we never went back."

Their age is an accident; their Parliamentary capacity, individual and in the aggregate, is a marvel. As far as memory or reading goes, never has a Leader of the House of Commons been served by so strong a team of youngsters as that which ASQUITH with light skilful hand drives to-day.

Business done.—In Committee on Civil Service Estimates. The INFANT SAMUEL makes annual statement of work at Post Office. He demonstrates afresh that the young fellows alluded to are not only high-grade debaters but exceptionally able administrators.

Wednesday.—Attendance, dangerously diminishing through last two days, remitted by adjournment for Whitsun recess. Bringing up the rear of group of Members joyously going off for holiday, walked arm-in-arm the Home Rule Bill and his companion dealing with the Welsh Church. Both have passed Second Reading stage and stand for Committee when business is resumed.

"Supposing we never went back!" chuckled Home Rule Bill.

"What a lark!" responded his merry rival.

Business done.—Adjourned till 4th June.

THE ROMANCE OF PETER GRAHAM'S WHISKERS.

PREFACE.

No blame attaches to Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON in this regrettable affair.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING.

Peter Graham was in all but his substantial form (which was short, stout and ruddy) a self-made man. He was very happy of disposition and determined of character, as firmly resolved to do everything well for his own part as he was convinced that all things were for the best as arranged by Providence. Only when he was made a Justice of the Peace for his county did he begin to entertain doubts, and those not of himself but of Providence. He never questioned that he was capable of fulfilling the magisterial office as it had never been fulfilled before, but he could not help feeling that appearances were against him. The genuine judicial face is not round, bonny and jovial; it is long, solemn and knowing. He improved his law, he improved his clothes, and with enormous effort he improved his figure. But his face he could not alter, for if that is not of the magisterial cut nothing will make it so, except (he thought in a moment of inspiration) short, sharp and precise side whiskers.

It so fell out that about that period Mr. Justice Phipps (let us call him) very conveniently went the North-Eastern Circuit and visited the assize town of Peter's county. By so doing he afforded him a model of the lines which the administration of criminal justice and the development of the legal whisker should follow. Seeing him, Peter at once made up his mind and the appropriate growth was begun.

CHAPTER II.

THE END.

The success of the new appendages, as reflected by his mirror, seemed to Peter Graham to be complete. He only needed an opportunity to test their effect on an expert or two before he made his first public appearance on the Bench. That opportunity was afforded by an invitation to dine and sleep at the Chairman's country house on the eve of the Quarter Sessions. Peter, full of confidence in his facial dignity, packed his bag and set forth to make his début.

From the station to the Chairman's house was a mile drive, and he drove it in the village fly. Cabmen are not experts, but this one, he felt no doubt, was in the habit of conveying J.P.'s and would have an eye for such. Peter was only too aware of the man's close scrutiny and noted with satisfaction the decision with which he mounted his box-seat and started his horse, as one who knew what he was about. His attitude seemed to suggest that he had noted the whiskers and drawn a deduction from them. This was the fact. Peter could have wished that the man had uttered a "M'lud," but had no hesitation in believing that his thoughts lay in that direction. This was not the fact.

As the fly drew near the lodge gates the man leant over from his box and, in a tone so far removed from respect for a tribunal as to be contempt for an equal,

"Stable entrance, I s'pose?" he said.

TO EDWARD, A PUPPY.

(On the day that I lost him.)

MY Edward, since early this morning,
When I pondered a poem (to Jane),
And you slipped from my side without warning,
The house has been plunged into pain;
Your absence has blighted our pleasure,
Expunged are the smiles that were ours
By the thought of your burying osseous treasure
Midst alien flowers.

We are lonely to-night, we are lone, Ted;
Come back; let your wanderings cease.
In the home there's an air of unwonted
And far from enjoyable peace.
Unrucked by your juvenile scrambles,
Serene in its place is each mat,
While out in the garden, unchivied, there gambols
The Tomkinsons' cat.

Forgiven are all your vagaries;
Come home to us, all shall be right.
We are sitting and sighing, "O where is
Our wandering puppy to-night?"
Deprived of your presence we languish,
Bereft of your bark we are sad;
Come home and redeem your adorers from anguish,
Young fellow-me-lad.

"A beautiful colour flooded her face; a soft light—half proud, half tearful—shone in her left hand, closely pressed against her heart."
Church Family Newspaper.

The danger of carrying a tearful light in the left hand is that one is so likely to leave it behind in a cab.



MR. AND MRS. HAWKINS ENTERTAINED A FEW FRIENDS TO A DAY'S SPORT ON WHIT-MONDAY AMONG THE BOOTHS, COCOA-NUT SHIES, RINGS, DARTS, ETC., AT EPPING. LUNCHEON, AT WHICH THE LADIES OF THE PARTY JOINED THE SPORTSMEN, WAS SERVED IN THE FOREST, AND A PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN WITH THE DAY'S BAG LAID OUT ON THE SWARD.

A NUDE DEPARTURE.

["Having a grievance against the council, two hundred bathers, it is stated, threatened to march in a semi-nude condition through the streets of Southend, by way of protest."

Evening News.]

BY to-night it is estimated that 10,000 bathers throughout the country will be on strike. An important meeting of the Executive of the Amalgamated Society of Serpentine Swimmers is taking place, and there is a possibility that the trouble will assume a serious aspect. If some agreement is not come to during the week it is quite likely that the Channel-Swimming season will be entirely ruined. Southend to-day was a scene of wild excitement. The whole town seemed to be out. So was the tide. All of a sudden a cry was raised that there was a non-union man attempting to bathe, and an angry mob of "semi-nudes" rushed to the spot. Shouts of "Black-leg!" were raised as the unhappy man was hauled from the mud, and the remark of a bystander that "black *legs* would be nearer the truth" was not without point. He was ultimately rescued by the police. A mass meeting of the National Bathers' Federation is to be held in Hyde Park next Sunday. The more hot-headed section lost their resolution that everyone should go in a semi-nude condition, and University costume will be worn. There will be a variety of speakers from divers platforms. The principal orator will be Mr. Mackintosh, about whom the quarrel with the Southend Town Council first started. The whole family of Mackintosh is exceedingly popular with the Southend bathers, and the high-handed action of the Council in refusing to let them walk through the streets to the sea (if any) in bathing costume is deeply resented. There is also the vexed question of Mixed Bathing, and it is understood that so serious a view do the Government take of the situation that Mr. ASQUITH contemplates introducing a Minimum Age Bill at an early date. Meanwhile the Board of Trade is (as usual) keeping a watchful eye on the situation, and we are to have Mr. CHURCHILL'S assurance, made after consultation with the HOME SECRETARY, that "the Admiralty is fully alive to the necessity of protecting the bathing-machines of the coast towns in case of a riot, but that at present the 'semi-nudes' are behaving in a most orderly manner, and he does not anticipate that the services of the Navy will be required."

"The English yield of hay from permanent grass was 38·3 cwt., but in Ireland it was almost precisely double—50·5 cwt.

Yorkshire Post.

If all our contemporary's "doubles" are like this its Sporting Commissioner must be an unpopular man.

"Well-Educated Young Swiss Lady, highly recommended, leaving present situation on account of French, and Music lessons to children."

Advt. in "The Standard."

Enough to make anyone want to move on.

LINES ON A DEAD BICYCLE.

Although I be a thing of waggish cheer
And philosophical habit, little prone
To make much noise, or drop the kindly tear
On anyone's affairs except my own,
Yet, were I soulless as a gramophone,
Ah me, ah me,
Still would I weep, this piteous sight to see.

For, mark you, this poor stricken thing has been
The petted darling of some dainty fair;
Hers was the hand that loved to keep it clean,
Watched it and tended it, and with fond care
Gave it sweet oils, and swiftly would repair
Its slightest hurt
From piercing nail, perchance, or caking dirt.

And 'twas a lovely creature. Of a truth,
Nature has nothing fairer to the sight
Than a young bicycle in its fresh youth,
So strong it is and slender, slight and light,
A thing of perfect symmetry, whose bright
And brilliant parts
Disarm the sternest and entrance all hearts.

And O what joy, when, with a favouring gale,
Lightly they skimmed the land, these happy twain;
Up hill, down dale, especially down dale,
Although quite decent hills they would attain,
Unless the lady, finding it a strain,
Began to puff,
And got off, feeling that she'd had enough.

A gallant time, but all too quickly changed
And sadly. It was ever woman's whim
To leave the thing she loves and grow estranged.
Perhaps she found the early gloss grow dim,
Or, haply, yearned toward some newer "jim"
Which this poor steed
Lacked, and till then had never known the need.

All this we know not. Only we expect
The lady grew indifferent, ceased to tend
Her charge, for with indifference comes neglect.
The care became a nuisance, and the friend
An ever-growing bore; and, in the end,
The lady got
Rid of it somehow—how, it matters not.

Small need to trace its fall; how it became
Cheaper and ever cheaper, as it passed
From hand to hand; we see the once sleek frame
Ungroomed, while lower in the social caste
Ever it fell, until we find at last
The pampered pet
A hireling bob's-worth for some 'Arriet.

And now 'tis dead. Its end was swift and kind,
More kind than life. With wild and frenzied leap
A mad bus sprang upon it from behind
And knocked it endways to its last long sleep.
And now about a crushed and mangled heap
The hushed crowds throng
While sad policemen bid them pass along.

Pass to thy rest, poor bike! Thy task is done.
Alone thou aged'st and alone hast died.
Thy rider saw the peril—wretched one!—
Thought not of saving thee, but to one side
Leapt with a squeal whereat calm taxis shied.
She's in a swoon
Just now, but she'll be sorry for it soon.

Dum-Dum.

THE LIGAMENT.

(By One who helped to tear it.)

We got the lawn tennis net up last week—at least the gardeners did—and it looked lovely with the court beautifully marked out and all shining in the sun. Then Rosie and I went to Dad. He was writing in his room, but we told him he'd ordered the net to be fixed and given us rackets, so he simply must come and play with us and really teach us how to do it. It's no good playing that sort of game by yourselves, because you forget all the rules, and then you begin to argue, and then somebody throws down her racket and says it's not fair and she won't play any more. Grown-ups make all the difference.

Well, first of all, Dad said he was much too busy and couldn't possibly come, and then he looked out of the window and said it wasn't such a bad day after all, and then he jumped up and said he could only be young once, and where was his racket? Then he said we must all look slippy into our tennis-shoes. He took an awfully long time getting his on, because he couldn't find them at first, and when he did find them they were the wrong ones. He said it was always so with his boots and shoes: the right ones always hid themselves and the wrong ones tried to get themselves put on. But at last he was ready, and out we went and found Peggy waiting for us outside. She said Mum couldn't come and had told her to go out and make a fourth, and there she was. We didn't really think she was up to it, because she's so small and has to hold her racket in both hands, which doesn't look well; but she'd made up her mind she was going to play, and Dad always indulges her very much because she makes him laugh.

We began by having lessons, which was a useful thing, but not very exciting. We learnt what all the white lines meant and how to count, and what it means when someone says you've got a hole in your racket, and all about deuce and vantage-in and vantage-out, and at last Dad said we'd all got our railroad service quite perfect and it was time to have a real game. He was enjoying himself tremendously, pretending that his name was Gobert and asking us to model ourselves carefully on him. I believe Gobert is a Frenchman who plays tennis rather well.

Dad chose Rosie as a partner and I had Peggy, and then we began. I served. I'm not sure Dad was doing his very best, because he didn't put many balls to Peggy, and when he did they were very gentle balls, and Peggy managed to get one or two over. Anyhow, we won the first game, and Dad and Rosie won the second, and then we began the third. It was Peggy's service, and, because she was so small, she was allowed to serve standing close up to the net. She kept dancing about and chattering all the time while Dad was imploring her to treat tennis seriously and to remember what the world owed to tennis. So we got to thirty all, and Dad said it must be put an end to, and, if Rosie bucked up and helped him, they would now run out and win the game in double-quick time. So, when Peggy served to him next, he gave her what he called a teaser for a return. It was up in the air and it came down with a big flop and bounced up again ever so high. Peggy never saw it. She shut her eyes and just swung herself at it with her racket in both hands as if she were taking what Dad calls a swipe to leg. She hit it all right, and away it went skimming over the net into Rosie's court near the back line. Rosie was laughing so much she had tumbled down all of a heap and couldn't get up in time, so Dad made a rush, shouting out, "Leave it to me," and Rosie rolled herself away out of the court, and Dad got to the ball, and I thought he was going to do it. But just as he was taking a whang at the ball he stopped short and yelled out, "Ow!



[THE HEADMASTER OF RUGBY IS REPORTED TO HAVE SAID AT THE RECENT CONFERENCE ON SCHOOL DIET THAT "WHILE ADULTS SHOULD RISE FROM THE TABLE HUNGRY, CHILDREN SHOULD REACH A SENSE OF REPLETION BEFORE RISING."]

House Master (with pride to Parent). "THEN WITH REGARD TO FOOD: WE FEED OUR BOYS TO REPLETION FIVE TIMES A DAY AND OUR CHEF'S PUDDINGS HAVE NO EQUAL IN ANY SCHOOL IN THE KINGDOM."

who hit me?" "Nobody hit you," I said. "That's forty-thirty."

"Yes," he said, "Rosie chucked a stone at me and hit me on the calf of the right leg."

We were all laughing, because Dad looked so funny hopping about with one leg in the air; but Rosie made her face serious and told him she hadn't thrown a stone at him. Then Dad put his foot down and took a step, but it wasn't much of a step, and he said, "Ow, ow! I can't walk properly. I wonder what it is."

At this moment Uncle Edward came on to the lawn—he isn't really our uncle, but we call him that—and Dad told him what had happened. Uncle Edward said, "I know what you've done. I'll bet a hundred you've torn a ligament. A man of your age ought to be more careful. My father did the same thing last year and was laid up for six weeks."

This seemed to make Dad angry. He said, "Don't talk rot about a man of my age not playing a footling game of lawn-tennis."

"Well, you mustn't play any more footling games of lawn-tennis," said Uncle Edward; "you must confine yourself to the grand old athletic games of marbles and spillikins."

Then he helped Dad to hobble into the house.

Dad hadn't torn it badly, because he can get about with a stick. But he says it's a dreadful thing for him to be struck down in a mere frontier skirmish after having survived so many pitched battles.

A COCKNEY DÉPAYSÉE.

I'M sick of the bulging self-satisfied trees,
The hedges all whitewashed with May,
I can't get away from the redolent breeze,
I smell nothing else night and day.
I'm weary to death of the willow-wren's song,
Of the glint of the gorse on the down,
And, confined by a turquoise horizon, I long
For the smoke and the swelter of Town.

It's O for the shops when the season is young,
Not these stupid plantations of fir;
It's O for the clip of a cockneyfied tongue,
Instead of this slovenly burr;
It's O for the glamour, the grit and the grime,
The wealth and the wheels and the whirl,
And it's O for the bliss of a glorious time—
The kind that appeals to a girl.

With zephyrs unsullied my senses are cloyed
In this box-bordered prison of bloom,
But the reek of the Tube I'd inhale overjoyed
Or a motor-bus spurting its spume.
Wistaria tassels encircle the pane,
With gold the genista is scored;
This happens each year, now it's happened again,
And I think I've a right to be bored.

THE WATCHMAN.

You know the type of premises that are positively coming down on Tuesday next, and are consequently giving their stock away?

Two months ago I was so rash as to stop and look at one:—

> WRIST-WATCHES
> FROM 7/6.

attracted me.

I am a careful man, so I did nothing about it at the moment, but next Wednesday I happened to be passing the shop again.

This time I was attracted right inside.

"I want a wrist-watch from seven-and-six," I said.

The man began to show me some at thirty shillings.

"No," I said firmly. "Here is seven-and-sixpence; now show me a wrist-watch from it."

He looked hurt, but he produced a neat little new season's watching in art gun-metal.

"Does it go at all?" I asked.

This time he looked so hurt that I hastened to reassure him.

"There, there," I said, "I'm sure it goes like a—like a clock."

"Yes, Sir," he said; "very like a clock."

The clock it went like must have been the one Aunt Sophie gave us three years ago. It lost half-an-hour daily for a week, and then simply dropped out.

I took the watch back to the premises, which had managed to stay up somehow.

I thought the man was going to cry.

"We don't get complaints, not twice a year, Sir! But we'll let you have another instead," he said finally.

The second was, I always think, the best of them. It lost three-quarters of an hour a day, but it went for three whole weeks.

When I took it back, the premises were as up as ever, though there was another man in attendance. He explained to me confidentially that they didn't get complaints twice a year, but that they would let me have another instead.

The one they let me have instead didn't look strong from the first; it hardly went at all, except now and then at night, when no one was looking.

Finally, I packed it up and returned it with a note, intimating that I was sorry to break their complaint record. I also put it to them that I didn't want another instead; that wrist-watches had lost their appeal for me; but that I was prepared to consider seven-and-sixpences.

Then came the master-stroke.

The watch-man replied. He apologised for the trouble my exceptional bad luck had occasioned me; he deprecated strongly, however, any idea of giving it up as a bad job; and he enclosed a silver wrist-watch as a compensation for previous inadequacies.

I kept it. I have it now. It is true that as a watch it has its failings. One of these is a tendency to go backwards. In this and in some other respects it falls short of being an altogether reliable time-piece; but it is silver. There must be nearly a shilling's-worth of silver in it; and I had got it in exchange for a paltry piece of gun-metal work.

Yesterday I passed the shop again. It flaunted a compelling show-card in blue and red:—

> SPECIAL LINE.
> BANKRUPT STOCK.
> 35% UNDER COST.
> REAL SILVER WRIST-WATCHES.
> FROM 6/6.

Next Tuesday I'm going round to help the premises with a pick-axe.

MORE "LETTERS TO MYSELF."

Under the title *Letters to Myself* a book has just been published. I have not seen it, but the idea is so attractive that it has set me upon a similar form of composition. Telegrams to myself I have more than once despatched, when a house was too boring to stay longer in; but letters from the same hand to that destination are a novelty. Here then are a few which I have just received, with their answers:—

I.

Dear Old Sport,—Don't you think it is about time to give up betting? Once, in the dim and distant days, when the little wanton gees were less wanton, there was something in it. In that blessed period, now apparently for ever gone, a favourite sometimes behaved as such and came in first: Mr. Ruff was more or less a sound guide: form told. But now? What happens now? Not a single favourite has won a big race this year. It is enough to make a horse the favourite to knock all the spirit out of him. It is like giving a dog a bad name. Look at the Chester Cup; look at the Jubilee Stakes; look at the Stewards' Cup; but most of all look at the Derby. There never was such an open Derby as this in the history of the Turf. A month ago there were two favourites at 3 or 4 to 1. Where are they now? One is not in the betting at all; the other is between 10 or 20 to 1, both having descended from their proud positions to be among the "also rans." In such a time of flux and defiance of sound principle, give your bookie a miss, dear boy. Be wise in time.

Your sincere Admirer,
Yourself.

The Answer.

Dear Old Pal,—I like you, and I believe in what you say; but what is life without a flutter? So I shall continue to lose your money—my money—our money—in the hope of one day making a real parcel.

Your wilful One of Us.

II.

Mein Lieber Freund (Oh, but I forgot, you don't know German), you really must take a little more care of your health. I watched you the other night on your way home from that City dinner—you could easily have seen me—and I was ashamed. You not only swayed but you sang; and the result of watching you was that I contracted a terrible headache. Think of the future, if only for my sake.

Your Well-wisher, Me.

The Answer.

Dear Moralist,—So that was you I saw. There seemed to be two of everybody, and now I understand the whole thing. The other is the fellow who writes the letters. Well, I promise to obey as long as I can, and no one but a fool undertakes to do more than that. By the way, I wonder if your headache was as bad as mine. Mine was awful.

Your repentant Double.

III.

Dear Self,—Hadn't this habit of corresponding better cease? It is becoming a bore.

Yours sincerely, The Same.

The Answer.

Dear Me,
Yes.
Yours,
You.

Breakfast Table Politics.

Fond Wife (pathetically anxious to be well informed and an intelligent companion to her husband). "I suppose that that surplice of Lloyd George's you were all discussing last night, and wondering what he would do with it, is the one that he will have no use for after the Welsh Church is disestablished."





THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Result of a course of "Yip-i-addy," etc. After an overdose of "The Heart Bowed Down."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In *The Ministry of Poll Poorman* (Arnold) Colonel Pedder has succeeded in making at least four real and lovable people—to wit, the *Reverend Apollos Burnett* (*Poll* for short), the staunch crank whose eccentricity takes the form of aiming to become a poor man's parson by holding aloof from the gentry, himself working with his hands (for sake of the symbol) in fustian and corduroy—to the enormous scandal of the respectable part of his flock; *Sarah Blagge*, the strange, rugged, beautiful girl "off the land," whom he grows to love and takes to wife, to the indefinite increase of the scandal; *Poll's* worldly and worthy old clerical uncle, who is made alive with a few deft strokes of the pen and killed too casually in the second chapter; and *Helen Grattan*, *Poll's* friend (a charming pastel), who dies in the third. The book is no mean achievement for what, judged both from its virtues and its defects, reads like a first novel. The author doesn't quite succeed, I think, with the pleasant, wise little schoolmaster or with brutal *Squire Halleck*, on both of which characters he has expended some pains. The former, with his thoughtful and courageous philosophy, could hardly have been so much afraid of the latter; while some mitigation of the ineffable caddishness of the leading gentleman of the village is demanded in the interests of plausibility. Someone would have horsewhipped *Squire Halleck* into exile long before the book begins. Colonel Pedder has emphatically something to say; he has thought and felt, and he has force to command a hearing. He wants to offer to "the Church" and "Society" some frank and wholesome truths. A candid critic has to confess that the book would have been a better novel if it had been a worse pamphlet. The pill shows up through the gilding, but it is quite an admirable pill.

I want a word with Mr. Upton Sinclair. Only the other day he was trying to persuade me to knock off food and live on cold water and the New Thought; and now, in *Love's Pilgrimage* (Heinemann), he invites me to pity his hero because he could not get enough to eat. How does he explain this? Here was this young man, with all the water he wanted to drink and any amount of fresh air to eat, and yet he grumbled. But then he was a genius, and genius is notoriously eccentric. I know he was a genius, because he keeps saying so all through the book; and also because only a genius could have made such an impossible, infernal, blithering ass of himself at every opportunity. (I must apologise for my way of expressing myself, but one falls into this powerful, elemental manner after reading Mr. Sinclair.) Since I read my first novel, I have made the acquaintance of many exasperating heroes, but Mr. Sinclair's *Thyrsis* has them beat, if I may borrow an expression from his own country, to a frazzle. The trouble with Mr. Sinclair is that, after the success of *The Jungle*, he has felt obliged to be terrible and earth-shaking over everything. But I decline to be equally worked up over the fact that American publishers (sordid brutes who wanted their business to show a profit) returned *Thyrsis'* novels of genius—samples of which are given at frequent intervals throughout the story. "A book like this," says Mr. Hall Caine in his preface, "needs little praise." As that is what I have given it, these words from the Master are comforting.

Every now and then Mr. Tom Gallon's *Memory Corner* (John Long) finds its way into that corner of my

memory in which *Miss Matty* reigns supreme. The two little old sisters and the sweet-faced girl who lives with them in the little green-shuttered house in the little old street way up in Hampstead are very nearly of the real *Cranford* breed. And yet, much as I like them, they don't touch my heart with the incomparable magic of Mrs. GASKELL's art. And the boy with the wonderful tenor voice, a son of the old ladies' long-lost sister, does not quite fit into the picture; nor yet his out-at-elbows patron and singing-master, a wandering musician of the *Svengali* type, who plants himself and his pupil under the old ladies' roof until such time as he shall be able, by the help of their savings, to bring him out at a public concert. You can imagine the flutterings in the Hampstead dovecote when the boy took the musical world by storm, and first won the girl's heart and then did his best to break it by deserting her and "Memory Corner" for an older woman. All this and more is prettily told, but it is no longer *Cranford*. It would indeed be surprising if it were; and I don't suppose Mr. GALLON will bless me for making the comparison. But, after all, it was he that put it into my head, and I only wish I could write a story half as pleasant myself.

I have to own that I was a good deal disappointed over *The Joys of Jones* (GREENING). It began excellently. *Jones* himself was quite an engaging figure, a sort of *Kipps*-like person, chained to a London office; and his author, Mr. FRED GILLETT, wrote so nicely about him that I felt sure we were all three going to be great friends and in for a thoroughly good time. Then the great chance came, both to *Jones* and Mr. GILLETT, in the shape of a kindly illness that released the former from work, and turned him adrift, at the age of thirty-eight, for the first time in his life in real country. And all that they made of such a glorious situation was a rather dreary farce about rabbit-shooting and elderly spinsters and getting drunk on home-made wine. The woeful waste of it! I am even now not quite certain how far Mr. GILLETT sent his tale wrong through lack of skill, and how far from deliberate intent. I have a suspicion that he would defend the banality of his rural characters, their coarse and rather brutal humour, and the general stupidity of them, as realism. If so, I retort that realism of this kind has no business in such a book. To create a living and human figure like the little clerk, *Jones*, and set him up to be bullied by uncouth rustics and subjected to all the discomforts of farce, is bad art and worse taste. Moreover, it is not even amusing. Mr. GILLETT must do better than this next time; that he so obviously can, only aggravates his present offence.

If you happen to be an amateur metaphysician feebly groping after the secret of the universe, and not above splitting an infinitive whilst addressing its Creator, and a fascinating-looking long-haired man comes into your room one evening and tells you that, owing to the arrival of an unexpected comet, the earth is about to go off with a bang, at the same time offering you a chance of being transferred to the planet Zan, close with the offer by all means, if you are an adventurous kind of fellow who likes a hair-raising and melodramatic existence amongst people and places with exceedingly rum names. Otherwise say no, and whistle for a policeman. What *Adrian Osgard* did in *Veeni the Master* (STANLEY PAUL) was to accept his chance of metempsychosis, together with a hundred thousand other Earth-men; but I doubt if they would have done it if they had known exactly what they were in for. *Adrian*, for instance, was, so far as I can make out, entirely unaware that he was *Assenaue of the Beginning*, and that, after a long period of fierce fighting with the Zanians and spiritual conflict with *Veeni*, to whom he had delivered his soul, he would eventually, through the assistance of *Alythes the Learned*, marry *Evena (alias Queen Valla)*, whom he had once loved in the Garden of a Thousand Pleasures; and live, I suppose, happily ever afterwards. This seems rather rough on *Veeni the Master*, who was cut out by his underling, for *Veeni* also had loved *Evena* in the Garden. But perhaps he will have better luck next time when the planet Zan in its turn gets fractured by a comet. Seriously, I am unable to make very much of Mr. R. F. LAMPORT's attempt to combine the methods of Messrs. H. G. WELLS and RIDER HAGGARD with a vague religious allegory. He calls *Veeni the Master* "The Story of a Dream." I must let it go out unsolved through the ivory gate.



The Compounder of Magical Essences. "I FEAR THERE WILL BE GRIEVOUS DISCONTENT AT THE CASTLE TO-NIGHT. IN THE PLACE OF THIS LOVE POTION, WITH WHICH SHE WAS TO WIN HER LORD TO HER AGAIN, I HAVE INADVERTENTLY SENT THE LADY A BALSAM FOR BUNIONS."

Under the heading of "Respectable, reell" we read the following advertisement in our copy of the *Wiesbadener Badeblatt*, which we print for the benefit of any who may have missed it:—

"What respectable serious Englishman or American of high birth with academicak education, gentlemanlike appearence and in favourable financial circumstances, who in choosing a partner for life attaches great value to spiritual and bodily excellency would be willing to become acquainted with one of my relations, regarding matrimony on mutual satisfaction?"

Masculine Modes.

"The instrument is built up upon 'the Charles Brindley system,' which in addition to providing special tonal effects, enables the player to rapidly change his combinations with a minimum of physical exertion and mental strain."

Our authority is a local paper, but we forbear to give its name; partly to spare its feelings, and partly because we are not quite sure which one it is.

To a Certain Road Hog.

His language was warm as he suddenly slowed
For the pony and trap which had dared to intrude;
And proved him, though vague in the rule of the road,
Word-perfect at least in the *rôle* of the rude.

"Royal Garrison Artillery.—Second-lieut. A. W. B. Buckland to be second-lieutenant."—*Western Morning News.*

Promotion in the Royal Garrison Artillery may be slow, but it is very sure.

CHARIVARIA.

By the irony of circumstance, while London was fearing a food famine, Mr. Asquith was visiting "The Street of Abundance" at Pompeii.

***

"We will hold up meat; we will hold up flour; we will hold up the Government," said Mr. Ben Tillett. It would save a lot of trouble if they just held up their hands.

***

The Autocrat at work again! "When the Kaiser was at Strasburg he visited a millinery establishment and chose a number of hats for the Empress and the Princess"—which, of course, they will have to wear.

***

"A Patriot" writes to suggest that St. Paul's Cathedral shall be heightened, and without delay. He points out that, whenever a huge vessel, such as *The Imperator*, is launched, she is compared with the height of St. Paul's, and always to the disadvantage of the latter, thus causing a great loss of *prestige* to this national edifice.

***

A schoolboy at St. Petersburg has shot his French professor because he had given him bad marks. It is thought that as a result of this incident the little fellows attending the State schools will in future be made to leave their fire-arms at home with their nurses.

***

Mr. Herbert Samuel reports that as many as 3,000,000 books of stamps were sold last year. Fine as this total is we cannot help thinking that it might be exceeded if the little volumes were bound more attractively and entitled, "Twenty-four Portraits of the King." The gift-book trade might be tapped in this way.

***

"Postage stamps," *The Daily Mail* tells us, "may now be procured from the new road guides of the Royal Automobile Club." This innovation should prove most useful in the case of a punctured tyre.

***

Some excitement has been caused among the babies of the Metropolis by the statement that the Post Office Tube Scheme means the doom of the Mail Cart.

***

The Anti-Premature Burial Society announces that it will be pleased to receive any information bearing on its objects. This being so, we would draw its attention to the fact that *Henry VIII.* was successfully revived last week.

***

By-the-by, we regret to hear that there was a misunderstanding at a certain Fancy Dress Ball the other night. A somewhat weedy youth went as Henry VIII., and was fancying himself hugely until an ill-informed friend came up and asked if he was *Peter Pan.*

***

The statement, published in several newspapers, to the effect that a pair of bitterns have nested at Stalham, Norfolk, has caused the greatest annoyance to the young couple concerned, who were anxious to spend their honeymoon quietly.

***

Is the Latin-British Exhibition unfortunately named? We wonder. A small boy was certainly overheard, the other day, protesting with some heat, "No Latin exhibitions for me out of school hours, thank you."

***

An American widow has given up a fortune of £2,000,000 in order to marry a lawyer. Lawyers have to put up with so many insults that the fact that one of their number should be considered worth this huge sum has caused the liveliest satisfaction in their ranks and is almost the sole topic of conversation in Law Courts all over the world.

***

"May the best man win!" is a pious wish one often hears expressed. In practical Georgia it has now actually been consummated. Miss Clara Louise Parker, the daughter of the Mayor of Cainesville, has eloped with her bridegroom's best man.

***

A contemporary states that a local regulation at Würzburg, in Bavaria, prohibits the use of black tiles for roofing purposes, and makes the employment of red tiles obligatory "so as not to interfere with the beauty of the landscape by the erection of differently coloured roofs." We understand that the untidy effect of the variegated hues of the local wild flowers is also engaging the anxious attention of the authorities.



The effect of Mr. Verona Brown's masterpiece, "The Viking Chief," is being completely spoilt on Saturday afternoons by his model, who enjoys being recognised as the original.

THE MALTA SPECIAL.

"Lord Kitchener landed at nine o'clock, in plain dark clothes, looking in perfect health and, as many remarked, every inch a soldier," says *The Daily Telegraph.*

Our Own Maltese Terrier supplements this special information. "You should have seen," he says, "the blush of pleasure that flooded the tanned cheeks of the warrior when he overheard the dear old ladies remarking that he looked every inch a soldier. Surely he must have felt that he was coming into his own.

"Mr. Asquith did not pass unnoticed, although *The Daily Telegraph* correspondent had not the good fortune to overhear what many remarked about him. 'He has the calm, self-possessed look, telling of a sense of power, that marks the statesman. That man will go far,' I heard on every hand.

"Of the Admiral in command it was the general opinion that he appeared to have got his sea-legs and to be perfectly at home on the water.

"'Looking quite the man in his long trousers and stand-up collar,' was remarked of Mr. Winston Churchill by the fortunate ones who happened to catch sight of him."

From an hotel advt.:—

"Baths Hot and Cold. Under the personal supervision of the proprietor."

Most embarrassing.

"New-born kittens chloroformed from a penny the litter; the poor free."

Advt. in "Exeter Express."

This is the first real attempt to bring about a better feeling between the upper and the lower classes.

BACK TO NATURE,

Showing the good that may come out of the apparent evil of these recurring strikes.

There is a saying—and the facts confirm it—
Ill blows the blast that suits not someone's case;
And I, who am by now a sort of hermit,
Bless the unlikely means of so much grace—
The Gosling and the Tillett,
And all who make the worker chuck his billet.

For I have learned from these, our country's masters,
In one short year of intermittent strife,
How out of so-called national disasters
A thoughtful man may pluck the Simple Life,
And put himself in tune
With natural objects, like the sun or moon.

Until they called a strike upon the railways
Pedestrian transit seemed a solemn bore,
But now I tread the hills and bosky vale-ways,
Using the feet I never used before;
And get to see quite plain
Things that escaped me in a stuffy train.

I hear the song of birds in dewy thickets;
I smell the morning sweetness of the earth;
Also I save the money on my tickets
And incidentally reduce my girth;
And wish the strikers' blow
Had fallen on me years and years ago.

Then came the miners' move. This fresh diversion
Taught me to face the cold with active skin,
To seek for ardour in my own exertion
And cultivate the vital spark within,
And how a well-drilled soul
May learn to overcome the lust for coal.

Next came the tailors' turn, and off they toddled;
And, as I go to-day in outworn weeds,
I learn that leg-wear, though superbly modelled,
Can never satisfy the spirit's needs;
That, by the heavenly plan,
His worth, and not his waistcoat, makes the man.

And now the transport-navvies play at skittles,
And prices soar, and I must seal my throat
To frozen ox and other carnal victuals
On which it was my daily use to bloat;
I sign a non-beef pledge,
And am content to live on home-grown veg.

So if, a changed man, I have ceased from nozzling
The softer luxuries it is because
Of teachers like the Tillett and the Gosling,
The men who make our sumptuary laws,
Laying their high embargoes
On trains and trousers, coal and meaty cargoes.

Yes, if I live (on herbs) the life ascetic,
Like nomad fakirs, with my limbs half nude,
Without a hearth and wholly sympathetic
With Nature in her most primeval mood,
My thanks are due to these,
From whom I learned to tramp and starve and freeze.

O. S.

The Coming Manhood of Woman.

"Teacher (interim female) wanted at once."

Advertisement in "The Scotsman."

AMALIE BOPP.

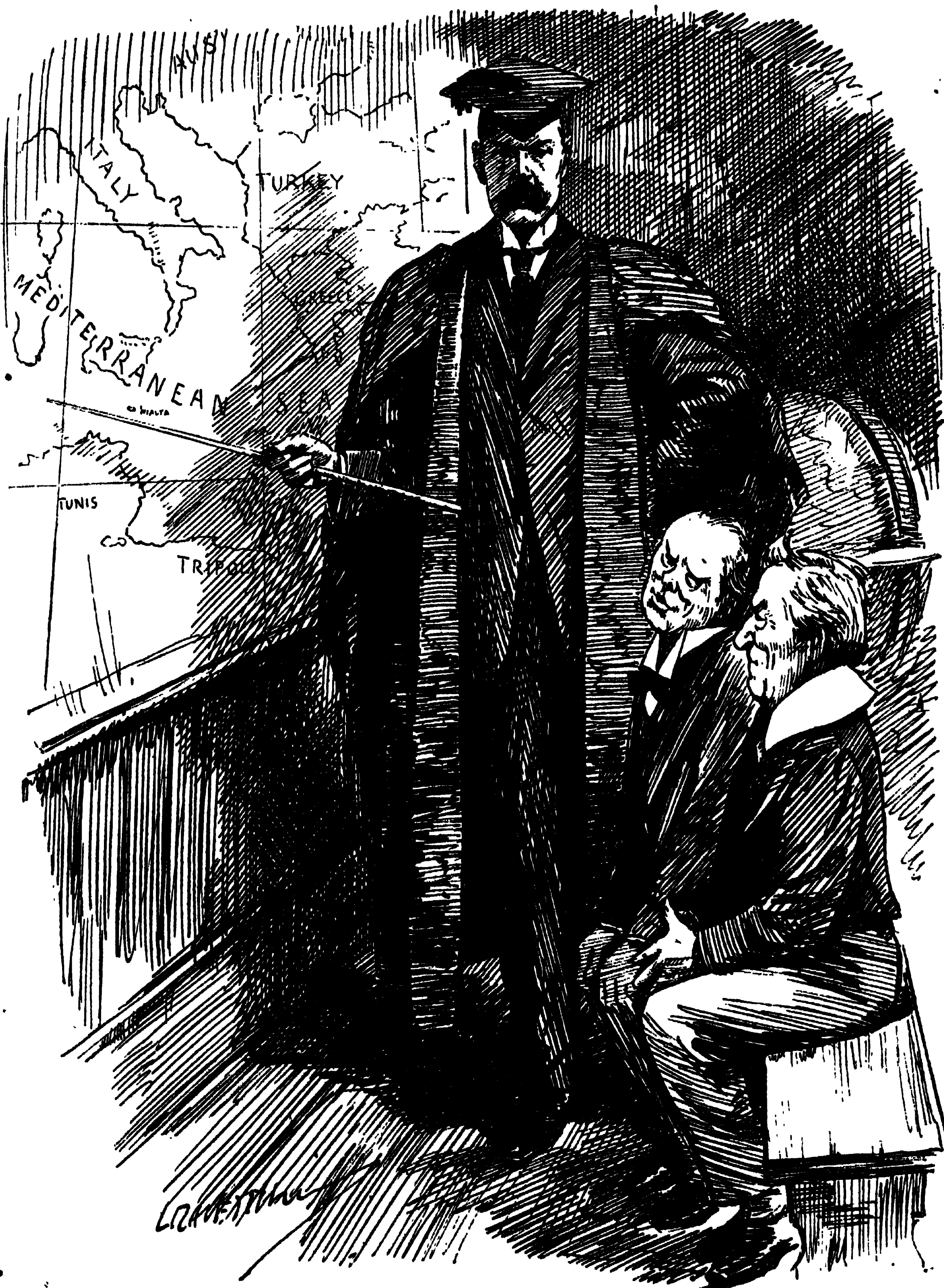
Amalie Bopp came into my life about five years ago, stayed in it for a few days, and then vanished into space, leaving no trace of herself and her woes.

It happened in this way: One morning, on coming down to breakfast, I saw on the hall-table an oblong letter of the usual foreign kind. It was directed to Fräulein Amalie Bopp at my address and bore the postmark of a German town. So far as I was aware no lady of this distinguished name graced my establishment, nor had I ever in the course of a long and blameless life come upon any Bopp. The ruler of the house, too, disclaimed all knowledge of her, and the servants, amongst whom I diligently inquired, each and all scorned the imputation of a Bopp. The butler, an old and privileged servant, went so far as to say that he had never heard of a person of the name of Bopp, that he firmly believed therefore that no such person had ever existed, but that it was highly probable that this mysterious letter was in some inexplicable way the first step in a scheme for committing a burglary, it being well known that burglars were very artful, and that one of them might easily assume the name of Bopp if he thought it would forward his design upon the plate and valuables. He himself, he declared, would redouble his vigilance and have the bolt in the back door put right at once.

Nothing burglarious, however, happened, and four days afterwards another letter, equally Boppian in every respect, arrived. The mystery was now beginning to get upon my nerves. I had inquiries made in the village; I wrote letters to relatives asking them whether a Bopp had lurked in their past or was glorifying their present. All was in vain. Everybody I applied to refused to confess to Amalie Bopp.

Thereupon I decided to open one of the letters, in order, if possible, to discover some clue in it. It was written in German, and it breathed passionate devotion and unalterable love in the longest sentences. It began (I translate)—"My inmostly beloved Amalie," and it proceeded to assure her that all that she had ever heard or read about affection was but a pale mockery compared with the emotion that was devastating the writer's bosom. He recalled their former meetings and the trembling of her little hand when once, greatly daring, he had clasped it in his. He asked what life would be without love, and answered his question by asking what the day was without the sun and the night without the moon or the stars. He poured scorn on the "feelingless creatures" who were content to live alone and without love in a world of dark shadows, and declared that for his part the only thing that sustained him was the hope of meeting his Amalie before the year was out. He urged her to reply promptly and signed himself (I translate again), "Your constantly faithful and adoring bridegroom, Hermann Dunkelbaum." I blushed at my indiscretion in reading these tender avowals, wrote "Not known at this address" across both envelopes, posted the two letters back to Hermann at his address, and dismissed him and Bopp from my mind.

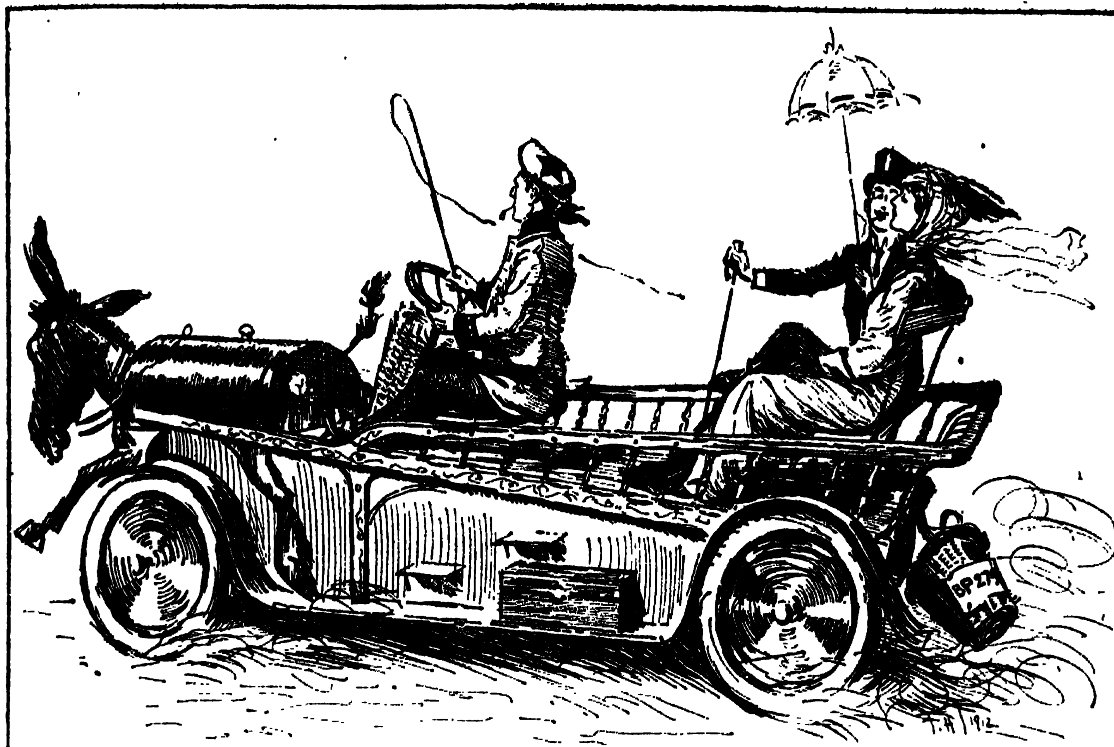
In the following week my brother-in-law arrived with his family from South Africa and came down to stay with us. There was a wife, there were a few children, there was naturally much luggage, and there was a maid, a stout and stately sort of female grenadier, who, through her spectacles, must have witnessed the passing of some five-and-forty years. When the commotion caused by their arrival had subsided and the new inhabitants had to some extent settled down into their places, I found myself with my brother-in-law in the library. The conversation ranged



THE GEOGRAPHY LESSON.

DR. KITCHENER. "NOW, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MEDITERRANEAN?"

MASTER CHURCHILL. "WELL, IT LOOKS A NICE PLACE FOR SHIPS; BUT, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, WE'VE BEEN CONCENTRATING OUR ATTENTION ON THE NORTH SEA LATELY, HAVEN'T WE, HERBERT?" MASTER ASQUITH. "THAT IS SO."



THE "H. G. WELLS" CAR, SPECIALLY DESIGNED NOT TO PROVOKE LABOUR UNREST.

[MR. WELLS, in his Labour Unrest articles in *The Daily Mail*, hinted that the parade of costly motor-cars constitutes a Spectacle of Pleasure which tends to irritate the labouring classes.]

over familiar topics, and was dying down into the puffing of pipes, when he suddenly asked me if I had noticed his wife's maid. I said I had casually glanced at her and thought her a formidable person.

"Yes," he said, "she looks formidable, but she 's really the most soft-hearted and romantic old fool that ever lived. She 's engaged to be married to a young fellow about half her age, and she talks about her love for him and her rapture at being near him and hoping to see him, as if she were a girl in her teens—but I suppose it 's a way Germans have."

"A German, is she?" said I. "Did you pick her up in South Africa?"

"I did. And, by the way, she 's expecting letters from him. Have any arrived?"

Even then I failed to realise what was happening. I said, "No, I think not. But what 's her name?"

"Her romantic name is Bopp—AMALIE BOPP."

"Ha, ha! Then that 's it," I shouted.

He was startled. "What 's it?" he asked.

"Bopp 's it"—and I told him what had happened to the letters.

The upshot was that I had to interview Amalie, and endeavour to explain to her why, though her lover had faithfully written, there were no letters for her. She did not cry; she composed herself into a stony despair. "He is so chealous," she said, "he will nefer belief dis story. He vill say, 'Amalie has seen anozer man. She like him better. She sent back my letters.' I know he vill not hef me now. He vill ask me to sent him back de faist-boggle he gif me"—she pointed to a gaudy clasp that adorned her belt—"and he vill sent me back de shafing brosh I gif him. It is all ofer, Sir; you hef ruined two yong lifes."

It was in vain that I attempted to soothe and comfort her. She threw up her situation, and in three days set off for her home in the Black Forest. Whether she saw her Hermann again, and how she fared with him, I have never been able to discover. That, so far as I am concerned, was the end of Amalie Bopp.

A MODEST INVOCATION.

O POWER, O Goddess, or what name you please,
O Ruler of our cricket destinies

(Perhaps most easily exhorted here
Simply as Fate), I beg of you your ear.

Little I pray for; not as, years ago,
When I was over-sanguine, as you know,

I asked you earnestly to do your best
To let me make a century in a Test,

Or in a *Gentlemen* v. *Players* take
Ten wickets in an innings (slow leg-break),

Or even win some desperate County match
By bringing off a most amazing catch.

Those dreams are vain. You can be (no offence)
On such occasions very, very dense.

But, Fate, I still invite you to concede
A very reasonable point indeed:

This, and this only (as the Poet says)—
To change about my last year's averages.

Oh, I shall be the happiest of men
If you will kindly manage this, for then

My batting average will be 58,
My bowling average 1·4, O Fate.

A DESPERATE CONTEST.

My Whitsuntide was very nearly spoilt by David's announcement on Saturday morning that his rheumatism would prevent him meeting me in the Pentathlon I had arranged. The five events in which I had decided to beat him were lawn-tennis, golf, the hundred yards' dash, the running broad leap, and remaining in a stationary position under water without breathing.

"I'm so sorry," said David as he limped up and down the lawn to show me. "It suddenly came on in my bath."

"Perhaps if you went up and had another bath it would suddenly come off."

"It's a funny thing, I've never had it before."

"You're much too young to have it now," I said crossly. "Wait till you're bald before you begin talking about rheumatism. Anyhow, you might at least have had your hair cut," I added, glad to notice some legitimate cause for complaint.

"Perhaps it's gout. A legacy from my great-grandfather."

That annoyed me still more. David and I have always split our great-grandfathers with each other; indeed, he has even gone so far as to share his last grandfather with me too. So I have as much right to gout as he has.

"Well, you've got to do something to amuse me," I said. "I'm feeling particularly active this morning, and unless I play some game or other I shall go mad and bite somebody."

"I'll tell you what: I'll play you a game of bowls."

"Bowls?" I asked suspiciously. "Have we got any?" It occurred to me that David might have been leading up to this. Perhaps, without the knowledge of his family, he had taken lately to secret bowling.

"Four croquet balls," he said airily, "and something for a jack. Of course they won't have any bias, but——"

"Jack" and "bias" made me rather nervous. I didn't like it.

"What about the skip?" I asked bravely. David looked blankly at me. "Well, never mind," I said, breathing more freely, "we'll do without one."

I played the red and yellow balls against David's black and blue, the jack being an orange. As he took this in his hand he was palpably nervous, and in his excitement he rolled so vigorously that it left the lawn, hopped across the path, and buried itself in the shrubbery.

"What do I get for that?" I asked. "I don't quite know what the rule is. I suppose I throw it again."

"Yes, but I ought to get something. About six, I should say, would be a fair amount."

We had a little argument, David flatly refusing to give me anything. At last I split the difference and took three. The score was now *England*, 3; *Australia*, 0—and we went into the shrubbery to look for the jack.

"Let's leave it," said David after five minutes, "and have an old tennis ball instead."

"No, no, we must have the orange." My idea was that when the red and yellow balls saw it they would instinctively nestle together against it. I persevered therefore in my search, and after another five minutes found it hiding behind a sweet-briar.

"I'll throw it this time," I said, "as you aren't safe with it." And I rolled it very gently ten feet away.

"That's not far enough."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, it obviously must be farther away than that."

"Don't say I've bowled a no-ball too. What do you want for it? It was a better one than yours, anyway."

We had another discussion, and I finally decided to allow David two. Thus the score, after twenty minutes' exciting play, was *England*, 3; *Australia*, 2. Unhappily David again overbowled himself and sent the jack into the shrubbery.

"The ground's like ice," he said by way of apology, and led the way once more into the bushes.

"There must be something more in the game than this," I said as I followed him, "or why should W. G. be so keen on it? I can't help feeling that I ought to be doing something with my croquet balls soon."

However, as I was leading by 6 to 2, I couldn't complain; and even when the search for the jack lengthened into twenty minutes or more I kept up my spirits with the thought that I was winning a brilliant victory at one of the most subtle of our national pastimes.

"This is rotten," said David at last; "I'll get a tennis ball."

It was my turn to throw it, and I immediately had a great success, for the jack not only stayed on the lawn, but settled itself at a distance sufficiently far from us to satisfy David.

"Do I get anything for doing that?" I asked. "I'm the first that's done it."

I put a lot of top spin and bias on Red and sent it after the tennis ball. It proceeded in a bee line until it got within a yard, and then swerved and hurried past at a tremendous pace. "Stop, you fool!" I shouted; "you've got there!" but it took no notice and plunged into the bushes.

Slowly and with greater dignity Black followed it; while Blue and Yellow, having learnt their lesson, proceeded no further than the path.

"What do we get for that?" I asked.

"Nothing," said David. "They're all out of bounds."

"Then I'm still 6 to 2?"

"The real score," said David, "is nothing to either of us."

"The game appears to have reached rather an exciting stage. Tell me, how shall we recognise the moment when we come to the end of it?"

"The first to get 10 is the winner."

He marched to the bushes, and I limped thoughtfully beside him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

I sat down and began to rub my knee.

"Rheumatism," I said. "I can feel it coming on. It's very unfortunate that it should happen at this critical moment, but there it is."

"I thought you had to be bald before you talked about rheumatism," said David sarcastically.

"And so we both shall be," I said, "by the time this game is won."

A. A. M.



Chemist. "This is a two-and-six size for two shillings."
Boy. "Ain't you got a sixpenny bottle to give away?"

THE INTRUDER.

WHEN Cohen came, the county sought
To entertain and fête
The multi-millionaire who 'd bought
The Goodleigh-Gore estate;
By steed and car, by rod and gun,
He proved his native worth,
And Loamshire deemed her new-found son
The happiest man on earth.

But no one guessed the haunting dread
That chilled him to the bone,
When Cohen sought his Stuart bed
Or Cohen dined alone;
The vengeance of a by-gone age
That lurked behind the doors,
The ghostly threats, the sullen rage
Of ancient Goodleigh-Gores.

And none but Cohen heard the jeers
That echoed in the hall,
And only he could feel the sneers
That hung on every wall,
Where ruffled lord and wimpled dame
Convulsed him with a stare,
Or (worse) conversed from frame to frame,
As though he wasn't there.

About the hall gaunt shapes of steel
Told tales of long ago,
Grim yarns of death that made him feel
Distressingly *de trop*;
As men who knew the hideous wrong
He 'd wrought their sacred realm,
They gaped derision loud and long
From out each yawning helm.

And Mistress Ellen Goodleigh-Gore,
Who patronised the Keep,
And for five hundred years or more
Had spoiled her kinsmen's sleep,
Plucked trembling at her snood and cried:
"Alack and wellaway!
'Tis would that I had never died
To see so sad a day."



Prize-Fighter (entering school with his son). "YOU GIVE THIS BOY O' MINE A THRASHIN' YESTERDAY, DIDN'T YER?"

Schoolmaster (very nervous). "WELL—I—ER PERHAPS——"

Prize-Fighter. "WELL, GIVE US YOUR 'AND; YOU 'RE A CHAMPION. I CAN'T DO NOTHIN' WITH 'IM MYSELF."

MR. BOURCHIER ADAPTS HIMSELF.

A PARAGRAPH in the morning papers has been telling us of the difficulties encountered by Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in having to reappear as *Henry VIII.* without sufficient time to grow another new beard. We are told, however, that "partial success attended his efforts." We anticipate some future movements of this conscientious artiste:—

June 8.—It is announced that early in the autumn Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER will appear as *Othello*, in a special *matinée* of that tragedy, in aid of the distressed wigmakers. After a protracted interview with a well-known complexion specialist, the popular actor has left for the Soudan, there to undergo a drastic course of sun-baths.

September 4.—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, whose realistic triumph as *Othello* last night was one of his finest achievements, is at present allowing his magnificent colour to evaporate. During the process of bleaching, which is expected to last about three weeks, the stage of the Garrick Theatre will be occupied by the following revivals, in each case the actor-manager himself sustaining the chief *rôle*:—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *The Romany Rye* and *Arizona*. Towards the end of the month it is expected that Mr. BOURCHIER may be able to begin his impersonation of the hero in *A White Man*.

October 30.—The sensational capture of an alleged gorilla in Charing Cross Road, as reported by several of our contemporaries, has now been explained. We understand that the fullest apologies have been tendered to Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER (who is at present rehearsing the part of *Caliban* for his forthcoming revival of *The Tempest*) for any inconvenience to which he may have been subjected by the action of certain hasty and ill-informed zoologists.

"The president suggested that any delegate who stood when he was on his legs should be ejected. Had this proposal been carried out two hours later half the delegates would have been engaged throwing the other half out."
Daily News and Leader.

Very difficult. We can never do our chucking-out when in a sitting posture.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

The Blush-Battery and other things.

Park Lane.

Dearest Daphne,—With panniers and ringlets, blushing has come in, the eyelids are occasionally lowered, fans are fluttered (not waved), and, instead of the dear, nicky little expressions that are such a comfort and used to help one so sweetly on one's way through life, it's correct to be just a little bit rather formal and *arrangée* and to use *whole* words and not nice little *bits* of words.

As blushing is by way of being a lost art, Fallalérie, of Bond Street, has brought out a darling, teeny weeny "Panniers-and-Ringlets Blush-Battery." It lies just cosily *perdu* under a necklace, and, in fingering your necklace in the dear old, bashful, moss-grown way, you just touch the tiny battery when you think a blush would be *convenable*, and you get a little shock that not only produces the requisite blush, but lowers the eyelids at the same time.

Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, who is always very much on the premises, is all panniers and ringlets just now, but she doesn't subdue herself *quite* enough to be altogether it. Norty told me she was his partner at dinner the other evening, and she was so enormously ringletty and so alarmingly lively and confidential that her ringlets were several times in his soup! She had such an *affreux* experience with her blush-battery at the Flummerys' last night! She was chatting to Curly Chaloner, and really, my dear, was playing up to her ringlets and panniers *à merveille*—head a little drooped to one side, fan fluttering, toes of her shoes put primly together, little, breathy mid-Victorian laugh at nothing in particular—all quite well done. Then she thought a blush would come in handy, and she fingered her necklace and pressed her tiny battery. Whether there was something wrong with the thing or she pressed too hard, no one seems to know, but anyhow the blush went wrong—it was much too deep, and it wouldn't go away, and her eyes, instead of drooping, opened quite *quite* wide, and she came out of her chair with a jump! Poor old dear! she looked simply horrid! They took her into the air and the battery was taken off. People say there'll be a slump now in Fallalérie's patent blush-producers.

The Million-Years-Ago dance at the Piccadilly Gallery was a shrieking success. It wasn't really a dance, for, of course, as long ago as that we were all monkeys, and everyone made up accordingly. The Gallery was turned into a lovely forest, and, instead of dancing, people just rushed about, climbed the trees, and played hide-and-seek among them, chattering all the time in monkey fashion. Nothing but nuts at the buffet. The Bullyon-Boundermere people managed to get in somehow, and he made such an absolutely top-hole orang-outang that everyone almost quite forgave them for being there. Tiny Flummery came as a hurdy-gurdy monkey, in a little green velvet frock and cap, with cymbals to clash. Norty said it was an absurd anachronism, for, as there were no hurdy-gurdies a million years ago, there couldn't be any hurdy-gurdy monkeys in velvet frocks and caps, with cymbals to clash. I asked dear Professor Dimsdale about it, and he said certainly it was an anachronism, but that the whole affair was an anachronism, because a million years ago there were not only no hurdy-gurdies but no monkeys either, and we were all floating about in the water in the form of jelly-fish.

That's a lovely idea for a hot-weather party, isn't it, dearest? The only difficulty would be in getting up as a jelly-fish. But no doubt Olga would be able to do something for us in greeny-white *mousseline-de-soie*, with plenty of sequins and silk sea-weed.

Hugh Daubeny, the Flummerys' artist cousin, has cut the old traditional stodgy school of painting, as represented by the Academy (which never accepted *one* of his works), and has done *ever* so much better since he struck out *entirely* on his own, following neither the old nor any of the new styles. He paints everything *double*, my dear, just as we really *see* things till it's corrected by something in the back of our heads or somewhere. He has a one-man show on at Mayfair Hall, which is making a *giddy* sensation. I went there yesterday, and thought it simply most *enormously* clever! There's a portrait of dear Stella Clackmannan that looks twenty-five feet high and has a double set of features. It's so appalling that you feel at once it must be a work of the *highest* genius.

Oh, my dear, your Blanche is coming out in rather a new *rôle*. It's in this way. Some distant people of ours, the Havilands, asked me to chaperon a boy who's lately dropped into the title rather unexpectedly (he succeeded a first uncle once removed, or something of that kind). His mother's a quiet country widow, who knows rather less than nothing about anything, and she asked me to introduce her boy in town this summer, show him the ropes, and "form" him. *Figurez-vous cela!* He's quite a nice boy and threatens to be handsome when he's a little less of an *ingénu*. At present he's got the *quaintest* beliefs and convictions. It seems almost a pity to cure him of them—they make him so amusing! He thinks all women are angels. "Quite right, my dear boy, and very sweet of you!" I told him. "We *are* all angels as a rule—only every woman you meet is an exception!" Another of his lovely ideas is that people give parties "for the pleasure of *seeing their friends!*"

With regard to our juvenile-antiques, too, he shows himself fearfully young. He said of one of our most popular evergreens, "Why does that old woman dress and behave as if she were nineteen? I call it disgusting." "Bo-Bo," I told him, "there are no old women, *mon cher*. In civilized society, every woman is considered young till she's proved old—and even then she's strongly recommended to mercy! And as for Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, younger boys than *you* have been seriously *épris* of her not so very long ago, and last year Ninny ffollyott tried to shoot himself because she said she wouldn't marry him—or because she said she would—I really forget which."

Truly he brings the scent of the hay over the footlights, and yet he can say things sometimes. The other day he asked me whether the avoidance of the obvious, in which he's been duly trained, should be carried so far "that a fellow ought *not* to admire the prettiest and most charming woman he knows?" I thought it very nicely put, and with a look, too, that shows he's making quite progress. It's a pretty little point that I shall certainly bring up for discussion at the next symposium of the *Antibanalites*. I told Bo-Bo, "*That* is perhaps the *only* case in which an *Antibanalite* may commit the obvious without reproach. You are learning your lesson, my dear boy, and have a proper horror of the usual and the expected, but even in *that* you must have an eye on the swing of the pendulum. It's getting so usual now to be unusual that by-and-by the most unusual thing will be to be quite usual."

Ever thine, Blanche.

"The initial cost of the war to Germany, Mr. Lawson tells us, was £77,550,000. But France paid an indemnity of £213,000,000, and ceded the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which have been valued at £64,000,000. These two sums amount to £199,450,000, which subtracted from £77,550,000, left the Germans with a balance of £200,000,000, all but half a million."
Saturday Review.

We don't know how France felt about it, but it leaves us quite broken.

TWO OF OUR CONQUERORS.

A Contrast.

It is a fortunate circumstance for Londoners that at the same moment Pavlova and Genée are dancing divinely in rival halls; for probably there have never been more remarkable or more charming priestesses of Terpsichore than these, and both are at their best. Too long has America claimed Genée; but now that she is our own again let everyone who prizes thistledown steps, humanity and fun hasten to see her.

With the Palace, where Pavlova reigns and enthralls, and the Coliseum, which Genée just now is touching with radiance, so close together, a comparison between this blest pair of dancers is almost inevitable; and certainly it is odorous, for there is so much room for both. They do not compete; they supplement each other and make a perfect harmony.

Although theirs the same lovely and joyous art, the two dancers could not well be separated by wider divergences: the one the product of that strange, sombre, decadent country where East and West meet and barbarism seems never far distant; the other a merry blonde from busy prosperous Denmark. Each appeals to a different mood. When it comes to actual dancing—to the precision and fluidity of the steps and movements—there is little to choose; Pavlova may be perhaps a shade more astoundingly accomplished. But for the most part our preference is not for the execution but for the executant. We like Pavlova best, or Genée best, according to our temperament, or according, as I say, to our mood. Pavlova is more languorous, more dangerous, more exotic; Genée is quicker, gay and jocund. Pavlova has more than an Oriental suggestion; Genée is one of us—a Northerner. Pavlova is *au fond* melancholy; Genée is a kitten.

The Russian is more beautiful; she has, as one imagines, a rarer beauty than any of her most illustrious predecessors, most of whom had a tendency to thick ankles and powerful legs. Pavlova might never have done anything but ride in a carriage or recline on a sofa—so soft and graceful is she; and her shoulders are never to be forgotten. But her face lacks expression. Her face, one says; yet as a matter of curious fact Pavlova has two faces, not as Janus had, but as a charming woman may have who is capable of apathy. One is amiable, the other is set, and they are strangely different: almost they might belong to different persons. Pavlova has two faces and only one expression for each; and here is one of the chief points of contrast between Genée and herself, for Genée is not only a dancer but an actress, with a play and range of animation on her little mischievous upturned features such as many an actress who is actress and nothing else would give her pearls for.



Dear Old Lady. "They tell me there's a very beautiful specimen of the 'Hunnemannia fumariæfolia' in this exhibition. Please take me to it!"

In the little piece in which Genée is now performing—an episode in the life of one of the most famous dancers of all, the Belgian Camargo—most of the emotions pass across her face: joy, disappointment, triumph, hope, fear, content; while now and then, as when she pretends that the king has repaid the boon, she is the incarnation of roguishness and the very spirit of teasing.

Pavlova would be lost here—just as Genée would be lost in the Bacchanale, although not so completely. Pavlova one can see making some kind of a brave effort with the king and the unhappy young soldier, although never to the point of touching the emotions, as Genée does; but Genée one cannot imagine for a moment in the vinous amorous ecstasy of that wonderful autumnal riot. Therein lies the essential difference between these two superb artists. Pavlova is for the sophistical; Genée for the simple.

Genée's little play should be seen for its *ensemble* as well as for Genée. The story is a pretty one; the setting is distinguished; the costumes and colours are a delight. If only the Coliseum management would announce on the posters and in the advertisements the precise hour at which it begins all London would arrange its time to go there; but, as it is, many persons are not prepared to face the rest of the programme.



Mistress (whose chauffeur has just informed her that Fido has been shut up in the stable because he leapt up at a strange lady in the road). "How odd of him! Do you suppose he thought it was me?"

Chauffeur. "Couldn't say what he thought, my lady."

THE OBSTRUCTIONIST.

A Subterranean Episode.

She was not built upon a beauteous plan;
  I did not like her face or features much,
The lady who was talking to the man
    Behind the little hutch.

But something fine about her, something free,
  Kept me in rapture gazing well content,
While Time rolled onwards to Eternity
    And trains arrived and went.

Merely her cheek it was—like some fair flower
  Blooming in that illimitable cave;
She seemed to think the station was her bower,
    The booking-clerk her slave.

She did not seem to heed the traffic's sound
  Nor the dull cries behind her, moan on moan;
She seemed to think the Electric Underground
    Was gouged for her alone.

Lightly she stood and talked, now rash, now coy,
  Touching the purchase of her cardboard gage;
She toyed with that young man as children toy
    With coneys in a cage.

I had not been surprised to see her drag
  (So deaf she seemed to all besides her whim)
Lettuces out of her portentous bag
    And poke them through to him.

I said she kept me charmed, though others swore;
  Still, there *are* limits; men have work to do;
One cannot linger spellbound evermore,
    Not on the Bakerloo.

And so my murmurs swelled at last the bruit
  Of clamorous men behind, a restive swarm,
Nor caring greatly what infernal route
    Carried her precious form,

If only she would choose, and choose quite quick;
  For all the tides of London's life were still,
And the hushed gates, forgetful how to click,
    Paused for her sovran will.

Joy came at last; she plunged for Gloucester Road,
  And raked her reticule with dubious frown,
Harried the hundred gauds therein bestowed
    And fished up half-a-crown,

And, lingering, took her change and turned away;
  But not before she flashed, as women can,
One glance at me—one glance that seemed to say,
    "You are no gentleman."

No gentleman indeed! I followed her
  Musing, "Has Justice, have the gods forgot?"
Ah well! the bolts of Ate sometimes err,
    But this time they did not.

O soothing balsam for a bosom's sore!
  Out of her careless hand, I'm pleased to say,
She dropped that ticket on the tube-lift floor;
    I left it where it lay.

Evoe.



THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

Trade Unionist. "WHO'S THE LADY?"

Mr. Punch. "THAT'S JUSTICE. SHE WEIGHS ARGUMENTS FIRST, AND THEN, IF NECESSARY, SHE USES HER SWORD."

Trade Unionist. "AH! THAT'S WHERE WE DIFFER. I'M ALL FOR STRIKIN' FIRST, AND ARGUIN' AFTERWARDS."



"Ghastly business, this Tailors' Strike—what? Havin' to go about in absolute rags."

A VILLAGE CRIME.

Being a breach of law as laid down by the new Shops Act.

I waited while Mr. Buffin weighed and sold an ounce of hardbake to a small child. Then, leaning jauntily on my cane and speaking in the bland manner, slightly tinged with hauteur, that I reserve for shopping, I said, "I will take, if you please, a penny bottle of blue-black ink."

I have known Mr. Buffin, of our general shop, for nine years. Every month I pay him a princely sum in settlement of what he calls his "book," and our relations have ever been based on feelings of mutual trust and respect.

But as soon as I had spoken I saw that something had changed. He lifted a packet of Righto Starch diffidently from the counter and put it down again. He closed the promising career of an active and bustling young wasp with half-a-pound of Stodger's Cocoa. Then, with a new look of constraint in his eyes, he forced himself to speak:

"I'm sorry, Sir," he said, "I can't serve you."

I sat down abruptly on an up-ended egg-box. By all the rules of the game he should have said, "*And* the next thing?" or "Can I send it?"

I had not received such a blow since that dark day when Araminta—but we need not go into that.

If my account had been overdue!—but last month's bill for, let us say, ninety pounds odd, had been faithfully discharged.

"I should have said," he corrected himself, "that I can't serve you with *ink*; you see"—he craned his neck to look out between the jujube bottles in the window,—"you see, the police——"

So it had come to this! Often and often good and brave men—Editors—had begged me not to write, not to send them *all* my burning thoughts on bi-metallism, Shakspeare and the musical glasses; relations, too, had sometimes pointed out how much better employed I might be building a hen-house; but never had I dreamed that my besetting weakness—if you will have it so—would be held a thing contrary to the public interest. Which of my latest lucubrations had brought me under this embargo? "How to tame Rabbits"—surely it couldn't be that?

Then—well, then I understood. It was Wednesday afternoon, the statutory half-holiday under the Shops Act, and Mr. Buffin, having no assistant, was allowed to keep his shop open, but only on the understanding—so ran the stern fiat posted up behind the counter—"that he confined himself to the sale of perishable goods;" and penny bottles of blue-black ink (as distinguished from ounces of hardbake) are imperishable by Act of Parliament—or so Mr. Buffin interpreted the law.

"Mr. Buffin," I said, "I want ink, you want money; you have ink, I have money; and we are two strong men in the prime of life, and our forefathers fought for freedom."

* * * * * *

I went out into the glorious sunshine. The blue smoke curled over the cottage roofs, the sparrows were taking a dust-bath in the deserted road. All looked as usual, and yet—something had changed. I had committed a crime. Worse—I had led another into crime.

And standing guiltily there, with my bottle of blue-black ink hidden from the policeman's sight, I seemed to foresee a dark wave of crime sweeping terribly through our quiet English hamlets.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Life is, after all, just a mulcting and a being mulcted. But when I go into a shop to be traded upon I expect to be treated with respect, by way of compensation. And when I call on a Company to sign a form, by which I bind myself to be mulcted once a year till my dying day, I expect something very like reverence. To take only £18 p.a. off a man while he lives and to give him a whole £1,000 when he dies may seem to you to be the purest, if the most misplaced, philanthropy; but to me it was obvious, on entering the Head Office, that that luxurious and heavily marbled palace was not built out of Dead Loss. It was the proceeds of overcharging, and I was stepping inside to be overcharged. The last thing I expected therefore was to be treated with absolute contempt.... Eventually a mere clerk did ask me if my habits were sober and temperate, and took down my answer in writing. But he made no pretence whatever of believing it.

"Young man," I said, "where is your Principal? Is he aware that *I* am here, I who intend to make this Company an annual allowance of something approaching twenty pounds a year?"

The young man was no good at answering; his idea was to ask questions only.

"What is your age next birthday?" he pursued.

I took up a menacing attitude.

"Unless someone important comes and makes a fuss of me within five minutes I shall withdraw my favour," I said.

"Quite so," retorted the young man; "but have you ever suffered from measles, chicken-pox, mumps, scarlet fever, scarlatina or nervous breakdown? Have either of your parents ever suffered from measles, chicken-pox, mumps, scarlet fever, scarlatina or nervous breakdown? How many brothers and sisters have you? What are their respective ages?"

I answered him, in spite of his impertinence, because he was the only man in the place who would take any interest in me, and the doctor who was to examine me had not yet arrived. But he did not have it all his own way; I scored one over my second sister's age next birthday. It is, I have since discovered, twenty-five; I put it at twenty-four, and he accepted my figure. I wonder how much in yearly premiums I have saved myself by that one successful lie?

The doctor was even worse. He only made me take off my coat and waistcoat in order to give him time to finish the conversation he was having with a sub-manager when we met. Nor was the conversation about me; it was just golf. He was two up and three to play when I had my coat off; dormy two when I had my waistcoat off, and, if only he had halved the seventeenth hole instead of losing it, I doubt if he would ever have made me remove my shirt. Even then he turned to me quite without sympathy, just struck me a blow in the chest, extracted a ninety-nine, turned his back on me and started another round of golf with the sub-manager man.

"Are you aware, gentlemen," said I, "that I am practically financing this Insurance Company, and whether or not you two get your minimum wage depends almost entirely on whether or not I am secured as a patron?"

"Sliced?" said the sub-manager.

"Sliced!" said the doctor; and then, in an offhand manner to me, "You may put your clothes on again; I have done with you."

I opened my mouth to make a bitter retort or an important announcement.

"Ah yes," said the doctor; "I suppose I ought to have looked at your tongue."

He seemed to think very little of it when he saw it.

There was no respect from the Pay-Desk Clerk, none from the Proposal-Form Clerk, and a gentleman in a fur coat (a Director, I have since learnt) asked me what the devil I was doing when I trod on his toe in the lift. After that there was not only no respect from the Lift Clerk, but a stare of the most marked disapproval and some apparent hesitation on his part whether he would take me to the ground floor and the main entrance, or whether I ought to be dropped straight to the basement and disposed of by a back-door. The former being graciously permitted, I looked to the Commissionaire for at least a smile. This even I did not get.

"Very well," I expostulated, "I have a good mind to go and insure my life somewhere else."

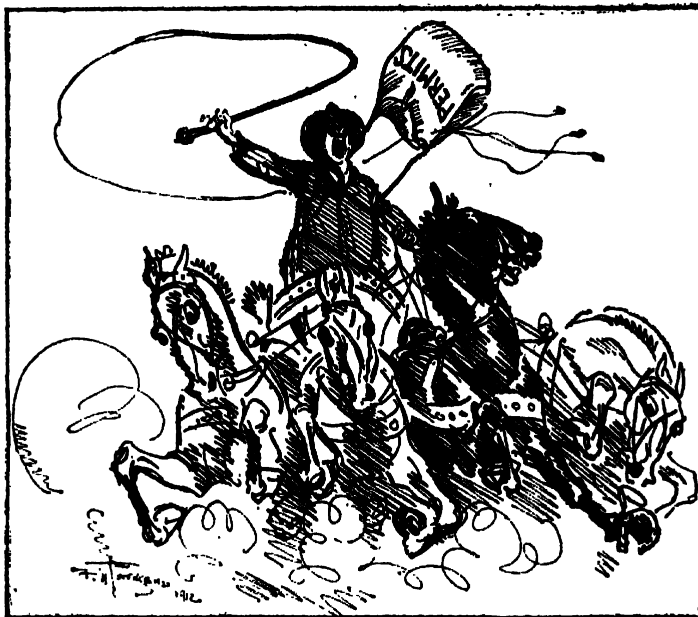
He laughed defiantly. I might have my good mind, but when it came to a decision, whether or no I should insure with his office, it was clearly foolish for a little thing like me to pit myself against a Huge Concern like that.

"You laugh," said I, "but you will not laugh when I have done my worst. I will pay my first premium of £18, and then I will die."

His face did not blanch. "We shall miss you, Sir," he said facetiously.

"You will miss your thousand pounds," I retorted.

"Not us," was all he troubled to reply. Well, well, I suppose he is probably right; but yet I cannot help thinking that, when my second £18 is due and I hang back, they will begin to sit up and take notice.



DRAMA OF THE DAY.

BEN HUR TILLETT.

Latest Sensation at the Port of London Theatre.

Mr. Guy Nickalls in *The Morning Post*:—

"Some crews showed great dash, and crews like University, built on Tinne, considering their paper strength, really did admirably."

What is the paper strength of a crew built on tinne?

S.P.C.F.

"Look out where you're coming to!" said a fat old trout to a slim young one, who came blundering blindly up-stream. "Have you bought the river, or what?"

The youngster pulled up, and hung motionless, like a shadow in the boulder-strewn stream. Only his tail quivered feebly and when he spoke his voice was weak from exhaustion.

"No offence," he gasped; "but oh! I've had such a gruelling—swimming against the current for hours. I'm fairly cooked, and no wonder."

"What's the hurry?"

"What's the hurry indeed! If I hadn't put my best fin forward I should have been floating among the surface scum in the mill backwater wrong side up. That's what the rest of the crowd's doing."

"What crowd? Pull yourself together," said the old trout benevolently, "and tell me your trouble."

"Why, *my* crowd, of course—Pa, Ma, brothers, sisters, and all my friends and relations. Pipped off they did, without a word of warning. The water's white with 'em, and they're pulling them out by the pail, and manuring the fields with 'em. Turned up and died in thousands. Don't ask me why, for I can't tell you."

"Tar-tasting, my son," remarked the old trout; "that caused their funeral. All the fault of the motorists, as per usual. Tired of killing flesh and fowl, now they're having a go at the fish. You've saved your life by the skin of your gills. But you've come to the right spot now. This is the Squire's water."

"Who's the Squire?"

"Who's the Squire? Why, an S.P.C.F. man, that's who he is. He's so fond of us fish that he won't have the roads tarred in this district, and what's more he's got the District Council to back him up."

A tremor of gratitude vibrated the young trout's shape.

"Noble man!" he cried. "How can I recompense him for his kindness?"

"Well, perhaps you will find a way when you're a bit bigger, some grey morning with a dash of rain in it," said the elderly trout with a wink.

"Meanwhile," continued the youngster, "come with me into the shadow of that old stump on the bank yonder and tell me some more. But half a moment—I rather fancy that fly. You won't mind me having first grab, will you? I need some nourishment after all I've been through. See you later."

With that the young trout, with snapping jaws, leapt like a miniature silver sickle above the surface of the stream, returning some five minutes later, pained, gasping and almost inarticulate.

"I've had a *horrible* experience," he ejaculated. "Am I awake, or was it all a nightmare? Did you see what happened?"

"I saw that old stump on the bank, as you call our dear Squire, hook you with a 'red palmer,' and throw you back to grow a bit bigger. He served me the same once; but I haven't given him another chance."

"Well, I've got a dashed sore mouth, that's all I know," cried the young trout resentfully. "If that's the Squire, give me a motorist."

"Nonsense," chuckled the old one; "you ought to be blessing your luck instead of cursing it. Come along with me, young fellow-me-lad, I'll show you the ropes of this place—or rather the lines. Remember the trout's motto, 'Once bit, twice shy,' and you'll live as long and grow as fat as your uncle."

So saying, with a flick of their tails the two shadowy trout faded away up-stream, and the S.P.C.F. Squire trudged home with nothing but grass in his basket.



"'ERE'S A NICE GO, FREDDIE. SOMEBODY'S BIN AND COLLARED OUR CORNER TABLE!"

The Revival of Merrie England.

"Required immediately, well-educated Musical Girl able to dance to train for salaried post."

Advt. in "Morning Post."

Humming a merry stave we ourselves trip to our motor-omnibus daily, with the idea of retaining our salaried post.

"We regret that by an inadvertence the result of the three days' bazaar at the Cambridge Hall in aid of the Southport and Birkdale District Nursing Society last week resulted in a total sum of £1535 being raised for this society."—*Southport Visiter.*

An awkward *contretemps* which a little tact might have averted.

PSYCHIATRY.

[An American surgeon, by rearranging the brain cells of a patient, has entirely changed his disposition, and great expectations are being entertained of the future of psychiatric surgery.]

OH, strange and marvellous the feats
That modern Surgery completes!
She tackles with the utmost ease
Superfluous appendices;
Your throat is sore? Behold your throttle
Pickling in spirits in a bottle.
Your tummy aches? It comes out too;
And when there's nothing else to do
She adds to all your other voids
By taking out your adenoids.

But all the wonders of the past
Pale into nought beside the last.
Of old the surgeon was content
To mould your body to his bent,
But now it is his subtler rôle
To operate upon the soul.

Your disposition, once delightful,
Suddenly turns morose and frightful?
Your nerves go wrong, you start and jump,
You grunt and grumble, grouse and grump?
Just have your brain cells rearranged
And all your soul completely changed.
Call in the surgeon. Something's shifted:
Come, let us have your frontal lifted—
A whiff of ether, and you'll find
Yourself with a seraphic mind.
Just mention what you want to be
And leave the rest, dear Sir, to me.

If, Mr. Surgeon, this is true,
Then great indeed my need of you;
I'll find you patients by the score
To wait in queues beside your door.
No longer need your soul be racked
With fears about the Insurance Act;
You'll be so busy that your gorge
Will cease to rise against LLOYD GEORGE.

First I would have you try your spells
Upon my Editor's brain cells;
I'd have you rearrange his pate
Until he thinks my verses great,
Wishes there were at least a score of me,
And cries for more and more and more of me.

Punch readers next to you should go
To have their brains set *comme il faut*,
And, these disposed of, all the nation
Should flock to you for operation,
Nor should they leave your table till
They're moulded to admire my skill.

As for myself, I've no intention
To try your marvellous invention.
If you are able, Sir, to model
The brains in every human noddle
To think my work divine, there'll be
No need to operate on me.

"OUR HANDBOOK."

MORE PUNGENT THAN MUSTARD,
CRISPER THAN CRESS.

[After "YANOC," in *The Referee*.]

THIS country of ours is full of golf-players, keepers of gold-fish and stamp-collectors; the times in which we live are degenerate; a mother's love is evanescent (this will probably provoke correspondence); and the hedgerow-nettle stings. The last time I climbed Mount Everest I thought of these things, for, on the summit of that Lofty Dome, there was nothing else to think of. TORQUEMADA, CONFUCIUS, BOADICEA and DANIEL LAMBERT—where are they now? (I mentioned ARISTOTLE last week.) The Window Tax was repealed on the 24th of July, 1851, but the Cabinet of misrule in 1912 continues on its path of desolating incompetence. The coral polyp, with infinite zeal, has built up island reefs in the South Pacific, to the end that the zealous missionary may have somewhere to land. DARWIN forgot this. The campanile of Pisa was completed in 1350 and has been leaning ever since; but the Crystal Palace is empty, and the proletariat of Great Britain reject compulsory military service. Which brings me to the second paragraph.

No city in the world can compare with London in size or population. Berlin has its statues; Moscow boasts a Kremlin; Venice abounds in canals, and Paris has many broad streets called Boulevards. They resemble Kingsway somewhat, but have houses on both sides. London, however, can point the finger of pride to her White City, and one may go the whole way to it in a taxi-cab without leaving the wood-paved roadway. AGAMEMNON offered IPHIGENIA as a sacrifice to Diana, and ELIAS HOWE, the inventor of the sewing-machine, sold his rights for £50; but it is no worthy spirit of emulation of these noble examples that prompts the Coalition Government to offer the people ninepence for fourpence. Times are changed, indeed; never was Income-Tax harder to recover; food is dearer; music-hall stars have to shine twice nightly in order to live; and present indications point to a wet disappointing summer. Yet this crapulous Government continues to hold office—"τύπτω, τύπτεις," as a well-known member of the Opposition remarked a few days ago. It behoves us all, therefore, to study the Sunday papers. For, in the fulness of time, the Pyramids will crumble to dust, the energies of Vesuvius will be paralysed; the quadrature of the circle will be a banality of the Fourth Standard, and the last horse-'bus will accomplish its last journey to Victoria Station. Then, no doubt, the youth of England will take to learning commercial German, and the words of "YANOC" will be remembered.

A PHRASE.

FROM far Japan comes a little *Guide on Hakone*, written in English as well as he can by C. J. TSUCHIYA, and one of its phrases is so admirable that it should be put on record for inferior English scholars to imitate. Hakone, it should be premised, is a village of thermal springs situate on the top of Hakone mountain. The mountain was once a volcano, "but lately its activity became quite absent." The natural disposition of the villagers of Hakone is "gentle and honest," and "their mutual friendship is so harmonious as that of a family." The village is famous for its fresh air; "during the winter days the coldness robs up all pleasures from our hands, but at the summer months they are set free."

But now for the shining phrase. Hakone was the scene, thirty-odd years ago, of a decisive battle which gave feudalism its death-blow. The two contestants were the Lord of Odawara-Han, of the Imperial army, and the Lord of Bōshū, who stood for feudalism. For a while the Lord of Bōshū conquered, and he drove the enemy to the castle of Odawara, where they made themselves secure. He then advanced upon them, feeling certain of victory. But he had calculated badly, or, in Mr. C. J. TSUCHIYA's delightful words, "he missed unexpectedly his cogitation," with the result that the foe rushed out suddenly and defeated him.

Let us all take example from the Lord of Bōshū and endeavour, when we have a cogitation, to hit it.

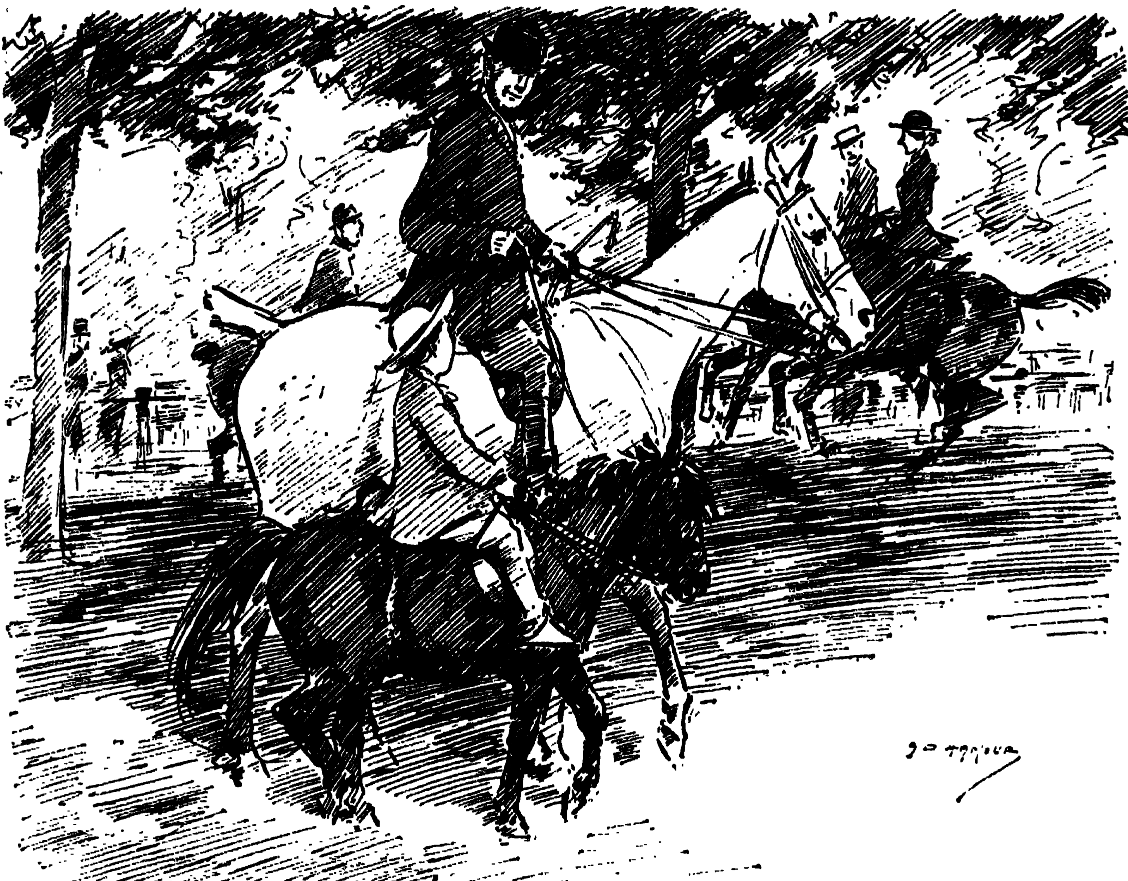
CURING BY THINKING.

["For a bleeding nose *The Family Doctor* recommends just thinking that you are running up a flight of steps. This takes the blood from the head to the legs."—*Evening News*.]

FOR a badly cut foot it is a good plan to think you are standing on your head. This takes the blood from the feet to the head.

For prickly heat try to imagine for a moment that you are LLOYD GEORGE. This will bring you out into a cold sweat.

For a wasp-sting keep thinking that you are a strike-leader issuing "permits" and "manifestoes" all day long. This will give you such a swelled head that one little swelling more or less will make no difference.



Groom. "Now, Master Jack, if we was to meet any of the Royal Family, how would you salute 'em?"
Little Boy. "Same as the soldiers do; hold my hand up to my hat and look as if I was going to burst."

A SWANSEA SONG.

A Paraphrase with Variations.

Far from the fog of St. Stephen's, which stifles a freeman's speech,
Once more, O men of the Mountain, I step into the breach,
To fire your flagging courage with my resounding screech.

The Saxon is always down on the Celt, and always ready to squelch
The fervid aspirations of the liberty-loving Welsh
(Perhaps I should make an exception in favour of Harry Quelch).

While Cantuar collars our dollars, and Westminster gives it us hot,
While Tory barons evict our sons each from his father's plot,
O my dear downtrodden brethren, ours is a parlous lot!

Their hands are dripping so freely with sacrilegious fat
That they cannot grip the polo stick or wield the cricket bat;
Yet they wish to deny to Taffy what they handed back to Pat!

Their very sideboards are piled roof-high with sacramental loot
(I doubt whether even Mr. Ure its value could compute),
Yet they grudge the rural toiler the housing fit for a brute.

(It's true that just for the moment I'm leagued with the Saxon Crewe,
A belted earl, an owner of mines, and an English churchman too;
But on Disestablishment he holds a most enlightened view.)

Ten thousand little English Tsars our chains and fetters forge;
Ten thousand priests compel us our savings to disgorge;
And we've only one limited monarch and one unlimited George.

My friends, I have given you counsel, as one of your kin and kith;
But, if I'm unable to stir you to show your prowess and pith,
The only other man in the world to do it is—Senator Smith.

The Privileged Class.

Extract from the Rules and Regulations of Brompton Churchyard:—

"6. No person shall fight, quarrel, use . . . improper language, or call or shout in the paths or do anything likely to interfere with the services in the church.

7. No person shall throw any stone, or project any missile from a catapult, or discharge any firearm or firework.

14. Nothing in these rules and regulations shall limit or affect any of the rights and privileges of the Vicar and Churchwardens for the time being of the Church of Holy Trinity, Brompton."

Mr. Lloyd George will perhaps please note.

"'Yuan-Shi-Kai has cut off his pig-tail, thus discarding the service of Munchu servitude which he politely wore while he was arranging for the abdication of the dynasty.' Is this the most momentous sensorial operation since Delilah shore the locks of Samson?"—*Lahore Tribune.*

Probably.

Facing the Future.

From a sermon by the Bishop-elect of Truro to his congregation at Birmingham, as reported in *The Birmingham Daily Post*:—

"Let them also pray for themselves, for they would soon have a new vicar."

A NEW DRAMATIST.

SIR ALGERNON FARLEY, the popular actor-manager, in company of the famous playwright, Mr. Bellamy Partington, had gone on his annual vacation to take the fashionable waters of Pumpenstein. Sir Algernon loathed publicity, and had over and over again pointed out to interviewers that lack of privacy was the bane of an actor's calling. In accordance therefore with his known wishes, his press-agent had caused to be circulated in every newspaper in the United Kingdom the statement that Sir Algernon had gone abroad and that no letters would be forwarded to him; and it was clearly by inadvertence that the actual address of his retreat was inserted. The secret, however, could not in any case have been long suppressed; it must at an early date have found its way into the columns of Court and Society news, so fierce is the light that beats upon the movements of genius.

Sir Algernon and Mr. Partington were sitting over their coffee and liqueurs in the lounge of the Hôtel Carlton et des Étrangers Distingués when a telegram was handed to the former. The knight glanced at it, muttered a stage-oath, and tossed it to Mr. Partington, who in turn gave suitable dramatic expression to his surprise and chagrin.

The telegram was from Mr. Debenham Courtois, Sir Algernon's business-manager and confidential adviser, who did everything for him except the playing of his rôles; and there were those, himself included, who thought that he might have compassed even this feat in an emergency.

It stated that the revival which had been mounted as a stop-gap pending the rentrée of the actor-manager was itself moribund, and that the theatre would have to be closed unless Sir Algernon saw his way to the production of a successor at an earlier date than had been intended.

Confident of the running powers of the revival, Sir Algernon, in the hurry of departure, had not discussed with his business-manager the question of his next new play, which was the work of Mr. Partington, and entitled *A Fated Life*. But in the leisure snatched from those social engagements which are among the penalties of greatness he had, during his holiday, already begun studying his part with the author, and suggesting many personal touches by which his own part might be made more prominently effective before its ultimate "creation."

"It looks," said Mr. Partington, "as if you would have to cut short your time here and return at once to start rehearsals."

"That," said Sir Algernon, "is unthinkable. I owe it to the public not to curtail my rest-cure;" and he knitted his brows in profound thought.

At last, "I have it," he said. "I have left behind me a duplicate manuscript of your play. I will wire to Courtois to cast the parts and do all the preliminary work in advance of my return. Invaluable man, Courtois."

Then Sir Algernon summoned a *chasseur* and despatched the following telegram: "Put *A Fated Life* in rehearsal at once. Leave everything to you. Will return in a fortnight in time to take up my part."

"That's settled," he said, "and we can stay out our full time here."

* * * * *

A fortnight later the two strolled unobtrusively into the theatre during the progress of rehearsal. They sat down and listened; then they looked at one another.

"Do you recognise this?" said the actor-manager.

"Not a syllable of it," said the playwright.

"What in the name of —— is all this, Courtois?" cried Sir Algernon with his customary restraint of manner.

"The play you wired to me to put on," replied Courtois. "Took three hours to find it in all that stack of dusty manuscripts."

"And what in thunder do you call it?" said Sir Algernon.

"The same as you called it," replied the indignant manager; "*A Fated Wife*."

The exchange of amenities which followed is not for reproduction. Ultimately the telegram was produced, and there—due, no doubt to the innate stupidity of an exotic operator—were these identical words. It had so chanced that, among the mass of unread manuscripts with which Sir Algernon's repositories were stuffed, there lay *perdu* a play of this very name by an unknown author, Mr. Vernon Vaughan, and the indefatigable Courtois had dug it out.

What course was to be adopted at such a crisis in the affairs of the metropolis? To drop the play and start rehearsing Mr. Partington's would mean the indefinite postponement of a first night already announced to an expectant world; it would mean a blow to Sir Algernon's reputation for keeping faith with the public.

Happily, young Vaughan's play seemed passable (though you could never tell); anyhow, its most patent faults of inexperience could be remedied. Mr. Partington, secure in his tenure of fame, could afford to be generous, and so waived his right of priority. To do him justice he did not foresee that the success of the unknown writer's play would keep his own in suspension for the best part of a twelve-month.

* * * * *

"Mr. Chairman, my lord duke, my lords, ladies and gentlemen," said Sir Algernon, rising to respond to the toast of his health at a banquet of the Onpushers, six months after the events narrated above, "I must disclaim any exceptional merit, such as your President would impute to me, for the discovery of our new dramatic genius. I am sure that my brother-managers, equally with myself, leave no stone unturned in the process of prospecting for hidden talent. We read faithfully every manuscript submitted to us; and I say, as I have always said, 'Let the Unacted take heart. Let them continue to send in their works to the actor-managers of our great theatres, assured that they will be carefully read and conscientiously considered.' We are always keenly on the look-out for new Pineros, for budding Barries, for incipient Sutros—(applause)—and the days are gone by—if they ever occurred—when manuscripts were suffered to lie untouched in managerial cupboards. And, if any play, by however obscure a writer, possesses but a fraction of the merit of that of my young friend Mr. Vernon Vaughan, its author may have absolute confidence that no manager will be so careless of his duty to the public, so insensible of his own needs, as to ignore or overlook the promise that lurks within it." (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

What to do with our Brooks.

"When, after much service, a brook becomes shorter on one side than the other, and the ends of the straws as sharp as needles, dip it in hot water, and trim it down quite evenly with the shears."—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

If the emergency ever arises we shall remember.

"Mammoth flags craned their necks over dizzy parapets, while smaller emblems sought a precarious foothold on flimsy perches. It was a laughing town."

Kettering Evening Telegraph.

Callous Kettering, that could laugh so heartlessly when the smaller emblems were in such danger.

"Faulkner remained undefeated up to the close, and took out his bat for the top score of the match—122. . . . It seemed a bit surprising that Gregory should have put him in first in the second innings, for he was obviously tired."

Daily Mirror.

Still more surprising that MITCHELL didn't put on BARDSLEY and CARKEEK to bowl for the South-Africans.



Tripper (*crossing from England to Denmark*). "CAN YOU SPEAK THEIR LINGO?"
Professor. "YES, IT'S NOT VERY UNLIKE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW. THE DANES LEFT THEIR MARK BEHIND THEM WHEN THEY INVADED ENGLAND." *Tripper*. "THE DANES INVADED ENGLAND! WHAT INFERNAL CHEEK!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Eve (CONSTABLE) is one of those books that you begin by liking much, and admiring slightly, and end by admiring enormously—and hating. At least that has been my case. During the earlier chapters of Mr. MAARTEN MAARTENS' new story, I told myself that I must really start for Holland next week, if only on the off-chance of encountering such delightful persons as the *Melissants*, and so charming a circle as that in which *Eve* grew up. Now, when I have finished the story, the thought of Holland gives me just the same shivery distaste as would any place where something very sad and terrible had happened to friends whom I knew intimately, and loved. I certainly loved the *Melissants*, father and mother—called "the children" by their offspring, who adored them with a kind of careless patronage—and all the pleasure-loving, pagan household at *Sans-Souci*. It was from here that *Eve* went, at nineteen, to marry *Rutger Knoppe*, who was nearing forty, and to share the so-different home that he had inherited. You see the whole looming tragedy afar. It is no new thing—one of the oldest stories in the world—but somehow Mr. MAARTENS has told it with fresh poignancy. It is all quite horribly real; beginning with the inevitable clash of temperaments, and ending—as you shall read for yourself, hardly, I think, unmoved. Altogether, a strikingly clever novel; certainly not a pleasant one. Of its crowd of characters, some of them rather shadowy and indistinct, none stands out more compellingly in retrospect than the police-dog *Sherlock*, a figure new to fiction, almost humanly sinister, the detective incarnate. No, I shall not go to Holland.

The fiction-reading public likes its literature in solid slabs, the bulkier the better; and I do not predict a "best selling" success for the stories and sketches of the late RICHARD MIDDLETON which have been published by FISHER UNWIN under the title, *The Ghost Ship*, with an excellent preface by Mr. ARTHUR MACHEN. It is not a book that will be borrowed by the many, but it will be bought and preserved by the few. "Richard Middleton," says Mr. MACHEN, "knew that there was a puzzle; in other words, that the universe is a mystery; and this consciousness of his is the source of the charm of *The Ghost Ship*." That, I think, is as near as one can get to a satisfactory criticism of these sketches. Superficially, they are slight; but at the back of them there is something vast, which it is impossible to put into words. The first of the collection, for instance, might be classed as just an admirable burlesque, but for the something which gives it dignity and spaciousness. *Captain Bartholomew Roberts*, who comes in his private ghost-ship to peaceful Fairfield and saps the morals of the respectable ghosts which inhabit the place, so that in the end they all sail away with him, singing and fiddling on the deck, on some scoundrelly buccaneering expedition, is one of the great spectres of fiction. Of the other sketches I liked best those that did not deal with the supernatural. Many authors would have taken three hundred pages to reveal as much of the soul of an abnormal child as Mr. MIDDLETON gives us in twenty. "The New Boy" is a masterpiece.

I have read the "adventures" of detectives professional and amateur, of thieves male and female, of doctors, financiers, and even of the precocious flapper, but *The Adventures of Miss Gregory* (DENT) were something new to me. An English spinster, severely coiffed, stalwart, sister of a General, "always the lady," and upwards of fifty years of

age, is the last person you would expect to find having experiences and getting mixed up in other people's crises on the East African coast or in the Russian interior. I do not suggest that this class, as it exists, is dull or lacks initiative; indeed, no man, who numbers among his acquaintance one of these sweet and competent old bodies, would dispute the fitness of things which provided so many curious and dangerous situations for *Miss Gregory* to deal with, or would accuse Mr. Perceval Gibbon of exaggeration in endowing her with the energy to seize her sporting opportunities and the ability and resource to achieve so many successful issues. No; what I mean is that, when a card-sharper's suicide, a royal elopement or a conflict with a slave-dealer is afoot, this is not the sort of *dea ex machinâ* that one looks for in a novel. I congratulate Mr. Gibbon on having struck a new line of adventurer. To maiden ladies of lineage and mature years we can, without grudge or incredulity, allow that unerring judgment and infallible power which are necessary to heroes and heroines of such a series of incidents; but we know that they have one fault, that they lack something, as the author in this case most ingeniously and subtly hints in the last sentence of his last chapter. For myself, I never want to read a more finished, studied, yet deliciously exciting set of adventures.

My chief difficulty in criticising *The Chief Constable* (Chapman and Hall) is, though I'm sorry to have to confess it, that I found it almost impossible to get up any real interest in the characters. I didn't at all mind the fact that Mr. Vincent Brown had made them, practically every one, as disagreeable as could be; indeed, I rather admired him for this. When, in the early chapters, I was introduced to the widowed *Mrs. Lumley* and found her and her two despicable sons living on the bounty of old *Mr. Broxworth*, an aged invalid who had taken a sick man's fancy to *Beatrice Lumley*, the daughter, I thought them at least human. And when *Lewis Lumley*, the chief and most unpleasant brother, upbraided *Beatrice* for not having persuaded her old patron to marry her, and thus ensure the future of her relatives, I gave him what credit was possible. But when, immediately afterwards, old *Broxworth* is reported to have died at Hyères, and *Lewis* not only pretends that the marriage has taken place, but actually bullies his sister (surely the poorest-spirited heroine on record) into not contradicting him, my sympathy with the family suffered a shock from which it never wholly rallied. Naturally what happened was that, though the tale was believed locally for a while, demand for proof on the part of the remaining *Broxworths*—who were, if possible, more uninviting than the *Lumleys*—simply crumpled it up. *Beatrice*, however, didn't seem to mind much; and, having now happily got rid of *Lewis*, she decided to marry the chief constable of the county, who had pervaded the story hitherto in a vague manner that hardly justified its being called after him; and frankly I was glad to see the last of them.



Auctioneer. "Gentlemen, I'm ashamed of you! Only four-and-six offered for a genuine Rembrandt! It's an insult to the memory of a great artist! Why, we sold one last week for thirty-five shillings!"

The Radium Terrors describes in chief
(A. Dorrington writes it) a radium thief—
A smart Jap doctor who, I should say,
Is a masterpiece in the swindling way.
He builds a Home where folk may come
To be cured with his stolen radium,
And fills it with patients of wealth and name
Whom he himself has contrived to maim.
The scheme is scotched in the end, of course,
By one of a private detective force—
The youngest recruit—who plays his part
In spite of an ultra-tender heart.
The tale, thus potted, seems absolute trash,
But it isn't so dusty for two bob (Nash).

Whatever Mr. Robert Herrick in the future cares to write I propose to read, for he is a novelist on a big scale. *The Healer* (Macmillan) is a long book and contains much American spelling, but its psychology is sound and its story captivating. The hero (and healer) is a doctor who has gone into the wilds and established a reputation for almost magical skill. Into this neighbourhood a fashionable American family comes for a holiday, and when the daughter meets with an accident her life is saved by this "uncouth backwoodsman." Healed and healer fall in love, and he builds a home for her in his beloved wilds. There is a haunting beauty in the description of the early months of their married life, but antagonism between these different natures soon begins. Under her influence the little hospital designed for the poor develops into a fashionable sanatorium. He is discovered by plutocrats and professional invalids, who succeed in making him at once rich and wretched. Civilisation irks him, and he loses both what is personal in his healing power and all love for his wife. The only fault to be found in the handling of this remarkable story is that the author shows too little sympathy with the wife, for it must be confessed that her husband was easier to love than to live with. The book, however, is one to read, for although Mr. Herrick speaks at times with exceeding frankness he cannot be accused of salacity. He has very definite opinions and an attractive way of expressing them.

Thoughts Better Unexpressed.

"Red Rose" in *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*:—

"Even A. H. Hornby, who is not often heard in the role of a grumbler, felt that the conditions were more suitable to chasing red reynard over Cheshire's plains than outwitting the ruddy rascal whose twisting turns and weird ways drive some batsmen to despair—the most fatal drive of all."

We hope he didn't say so.

From a French paper:—

"Au Stock-Exchange, tous les boursiers ont entonné le *God Shave the King.*"

We must protest against this total misrepresentation of our national aspirations.

CHARIVARIA.

THE conclusions arrived at by our Mediterranean Conference are, it is said, to be kept a close secret—and, if we send any *Dreadnoughts* to that sea, they will, in order to avoid the arousing of susceptibilities, travel *incog*.

* * *

The "Kill that Fly" campaign in this country is now said to be causing grave alarm among the enemy, and cautious flies are going about only in couples.

* * *

The importance of stemming the rush into the towns by making country life less dull is gradually being appreciated. At Dadlington, in Leicestershire, an inquest was held on the village green the other day.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Rhyl Council a certain rule for the restriction of bathing was discussed, and it is rumoured that one gentleman referred to the offending regulation as a "by-law and a reproach."

* * *

A report has been drawn up in favour of introducing electric light into the House of Commons in the place of gas. This is clearly part of a wide scheme for reducing the length of speeches.

* * *

A kind-hearted lady is making an appeal to the charitable for motor-bicycles for cab-runners. It seems that many of these now have a difficulty in keeping up with taxi-cabs.

* * *

The genius of the late Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT would appear to have been hereditary. His father was a sky-pilot.

* * *

American scientists are puzzled over an eight-legged fish that barks like a dog and eats ravenously. It was, we are told, recently caught in a net off the Lower Californian coast. But is it a fish? May it not really be an eight-legged dog that swims like a fish?

* * *

At Acton Police Court last week, a lady produced a handful of hair alleged to have been removed from her head by her sister. The magistrate suggested that their mother should lock the door of the home against the unruly daughter. It is doubtful, however, whether this would keep out one who is an adept in removing locks.

* * *

In the window of a famous optician, not one hundred yards from High Holborn, may be seen a small telescope which is described as "focussing at one yard—useful for Naturalists and Etymologists." This gives one a good idea of the difficulties presented by our English language.

* * *

After fifteen years' absence a sea-serpent, twenty-feet long, has reappeared in Lake Minnetonka. The creature is supposed to have been sulking all this time at the bottom of the lake because the comic papers chaffed it when it last showed itself.

* * *

The Enfield Education Committee has granted an application from the local Territorials to use school playgrounds for the purposes of drill. We know now where the Battle of Dorking will have been won.

* * *

A man, *The Express* tells us, while shaking Mr. ROOSEVELT'S hand in a New York crowd, had his pocket picked of £3. Mr. TAFT, no doubt, is now advising people to insist on the Colonel showing both his hands.

* * *

The Servants' Tax Resisters' Defence Association (phew!) is holding a meeting on the 27th inst. at the Albert Hall, and appeals to all householders "not only to come themselves, but to arrange that their servants shall be free to come that evening." The appeal has received the enthusiastic support of burglars all over the metropolis.



FACE TO FACE WITH NATURE.

EFFECT OF A TOO PROLONGED STUDY OF THE CUCKOO'S NOTE UPON A PERSON OF A MODERATELY STRONG CONSTITUTION.

A HINT TO AVIATORS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I want to make a little suggestion, which I feel sure would popularize cross-country flying. It occurred to me last Saturday during the Aerial Derby, when I and my two young daughters needlessly sustained some severe nervous shocks from being unable to distinguish between a *vol plané* and a fall. My suggestion is that, if the aviator would make a point of waving a green flag for a *vol plané*, and a red one for a fall, we should know when to watch a sublime spectacle with wonder and admiration, and when to look the other way. In case of the latter unfortunate contingency, may I also hint that, if a megaphone as well as a red flag could be included in the aerial outfit, the aviator could then protect the physical as well as the mental susceptibilities of the spectators, by advising them not only that he is falling but also *where the fall is likely to take place*.

I feel confident that the dear aviators will not be offended by this little suggestion, because I understand, from people who have met them socially, that they are quite charming men in their ordinary clothes."

Yours very sincerely, "MOTHER."

The Pertinacity of Larks.

"As we pause by the roadside a small brown bird springs out of the grass at our feet. It is a sky-lark. Stooping down, we see a little nest with three warm eggs in it. The sight inspirits us. The same lark sat on the same eggs three thousand years ago, and the same lark will be sitting on the same eggs three thousand years hence."—*Mr. James Douglas in "The Daily News,"* &c.

In a recent issue of *Punch* the remark that "while adults should rise from the table hungry, children should reach a sense of repletion before rising" was wrongly attributed to the Headmaster of Rugby. *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in expressing his regret to Dr. DAVID for having credited him with an observation which threatened, if that were possible, to extend his wide popularity among his boys.

AT THE "HUNDRED YEARS AGO" BALL.

[With reflections on a paragraph in *The Daily Chronicle* of the same date.]

JOYFUL the shock—I even said, "I'm jiggered!"—
When, in a gown of five-score years ago,
I saw her sitting out, her face transfigured
By supper's after-glow.

Some two or three and twenty Springs had vanished
(Owing to Time's inevitable flight)
Since her confounded father went and banished
Me from my soul's delight.

Her beauty, which reminded me of Venus,
Long time had held my captive frame in fee
Till, as I said, her parent came between us,
Shouting, "It shall not be!"

There was no help for it: we had to sever;
I promised, in an ecstasy of pain
That split my best infinitive, "to never
Darken her path again."

Save for her sense of filial duty (this is
In many a lover's cup the acid drop)
I felt I might have changed her name to Mrs.
Carruthers Blenkinsop.

No ring, 'tis true, had passed, no signed confession,
Yet I surmised, by love's clairvoyant art,
That I had made a pretty strong impression
Upon the young thing's heart.

And now, when happy chance arranged this meeting,
That proud remembrance thrilled me through and through;
I wore a sanguine smile and gave her greeting:—
"Well, Maud, and how are you?"

It must have been the tone in which I uttered
What in itself was not a subtle phrase;
Anyhow, something stirred the soul that fluttered
In her long, questioning gaze.

She drew a deep, deep breath, and then two others;
Three times in all her bosom hove and fell,
Finally she remarked, "My dear Carruthers,
I hope I see you well?"

What further questions and what poignant answers
Might have ensued upon this gambit-play,
Had not the band struck up The Brunswick Lancers,
I'm not prepared to say.

But, in that whirl of Wellingtonian fashion,
Though I mislaid her, I was not downcast,
But hugged the proof of Maud's undying passion
Resurgent from the past.

* * * * * *

There is a prophet in *The Daily Chronicle*
Who through his Office Window scans the sky;
That night I read him, and the sudden monocle
Fell from my bulging eye.

His wheeze (I quote it roughly) ran as follows:—
"Should memory fail, draw three deep breaths," it said;
"Thrice o'er inflate the pulmonary hollows,
And this should clear your head!"

O. S.

THE PROVERB.

WE partook, wisely and well, of the dinner that Mrs. Shaw, in collaboration with her cook, had invented for us, and, fore-gathering in her drawing-room, looked to the former to provide us with entertainment.

"One of us," she announced, rising to the occasion, "goes out of the room, and the others think of a proverb."

"As far as going out of the room is concerned," said I, "I am one of the others."

"And as far as thinking of a proverb is concerned," said Henry, "I am not." So Henry had to go out of the room and I started thinking.

To those who from poverty of circumstance or overwork have not had the opportunity of doing much proverbing, I should perhaps explain the theory of the sport.

You think of a proverb, but you do not, as in other games, double it. Instead, you distribute the proverb, word by word, among such of you as remain in the room, and then arrange yourselves in a semi-circle, leaving an empty chair in the middle. Thus, in our instance, Henry's sister was to take the first word, Mrs. Shaw the second, the Vicar the third, Miss Smithson the fourth, I the fifth, and, to cut the matter short, so on. It was for Henry to ask each of us a question, for each of us in our answer to introduce our particular word, and for Henry then to deduce the proverb. Complex? Maybe; but we English are an intellectual people.

"For the more astute," explained Mrs. Shaw, in the absence of Henry, "one should select a proverb with no significant word in it, such as *Where there's a will there's a way*."

"Give me the *a*," said I, "and I guarantee to introduce it into my answer in such a manner as to baffle the keenest observer."

"For the less competent and more bashful it is only fair to choose a proverb with a conspicuous word in it."

"*Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you* is about Henry's mark," said his sister; but we thought of a better one than that.

"Come in!" we cried, and Henry came in. (He was, he has since told me, glad to do so. The hall was draughty, and the only other people about it were servants clearing away. They regarded him as if he were playing a game by himself, and he did not feel at all proud about it.)

"Ask us all questions, starting with me," said Henry's sister, briskly. She appeared to have no confidence in his social ability.

"Why?" said Henry.

"Do as you are told, and ask me a question." Sisters are like that, but brothers know how to deal with them.

"Why?" said Henry.

His sister gave in and searched for an answer which should contain her allotted word. "The best people do as they are told, without asking why."

Henry did not maintain his brilliant start. He stared gloomily at Mrs. Shaw, and Mrs. Shaw stared encouragingly back. "Upon my word," he declared at last, "it is extraordinarily difficult to think of a question, isn't it?"

"Who am I that I should say?" answered Mrs. Shaw quickly, being an expert.

Henry turned upon the Vicar and put his next question. "What is the proverb?" he asked, simply. The Vicar's idea was very good: "As I live I don't rightly know." But the execution was poor, for this was how he said it; "Let me see . . . *Live* . . . Yes . . . er . . . As I LIVE I don't rightly know." Henry, being something of a sleuth, caught hold of the *live* and thought a while.



THE OMAR-LAND ROUTE.

["Reuter's Agency understands that the British Government has accepted as completely satisfactory the proposals now made for the international" (British, Russian and French) "control of the projected trans-Persian line for linking up the Russian and Indian railway systems."—*The Times.*]





FASHION NOTE.

The General. "WHERE THE DOOCE HAVE ALL MY HATS GOT TO?"

THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTERS FURNISH THE EXPLANATION.

"*People who live* . . ." he murmured, looking at Miss Smithson. "How am I getting on?"

She tried to deceive him.

"Not so badly for a beginner. Well begun is half done, but there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and it is a long lane that has no turning." Henry, however, was not to be put off by all these counter-attractions, and stuck to the *in* in beginner.

"What are glasses made of?" he asked me.

"Glass," said I. It was no good trying to put him off a word like mine. Better give it him and have done with it.

Henry was now quite confident of having got the laugh over us. "What's your word?" he asked the next man.

"Houses," said he, being rather more of an Auction-Bridgite than a Proverber.

"*People who live in glass houses* . . ." said Henry to Mr. Shaw. "Need I go on with these questions?"

"If I were you I shouldn't," said Mr. Shaw. "Mine is the last word of the proverb and I have spoken it."

Henry was inclined to argue about it. "No," we told him, quite firmly and definitely, "our proverb has nothing about throwing stones in it."

* * * * * * *

We played other games after that, but Henry's attention was always elsewhere. At parting he went on his knees to us and begged to be told what our proverb was, promising not to argue any more.

"I could have sworn," he said, "that it was *People who live in glass houses shouldn't* . . ."

"So it was," we interrupted in chorus; "and a very sound proverb too."

RHYME—AND REASON.

IN summer evenings, when the light grows dim
Upon the verge of darkness, Algernon
Shakspeare Souvigny—I am he (or him)—

Dreams of a damsel fair to look upon,
Healthy and wealthy (vastly so) and wise,
And preferably with the prefix *Hon.*

In dreams he marks the rapture in her eyes
When first she sees him; love is in that glance,
Those parted lips, that smile of glad surprise.

Love, too, inspires her tentative advance
(*He* always was pathetically shy);
And later, when the flower of their Romance

Has come to fruit, in dreams he sees them fly
By motor (hers); beholds them safely wed,
Her fortune still intact, and he thereby

Rescued from soulless toil, and filled instead
With *joie de vivre* and other cheerful things.
Such dreams his brain engenders, when the red

Of sunset dies, and Night's wide sable wings
Cover the earth . . . *Finis*! The End! The Close!
For nothing happens; and his visionings

Fade like the fleeting perfume of the rose. . . .
(*Private:* Dear *Punch*, I wish you'd publish this;
It might have some effect; one never knows.)

THE ROSE GARDEN.

(*After the Author of "The Rosary."*)

I.

THE butler placed the solid gold teapot on the tray before Jane, and, bowing gracefully, retired.

Jane glanced at the Boy as he lounged in the satin-covered deck-chair. The harmony of his pink socks and his purple silk blazer did not blind her to the ardent glow of his eyes.

"Don't," she said.

"Don't what?" asked the Boy, showing his pearly teeth.

"You know."

The Boy stretched out his hand for the fragile porcelain cup—worth more than its weight in platinum. "Every time I look at your beautiful hand lifting the solid gold teapot I kiss it with my eyes."

"I knew," she whispered. "Boy, I am forty-nine."

"Girl, dear girl, I am twenty-one, but I love you."

"Little pink-faced boy, I am here to chaperon my niece. She is your age, she is beautiful, she has a hundred thousand a year. Marry her, pink-faced boy."

"What is money? Jane, share my poverty with me. I have but fifty thousand a year. It may be a generation before I succeed to the peerage. I hide nothing from you. Sweetest girl——"

She rose from the ebony garden-chair embossed with pearls.

"Pink-faced boy, go."

Her gesture was so commanding that he obeyed.

As his slim, graceful form vanished through the pergola a blackbird fluted in the myrtle-tree. Another moment and Jane's full sweet voice arose in all its mature sweetness. The birds hushed in their nests. She sang "The Rosary."

"At it again," murmured the butler from behind the sweet-briar hedge.

II.

Jane carolled in the rose-garden till the Duchess, who was removing withered leaves with an exquisite pair of gold scissors, raised her eyebrows in silent protest. The butler came forward with the Country-House Edition of *The Daily Mail* (printed on white satin) upon a heavy golden salver. He presented it pointedly to Jane. She sank on to a mossy bank and with eager fingers opened the paper.

"My pink-faced boy," she murmured. "He was flying yesterday."

Another moment and she laid the paper down and was speeding toward the great Elizabethan mansion which had been her home from childhood. Her dainty feet pattered over the costly mosaic pavement of the hall. A marquis held out a detaining hand, but, evading him, she vanished to her suite of rooms.

An hour later she reappeared. A scarf of priceless Brussels gagged her dainty mouth. Padding of Lyons silk stopped her exquisite ears.

"Jane," cried the Duchess, "what is the meaning of this?"

Jane made a sign to the butler. With the intuition of a faithful family servant he produced a gold-mounted writing tablet and a pencil of green jade.

The Duchess stared at the message Jane wrote. "My little pink-faced boy has fallen from his aeroplane and has been picked up deaf and dumb. I too must be deaf and dumb to be *en rapport* with him."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed the Duchess.

"It'll stop her from singing, anyhow, your Grace," said the butler, who, with the licence permitted to an old retainer, had glanced over the Duchess's shoulder.

III.

"Little pink-faced boy," she said in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, "if you want me I am yours."

"Jane," he signed, "darling girl. I am poor; I am afflicted. I cannot accept your sacrifice."

"Pink-faced boy," her quick fingers spoke, "I too am deaf and dumb."

He leapt to his feet and clasped her to him.

* * * * *

It was a simple wedding in the little village church.

For one moment the Archbishop was a little overcome by the scent of the roses in which the church was ankle-deep, but he recovered himself. When, Jane, on the Duke's arm, floated gracefully down the aisle the eyes of the pink-faced boy met her and kissed her across the church. With a beautiful smile on her face she listened to the solemn service, and with calm confidence signed "I will" with her fingers.

A thrill of emotion passed through the church. Even the baronets and knights, who, to prevent inconvenient crowding, had been kept in the churchyard, participated in it. The Duchess kissed her tenderly and then, on the arm of her husband, she walked down the aisle. She had chosen poverty, affliction and the pink-faced boy, and she was radiantly happy.

"We've got her off all right," said the butler patronisingly to Viscount Plumpley, a poor relation of the family. "And now if only we can keep her from singing at the wedding-breakfast all will be well."



A MUCH-NEEDED REVIVAL.

A PIED PIPER TO DECOY THE SNAILS FROM A GARDEN CITY.

Militarism in Marylebone.

"Those in civilian dress must wear medals outside the coat. No sticks or umbrellas may be worn by those entitled to wear them."—*Regimental Orders of the St. Marylebone Battalion, National Reserves.*—"*West London Gazette.*"

Although entitled to wear both sticks and umbrellas, we shall continue to do so.

Horrors from Hendon.

"LUCKY DOG.—A terrier dog, it is stated, was run over in Colin Deep Lane on Monday afternoon, but only slightly injured.

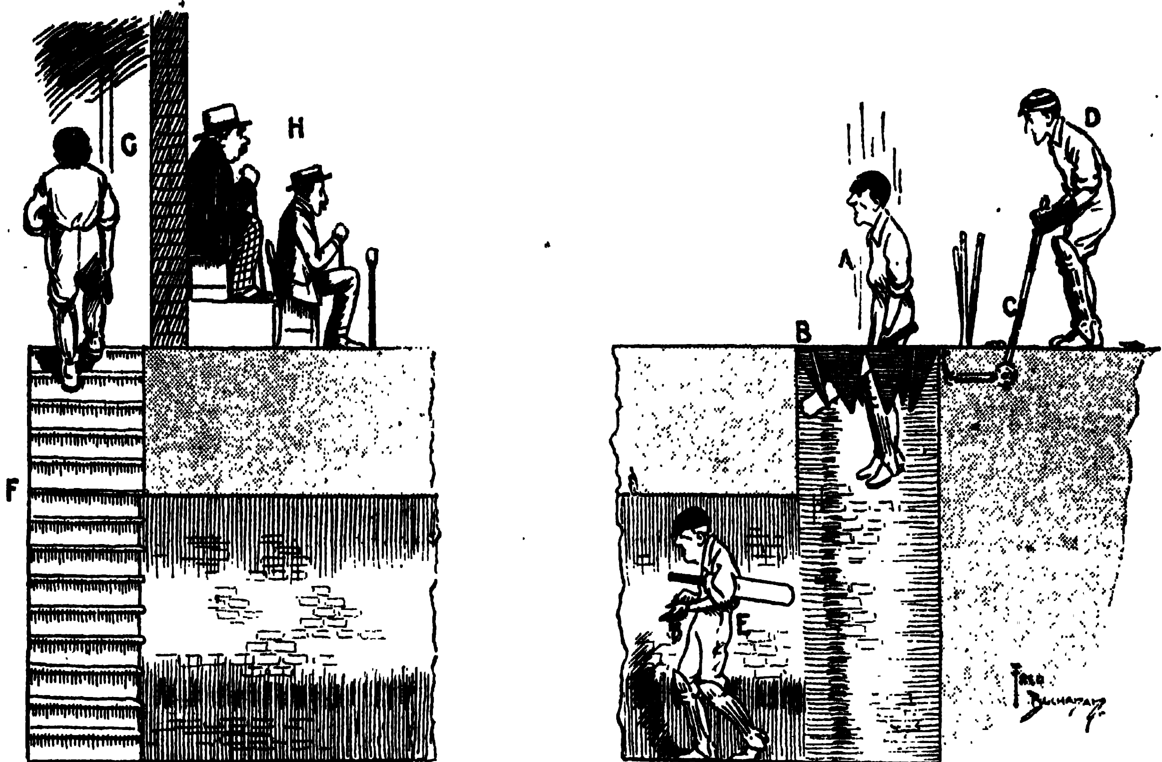
CLIMBING A STILE.—A Wood Green lady was getting over the stile at the top of Greyhound Hill, when she fell and hurt her ankle. Her husband was with her and medical aid was declined."—*Hendon Advertiser.*

Sudden Sundays in South Africa.

"Recently Mr. S—— was removed to the Albany General Hospital, and an operation being urgent this was undertaken successfully, from whence he proceeded to make satisfactory progress towards recovery until Sunday which was not altogether unexpected came somewhat suddenly."—*Grahamstown Journal.*

"The Rev. Richard William Geldart, of Newfield, Clifton, Bristol, curate of Elmore and Longney, Gloucestershire, 1852-8 (net personality £16,769).....ffi...ffi...ffi... £16,889."
Birmingham Daily Post.

The exclamations are supposed to have been interpolated by a devout Nonconformist admirer of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.



THE "TUBE" EXIT FOR UNSUCCESSFUL BATSMEN.

(A) Abashed batsman (bowled for a blob) disappearing through star trap (B), operated at lever (C), by sympathetic wicket-keeper (D).
(E) The same batsman pursuing his invisible way along underground passage to staircase (F) leading to interior of pavilion (G), thus avoiding the stony stares of contemptuous spectators (H).

CANDIDATES FOR THE CARNEGIE HERO FUND.

The papers recently contained an account of the distressing accident which befell the Duke of Orleans while playing golf on the Evesham Club links. "He was taking a big spring," so we read in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "and slipped, falling heavily on his right hand. Yet, in spite of having sustained a fracture of the metacarpal bone and wrenched the muscles of his forearm, he was playing golf at Cleeve Hill next day, using his left hand only."

It is a great satisfaction to us in these democratic days to know that the fortitude displayed by the Duke is not an isolated example of heroism *in excelsis*, but, as the following paragraphs show, can be paralleled by a number of similarly exhilarating instances.

Thus Lord Gosslyn, while recently engaged in throwing stones at an empty ginger-beer bottle on the sands at Clacton-on-Sea, slipped on a piece of seaweed, and fell into the sea, which at that point was several inches deep, and was stung on the right wrist by a jolly-fish. In spite of his injury Lord Gosslyn was seen next day on his way to the railway station carrying his umbrella in his left hand.

Sir Halford Bond, the famous financier, met with a painful accident the other day while lunching at the Fitz Hotel. Having taken a mouthful of caviare, he began to tell an extremely humorous anecdote before the process of deglutition was complete, and was seized with a painful choking fit which caused consternation amongst the waiters. Fortunately Sir Austin Tabb-Lloyd, the famous throat specialist, happened to be lunching at an adjoining table and, rushing to the assistance of the distressed plutocrat, was able to give him speedy relief. Sir Halford Bond, who is a man of iron constitution, returned home in a taxi, and was so far recovered that at five o'clock tea he was able to partake freely of his favourite crab and Devonshire cream sandwiches and embark upon another story.

A regrettable accident befell Mr. Bax Remington, the famous novelist, while he was dressing for dinner last Friday night. As he was struggling with a refractory collar-stud Mr. Remington lost his balance and fell, striking his left elbow against a radium-mounted boot-jack. The bruise caused by the blow was very painful, but in spite of the discomfort caused thereby Mr. Remington dictated his usual 4,000 words the next morning to his amanuensis, Mr. Widgery Roblett.

Last Saturday the Duchess of Darlington, while entertaining a number of distinguished guests at tea, was trying to blow out the lamp beneath a tea-kettle with a gold tube. Unfortunately the Duchess, who, like all members of her family, is endowed with a superb pulmonary equipment, directed so powerful a current of air on the lamp as to upset it, with the result that the flaming spirit was spilt on to a plate of almost priceless muffins, which were entirely destroyed by the devouring element. Several footmen were soon on the scene, and the flames were quickly extinguished, but the Duchess's complexion was seriously disturbed. Yet only three hours later she was seen at her box at the opera looking as serene and beautiful as if nothing had happened and with a complexion as good as new.

Soldier and Sailor Too.

"Sir Luke's portrait is a full-length of His Majesty in his State robes of ermine and velvet, open to display his military uniform."
Daily Chronicle.

"The King is represented in admiral's uniform."—*Daily Mail.*

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

PAMELA was in her apple-green frock in her red hammock in her father's orchard. Thus I came upon her on that eventful day.

Pamela, I should mention, is my betrothed. I cannot say that the engagement gives me entire satisfaction, but why should I depress the reader at the outset by any sort of gloomy forebodings. No doubt the girl means well.

In order to surprise and delight her after the manner of lovers, I approached on tip-toe, and up to the last moment she had no inkling of my advent; then, like a startled kitten, she sprang up into the air and gave a scream that echoed through the orchard.

"You," she gasped, "James," and, falling into my arms, she buried her face against my shoulder.

"What is it?" I said.

"I can't tell you; it's too awful."

The words came to me muffled by the summer-suiting.

"The more awful it is," I assured her, "the better I shall like it. I love to be filled with awe."

She raised her head and surveyed me with round eyes.

"James, a man has been here . . . all the afternoon making . . . love . . . to me."

A hot flame of jealousy swept through my veins from top to toe.

"Ha!" I exclaimed, "where is the double-faced serpent in the tree-tops? I will shoot him like a dog." (I cannot say that I know exactly how to shoot like a dog, but doubtless there is some method.)

Pamela clasped her hands to her fair throat.

"Do not shoot him," she cried. "You will be hung."

"Hanged."

"Hanged! Oh, James, I cannot lose you."

"Then he shall be horse-whipped. The hound shall not escape my wrath."

Pamela gave a cry of ecstasy.

"Oh, yes, yes," she cried. "Go now; you will find him at his house."

I stamped twice.

"Tell me the villain's name."

"His name is Bertie — Bertie Fulyard."

"What . . . Bertie? Not that . . . that enormous chap?"

"Yes, that's the man."

"Oh, no, I think not."

"What do you mean, 'you think not'? I know it was Bertie."

"I doubt it," I said, "I doubt it very much. We must not jump to the conclusion that it was Bertie."

Pamela became frantic.

Silly! When the man's been here making love to me, I *must* know whether it's Bertie or not."

"It might have been some other fellow made up as Bertie," I suggested. "He might have some odd idea that it would improve his chances."

Pamela flung herself into the hammock.

"We should all be sorry," I said, "if, after I'd gone and hurt the poor old thing, we found it was somebody else."

To tell the truth I was rather disinclined to move in the matter. I had had no previous experience either in horse-whipping or shooting like a dog, and I did not feel that Bertie was a suitable subject for a first experiment. Later on, perhaps, yes.

"And besides," I said, "I've got no horse-whip. What a pity, isn't it?"

Pamela turned in the hammock.

"You could buy one," she said.

"I had thought of that," I said, "but it is no easy matter. There are all kinds of complications. I believe you have to have a licence signed by a magistrate."

Pamela climbed out on to her feet.

"James," she said, "are you brave — or not?"

"Of course I am," I said. "I'm as brave as seven lions."

* * * * *

I walked and walked until I came to a cab-stand, where I found one cab.

"Want a keb, Sir?"

"No," I said, "I do not. What I want is a whip. I am a bull in whips."

I always talk business in this sort of smart clever way. But the man was dense, and it was a long time before his brain began to grasp the proposition. When he at last saw clearly he became suspicious, scenting, no doubt, some sinister design.

"Woffor?"

"For purposes of my own. Possibly to go fishing. It might be as a pipe cleaner, but that is unlikely. What you've got to tell me is your price."

He took the whip out of its stand and regarded it in solemn thought.

"For this 'ere whip, guvnor," he said at last, "I'll take two quid."

"Done."

I doubt if ever a bargain was closed, even by an American financier, with more aplomb.

The cabman suggested that we should go across the road and drink each other's health, but I told him that I had placed myself under a solemn oath neither to eat nor drink until a certain deed was accomplished, whereupon it was agreed that he should go across and drink them both while I kept an eye on his horse.

It seemed to me that a little practice would not be out of place. The horse would doubtless make some sort of protest, but, as its hind legs were more or less tied to the cab, and its fangs buried in its nose-bag, I had no great anxiety on that score. So I patted its neck first to show that we were friends, and then took aim and gave it a considerable whack.

It knew at once when it had had enough. Tossing its head wildly, it galloped off with the cab rattling behind it, and almost immediately disappeared out of sight and out of this story.

After that, I looked about for other useful objects, but, with the exception of lamp-posts, I could find nothing at all resembling the shape or form of Bertie. If he had only been a short, fat man the pillar-box would have been an admirable model.

By the time I reached all that messuage called "Pine Cot," the property of Bertie's people, I had got my eye in and was ready for the fray.

I rang the bell violently.

The maid trembled before me.

"Where is Mr. Bertie?" I asked.

"In the drawing-room, Sir."

I heard the distant clatter of china and conversation. Bertie would be handing round the tea-cups.

I could not go in and beat him before his mother and the lady visitors. In the society in which I move such a proceeding would have been condemned.

The proper course was the course I took. Placing the weapon in the umbrella-stand I went into the drawing-room, and, with a smile over a boiling heart, handed round cakes.

After tea we went to smoke in the billiard-room.

We played a game of billiards and I beat him. Then we played a game of croquet and I beat him. Then we played a game of billiards with the croquet balls and I beat him. Then we played a game of croquet with the billiard-balls and I beat him.

Then, of course, I went home.

You can't remember everything.

Bertie followed me down the drive with the absurd whip.

"Your umbrella, I think," he said. "Is it good at keeping the rain off? I doubt it."

I did not say very much at the time, but I had only got a few steps outside the gate when I thought of an excellent joke about rain and reins and tore back, but he had disappeared into the house.

* * * * *

Pamela may say what she likes, but there is no doubt in my mind that, taking into consideration all the circumstances, Honour was well and truly satisfied.

THE FRAUD OF THE LABEL AGAIN.

He was in the opposite corner to me and for a while he read his paper. Then he looked out of the window, and then he began a furtive examination of myself and my belongings, in that offensive way which one's fellow passengers so often and so irritatingly employ. At last, after many false starts, he spoke to me.

"You rarely travel abroad?" he said inquiringly.

"Very rarely," I replied. "But what makes you think so?"

"Your bag," he said. "It has no foreign labels on it."

I perhaps showed surprise at his acumen, for he continued, very knowingly, in a half-whisper, leaning towards me, "But the converse isn't always true, you know."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, it doesn't necessarily follow that because a bag is covered with foreign labels its owner has travelled abroad. For instance," he added, with a cunning look, drawing from his pocket an envelope, "I could furnish you with a complete Swiss and Italian route in two minutes if you'd allow me:" and he spread before me a series of hotel labels ranging from Lucerne to Rome.

"So you mean that you deal in these things?" I asked in astonishment.

"I do indeed," he said. "My business is to turn the untravelled into travellers. There are lots of gentlemen who spend their holidays very quietly at home, after giving it out that they are going, say, to Nuremberg. Well, for half-a-crown I provide them with a good Nuremberg hotel label, and no one is the wiser -- unless, of course, they are cross-examined too severely by one who knows that city. Young couples in the suburbs too are good customers of mine. There is a lot of rivalry in the suburbs about holidays, you may have noticed. Everyone wants to appear a little more expensive and venturesome than every one else; but they haven't really got the money for it, poor things, so they come to me, and I plaster circumstantial evidence of Innsbruck or Interlaken or Venice or Bergen all over their trunks; and they return from Rustington, or Hythe, or wherever it is, certain of a successful winter. They work entirely for their neighbours, do the young couples; but there are lots of gentlemen who work merely for fellow-passengers in railway carriages and on platforms. It's them they want to impress. Human nature's very rum. It is through observing it that I came to take up this business.



MORE TRANSPORT TROUBLES.

Conductor. "You'll have to pay for that child, Mum."

Fare. "Indeed, I won't, young man! I never 'ave yet, and I ain't a-goin' to begin now."

"Then there's another customer, who really does travel, but not in the style that he wants people to believe. In reality, when, for example, he stays at Lucerne, he puts up at some little cheap place without a name; but he gets from me a Schweizerhof label and sticks that on in the train. You see?"

I asked him how much he charged.

"Well," he said, "prices vary. In August, Scotch hotel labels are dearer than in July, of course, especially in the neighbourhood of the best moors. A Swiss set of eight I can do for a pound—half-a-crown apiece. The Italian set is dearer, and so on. When it comes to Russia and Greece, dearer still. India works out at about half-a-sovereign a label; but the big game districts of Africa are really costly—ten pounds a label sometimes. There's not much demand for American labels, but Japans are a steady market. I've got a Japanese set here for a gentleman who pretends he's there now—a dramatic critic, I believe he is—but he's really hiding in Hertfordshire all the time. He's due back soon, and he wants the labels to look well-seasoned, and so we're sticking them on to-day. Such a nice gentleman."

"But surely your clients must get caught out now and then?" I said.

"Not if they're careful," he replied. "You see, I'm always at hand to help them. I deal in picture-postcards of foreign parts as well as labels, and then there's guide-books, you know. No, if they get caught out it's their own fault."

The train pulling up at King's Langley, he carefully collected his stock of labels, bade me good-day, and got out.



First Trooper Imperial Yeomanry (discussing a new officer). "Swears a bit, don't 'e, sometimes?"
Second Trooper. "'E's a masterpiece, 'e is; just opens 'is mouth and lets it say wot it likes."

A FEW WORDS WITH A CRUSTACEAN.

Lobster, lo! 'tis a random notion,
But somehow I feel distressed for thee
Darkling there in the depths of ocean,
Innocent, fancy-free,
All unconscious of doom ahead,
Days when thy cheek shall blush as red
As the cheek of a girl when her heart hath said,
Suddenly stirred with a sweet commotion,
"Cecil is soft on me."

All unconscious of him that caters
Far inland for a ruthless craze,
Ready to rip thy pincered gaiters
Off in the latter days;
All unconscious, without a tear
For the night that shall see thee stark and drear
Stretched thy length on a lettuce-bier,
For the glittering lamps and the foreign waiters,
For the frocks and the mayonnaise.

Yes. Or it may be up the river,
Long ere Tamesis tastes the brine,
Out on a punt where the rushes quiver
And the green boughs intertwine,
Far, O far, from the trident strong
Of the great sea-god, thou must feel the prong
Of the Naïad's fork, and thy tentacles long
Are stretched in vain, and the girl (forgive her!)
Laughs at those claws of thine.

Such the deaths of the old Atreidae;
Such the horrible type of doom
That fell upon Itys; so untidy
Perished that minstrel whom,
Bacchanal-mad for the love of him,
Women of Thrace tore limb from limb;
So full oft for a woman's whim
(For a fair young girl, or a perfect lydy)
Thou perishest—but thy bloom,

That was not there in the salty billows,
There where the dreadful snakes are coiled,
Bursts to life on thy salad pillows
Because thou hast just been boiled.
If ever in wandering off the shore
Deeds thou hast done not well before,
By the rosy flame that hath flushed thee o'er
Now art thou shrived of thy peccadilloes,
Now is thy soul assoiled.

That is a comforting thought, O lobster;
Ay, and there's more:—if it comes to woes,
Perhaps I had better have made the throb stir
In my pitiful heart for those
That (not like thee) unavengéd die;
Glazed and dull is thy beady eye,
But still I can see in it something sly,
For Clara eats, but in turn thou rob'st her
Of half of her night's repose.

Evoe.



THE PARLIAMENTARY HACK.

Mr. Asquith. "COME ON, TAGALIE! WE'LL GET THERE BY CHRISTMAS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



OUR LORD HALDANE IN GERMANY.

["I am credibly informed he went with a friend who by the cut of his beard was identified in Germany as being either the PRIME MINISTER or myself."—*Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons.*]

Tuesday, June 4.—Curious how through successive Parliaments, elected under whatsoever circumstances, howsoever affecting the fortunes of Party, there is always a little group of Members who constitute themselves a sort of conduit pipe between disaffected natives of India and the House of Commons. Differing in name and personal environment, they are singularly alike. Well-meaning but not wise; voluble rather than convincing. No harm done in this country beyond certain waste of time. Unfortunately case different in India. Section of native press which sets itself continuously to blow embers of unrest takes care that this class of question is reproduced in its columns, where it looms large and serves purpose of inflaming wrath, occasionally leading to lamentable outbreak of crime.

When DON'T KEIR HARDIE returned from visit to storied Ind, bringing with him the reach-me-down suit of once spotless linen, he made himself mouthpiece of this group. Other interests nearer home, therefore more valuable for advertisement purposes, later claimed his attention, and MACCALLUM SCOTT stepped into the breach.

Up this afternoon to seize earliest opportunity of putting little conundrum to UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA. Wants to know "how many out of the total number of members of the district board, talug boards, municipalities, and union panchaits, in the districts of Ganjam, were Uriyas [no allusion to *Heep*] and how many were Telegus, in the years 1903, 1909, and the present year?" What may lurk under this inquiry no one, except perhaps the guilty UNDER-SECRETARY, knows. Be sure it implies grave charge of maladministration on part of Government of India.

Whilst MACCALLUM SCOTT centres his concern upon India the MAD HATTER, after his pleasing fashion, surveys mankind from China to Peru. The world is his oyster, and day after day through the Session he opens it with the knife of interrogation. Coming back refreshed by holiday, he delights House with increased resemblance to his immortal prototype. More especially when viewed in profile one feels sure he must have sat to TENNIEL when he sketched the most familiar of his fancy portraits. In his inconsequential curiosity, in the confidence of his assurance when laying down propositions, and in his habit of suddenly popping up and taking the lead in conversation when no one is thinking about him, he tends to rob LEWIS CARROLL of the originality hitherto conceded to the creation of one of *Alice's* most attractive companions in Wonderland. Here in flesh and blood is the man we were brought up to believe was the joint fantasy of author and artist.

To-day there are twenty-eight questions on the paper. Of these, seven, exactly one-fourth of the whole, stand in the name of the MAD HATTER. After passing reference to Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST and ENRICO MALATESTA, by way of showing that elephants are not singular in the capacity of picking up pins and uprooting oaks with equal accuracy and ease, he passed on to consider the war between

Turkey and Italy; the condition of British Naval power in the Mediterranean; the attitude of the Russian Government in connection with Miss MALECKA; and NAPOLEON B. HALDANE'S holiday descent upon Germany.

In connection with this last subject he came a cropper that would have shut up some men for at least an hour. Inquired "whether FOREIGN SECRETARY could make any statement regarding the recent visit of Viscount HALDANE to Berlin."

"Sorry I cannot," EDWARD GREY blandly responded, "since Viscount HALDANE has not recently been to Berlin."

Apart from this slip the MAD HATTER'S questions are models of simplicity and directness. For more than a week eyes of Europe have been fixed upon PRIME MINISTER and FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY in council with KITCHENER at Malta. What their business might be and what direction it took are matters of persistent surmise. Essential to success that proceedings should be confidential. Secret well kept. Not a whisper of authentic information is floating about.

This the MAD HATTER'S opportunity. Rises and, with artlessness that could not be exceeded if he were asking someone on Treasury Bench to tell him "the right time," he enquires "whether the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY can state what measures are intended to strengthen our naval power in the Mediterranean?"

Fact that FIRST LORD OF ADMIRALTY is himself on the Mediterranean, somewhat beyond earshot, makes no difference. The MAD HATTER puts his question, gets his snub, and imperturbably proceeds to ask FOREIGN SECRETARY "whether he is in a position to state the result of recent negotiations aimed at bringing to an end the war between Turkey and Italy."

Business done.—House resumed after Whitsun recess. Small attendance, with customary result that batches of votes were got in Committee of Supply. On motion for adjournment STRAUSS rose to call attention to disbandment of Paddington Rifles.

"Paddington," said the strenuous STRAUSS, "is in a state of boiling indignation, and it is my duty to my constituents to voice that indignation."

"Mr. SPEAKER," said another voice, "I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty Members present."

This computation turning out correct, House counted out at twenty minutes to ten, with Paddington's indignation unvoiced.

Thursday.—This being rather a warm evening after welcome rain, pleasant to sit and look on at more or less skilful skating over thin ice. Adjournment moved in order to discuss question of Dock Strike. Matter referred in first instance to EDWARD CLARKE, who delivered judgment worthy fame of SOLON or SOLOMON. Commonplace persons would have found either the masters wrong, or the men delinquent. CLARKE impartially declared that both were in the wrong, and deftly divided portions of responsibility. "A plague on both your Houses!" was conclusion arrived at by MERCUTIO CLARKE. The



MERCURY, BART.
(Sir HENNIKER HEATON.)

O'GRADY, described in *Dod* as "an organiser," now carries appeal to High Court of Parliament.

Actually no more difficulty for House to arrive at conclusion on matter than beset CLARKE. Difference is that whereas he formed his judgment uninfluenced by other considerations than those which in such circumstances influence the trained judicial mind, position of Labour Problem in House of Commons is otherwise dominated. The British workman has a vote, which forms considerable numerical proportion of poll at by-elections. He is, moreover, apt to use it for class or personal profit rather than for more lofty consideration of Party advantage.

It accordingly becomes necessary for Leaders of Parties to walk warily on such questions as that opened to-night. In such circumstances LLOYD GEORGE at his best—adroit, conciliatory, his countenance beaming with artless desire to serve his fellow working-man. The sympathy of BONNER and his Party naturally with the masters. But it would never do to estrange the Labour vote. Accordingly he joins in the political Turkey Trot.

Business done.—Committee of Supply interrupted for conversation about Dock Strike.

Friday.—HENNIKER HEATON no longer one of us. But Members on both sides hear with pleasure of triumphant reception awaiting him at Guildhall on Tuesday, to welcome him on return from Australia, and to applaud the tardy honour of a Baronetcy awarded during absence. Few men can show such record of public work achieved by personal exertion as can the long-time Member for CANTERBURY.

As the Member for SARK says, "HENNIKER HEATON was penny wise in his prolonged patient endeavour to reduce cost of ocean postage between the Mother Country and the Colonies, India and the United States. The officials who long successfully baulked his endeavour were tuppence-ha'penny foolish."

Business done.—Report stage of Government of India Bill concluded. Bill reported to the House.

An Invocation.

["A spirit of moderation," we are told, "hovers over the new fashions in millinery."]

Blest hoverer o'er the fashions of the
Town,
No longer flutter in the ambient air,
But rather settle permanently down
Upon the costumes of our fickle fair.

The Ways of the Wicked.

"'They are the worst set of employers,' said one speaker, Mr. Matthews, of Enfield, 'that I have ever come in contact with in my life. . . . They robe the maimed, the blind, the widow, and the labourer.'"—*Evening News.*

A Memorable Performance.

"Mr. Churchill conversed with every officer on parade. Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Churchill, and the Enchantress party witnessed the spectacle from the reserved enclosure."—*Daily News.*

"The fascination of masquerading in the dress of the early years of the nineteenth century appealed to many whom a more remote period would have left cold."—*Daily Chronicle.*

The woad period, for instance.

"Later in the day the bride and bridegroom left for the honeymoon, the latter wearing a gown of old blue taffetas and beige coloured soft satin."—*Daily Mirror.*

The creases down the front of the bride's trousers were much admired.



Minor Poet. "I say, my good man, would you mind going to some other part of the garden? I find it impossible to get on with my sonnet on the Dignity of Labour while you're working at those roses."

ENVELOPES, COMMERCIAL SIZE.

This sort is used by your stockbroker
When he writes from his office, E.C., "Dear Sir, -
I much regret that the consequence
Of not being guided by common sense,
And of buying a bull when you should have sold
A bear of rubber and tea and gold,
Is this: you're landed in heavy loss.
Next time you'd better play pitch-and-toss.
There's one thing certain—you can't blame me,
For I told you just how the thing would be;
But of course you were deaf to my appeal;
Please send me a cheque and I'll close the deal."

And next you note with a touch of awe
A letter that comes from your man of law,
He has filled it full of absurd advice,
Signed it, folded it neatly twice,
And popped it, planning to blast your hope,
In the usual oblong envelope.
"Dear Sir," it begins,—"*Yourself ats* Brown*,
I'm sorry the plaintiff won't climb down.
In short, the fact you are bound to face
Is the fact that you haven't got a case.
Of course it's rather a nasty blow,
But please remember I told you so."

And all the tradesmen with empty tills
In oblong envelopes send their bills;
And all the silly advertisements
Of garden-rollers or soaps and scents,
Of iron railings or food for cats,
Of poison-powders for mice and rats,
Of all the ridiculous things you don't have,
And, being a sane man, simply won't have,
Such as tubular boilers and stoles and copes,
Arrive in the oblong envelopes.
In fact, I'm crushed by a regular blight of 'em,
And that's the reason I hate the sight of 'em.

* Legal jargon for "at suit of."

Commercial Candour.

From an Indian Catalogue:—

"In the rush of a very busy season, with our show-rooms crowded day after day, it would seem as though we were selling the whole world. The vital question is, Did we sell you? If not, our problem is to reach you at home."

The Small Holdings Movement.

"In accordance with custom the Gardeners' Company presented flowers, fruit, vegetables, and sweet herbs to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, together with a bouquet of choice orchards for the Lady Mayoress."—*Morning Post.*

"Mr. Stevens cited an occasion when one of the members who was fishing used language which was 'beyond all endurance, and enough to poison the fish.' Eventually a new rule was adopted directing that any member reported using bad language on the waters should be liable to be called before the committee, and dealt with at their discretion."—*Leicester Mercury.*

As *Caliban* said: "No more dams I'll make for fish."

"The death took place on Friday morning of Sodium Phenylmethylpyrazolonamidomethansulphonate."—*Western Daily Press.*

We only wonder he stood it so long.

HOW TO BUY THINGS.

A BUSINESS.

EVERYONE ought to have some occupation in life—we cannot all be in the Civil Service—and the desire to buy a business does credit to a man. At the same time the greatest care should be exercised—"*Caveat emptor*," as some witty Frenchman has remarked. (The English maxim, "Mind your own business," obviously does not apply: you have not got one.) When purchasing, try to think of a business in which your previous experience, such as it is, may be of some help to you, and not a hindrance. Thus, if you have been a librarian, you are not likely to make a good dentist. Not for some time, anyway. Very few members of the Stock Exchange—to make our meaning still plainer—become first-rate tea-tasters; and we have yet to hear of a curate who has made bill-discounting pay. Some businesses are easy to buy, while others are very difficult. Among the easy ones are: growing things under glass, beauty parlours, and developing patents. These are really absurdly easy. Examples of businesses which are difficult to buy are: well-paid sinecures (otherwise an excellent investment), a Governorship of the Bank of England, or the editorship of a London paper. You will probably want a little private influence to get one of these posts; failing that, try an advertisement in *The Exchange and Mart*. The careful buyer will consider not only the business but every other detail bearing upon it before purchasing, such as its situation, for instance. The writer once knew a man who bought a business that was miles and miles away from the nearest golf links. Of course he failed. This only shows how people forget to take the most obvious precautions when embarking upon a business career.

A BEDSTEAD.

Unless you live in Paris or follow the occupation of a night editor, you must sleep sometimes. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary the best appliance yet devised for meeting this necessity is a bedstead. This has always been the writer's view, and always will be. It is true there is the British Museum, but you cannot smoke in that sanctuary. Beds are made in endless variety nowadays, and it behoves the careful buyer to exercise discretion. If you are buying a bed with the intention of sleeping in it yourself, you cannot do better than get a strong brass bedstead with mattress, blankets, pillow, and all that sort of thing. If you are not too hard a sleeper, this kind of bed should last you a long time. So much for your own needs. But there are others to be considered. For instance, you may have a friend who comes to dine sometimes, stays late, and misses his last train home. For cases of this sort the folding or emergency bed is indicated. It stands in a corner all day, and looks something like a box of books; at night you unfold it, and it looks something like a bed — near enough for your purpose, anyway. When the hour arrives, put your guest into it, and retire to rest yourself; sleep being the most precious boon vouchsafed to mankind. If you have any doubts about this, enquire of your friend at breakfast: you will find, most likely, that he has been thinking the same thing himself for some time. The chances are that he will never miss his last train again; which shows how important it is to buy the right kind of bed.

A POSTAL ORDER.

Owing to the inelasticity of the Post Office Regulations, there is very little scope for the bargain-hunter in the matter of postal orders. It is a case of take it or leave it. Postal orders are issued for amounts varying from sixpence to a guinea. The cheapest ones are used for newspaper competitions and backing horses; the latter circulate among the nobility and upper classes. Buying a postal order is, of course, a fairly simple process, yet a few words may not come amiss. First of all, provide yourself with the necessary amount of money, plus poundage, repair to the nearest post-office, and address yourself to the nearest young lady. She will at once refer you to another young lady, it is true; but you would not have gained any time if you had gone to this young lady first, because then you would have been referred to the other young lady. This is one of the things that no fellow can understand. Having pushed your money over the counter, wait for your postal order. Above all, do not tap on the counter; it is excessively bad manners to interrupt people when they are reading. Postal orders represent cash, and it is as well not to lose one, though, indeed, you may protect yourself by writing "and Coy." across the face. Opinions differ as to what can be done with an order so marked; persons who ought to know say that nobody, except, perhaps, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, can negotiate an order bearing these words. The counterfoil, which may invariably be found on the left-hand side of the perforated line, is another safeguard. It is full of good things and makes capital light reading when you have parted with the *corpus* of the order. A friend of the writer lost a postal order only last week and he had not preserved the counterfoil: however his impression is that the number was H2804, or as near as may be, and if this should meet the eye of anyone who has such an order in his possession, he will oblige by forwarding same without delay.

THE CASE OF VULCAN MACTAGGART.

IN my polite way I had permitted myself to be jostled and elbowed practically out of the crowd, but, although I could not see what was being sold, the auctioneer's robust voice was distinctly audible.

"And now we come to Lot 237," he announced with, for the two hundred and thirty-seventh time, a note of genuine admiration and gratification in his voice. "Lot 237—a very refined and tasty piece of stachery—hand-carved by a foremost Greek carver—entitled"—he paused, presumably to consult his catalogue—"entitled, 'Vulcan,' a rare old piece. Now, gentlemen, how much for this rare old piece, Vulcan—a Roman centurion in his day, and a very handsome bit of work? Come on, gentlemen, how much for Vulcan—ain't there no motorists here to-day?—the inventor of vulcanizing, gentlemen—and—thank you—eighteenpence I'm only bid. Vulcan, the man who saved Rome by the cackling of his geese—two shillings I'm bid, two shillings only I'm offered. This rare old piece—two-and-six—would make a very tasty umbrella-stand with a rail run round him—and he's going at half-a-crown. This old-established Roman centurion going in two places for three shillings—three-and-six in the corner, and he's going—he's going——"

I did not like to let him go for three-and-six, so I bid four shillings, and Vulcan was knocked down to me with a swiftness that was almost suspicious. I arranged with the sale porter for delivery and hurried on to keep an appointment.

Vulcan did not arrive until the following day, when he was deposited on the lawn by three strong and thirsty men. After lunch I went out to interview him. I had misgivings immediately I set eyes on him. Anybody but an auctioneer would have known that the kilts that the "statue" wore had but the remotest resemblance to those queer little skirts affected by the Roman soldiery. And Vulcan, I believe, managed with even less.

I examined the "statue" and, by scraping the mud from the base, dis-

covered an inscription which set forth that this was "Andrew MacTaggart, of Aberdeen." The work was very obviously out of the yard of an Aberdeen stonemason, urn-dealer and cemetery-outfitter. No doubt Mr. MacTaggart's heirs had exported him to London when the authorities boycotted him for Aberdeen, and from London he had been hounded into the country. I blamed nobody but quietly retired to my study, pending the return of Hobson, our one-armed handy man, from the local foundry with the sledge-hammer, leaving Vulcan MacTaggart —soon to become a rockery-monarch of all he surveyed.

I was endeavouring to compose my thoughts for a little work when I heard a subdued cough from the lawn outside. I looked through the casement and observed that a stranger had appeared within our front gate. He was a very small, middle-aged, meek-looking man, wearing a very large but also middle-aged and meek-looking frock-coat. He was peering short-sightedly through very strong glasses at Vulcan MacTaggart, with a shyly ingratiating smile on his mild face. He raised his silk hat—another "rare old piece"—and bowed.

"Good day, Madam," he said. He deduced the sex from the kilts, I suppose.

Vulcan, sitting in sullen grandeur, did not answer, but the little man was unabashed.

"I have called," he went on, "in the hope of interestin' you in the great science of phrenology, of which I have the honour to be one of the foremost leaders."

Vulcan MacTaggart continued to gaze pensively at the ground.

Apparently emboldened by the silence the little short-sighted man continued.

"The development of phrenology, Madam, is the most outstanding feature of the age. It has lifted millions of misunderstood women from the depths of despair to the crown of glory. Many an 'usband has learned to understand and re-love his sorrowin' wife through perusin' one of my eighteen-penny readin's of her 'ead—eighteen pence, with chart throwd in, Madam—verbal readin's only, one shilling."

He was getting brighter, cheerier, more confident every second. I suppose he interpreted the silence of Mr. MacTaggart as the silence that gives consent. His hand was stealing cautiously out towards Vulcan's head.

"If you are misunderstood," he said, "if you, too, feel that your nobility of character is not fully appreciated by them with whom you daily come into contact I hope that you will confidently allow me to pass my 'and acrost your 'ead, Madam, and mark you out a chart which will convince your doubtin' friends that your nobility should be appreciated accordin'."

He waited a moment longer. There was no reply, and then his hand closed upon the cold stone skull of Vulcan MacTaggart.

"This 'ead," he had begun mechanically—"this 'ead that I 'old"—and there he stopped, dropping his hand as though the "statue" was red-hot.

He took off his glasses, wiped them, replaced them, blinked a little, then reached out his hand again and rapped his knuckles against the Scotsman's head; then he stepped back, blushed, glanced furtively round at the house, picked up a small shabby leather hand-bag, silently but swiftly slunk through the gate, and was gone.

And Vulcan MacTaggart continued to stare steadily at the ground.



American Tripper (doing Cambridge). "SNAP HIM, SADIE; THAT'S A PROFESSOR. YOU CAN TELL HIM BY HIS HAT AND CLOAK."

"Poesy," said Mr. THOMAS HARDY the other day, "cannot die."

True; but on the same day JIM DRISCOLL knocked him out in twelve rounds.

"As Bacon said in an un-Shakespearean mood, 'He who would have friends must show himself friendly.'"—*The World.*

See also SOLOMON in an un-Davidian mood, *Proverbs* xviii. 24.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PRINCESS.

"There is no way out of it," said the King; "I wish there were, for your sake." Even the Queen, when the Princess Seraphina had turned to her for protection against this fearful, unexpected blow, could only look sympathetically at her daughter, and murmur vague platitudes about duty. The poor girl felt that her last hope was slipping from her.

"After all," said the King, "why unexpected? As my only daughter and a princess of the royal house of Zenda-und-Wasser, you must have known that this sort of thing was simply bound to happen some time."

"But to marry an entire stranger, in whom I don't feel even the remotest interest!" sobbed the Princess.

"I did it," said the Queen proudly. The King coughed, and there was a pause of embarrassment for several minutes. In that pause Princess Seraphina bowed to the inevitable. She inclined her head. "Very well," she sighed brokenly, "it shall be as you say."

So presently everybody about the court, and soon afterwards everybody in the capital and throughout all the kingdom of Zenda-und-Wasser, knew that the Princess Seraphina was to be formally betrothed to H.R.H. Prince Theobald of Thingumbobia during his approaching visit.

But, as the approaching visit approached, the Princess found her own distaste for the proposal increasing with every hour. At last, on the very afternoon before that on which the royal suitor was to arrive, she could stand the strain no longer. Anything, she told herself, was better than inaction. Her word was pledged, and for a princess of Zenda-und-Wasser there could be no going back upon it; but at least one half-day remained to her for liberty and even—who knew?—romance. Dismissing her attendants, she wandered out into the home park alone. Absorbed in her gloomy reflections, she hardly noticed where she was going: so marked indeed was her abstraction, on crossing a public avenue at some distance from the palace, she was run down, and had the narrowest shave of being upset, by a strange young man on a motor bicycle.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man; "I hope you are not hurt?"

The Princess also hoped she wasn't; and on investigation both their hopes turned out to be well-founded. She told him so quite graciously, accompanying the words with a smile that had made more money at bazaar openings than almost any in Europe. To herself she was wondering why the young man (who was quite presentable and even good-looking without his goggles) did not recognise her and appear more embarrassed. This, however, was partly accounted for by the fact that he was obviously a foreigner.

So they got talking. To the Princess it seemed that in face of this tremendous upheaval in her existence such trifles as the proprieties were of small moment. Moreover, if she was not to have a romance with a strange young man then, she might never have another chance. Anyhow, they sat down together on a fallen tree by the roadside, one thing led to another, and presently she found herself telling him that she was among the most miserable of mortals.

"That seems strange," said the young man, who was a very rapid goer, "for you are certainly among the most beautiful."

"Yes," answered the Princess, who had been taught always to speak the truth, even about herself. "I must comfort myself by remembering that in the royal pavilion to-morrow."

"The royal pavilion!" echoed the young man, looking a little startled. "You mean the thing they are putting up outside the railway-station?"

"Horrid, isn't it?" said the Princess. "I have to welcome my future husband in it at 12.30. Shall you happen to be there?"

She spoke carelessly, to disguise her emotion. It was clear that the young man was equally moved. He did not meet her eyes. His whole manner had altered. "Yes," he said in a strange voice, "as it happens I shall also be there."

"I am glad of that," said the Princess; and soon afterwards they parted.

But for the Princess the memory of the strange young man, as he came round the corner on his motor-bicycle, or later when he removed his goggles and told her that she was beautiful, remained to comfort her. Somehow the thought that somewhere, obscure and unrecognised in the crowd, he would be watching her, helped her to contemplate even the dreaded moment when she would have to greet her destined spouse beneath the rose-hung canopy that had usurped the place of the hotel omnibuses.

And now the moment had come. Clad in a costume that was the very last word of the court milliner, she stood, the cynosure of every eye, in the red carpeted space, round which were grouped, at a respectful distance, all the flashing chivalry of Zenda-und-Wasser. Behind these again came the cinematographers and the special correspondents twenty deep. Further back were the troops, and lastly the loyal populace, frenzied with enthusiasm when they could see anything, and with fury when they could not.

Bang, bang went the guns, and at the same instant the massed bands crashed almost as one into the martial strains of the Thingumbobian National Anthem. Where was the young man of the motor-bicycle? The Princess dared not look up, though she felt rather than saw that a figure resplendent in dazzling uniform was advancing towards her. It halted; the supreme moment was at hand. Slowly, slowly the Princess raised her eyes to the face of this stranger who was to be her husband, and saw—a stranger!

It was certainly the big surprise of her life. That he was quite an amiable stranger, with whom presently she fell in love, and eventually lived happy ever after, did little to mitigate the first severity of the shock. It is recorded of her, indeed, that she never afterwards believed in short stories again.

As for the young man, who was an assistant to the pavilion-contractor, he saw nothing of all this, having unexpectedly had to leave the capital by an early train in order to superintend another job. He laments to this day his neglect to obtain the Princess's autograph.

Thus we see that things are not always what they seem about to be.

Unaccountable Aberration.

"A man thrust himself through the crowd, declaring he wanted to see Mr. Winston Churchill. He was detained to have the state of his mind enquired into."—*Daily Paper.*

Vive l'Entente!

"Cambridge, with their eleven differing in five instances from that which beat Yorkshire, took the field with four Blues (Kidd, H. Mulholland, Holloway, and Saville), one Senior (Sullivan), and six Frenchmen."

Gloucestershire Echo.

More trouble for Baron Marschall von Bieberstein.

A Lover of Nature.

Speaking of the German Crown Prince's forthcoming book, the publishers describe his "thankful joy in the wonders of Nature, whether the author is tracking elephants in the jungles of Ceylon, stalking deer in German forests, or shooting grouse in Scotland." Compare a recent work on "Our Dumb Friends: How to Drive, Shoot and Stuff Them."



Countryman (to motorist who has given him a lift). "You bain't gointer pass the old cow, be you, Mister?"
Motorist. "Yes; why?" *Countryman.* "Oi be droivin' she inter Taunton."

THE ARTISTS.

Blue as a mile of pansies are the seas that circle the shores,
  Circle the shores of Fairyland and the high, enchanted ways
Where the great grim sea-green dragons guard the jade and the amber doors,
  And the Queen of the Fairies' peacocks walk under the crimson mays;
    Oh, what, I wonder,
      Could look more gay
    Than a peacock under
      A crimson may?

For that is the home of colour and many a wizard hue.
  'Tis there they deck the rainbow ere he 's pinned against the rain,
And squeeze the tubes for the pictures of "things too good to be true,"
  And make the gilt for the turrets of castles we build in Spain;
    And what 's more gilded,
      This world amid,
    Than castles builded
      Near old Madrid?

For we, we 're all of us artists with plans and canvases
  Of excellent Spanish castles with turrets all about,
With angels in the corners, romaunts, and symphonies
  Of things as we would have them did every dream work out;
    And such were duller,
      You 'll understand,
    If robbed of colour
      From Fairyland!

So we must stroke the dragons and tickle their shiny scales,
  And they shall grin politely and we shall pass along,
Where under the crimson may-trees the peacocks spread their tails,
  To dip our brushes in magic and echoes of fairy song:
    And find us Fancy
      Our daubs to deck,
    With tints of pansy
      And peacock's neck!

Heavy Damages.

Mr. Keir Hardie has recently been accusing the officers of His Majesty's Army of being highly paid. He may be interested to learn from the following extract, taken from the General Orders issued to the Force in Egypt, what exhausting drains are liable to be made upon the Officers' Mess in matters that have nothing to do with personal extravagance:—

"588.—Barrack Damages. At an intermediate inspection taken at the Military Hospital, Ras-el-Tin, Alexandria, on the 7th April, damages were assessed to the total of 1s. 2½d. The following amounts will therefore be charged—21st Lancers 1d., 1st Scots Guards 2d., 2nd Devon Regiment 9½d., 4th Rifle Brigade 2d."

The Power of Music.

There has been talk lately of the abolition of Military Bands. The following passage, showing their value in its true light, should be a death-blow to the abolitionists:—

"Navy v. Army.

Matters were going well for the Navy when Captain Baird came on to bowl at the Nursery end, F. J. Wyatt was brought back at the other, and the band of the Royal Artillery struck up the first number on their programme. The last seven wickets then fell for forty-six."

The Field.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It was Mr. Baboo Jabberjee, B.A., who held that Woman loses in queenly dignity when she begins to turn cart-wheels on the stage. I go further than my learned friend. To my mind, she loses in queenly dignity when she masquerades in male costume, even though her motive in so doing is to be with the hero in his hour of danger. To others it may be thrilling, but to me it always smacks of pantomime. Thus, when *Nini Auroy*, in Mr. S. R. Crockett's *Anne of the Barricades* (Hodder and Stoughton), donned a military uniform and joined *Jean de Larsac* in Paris, whither he had been sent by M. Thiers to spy out the weaknesses of the Communists, I was sorry. Charming as she was, I did not need *her* then, being quite satisfied to concentrate myself exclusively on *Jean*. The adventures of this gallant general of artillery are set forth in Mr. Crockett's best manner. That extraordinary farce-tragedy, the career of the Commune, could never be uninteresting, and Mr. Crockett has found it a more than usually inspiring theme. I think, however, that he was a little afraid of the tragic possibilities of what must have been his original idea—that of a soldier-hero and a Communist heroine—and modified it by the introduction of *Nini*. In Chapter One *Jean* is obviously in love with *Anne Decies*, soon to be the Joan of Arc of the Commune. Such a situation, if developed, must have absolutely forbidden anything in the shape of a "happy ending," and Mr. Crockett—regretfully, I hope—compromised. He reduced the relations between *Anne* and *Jean* to a brother-and-sister friendship, and created *Nini* to supply the love interest. The result is a story less powerful than it might have been, but still full of drama and giving a very clear picture of those troubled times.



Teacher of Nature-Study Class (during a sudden shower). "Now, children, this is an opportunity you must not miss. Take your books and make careful notes of the behaviour of the ordinary earth-worm on its emerging into daylight."

The only thing that I do not like very much about *Save us from our Friends* (Greening) is the title, which seems cumbersome, though it is certainly expressive of this excellently entertaining story. Mr. William Caine dedicates it "to any matchmaker," and one can only hope that its lesson and warning may be taken to heart by all such well-meaning but often devastating persons. The awful example here is one *Fanny Baxendale*, who, because she was happily married herself and had a passion for string-pulling, nearly succeeded in playing ducks and drakes with the lives of the four people whom she and her complacent husband had brought to share their holiday at Trou-les-Dunes. The trouble was that *Fanny*, misunderstanding the facts, would try to pair off the right duck with the wrong drake. Hence general vexation of spirit; and incidentally, through the craft of Mr. Caine, a comedy of baffled courtship that is as amusing as anything I have read on the subject this great while. It is all light as foam, but so deftly treated and kept so well in just the right holiday humour that you will be bound to laugh both at and with all six of its delightful characters. I myself chuckled aloud (a thing I seldom do at the bidding of a printed page) over the failure of poor *Fanny's* nocturnal river-party, which, from her wrong assortment of couples, became, instead of a romantic serenade in the moonlight, a wild race between two mutually jealous and suspicious oarsmen. But the whole book is capital fun, and, before its happy ending, will have made for you six jolly new friends, from whom, despite their pig-headedness, you will have no desire whatever to be saved.

On the title-page of *The Cost of It* (Heinemann) Eleanor Mordaunt quotes from Ezekiel xviii. 2: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." As the plot of the story deals with *Harry Mostyn's* return to his mother and his mother's people (she was of partially black blood, and had been deserted by her husband) and his successful treatment of a sugar-plantation on the island of "Monterracine," and, as everywhere the shifty and unpleasant traits of the "whitey-browns" are insisted upon, I was led to suppose that the novel would be yet another diatribe against mixed marriages, and would culminate in some dire catastrophe. Yet *Harry Mostyn* throughout the book remains the strong, silent Englishman so dear to romance, marries an English girl without any apparent heart-searchings on the subject of his disability, and, although she worries herself to distraction with the fear that her first-born may exhibit the taint, I cannot find that he is in any way considered blameworthy by the authoress. The child is still-born, and we are left to suppose that the future will be happy, so that I am still painfully wondering what exactly "the cost of it" is. For the rest the book is remarkable for a very painstaking and obviously truthful account of the industries, population and customs of the island of Monterracine, and for the curious incident of *Major Burston*, who is described as an Etonian and a good rider and shot. This gentleman, whilst attempting to escape with his *fiancée* from a native riot, allowed her to fall off the back of a cart, and left her to the mercy of their pursuers. I clenched my hands tightly, shut both eyes and opened my mouth, but somehow I failed to swallow this. If only however for the tints of its exotic colouring, I can recommend *The Cost of It*, which, after all, is merely, I suppose, six shillings.

From Mr. Warner's book, *England* v. *Australia*:—

"Barnes had bowled 9 overs, 6 maidens, for 3 runs and 4 wickets: surely a most astounding and scarcely creditable performance."

Rotter—to throw away three runs like that.

"The Port of London employers met the members of the Government yesterday with regard to the strike, but no statement was made on either side."—*Manchester Guardian.*

The silence must have been awful.

CHARIVARIA.

The *Neueste Nachrichten* says that Lord Haldane's new appointment places him in the cold. Seeing that he has been given a nice warm woolsack this is nonsense.

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"The Vicar of Reigate," we read, "who is a prominent Oddfellow, has arranged to explain the Insurance Act to the residents of Hook." Anyone who thinks himself capable of explaining the Act must indeed be an odd fellow.

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At Somerset House there have been on view some specimens of the "health insurance stamps." This means, we suppose, that special care has been taken in the manufacture of a sanitary gum for us to lick.

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By the way, the fourpenny stamp is described as being "claret and orange." This sounds delicious, and should mean a good sale.

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Evidently some persons are convinced that Home Rule is bound to come. A well-known firm of cake and biscuit manufacturers at present carrying on business in Dublin has decided to erect a factory at Aintree, near Liverpool.

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A lunatic who escaped from the County Asylum at Brentwood was recaptured at Grays, where he was addressing dock workers on strike. His audience had failed to detect the disability from which he was suffering.

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One of the persons who object to the Rev. F. H. Gillingham playing cricket for Essex is a Mr. Hen. Is he afraid that the redoubtable parson will produce a duck's egg?

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We are not among those who would encourage Mr. B. M. Cotton to bring a libel action against a certain daily paper which described him as "The Calcutta Sweep Hero." We think he would be well advised to leave matters as they are. While it is annoying to be called a sweep, it is fine to be a hero.

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The Daily Mail has again been testing its influence, and the result in this instance is some little disappointment at Carmelite House. On the 10th inst. it issued, in large type, the peremptory announcement:—

"Enough Rain,"

but either our contemporary's circulation is more restricted than it imagines, or else the weather refuses to be dictated to.

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We wonder, by the by, that the effect of flashing the words on to the clouds at night-time was not tried.

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The Willesden Education Authorities have decided to give egg-and-milk daily to an invalid child attending one of their schools, but have refused a request for cod liver oil. This shows a nice appreciation of the child mind.

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Dr. Saundby, speaking at a meeting of the General Medical Council, declared that illiteracy among medical students was appalling, and many doctors would be ploughed if their final examination were not in medicine but in spelling. We begin to understand now why prescriptions are written in a sort of Latin.

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An old lady of Wood Green, who celebrated her 108th birthday last week, is, *The Daily Mail* tells us, never so happy as when someone takes her out in a motor car. Some kind-hearted friends, we hear, are talking of presenting her with a motor-bicycle on her next birthday.

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"The King of Coiners," who has been sentenced to eight years' penal servitude at Exeter, should not be confused with "The Copper King," who is now paying a visit to this country.

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The Government legislate in such a hurry that it is difficult to keep count of all their Bills. There is one at least which certainly escaped our notice. Referring to a recent election *The British Weekly* states, "Above all, the most persistent and virulent attacks on the Insurance Act were made by agents of the Amend-the-League Act."

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"Cockroaches in Bed
Suit against a Steamship Line"

is a heading which catches our eye in a newspaper. And why, pray, should not the little creatures go to bed sometimes? They get tired, we suppose, like the rest of us.

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An old lady, on reading that "losses to the ratepayers of Yarmouth on the municipal pier during the last four years have totalled £5,000," remarked that she could well believe it, for it is so easy for coins to drop between the boards, she herself having lost a three-penny-bit that way.



JUMPING COMPETITION AT LITTLE WURZEL AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

Visitor (from town). "Now, how many points does that count to him, Sir?"

Military Feat.

"A Corporal in the Somerset Regiment became possessed of a pet under peculiar circumstances. Whilst travelling up from Southampton last week a thrush flew into the railway carriage, which the corporal captured."

Fareham Herald.

We are not told if the railway carriage which the gallant corporal captured was armour-plated, but it was clearly a good performance and he deserved all the loot he got. The episode should be a warning to any other thrushes who may be proposing to travel up to town from Southampton.

Commercial Candour.

"Burn Irish Coals, develop your Peat Deposits, trust in God and keep cool."

Irish Industrial Journal.

"Several interesting presentations were made by Major General Sir A. E. Codrington, K.C.V.O., C.B., at the final performances of the Royal Naval and Military Tournament at Olympia on Saturday.

The first was to the Hon. Mrs. Henniker-Heaton, who had been taking the part of Queen Elizabeth in the Historical Episode, in the form of an inscribed silver rose bowl."—*The Standard.*

The Earl of Leicester, too, was much fancied in the form of an engraved silver salver.

"Wanted, Commission Agent for the sale of cloth hearth rugs, to cover Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire."

Advt. in "The Yorkshire Post."

It looks as if there might be a certain sameness about the landscape.

THE KING'S STATIONERY.

Lines addressed to any distributor of the above.

["There are twenty million pamphlets going round to explain the Insurance Act, and you have to pay the paper bill." This painful home-truth appears in a Radical contemporary, and we assume that it must have escaped the Editor's eye.]

I do not grudge the harmless play
In which your duteous hand indulges,
Who send me every other day
These notes of income-tax to pay
Wherewith my paper-basket bulges.

I do not very greatly mind
Your most importunate insistence;
I recognise the need you find
Of doing something of the kind
To justify your strange existence.

Fresh from the Governmental mills,
They swell my waste of rag and tatter,
Or serve my pipe as paper spills
Along with puffs of liver pills
And suchlike literary matter.

A myriad reams shall never bore
My habits from their settled cycle:
I'll state my income, less or more,
Only (and not a day before)
Upon the eve of good St. Michael.

Thenceforward though you claim your due
As oft as seventy times by seven, you
Will have to wait till March is through
Before you touch a single sou
Of what I owe the Inland Revenue.

Thus I ignore your futile whips,
Just as I view with mild endurance
Those 20,000,000 urgent scrips
Scattered about by way of tips
On How to Cope with State Insurance.

Let loose upon my kitchen where
They smother Mary, Jane and Rosa,
These leaflets cause me no more care
Than those the Sibyl flung in air,
Or Autumn's breeze in Vallombrosa.

Immune to Mr. George's feats,
My dovecote still remains unfluttered;
Knee-deep among the drifting sheets
A stolid matron stews my meats;
My eggs are boiled; my toast is buttered.

And yet I cannot calmly blink
At all the lavishness that proffers
Those tons of pulp, those seas of ink;
Because the cost, I hate to think,
Comes out of my precarious coffers.

This thought annoys me night and noon,
Gnawing my bosom like a viper—
That, though I never call the tune
(Or I should change it pretty soon),
You run me in to pay the piper!

The burglar breaks my house, and still
Would have me rank among his debtors!
He bursts my safe and takes his fill,
Then sends me in the stationer's bill
For paper used for threatening letters! O. S.

THE EDUCATION OF JOHN.

(By one of the Educators.)

We girls are having a great deal of anxiety about the education of John. He is now five years old and a big boy for his age, and it is time he began to learn something so as to be able to hold up his head in the society of his equals and to earn his living when the time comes. I took that from a book called "First Steps on the Path to Knowledge" which Dad had thrown on the floor when he was reading it. I read this bit to Dad, but he said he would be quite satisfied if John could hold his own and punch the other chap's head; and Mum said Hush, he mustn't put ideas in the children's heads. When we told Dad that we had decided to begin John's education, he said, "Don't worry the boy; his troubles will come quite soon enough anyhow;" and then we told Dad the story about the boy who could talk Greek when he was four and turned into a wonderful philosopher, and Dad said if we made John a philosopher he'd cut him off with a shilling. I'm afraid Dad doesn't feel much interest in education, and it's very difficult to get him to take a serious view of life.

However, Rosie and Peggy and I were quite firm about it, and we settled to make a start on the first wet afternoon, which was last Tuesday. We promised John a piece of chocolate if he was good and paid attention, and he said he would if he liked the game. Then we put some writing-paper and pencils and blotting-paper on the nursery table, which looked very well. I sat at the middle of the table, with Rosie on one side of me and Peggy on the other, and John was opposite. I had a ruler in my hand.

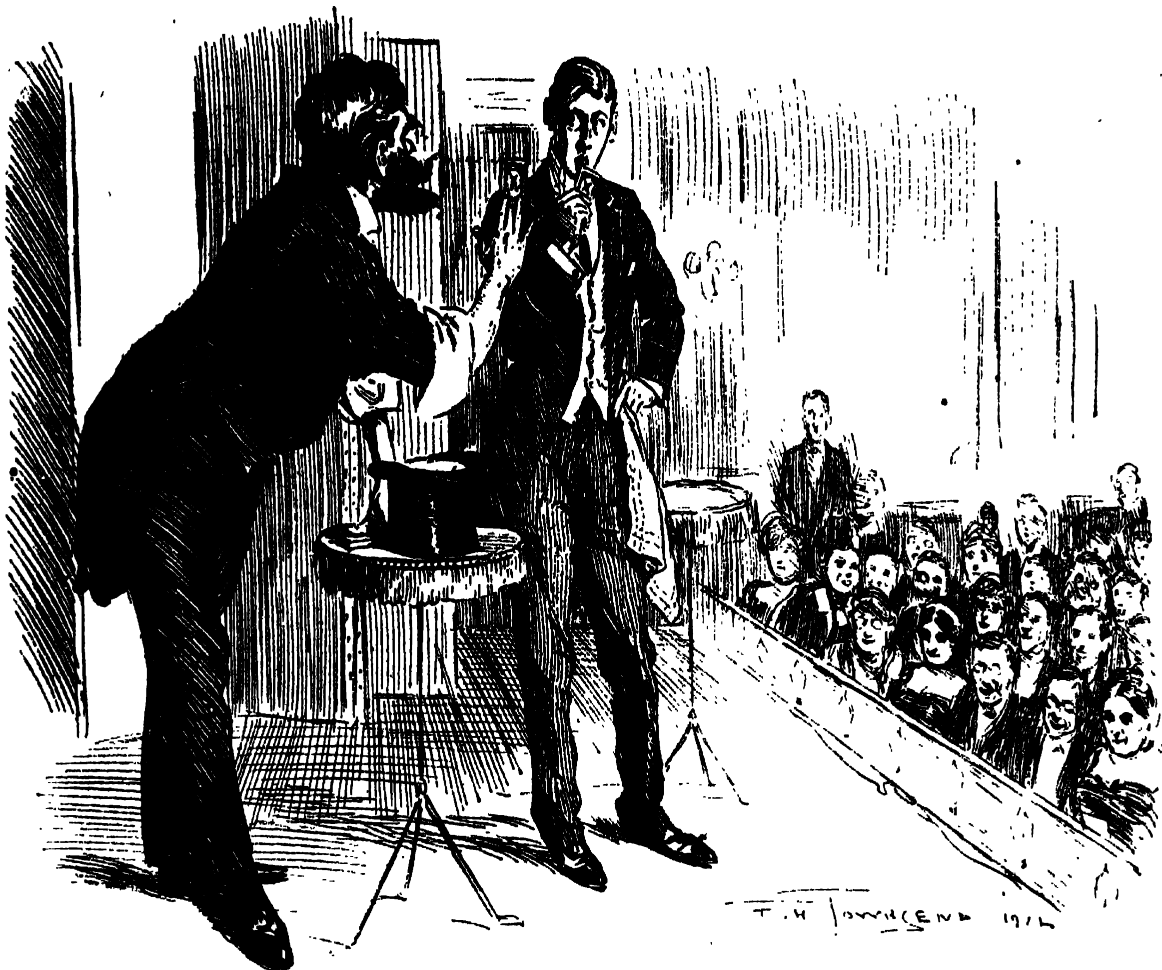
Well, we began with the alphabet. We did it two letters at a time, and John said them after me beautifully for a long time. He got half the chocolate when we finished O P. This seemed to make him full of mischief, and when I said Q R, he said, "No, I aren't," and looked round and laughed. Rosie laughed too, but I said, "Silence, silence," and then I tried again, but again he said, "No, I aren't." Then Peggy did a dreadful thing. She said I had got it wrong, for she was sure Q came before P, because Q was just like O with a tail to it, and therefore Q must come directly after O. Rosie and I tried to show her quite kindly how ignorant and stupid she was, but she got offended and said we were bad teachers and she would have nothing to do with us. Then she took her helmet and went out of the room to play ambushes. We heard her for a long time in the passage capturing convoys and giving their swords back to the enemy's generals after they had surrendered to her.

After this John said he'd had enough of alphabets, so we gave him a little bit more of the chocolate and tried him with the commercial geography of Australia. Rosie read him bits out of one of our books, and when she had finished I said I would examine him to see if he'd been attending. So I said, "Now, John, will you please tell me what are the principal exports of Australia?" What he ought to have said was "wool and frozen meat and timber and hides," and things like that. But what he did say was, "Julia," which is the name of his nurse—she wasn't in the room—and he said it in a loud singing voice. I said, "Nonsense, John, don't be absurd. If you can't tell me the products, will you give me the names of the chief Australian ports?" and John said in the same voice, "James and Henry," which are the names of the butler and the footman. Then he gave a loud yell and scrambled up on to the table and crumpled all the writing-paper, and last of all he got hold of the rest of the piece of chocolate and ate it up. He wasn't laughing; he kept his face quite serious all the time; but Rosie nearly burst herself with trying not to laugh,



NO ANSWER.

Glendower Gosling. "I CAN CALL SPIRITS FROM THE VASTY DEEP."
Hotspur Punch. "WHY, SO CAN I, OR SO CAN ANY MAN;
BUT WILL THEY COME WHEN YOU DO CALL FOR THEM?"
(*Henry IV., Part I., Act III., Scene 1.*)



Conjurer. "Now, Sir, you admit that the card you have just taken out of the handkerchief is the Queen of Clubs, yet the card you chose and securely tied there, namely, the Ace of Spades, I now produce from this hat."

Timid Volunteer. "So sorry—my mistake."

and when John said Rosie was his darling Australia she gave up trying and laughed for about five minutes. It was no good going on with the lesson after that, and I'm afraid John hasn't made much progress.

I have quite forgotten to say that John is pretty good at French, but he doesn't learn it in regular sit-down lessons. Mademoiselle Bertha comes every morning at 10 o'clock, and she and John walk in the garden for an hour when it's fine and play games together when it's raining. He won't say a word in French to us, but he *can* talk, for I hid behind a bush once in the holidays when they were out together and I heard him chattering away like anything. He can say a little French prayer too, and he doesn't seem to mind our hearing that. Last night he asked us to come into his room to hear him say it, and just as he knelt up in his bed with his face to the wall and put his fat little hands together Aunt Mary crept in very quietly to listen, and John said it very prettily from beginning to end. This is it:—

L'Ange Gardien.

Veillez sur moi quand je m'éveille,
Bon Ange, puisque Dieu l'a dit;
Et chaque nuit quand je sommeille
Penchez-vous sur mon petit lit.
Ayez pitié de ma faiblesse;
A mes côtés marchez sans cesse;
Parlez-moi le long du chemin,
Et pendant que je vous écoute,
De peur que je ne tombe en route,
Bon Ange, donnez-moi la main.

When he had finished, I said, "He hasn't made a single mistake;" but Aunt Mary said nothing at all. She gave a sigh and went up to John and hugged him, and then she crept out of the room just as quietly as she came in.

Altruism.

"Mr. and Miss —— have gone for a month to Te Aroha and Rotorua for the benefit of Mrs. ——'s health."—*New Zealand Mail.*

We are always ready to dash off to the Riviera for the benefit of the health of any of our readers.

Overheard at Tilbury Dock Station.

Striker (to Strike-breaker): "What are you doing down here, taking the bread out of my poor wife's mouth?"

Strike-breaker: "What about *my* poor wife? Don't you think she's got a mouth too?"

"Yesterday no less than three accidents were caused by motorists startling people by blaring their horns. In one case the start caused by a horn made a child tremble and cut her head open. In the other two, sudden blasts of the horn caused people to stand still and be charged."—*Buenos Aires Standard.*

The chauffeurs must have taken them for accumulators.

"BALLS CATERED FOR."

"And this," I said, leading the dear but anonymous lady back to the dancing room,—"this is the point at which, however little we may have agreed with each other in the past, our faces break suddenly into amicable expressions and we thank each other cordially." Her arm left mine and her face took on a next-please look. "Thank you, indeed," I concluded.

Disliking loneliness, she wanted to keep me by her till her next partner came along. "For what?" she asked.

"For everything," I murmured, with a look full of meaning. Now, there was in fact no meaning at all, and I had nought to thank her for, except an arid opinion on the musical comedy of the day. But dissimulation is the accepted conduct of the ball-room. "Is there nothing else I can do for you before we part?" I said.

"Would you mind telling my husband I want him?" she answered, as her next partner took her off.

"I should love it," I said, for we continue to dissemble, even when our dissimulation is thus traded upon. Such is the stuff we are made of.

Had I had the opportunity of asking her name, I don't suppose I should have seized it. Here, again, we pretend to know. So I noted that she was a Norwegian Peasant (for it was a fancy-dress affair) and sought out Mr. Verry, our genial host.

"Ah! my young friend," said he. "Have a cigarette with me. It is a pleasure to meet someone I really know . . . Judging from the crowd of Louis XV. Courtiers, Indian Mahouts, Egyptian Natives, Apaches, Pierrots, and," he looked at me, "what-nots . . ."

"One forgets as the evening goes on that one is being a lunatic," I observed, jingling my jester's bells. "I dare say it is the same in many an asylum."

"By the way, have you noticed that—that someone is giving a dance here?"

"Which reminds me," said I, "I have to ask you, as the host . . ."

"A moment, my son. You jump at conclusions. I didn't say *we* were giving a dance. Obviously none of the flowers, food, servants or bandsmen are ours. I have ascertained that we didn't even write out the invitations ourselves. By the way, I suppose you were invited, weren't you?"

I nodded proudly.

"Apparently," continued Mr. Verry, in a happy and irresponsible manner, "all this to-do is the result of a five minutes' conversation with the Stores. Very likely a tout came round to our back-door and extracted an order for a Ball (moderate and inclusive terms) from the cook. At any rate we've done nothing, and it isn't our fault that the drawing-room is full of Italian, Breton, Servian, French, Prussian, Franco-Prussian, Turko-Italian and Norwegian Peasants."



"James! James! telephone for the Fire Brigade. The house is a-fire!"

"Yes, yes, my dear, I know; all in good time. I'm just 'phoning the cinematograph people; we *must* get them here *first*."

"And so to business," said I. "I have a message for the husband of the Norwegian Peasant."

"Which one?"

"Her with the black hair and the come-hither eye. What's her name?"

Mr. Verry laughed bitterly. "Good heavens, man," he declared, "how should I know? I'm a stranger here."

"Then," said I, "I must temporize with the deserted wife."

Some time later I met her again, and she was very reproachful and clamorous for husbands. "Do you think anything can have happened to him?" I asked. "Run over, perhaps? I've done a little destruction myself this evening. But here's Mr. Verry. Perhaps he has news."

Mr. Verry came up looking very genial. "Delighted to see you," he said to her. "Awfully good of you to come. All your people well?"

"A delightful dance," she responded, as if she had known him all her life, or, at any rate, had met him before. "Beautiful flowers. If it would not be troubling you too much, I should like . . ."

"A partner? Certainly. Do you know Mr. Spurgeon?" said he briskly, indicating me.

"Yes."

"And don't care for him? Very good; I'll get you another. We've a large assortment in stock in the smoking-room." And he hurried off, to hurry back again in a minute with a mock Nubian.

"Miss Er-er-m," he said formally, "may I introduce Mr. Rrrer?" And he was gone. It was all very rapid but very complete; they seemed to take to each other at once. I felt that my support was no longer necessary.

"For my part," I said, bowing discreetly, "I will go and see if I can find you a husband."

"Oh, please don't trouble," she smiled (rather genuinely for a ball-room, I thought), "this one will do."

Mr. Verry, having been told the truth, declares that he is always glad to bring a husband and wife together again, and refuses to take any blame. The Stores, he says, having done so much, should have done the little more and should have provided the host as well as the guests.

"The conviction on the first summons, he explained, was solely on the evidence of speed, and in order to obtain a conviction on the second summons the same evidence should be given. The case, therefore, came within the maxim *nemo pro eadem causa bis vexari debet.*"

The Autocar.

Not so much of your obsolete Norman-French, please.

"After a Birmingham to London express had passed over the Ashington water trough, the driver of the second engine noticed a snake about three feet in length lying upon the smoke-box.

The heat of the box roasted it, and it fell on to the footplate.

It is thought that the snake was in the water picked up from the trough by the first engine, and was forced out when the tank was full."

Dublin Evening Herald.

Not bad as a snake-story, but we think the title, "A Bad-tempered Donkey," was ill-chosen.



Young Wife. "But that's very expensive, especially as it's in season, isn't it?"

Greengrocer. "Well, Madam, it is and it isn't, as you might say. What with the French gardening and what not, the vegetables that used to be out of season are in, and them that is in is out, owing to the demand for the others."

THE PUFF ADROIT.

(À propos of the reference in a recent novel to a saleable commodity made by a member of the novelist's family.)

I.

Lady Marjorie was always in her element in directing a picnic. She took a piece of paper and a pencil and began to enumerate the articles. "First mustard," she said. "Then salt."

"Oh, no," said Connie Wildrake. "Surely they don't come so soon. Bread and butter before those."

"No," replied Lady Marjorie. "You put down first the things most likely to be overlooked. That's one of my picnic principles. Another is never to leave the house without seeing that everything has been put in the car. And the third is always to take one of Poldrone's hams."

"Oh, Marjorie, how clever you are!" Connie gurgled.

II.

Lord Bognor started as she uttered the words, so fateful and so dear. "Could she mean them?" he asked himself; and his mute agony caused her to say them again.

Then in rapture he sank on his knees before her and flung away his cigarette; but remembering that it was a "Pyramid," he picked it up again.

III.

"Halt!" snapped Colonel Wannop, and the whole party stopped as though struck by lightning.

"Full length!" he shot at us through his clenched teeth, and we dropped instantly on our hands and knees in the long grass.

"Don't stir!" he hissed.

A few moments of awful suspense passed and then suddenly the Colonel's rifle rang out.

"It's all right," he said; "I've bagged him. It was a scout. See," said the man of iron as he led us to the dead body of our foe. "The foolish fellow: he used Phoebus polish for his boots. How could I help seeing him even three miles away?"

IV.

"Sing to us," said Mrs. Marler in those soft but imperious tones which few ever dared to disobey, and Mariamne, like one hypnotized, glided gracefully towards the piano and, after a brief prelude, broke into a passionate melody. It had the waywardness of Debussy, the austerity of Brahms, and the ecstasy of Schubert, and withal an accent of intimate poignancy which none of these masters has ever attained. As the last notes died away, the listeners sat entranced yet perplexed. At last the silence was broken by Lord Kelling. "Who is that by?" he said in a low voice, too much moved to care for the niceties of grammar. "It must be either the devil or Volney Slosher." "You have got it in two," replied Mariamne; "it is not the devil. But," she went on, "Slosher does not depend solely on his interpreter. The instrument is more than half the battle. I can never do him justice unless I am singing to one of Breitwald's overstrung polyphonic grands."

V.

As Bertram returned from chapel, where he wore his brand-new surplice with the ingenuous modesty of a freshman, he found his breakfast laid for him and Mrs. Brisket, his bed-maker, bringing in the teapot. "I think 'ere's heverythink you want, Sir," she observed in a bibulous whisper, "except the marmerlade. Mr. Boker, who had these rooms last term, 'e was very partickler about his marmerlade, so I thought as 'ow I'd wait and see before I hordered any for you." "Thank you," said Bertram, flushing like a girl, "but I've brought some with me," and he took from a cupboard a pot of Hooper's Golden Andalusian Blend, and proudly placed it on the table. "Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Brisket, and flounced out of the room.

Commercial Candour.

"Messrs. —— 's Telescope will render clear and distinct objects almost invisible to the naked eye."—*Advertisement.*

As used by Nelson at the Battle of Copenhagen.

Commercial Ambiguity.

"For Sale, useful Pony; no further use."

Advt. in "Staffordshire Chronicle."

COARSE FISHERS.

(An Ode for their Opening.)

Come, ye good sons of St. Izaak, come back to the billow,
Come with your winches and wands stiff as poles of a coach,
Come with the campstool and bait-box—the wind's in the willow,
Deep in the swims there be barbel and gudgeon and roach;
Ay, and the perch, the pugnacious—what hard-fighting fire is his!—
And, 'mid the daisies where sit our riparian rank,
There where the cuckoo-flower grows among orchis and irises,
Now shall we lift them exulting agleam to the bank!

Sneer if ye will, O ye takers of tunny and tarpon;
Sniff, artful experts of Itchen full pliant of wrist;
Ye who do cast along Spey, some incredible scarp on,
Jeer at the gents with the gentles as oft as ye list;
Say that we angle as Cockneys in crowds and in billy-cocks,
You who are "strictly preserved," and whose rentals run high;
Yet we've the keenness that waits from the dawn when the shrilly cocks
Challenge the rose-clouded East till the beetles boom by!

Bless you, we don't care a sixpence so long as you'll leave us
Down by a pond or a river (old Thames does for me),
We who do worship the Tritons—good fellows who thieve us
One day a week from the Fates and provide that it's "free;"
What if we're duffers who go to keep high day and holiday
Perched on a populous bank or by fours in a boat?
Little care we if we may, for a sober and solid day,
Watch by a water-borne quill or a corpulent float!

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I am a mild man, but even a worm will turn.

My wife was reading *Punch* last night, when suddenly she ceased to laugh and burst into tears. On inquiry I found in an article an insinuation that Civil Servants do no work.

Now I, dear old chap, have the misfortune to be a Civil Servant. It may be that your joke has some foundation in one or two branches of the Service, but, alas! not in mine. I have often sighed of late years for a comparatively restful job, such as that of an author or an editor, but it is now too late to change.

I belong, you see, to the Customs and Excise Department, and my official hours, approved by the heads of my department and Lloyd George, are from about 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. It is true I have the rest of the day to myself; but it isn't so very much, is it? especially as I have to work on Sundays as well, in order to get through arrears.

It is really our own fault, of course; we are such willing fellows and so adaptable. No matter what Act of Parliament comes along, our department, being spread about over the country, gets it all, or a share of it. Consequently, having to administer Acts, or parts of Acts, relating to licences, brewers, clubs, old age pensions, motor spirit, methylators, agricultural returns, income tax (to mention only a few), and now getting a part of the Insurance Bill added, we really do a little. I may mention incidentally that the baby, aged two, doesn't know me, having seen me only once or twice during her existence, while I am informed that my son, aged six, a short time ago invited his mother to give him some particulars about "that man who lives with us." Of course, old man, you couldn't be expected to know this, but you will understand how my wife felt about it.

Perhaps in future you could see your way clear to appoint a sub-editor to keep a special look-out for Civil Service jokes, and then put an asterisk, with a foot-note, and a word of explanation about the Customs and Excise? If you could, I'm sure all our fellows will be very grateful. Meanwhile I shall not, of course, withdraw my subscription, as our acquaintance is too long-standing to be severed by a little omission on your part.

I regret I cannot append my name to this, but if you could find space to print it in its entirety I shall know how sorry you feel about it.

Yours faithfully,

"More in Sorrow than in Anger."

BOOKS THAT WILL LAST.

(A Publisher's List of the Future.)

["The book is emphatically one of those that ought to be printed in letters of gold, or, still more to the purpose, on tablets of enduring brass.—*Richard Whiteing, of 'The Daily News and Leader.'*"
From Messrs. Dent's List of Spring Books.]

LANG'S LIST OF LASTING LITERATURE.

THE SHRINES OF SHROPSHIRE. By A. Sinclair Haddock. Square demy 8vo, £4 4*s*. 0*d*. net. Printed in silver on thin ferro-concrete slabs. Practically indestructible.

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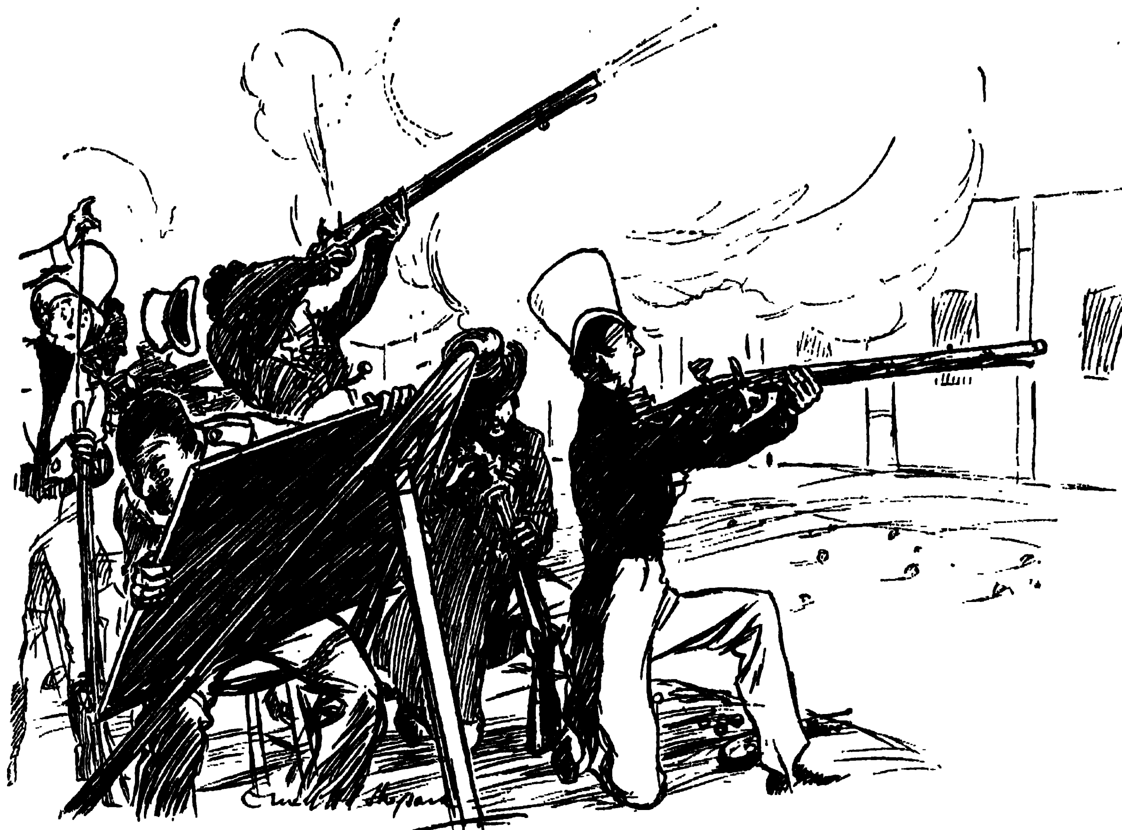
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Richard Whiteing, of "The Daily News and Leader."

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The Builder and Decorator.

LANG AND CO., LTD., LONDON.



THE "HUNDRED YEARS AGO" CRAZE.

Quick-firing competition at Bisley, 21 yards (any sights).

PHANTOMS.

(Written in the faint hope that it may meet the eye of her whom it principally concerns.)

Nothing I know of their forms and their faces,
Lingers no image to charm or perplex,
Only I stare at these starch-stiffened cases,
Only my spirit I vex,
Wondering who were the bounders that liked the embraces
Of these round their necks.

Blithe were their hearts, or distracted by dolours?
Moved they at all in Society's squash?
Fools or philosophers, pedants or scholars,
Actors or writers of tosh?
One thing I know, and one only, that I have the collars
They sent to the wash.

Vain to pursue them with empty surmises,
Still, as I gaze at this glamorous store
Of necklets not mine, yet again there arises
The question I ask you once more—
Who were they, those fellows, who took such impossible sizes?
Yes, that is the bore.

I have called this one William's. Dear William's is dotted
With patches of brown; I can picture his laugh;
A plethoric person was Bill, whose carotid
Demands an eighteen and a-half.
But Albert—how different was Albert! As lithe as the spotted
And stately giraffe.

And Henry's has butterfly wings, and he held 'em
Not worst of their kind when he went out to tea,
Or donned them for dinner (he donned them not seldom;
They're frayed at the edges)—what glee
Must have lighted the face of the warlock, the haggard old beldam
Who dumped them on me!

She mixes them up, I suppose, in a barrel,
And takes them at random and laughs if there fall
To a broker of stocks a musician's apparel;
But cream of her joys is to gall
The back of the neck of a bard as it opens to carol
At Phoebus's call.

She dooms me to alien tokens and pledges,
To torques of outsiders, that none of them fit;
For ever I purchase new jugular hedges,
For ever they vanish and flit;
I do not want Reginald's collars, and probably Reggie's
Been cursing a bit.

But there's one little chap that, in spite of the chances,
I get fairly often—his shape is divine,
He comforts my throat with his tender advances,
I've christened him Frank's, and I twine
In my rosiest garland of idylls the fancy that Francis
Has got one of mine.

Evoe.



FIRST AID.

ROOSEVELT DAY BY DAY.

OYSTER BAY, *Thursday*.—Mr. ROOSEVELT has announced to-day, through Judge Tinkler, of Ephesus, Me., that he is in favour of infant suffrage, and that the platform which he will submit to the Chicago Convention will contain an absolutely unreserved declaration to that effect.

Judge Tinkler, in communicating the above statement, added that Mr. ROOSEVELT had been induced to take this definite stand by what Lord AVEBURY had written on "The Child is Father of the Man." Feeling as he did like a two-year-old, he was convinced that an immeasurable advantage to the country would be gained by placing the ballot in the hands of babies.

OYSTER BAY, *Friday*.—Mr. ROOSEVELT has intimated through General Biffer, of Utica, Pa., that he is in favour of imposing a super-tax on all golfers.

General Biffer in explanation of the above statement, added that Mr. ROOSEVELT had been led to adopt this attitude by overhearing Mr. ROCKEFELLER'S language on the links after missing the globe three times running. He was convinced by this experience that the moral tone of the country would gain in uplift by penalising indulgence in a pastime which was so provocative of objurgation.

OYSTER BAY, *Saturday*.—Mr. ROOSEVELT has authorised Colonel Nahum Quiddle, of Smyrna, Mo., to announce that he is in favour of a grant to supply all the public schools in the United States with free chewing gum.

Colonel Quiddle went on to explain that Mr. ROOSEVELT had been prompted to take this momentous step by his studies in anthropology, which proved that only those races which systematically exercised their jaws had left their mark on the world's history. It should be the ambition of every true American to be able to say that he had never bitten off more than he could chew.

OYSTER BAY, *Sunday*.—Mr. ROOSEVELT has commissioned Bishop Hiram P. Blott, of Damascus, N.J., to state that he is in favour of a State subsidy providing every adult American with a suitable sum to contribute to the weekly collections in church or chapel.

Bishop Blott added that Mr. ROOSEVELT had been moved to this declaration by his own experiences in early youth, when on more than one occasion he had been reduced to placing buttons in the bag. He was fully convinced that the country would gain in self-respect by the removal of such humiliating temptations.

OYSTER BAY, *Monday*.—Mr. Otis Conger, of Snakesville, Ga., has been empowered by Mr. ROOSEVELT to state that he (Mr. ROOSEVELT) is in favour of non-contributory pensions of five dollars a week for all boys and girls between the ages of eight and eighteen.

Mr. Conger, in conveying the above announcement, made it clear that Mr. ROOSEVELT had been induced to take this definite stand by the representations of his son KERMIT. "When I had no pocket-money," he told his father, "there was no crime of which I felt myself incapable." Mr. ROOSEVELT is dead sure that the supplying of this long-felt want will add electrifying vim to the rising generation.



RETAINED.

Mistress Woolsack (*to Lord Haldane*). "NONE OF YOUR LITTLE JAUNTS TO GERMANY *NOW*, YOUNG MAN. YOU STAY AT HOME WITH ME."

[The Lord Chancellor, as custodian of the Great Seal, is not allowed to leave the realm.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



The Premier, fresh from the briny.

House of Commons, Monday, June 10.—Hearty cheer from Ministerialists as Prime Minister briskly enters from behind Speaker's Chair and seats himself on Treasury Bench. Back from Mediterranean by way of Bay of Biscay, his face ruddy with sea breezes. Has unconsciously assumed slightly rolling gait peculiar to those who go down to the sea in ships. Also finds it impossible to refrain from hitching up his trousers afore and ahint, as sailors do, more especially on the stage. Almost expected as he passed Speaker's Chair he would turn aside and, touching his forelock, report to Mr. Lowther, "Come aboard, Sir." Settling down into his old seat before brass-bound box, relaxed into landsman manner, presently rising, Question paper in hand, to make the short answer that does not always turn away wrath.

As all the world knows, Parliament just now exceptionally pressed with load of work. Arranged that there shall be Autumn Session to wind up on Christmas Eve. More than probable, certainly if necessary, it will run into next year. In such circumstances reasonable to suppose that every moment of time would be jealously safeguarded, every hour rigorously put to useful purpose. What happened to-night throws lurid light on way we have at Westminster.

First Order of Day consideration of Government of India Bill on Report stage and proposal for Third Reading. Bill having passed Second Reading and Committee, wherein full discussion was permitted, only exceptional circumstances would justify fresh debate on later stages. Exceptional circumstances truly there were. Bill legalises changes in Government of India, notably removal of capital from Calcutta to Delhi, dramatically disclosed last Session in message received from His Majesty, at the time on a visit to India. But as Ronaldshay shrewdly pointed out, discussion at this stage must needs be academic. Provisions of Bill already in operation, having received Royal assent in fashion closer akin to methods of Plantagenet sovereignty than to Parliamentary customs of to-day.

Delightfully characteristic of House of Commons' ways that, having thus pointed out that speech-making was sheer waste of time, Ronaldshay proceeded to deliver address of considerable length. Happily situation too palpably absurd for undue prolongation. After brief reply from Montagu, who as Under Secretary for India succeeds in hitherto almost impossible feat of interesting House in affairs of his department, Bill read a third time without division.

Business done.—Government of India Bill, and what is known by grimly picturesque title, White Slave Traffic Bill, advanced on way to Statute Book.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Weary Titans of Legislature returned to their labours after brief Whitsun holiday. Met at customary hour with no other sign of anything unusual astir save exceptionally crowded gathering. In due time there came familiar procession of Lord Chancellor to the Woolsack. Mace-bearer led the way; wigged and gowned Lord Chancellor followed;

the rear brought up by Purse-Bearer—an arrangement indicative of foresight of a generation long since dead and buried. Idea that, if pressing need of personal refreshment or opportunity for bestowing benefactions befell on the way from robing room to Woolsack, Lord Chancellor should have at hand the wherewithal to meet it.

Watching procession, sudden wonder filled the eyes of lookers-on. In respect of central figure, wig and gown were all right. They were the appanages of Loreburn, daily seen through Sessions stretching over six years and a half. But the gait was different, and the Lord Chancellor seemed to have gained in girth what he lost in height. When he reached the Woolsack, faced about and sat down, the secret was out.

It was Haldane, but yesterday Secretary of State for War!

Never in Parliamentary history was there executed such quick change. Vanished from view beneath full-bottomed wig was the carefully cultured wisp of hair drooping over the massive brow. At rest was the right hand, long accustomed from time to time, mechanically it seemed, to stretch across to the left hip as if in search of sword hilt. When the War Lord seated himself on Treasury Bench in the Commons keen observers detected cautious withdrawal of the heels, as if he feared his spurs (which by the way he never wore in the House) might catch in some impediment. On the Woolsack this apprehension vanished.

His helmet now a hive for bees, Napoleon B. Haldane has gone to St. Helena, where *Punch* finally leaves him. In his place sits Viscount Haldane, Lord Chancellor of the Realm.

That "good Americans when they die go to Paris" is a familiar observation. That good Liberals when they go to the House of Lords are apt to drift over to Conservative camp is a phenomenon not less certain of development. Study in this school of metamorphosis finds in recent times nothing more striking than case of Loreburn. To those who knew "Bob" Reid in the Commons during the Eighties announcement of his promotion to Woolsack had immediate consequence vulgarly described as taking away the breath. It was C.-B. who, forming his first Ministry, did it. Disposition at first to regard step as exuberant flash of canny humour. So extreme was the Radicalism of the Member for Dumfries that he regarded Harcourt with distrust on account of suspected Whigism and was restless under evidence of innate Conservatism in Gladstone. To select him as President of a Chamber the vast majority of whose Members are Tories of the deepest dye must, it was said, be either a studied insult or an extravagant joke.

Turned out that in his judgment of men C.-B. was even shrewder than was thought. The subtle influence that fills and dominates House of Lords wrought its accustomed miracle. In incredibly short period of time the termagant Radical was tamed into the courtly Lord Chancellor, pride of the Bishops' Bench, idol of our old nobility, stern repressor of astonied Liberals in town and country who, when they had put their men in power, presumed to take it for granted that the Lord Chancellor would do something to



"His helmet now a hive for bees."

redress the balance between Liberals and Conservatives on the Magisterial Bench, left a little askew by prolonged and beneficent patronage of Lord Halsbury.

Business done.—Irish Creameries and Dairy Produce Bill read a second time.

"Dear me!" said the new Lord Chancellor when Clerk at Table recited Order of the Day, "the Irish Question follows me even here."

Friday. — Striking testimony to wealth of material at disposal of Prime Minister that he was able at sudden call to reconstruct his Ministry on retirement of Loreburn. Only three days since Haldane took his seat on Woolsack. Already shows himself as much at home there as if he had been born within its recesses. The Marine of the Ministry, ready to go anywhere and do anything, he made for himself a place in history by his administration of the War Office. As Envoy-Extraordinary on a peace mission to Berlin, he acquitted himself so well that the public readily accepted report that he would presently assume functions of accredited ambassador to that capital. Nominated to the Lord Chancellorship, he is accepted in both political camps as the ideal man for the post.

For successor at head of War Office Premier found Seely conveniently at hand. Before announcement of his promotion was officially made the House with one consent nominated him. He has been one of the most conspicuous successes of a singularly gifted Ministry. Appointment is as popular in the House as it will be with soldiers, who like to see one of themselves placed at the head of Army affairs.

Business done.—Debate on Municipal Corporations (Qualification of Clergymen) Bill as amended in Standing Committee. Lansbury's motion for closure defeated.

"The cartton is called 'The tion in Prussia. The cartoon is called 'The round the Kaiser's bed counsel him to be calm and reflect that he does not rule as they did 'by divine right,' but is merely the head of the business firm of Germany and Co."—*Manchester Guardian.*

The cartton's name is crisper, but the cartoon's will, no doubt, appeal to many.

"Armand Massey engaged in a three-ball match at Muirfield, to-day, playing the best ball of Mr. Robert Maxwell and Mr. J. E. Laidlay. Maxwell and Laidlay turned up and were dormy at the seventeenth."—*Evening News.*

We are very glad these gentlemen turned up. It would have been a poor three-ball match without them.

"Doctor Forestalled" is the felicitous heading of a paragraph in *The Devon and Exeter Gazette* describing the sudden death of an elderly man while on his way to see his medical adviser.

A Sporting Offer.

"In conclusion, Mr. Allen said he should be pleased to come back at any time to marry any of the young people or to officiate at the burial of any of the old stalwarts of the Church."

Whitstable Times.

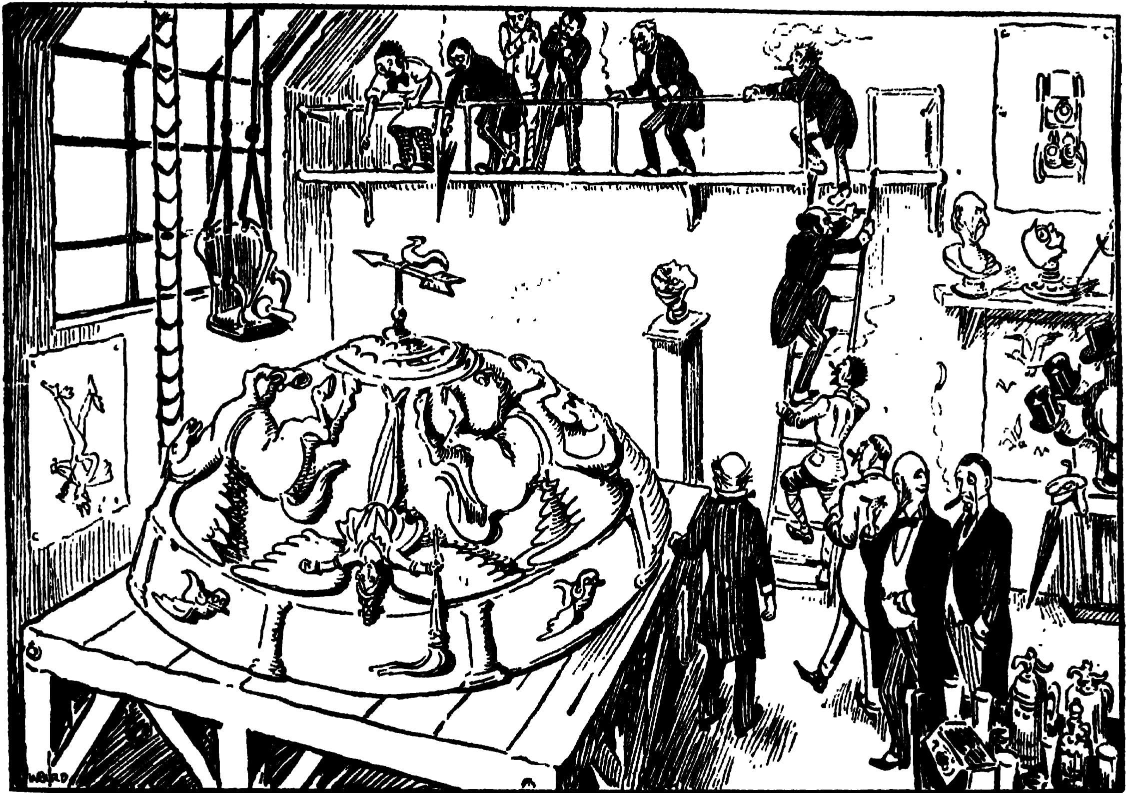
The Filmy Side of Life.

From the advertisement of a Lancashire Cinema Palace:—

"Sins of our Fathers
2,500 feet long."

Local Veto at Lagos.

"The bar was closed on Tuesday and yesterday, and shipping is being greatly inconvenienced."—*Reuter.*



Committee from an Aviation Club about to view model for dome of new club-house designed to suit the flying-man's point of view.

TO MILKMAIDS—IN ABSENCE.

[A noticeable feature . . . is the almost entire lack of milkmaids.—*Report of a "hiring fair" recently held in a Midland town.*]

Return, O maidens, you that tend the kine
(Or did so) in the vales of Arcadie,
Return. Bereft of you the homesteads pine.
The cattle, feeding on the luscious lea,
Wait for their Mary, having had her tea,
To call them home, and lowingly deplore
The hour that erst relieved them of their store.

Anon, in gloomy file they wander back;
But where is now the milkmaid with her pails
T' allay their drum-like tautness? Untaught Jack
Only remains, who desperately fails,
Trying all means, whereof not one avails
(Clothes-pins included), till the sudden hoof
Shoots forth and lifts him, screaming, to the roof.

Now, too, Damœtas and the shepherd swains
No more with pretty ribbon deck their crooks;
No more they take considerable pains
To wash their faces and improve their looks
With costumes *à la Watteau*, as in books;
Nor do they, in their lighter moods, devote
Hours to the practice of the fluty oat.

For you, O maidens, you have gone away;
Have gone, and left the uncouth swain small chance
To air his graces 'neath the westering day,
And, with rude relish, thrid the mazy dance.
The village green is void; now, with sad glance,
The local fiddler turns away, to drown
His idle sorrows at the Cat and Crown.

O Phyllis, Chloe, while you may, return;
Nor linger, Daphne; all the countryside
Await you. That gay town for which you yearn
Is not for you. Nay, cold ones, by your pride
I charge you, is it well to thrust aside
The crown that men have placed upon your brows
As the sole women not afraid of cows?

And oh, bethink you, 'twas this very milk
(As a complexion-wash) that lent its aid
To make your faces rosy, soft as silk
And smooth and, if it subsequently made
Butter for us, what matter? Who 's afraid?
The veriest cynic would the more enjoy
That lubricant for its so dear employ.

Dum-Dum.

"In the course of his sermon the vicar said they at St. Saviour's felt honoured in their service that morning by the presence of so many who were devoting their gifts and business propensities and educational qualities to advance the moral, commercial, and intellectual, and in many ways, he might say, the spiritual welfare of their great and historic city.
Pass the dull hours with ——'s Toffee de Luxe."
The Clifton Chronicle and Directory.

Any vicar who preaches for hours must expect this sort of comment.

"One of Fry's earliest scoring strokes was made to long leg, a ball from Nourse being skilfully played between the legs of the batsmen—a genuine old-fashioned leg glide—from one of Pegler's deliveries."
Birmingham Post.

The man who can play two bowlers at once between the legs of both batsmen is the man for our money.

"A three-quarter Matron's Coat." *From a London Sale Catalogue.*

It might suit some one else's aunt, but ours plays full back.

THE BEWILDERER.

SOMEHOW I always have shopping to do in the village. If it isn't a ball of string or a pencil or a postal order for one-and-six, it is pretty sure to be a shoe-horn, stamps, vaseline or shaving soap. I suppose I never get my stuff in sufficient quantities; it can't be right that I should spend so great a part of my time buying footling little things like these.

However, I don't really mind buying things; what I do object to is having the weather expounded to me at length in every shop in succession. I wish they would leave it alone. The only way to be happy in our climate is to forget about it. I have tried cordially agreeing with them—but that only eggs them on. I have tried flatly contradicting them—a policy which must have borne fruit in time, had I not found that it was making me unpopular and therefore abandoned it.

Then I embarked upon a more subtle method—a blend of the other two—calculated neither to irritate nor to encourage, but rather to bewilder. And here I found success.

I tried it on Mrs. Hughes (pencils) first. She said it was a beautiful day, wasn't it? . . . Nice to 'ave a look at the sun again. . . . And 'ow warm for the time of 'ear!

Yes, I replied, as if weighing my words, it certainly was a beautiful morning and very warm, oppressive indeed; and yet—I paused—at the same time there was something rather *bleak* about it. Didn't Mrs. Hughes think so? Raw, you know.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Hughes replied unblushingly; "but there—what can you expect?"

Then I tried Kemp (nail-brushes). He was still more ready to meet me half-way, for when he had drawn attention to the balmy nature of the morning and I had retorted that I fully agreed with him, but all the same I hoped we should have no *sleet*, he said he hoped so too, but that was the danger. He then tried to change the subject, but I wasn't finished with him yet. I told him that I had found it very close and sultry coming up the hill, and he said he didn't wonder at it. In his opinion it was a day to keep in the shade. "Quite so," said I; "and yet I noticed quite a *bitter* feeling in the air. Very bracing, of course!"

When I told Mrs. Lane (luggage labels) that it was long since we had had such a sweltering, *biting* day she retorted that that was exactly what she had said to Lane. She had "passed the very remark." That made me feel that I wasn't making much headway. All the same the cure has taken effect. After persevering for two or three days I began to notice a change, and by now Mrs. Hughes will studiously avoid mentioning a thunderstorm that is raging at the very moment of my entrance, Kemp talks glibly about the cricket match of the previous Saturday or the Government "up in London," and Mrs. Lane serves me in smiling silence.

I am beginning to think that much may be done by elaborating and extending the system. Already I have enjoyed further successes. I was travelling one day alone in a third-class *coupé*. I was determined to keep the carriage to myself, partly because I had my feet up, partly because I wanted to smoke (and it was not a smoker), but chiefly because I always want to keep things to myself. Everyone does. At the first stop the huge form of a woman with a massive basket appeared in the open doorway and began to heave itself on to the step. I leant towards her.

"Excuse me," I said confidentially, diffidently, "I suppose you didn't notice, but as a matter of fact"—I waved my hand in an explanatory manner—"this is a *coupé!* I am very sorry."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir," she replied, and departed covered with confusion.

But I regard as a still greater success the time when I was caught trespassing by a most unpleasant-looking man with a dog.

"Look 'ere!" he shouted truculently, as he came up to me brandishing a stick. "Are you aware that this is private property?"

I assumed my gentle, explanatory, expostulatory voice, which always commands attention.

"Yes, certainly," I said, "I know very well that it is private property"—and I smiled very sweetly upon him—"but then *I* am a private individual."

He looked at me sternly for a moment.

"W'y didn' you tell me that before?" he demanded, and went his way.

"An old man named Abbott was brought into the Nelson Hospital last night by the Hina which sailed up Waimea street, negotiating College Hill, etc."

The Colonist, Nelson, N.Z.

The ambulance, in the meantime, was trotting up the bay, negotiating the billows, etc.

"We use the best materials and the linen is treated under the most approved sanitary conditions, where unscrupulous cleanliness is maintained."—*Advertisement of a Model Laundry.*

This is the kind of cleanliness that is next to ungodliness.

CINEMATICS.

'TWAS a nightmare; to begin, it
 Was a scene of rival crews,
Rowing seventy strokes a minute
 In the battle of the Blues;
Then they took us (*allegretto*)
 To a carnival in Spain,
Through the squalor of the Ghetto
 To a vineyard in Lorraine.

Geysers, selvas, tundras, gorges
 Passed before us as we sat;
Next, a scene of Bacchic orgies
 In a paralytic flat,
With the tenants all a-reeling
 Through the windows or the walls,
And a catastrophic ceiling
 That inevitably falls.

Tulip, hyacinth and crocus
 Bloomed in clumps of quivering sheen;
Steeds oblivious of focus
 Galloped wildly off the screen:
Was it these or "Peeps of Norway,"
 Taken far, oh! *far* too quick,
That constrained me to the doorway
 Feeling imminently sick?

There's a twinge about my liver,
 There's a grinding in my head,
As I clutch the rugs and shiver
 With a bottle in my bed,
While the doctor comes to sound me
 With an animated smile
And the bedroom swirls around me
 In the bioscopic style.

I have suffered from neuritis
 And the sicknesses of note,
Such as "flu," appendicitis
 And a diphtheritic throat,
But of all the ills that plague you
 With their bitterness and gall
'Tis the cinematic ague
 That's the vilest of them all.

"It seems a great loss to us not to have our church clock going. We look up at it every day, and forget that it cannot tell us the time. It seems to appeal to us all and say, My inward parts greatly need renewing, and will you not come and help me to set them to rights once more?"—*Plympton Parish Magazine.*

We shall be there, without fail, with a bottle of oil and a feather.

"The Transvaal Observatory will in future be known as the Union Observatory, and the officer-in-charge will be known as the Union Astrologer."—*The Rhodesia Herald.*

Nativities cast while you wait.

"It is announced in the 'Government Gazette' that the Albert Medal has been conferred upon an aboriginal in the Roper River country, Western Australia, for gallantry displayed in saving the life of a police trooper, who was carried away by the current while swimming a river, while conveying an aboriginal who was chained to the police station."

The Natal Witness.

The old-fashioned millstone (round the neck) is cheaper and just as effective.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. JOHN MURRAY'S production of *Behind the Night-light*, by a child of three years old, means the breakage of a great many literary records. We are reminded by a contemporary that Mrs. ALICE M. DIEHL, in her reminiscences, claims to have published a volume of poems, *Wild Spring Flowers*, at the age of eight, which was compared by *The Literary Gazette* to WORDSWORTH.

But the feat of the MURRAY infant prodigy is further enhanced when we recall the fact, which has so far escaped the notice of our literary sleuthhounds, that Mr. HALL CAINE, at the age of seven, published a three-volume novel with the formidable title of *Cromwell Road; or, The Everlasting Thoroughfare*. This remarkable work, which was dedicated to the Emperor NAPOLEON III., was published by the now extinct firm of Blitherley and Bilger, and elicited a remarkable tribute from the literary critic of *The Bermondsey Athenæum*. After comparing the writer to THACKERAY he went on, "Whether we consider the punctuation or the plot, this is a novel of which no conscientious reviewer can fail to observe, 'We ne'er shall look upon its like again!'"

Another wonderful example of precocious talent was the first work of Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, which saw the light when its gifted author was only six and a-half years old. It was called by the singularly original title, *The Wardour Street Wonder*, and was published by the famous firm of Tusher and Tusher. So remarkable a venture did not escape the lynx-eyed glance of *The Skibbereen Eagle*, which, commenting upon the literary prowess of the youthful genius, remarked, "Bedam, but this is an eaglet after our own heart. We must keep our eye on him. More power to his aquiline elbow." *The Skibbereen Eagle*, it should also be added, compared Mr. HEWLETT to OSSIAN, BURKE and T. P. O'CONNOR, who was already beginning to strike Grub Street pink.

The case of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON is perhaps worth noting in this context. His first funeral march, composed in memory of a favourite guinea-pig which died from an overdose of raspberry vinegar inadvertently administered by its owner, was written when Master ASHTON was exactly five years and ten months old. What lends peculiar interest to this composition is the fact that Mr. ASHTON'S first communication to the press, on the habits of guinea-pigs, was made at the same time, and elicited the comment from the late THOMAS CARLYLE that a new epistolary portent had arisen on the literary horizon who combined the humour of CHARLES LAMB with the eloquence of CICERO.

Another A. A. is to be reckoned amongst those who "lisped in numbers." He was barely five when he wrote his first poem, an "Ode to a Yellowhammer," which began with the following memorable stanza:—

> Hail to thee, Yellowhammer,
> Bird of tuneful bill,
> Whose incessant clamour
> Doth the woodlands fill
> With divine strains of unsophisticated skill.

It is not generally known that WORDSWORTH, on having his attention called to this exquisite lyric, remarked, "Golly! If this precocious child writes like SHELLEY at five, what will he do at my age?"



Irish Handy Andy (admiring crocodile's head in hall of officers' mess). "THAT WAS A FINE PIKE YE GOT IN INDIA, CAPTAIN; YE MUST WANT SOME STHRONG TACKLE FOR THIM BOYS."

"ANY PERSONS OR DOGS found trespassing outside the boundaries of the footpaths or disturbing or taking away any timber from the lands on Clyn and Coed Ifan Ddu Farms, Trinsaran, will be prosecuted."

Advertisement in "The Llanelly Mercury."

Our own dogs, when prosecuted for stealing timber, always plead the Gaming Act.

THE LAST TEST.

[An exercise in the manner of *The Daily News and Leader's* genial "ROVER."]

HAVING a column or so to fill and very little to say about the cricket that is past, owing to rain having ruined so many matches, let me go minutely into the question of what is likely to happen in the last Test Match, to be begun several weeks hence, on August 19th.

The subject is peculiarly interesting in that it is fraught with the glorious uncertainty of the game: we cannot know whether England or Australia will be up or down on the rubber; we cannot know what will be the exact composition of either team; we cannot know who will bat first or what the wicket will be like. This makes speculation a positive joy. If the wicket is wet, it will probably play otherwise than if it is hard. August often sees a spell of hot weather, and this may have the effect by the 19th of baking the Oval. In that case the bat is likely to beat the ball, for a while, at any rate. But if the pitch had been heavily rained upon, it would probably mean that the ball would beat the bat.

In the event of heavy rain before the match, C. B. FRY, had he a grain of that ability which a captain ought to own, but of which he has never yet shown himself to be possessed, as I have so frequently found it my duty to point out, would take into account the merits both of W. C. SMITH and BLYTHE. On the other hand, were it hard and did it seem likely to go on being hard, even C. B. FRY, I take it, cretinous Aztec though he be, could hardly be unaware of what HITCH and W. BREARLEY might effect for the side of which he will be the incompetent head, unless the Peckham Rye correspondents of *The Daily News and Leader* have their way and he is by that time kicked out.

I would not enter into the question of C. B. FRY'S hopeless incompetency were it not that hostile criticism of Test Match teams has become the first duty of all conscientious cricket journalists. That the M.C.C. should have deliberately selected C. B. FRY is nothing to me. What is the M.C.C.? A mere collection of so-called cricket experts who happen to have charge of the laws of the game—nothing more. If I want another captain, I shall say so, and go on saying so and invite other persons to say so, no matter how one's attitude may prejudice the success of the team by making bad blood.

To come to the batsmen, whether HOBBS and RHODES go in first, or whether C. B. FRY and R. H. SPOONER, remains to be seen. In either case the bowling might be collared, for not even I can accuse C. B. FRY of failing to make runs on occasion, however *gauche* and unattractive he may be at the wickets. If it is collared, then, when the time comes for JESSOP to go in, what an afternoon for the poor fieldsmen!

On the other hand, suppose that the bowling is too good for England under such a skipper, then everything will be changed. HOBBS, of course, might make a lot, and he might fail. The same remark applies with almost equal force to every one. If the Englishmen put up only a poor total, Australia's task will be comparatively light.

As to the Australians, there are good bats among them, and BARDSLEY and MACARTNEY have made runs in their time. The question is, how many will they make at the Oval? With such an incompetent field as C. B. FRY, they will, of course, score easily when the ball goes in his direction; and BREARLEY also is not a shining light in the field; nor is P. F. WARNER, haloed saint though I hold him to be in every other walk of life. But of course HOBBS will be there, and R. H. SPOONER, to save runs in other places, and not even C. B. FRY'S baleful influence can make every one a failure.

The match, then, may be—taking everything into account and thoroughly weighing pros and cons (and amateurs and cons, if I may be permitted the jape)—an open affair, and as such let me for the moment, having again done my unpleasant duty, leave it.

ULSTER AND THE NONCONFORMIST PASSIVE RESISTANCE LEAGUE.

AN ADVANCE REPORT.

(*From "The British Weekly" of April 1st, 1915.*)

A HUGE crowd gathered at Blackfield's Tabernacle last night for the special meeting of the Passive Resistance League. The venerable Dr. CLIFFORD occupied the chair. Amongst those on the platform were the Rev. SILVESTER HORNE, M.P., Mr. CLAUDIUS CLEAR (the eminent critic), the Rev. SILAS HOCKING, the Rev. W. R. NICOLL, Dr. GRUMP (of Chicago), Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, Dr. HORTON, and the Editor of *The British Weekly*.

Dr. CLIFFORD said, "We are here to-night with a twofold purpose—to protest against the tyranny which robs us of our goods, and to congratulate the Government on its acquisition of the assets of the Welsh Church. (Great cheering.) We stand to-night, gentlemen, with LUTHER—(cheers)—with KNOX—(renewed cheers)—as representative martyrs of the human race. We may be sneered at by the lordly CECILS as they batten on their monastic plunder—(loud cheers)—but a time will come when our influence will control the Government of the country. The voice of Blackfield's Tabernacle will not for ever go unheeded. That great politician, Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, is ever fighting for our cause. The Rev. SILAS HOCKING is pillorying our persecutors in some of those masterpieces of fiction which will be read even when CAINE is forgotten. The fiery words of Dr. NICOLL in England's pulpits will kindle a conflagration in Nonconformist hearts which will not easily be put out. And the cutting pen of our dear friend, CLAUDIUS CLEAR, will make the Bishops writhe in their palaces."

At this point a sensation was created by the appearance in the audience of Sir EDWARD CARSON, who said that as a Passive Resistor he wished to address his sympathisers.

Dr. CLIFFORD shed tears of emotion on hearing this request. "I knew," he said, "that in time the justice of our cause would appeal to the noble heart of Sir EDWARD CARSON. We welcome him on our platform. We take him to our hearts." (Thunders of applause.)

Sir EDWARD CARSON said, when the cheering had subsided, "I am a Passive Resister, almost an Active Resister." (The Rev. SILAS HOCKING: "Shame! Shall I kill my brother bailiff?") "I will pay no tax—(three cheers for Sir EDWARD led by the Chairman)—levied by a priest-ridden Government—(great applause)—in Ireland." (Loud and prolonged dissent.)

The Chairman: "Order, order. I call upon Sir EDWARD to desist. His views are in direct violation of the fundamental principles of the Passive Resistance League—that minorities must rule, except in Wales and Ireland. Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL will now deliver his advertised address on 'The Pecuniary Advantages of Disendowment to Nonconformists.'"

At the conclusion of the meeting Dr. CLIFFORD was presented by the editor of *The Expositor* on behalf of the League with a copy of *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* (bound in vellum) and a complete set (194 vols.) of the Rev. SILAS HOCKING'S novels (bound in calf). Dr. CLIFFORD was too much overcome by very natural emotion to acknowledge these gifts, but the Rev. SILVESTER HORNE, who responded on his behalf, aroused the meeting to a whirlwind of enthusiasm by the announcement that Dr. CLIFFORD had promised to deliver a non-political address at Blackfield's Tabernacle the following Sunday on "The Insurance Bill and Tory Wreckers."



Mistress (*interested in Insurance Act*). "MARY, I SHALL SOON HAVE TO TAKE SO MUCH A WEEK OFF YOUR WAGES FOR STAMPS."
Mary. "OFF MY WAGES, MUM?" *Mistress.* "YES, MARY. IT SEEMS——"
Mary. "MIGHT I MAKE SO BOLD AS TO ARSK, MUM, 'OW YOU KNOWS IT'S *ME* AS TAKES 'EM?"

VACUUM PARTIES.

A LADY "with small rooms and great social ambitions" has just explained (in *The Daily Sketch* of June 13) how she manages to reconcile these incompatibilities. The feat is performed by providing the guests with artistic programmes, a full list of dances, a buffet with light refreshments, an elaborate supper, and in fact everything but floor-space. The men (or ladies, when it happens to be a leap-year dance) then choose their partners in the ordinary fashion and proceed to sit out the appointed time in the hall, on the stairs or in various odd corners—and "the guests are still clamouring for more of such entertainments."

Much can be done judiciously on these lines. We know of one hostess already who has issued invitations to a Barmecide Dinner-party. M. ESCOFFIER has been consulted in the composition of a *menu* of the most exquisitely titillating, the *mauvais quart d'heure* is to be a scream of delighted expectancy, and the choicest products of (empty) paper-bag cookery are to be discussed in proper debating-society style by some of the most accomplished diners-out in London. As it is a "progressive" feast of reason, the men will all move one place round the table at the end of each imaginary course, and thus secure a change of partners and a little exercise. The lights and flowers and other appointments will be a veritable dream, and everything is to be replete—except the *invités*—and they undoubtedly, after a famous model, will "ask for more."

Sir BEERBOHM TREE, in his next Shaksperean Festival, proposes to play *Hamlet* not only with the *Ghost* and the name-part omitted, but with all the other characters left out as well. He thus calculates on giving the fullest encouragement to conversationalists who like to gossip throughout a tragedy and the more restless spirits who prefer to make excursions between the Acts. With one long interval, these play-goers should find the evening pass pleasantly enough. The stage also will be thrown into the stalls, and the seating capacity of the theatre thus largely increased. The audience should certainly be "clamouring" for something at the end.

The next Test Match, without either the Australians or South Africans, will enable the English side to enjoy a well-earned day off among the spectators or in the luncheon department, to the keen delight of cricket quidnuncs and barrackers, who may be trusted to make good any omissions.

In fact, the gentle art of leaving out can be applied in all directions—to Parliament, to Art, to Literature—[including so-called contributions to *Punch*.—ED.]

"An aeroplane costs £1,000; a Dreadnought £2,000,000—i.e., for the price of one Dreadnought we could purchase 1,000 aeroplanes."
Daily Express.

Think of a number: double it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mrs. Atherton has a rather startling if not very artistic method of combining recent history with romance which continually spurs forward the interest of the reader when it is in danger of flagging. In *Julia France and her Times* (Murray), although I am bound to suppose, for charity's sake, that one of the principal characters in the book, who all move in very high places, is fictitious, I am always getting a nasty shock from sentences beginning in some such way as "This was the first year of Lord Rosebery's Ministry," or "At the beginning of the South African War," or "It is possible that if Christabel Pankhurst, bred on suffrage as she was," after which the course of the romance is usually broken for a lengthy disquisition on foreign or internal politics. *Julia France*, who was born in the West Indies, was married at eighteen, without having any say in the matter, to the brother and heir-presumptive of a Duke (there are not very many Dukes, you know), and her husband is described as "one of the most blatant *roués* in Europe." When he went mad and was confined in an asylum, *Julia* began to live her own life, with the aid partly of Oriental mysticism and partly of the Women's Suffrage movement. She manages to find her affinity however, and (*Harold France* thoughtfully dying just after the five-hundredth page) the novel ends thrillingly enough on a sound melodramatic note. Except where she introduces passages of some length which might have come straight out of a newspaper leader of the current week, Mrs. Atherton tells a good story; but there is one thing that she cannot do. She cannot make English people talk. *Harold France* may have been the most unmitigated blackguard who ever sullied the pages of *Debrett*, but I cannot and will not believe that he meditated thus on board his cruiser off the island of *Nevis*:—"Rippin! Toppin! words too weak for a bit of all right like that."

Too much sweetness cloys the tongue, and a conglomeration of four heroes and one heroine needs a touch of salt to make it palatable. Mr. E. R. Lipsett was so determined that we should see absolute perfection in his five paragons that he dared not allow even one of them to err in an off moment; they were good all the time and so too good. Their boisterous and bohemian humours did not deceive me; these were only kind words in disguise. As for the coarse language of *Dr. O'Dowd* (one "damn" in every fifty words he ever spoke), it was the most obvious affectation, devised, and vainly devised, to hide his sterling worth. And the nobility of them all. Believe me, the hero of heroes stopped a runaway horse, saved six lives, rescued an upset boatload of boys, rode and won three races, captained a university football team and was confessed for the best polo-player that ever came to Phœnix Park, all in the course of two short pages, and that just to make himself indubitably worthy of the lady for whose hand he was lodging a claim. Personally, I thought him much too deserving already and would vastly have preferred a touch of naughtiness by way of qualification for, at any rate, a human husband, the sort that a girl would not mind living with after she had done admiring. And lastly the lady herself: as soon as ever I saw the name *Didy* (Duckworth) on the cover, I knew that this was the affectionate nickname of the Ideal Young Person, whom I had got to adore before the author had done with me. Yet somehow, and I cannot say why, except that Mr. Lipsett has a very pleasant way with him and a sound point of view at the back of all his sentimentalism, I read the story with undeniable pleasure, and will, on the strength of it, engage to read his next, if he for his part will contract to supply one honest blackguard in a leading *rôle*. Surely Ireland and America (his chosen *mises-en-scène*) should afford some genial villainy between them, to satisfy our lower but more natural tastes.



The Baron. "I prithee, Dame, send hither four stout men-at-arms. I would to horse, for I joust with Sir Simon to-day at noon."

His Lady. "Oh, my Lord, it is my hope that you will be careful. If you get over-heated do not sit in a draught afterwards!"

I find it rather difficult to criticise *A Somerset Sketch Book* (Dent), because really all that one can say about it amounts to the old remark, that if you like this sort of book this is the sort of book that you will like, and very much. The readers whom it will please most are naturally those to whom the scenes and characters that Miss H. Hay Wilson describes are already familiar. Of the quality of her performance the fact that many of the sketches are reprinted from *The Spectator* is sufficient indication. For my own part, I liked those best that show her in an eerie mood. Miss Wilson has evidently a fine feeling for the bogie world, and the traditions of Somerset give her ample scope for its exercise. "The Week Before Christmas," for example, is excellent ghost-telling. As for the other and quieter papers, delicate and pretty as they are, I am unable to help thinking that there have been too many country-books lately for this one to appeal to the general reader with any special freshness. For the Somerset-born the case is of course different. But, for others, sketches of rural life and scene have to be quite exceptionally good to avoid the danger of dulness. Otherwise they are apt to resemble an album of photographs of places to which one has never been, or of relations to whom one is not related. I do not for a moment imply that Miss Wilson's collection approaches this final horror; but I should like her next time to write an entirely goblin book.

"Lord Ribblesdale is to give a ball. . . . He began life in the Army and left it in the Rifle Brigade."—*The Tatler.*

R.S.V.P. to Elysian Fields.

CHARIVARIA.

The report that King George and the Tsar will meet on the Continent this summer is denied. It is not true of either of them.

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The Globe says it is a moot point whether the better class of newspaper should give any publicity to the vapourings of Mr. Keir Hardie. We trust that an exception will always be made in favour of *Punch*.

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According to *The Manchester Guardian*, at a recent Levée, the Lord Chamberlain announced Mr. Lloyd George as "Dr. Lloyd George." Mr. Lloyd George stopped and insisted on his name being correctly given. In view of the strained relations which existed between the Chancellor and the Doctors the mistake was a peculiarly aggravating one.

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Captain Carden, who has just obtained the pilot's certificate of the Royal Aero Club, has only one arm. "The fewer to lose," the Captain is said to have remarked cheerily to someone who drew his attention to the deficiency.

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It was bound to happen, of course. The other flying things are at last combining against the aviators. Juan Mauvais was flying last week near Madrid, when an army of locusts attacked the invader and almost blinded him.

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Among the inhabitants of Pisa there is a very strong feeling that something must be done for the preservation of its greatest architectural curiosity. It is recognised that if they are still to preserve their Leaning Tower, it must be taken to pieces and re-erected in the strict perpendicular.

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The famous frescoes of Pinturicchio in the Palace of the Magnificent at Siena are missing. It is believed that they have been stolen and sent abroad. In future all visitors will be searched before leaving the Palace.

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Rembrandt's portrait of his father in our National Gallery is now alleged to be only a copy. Dr. Bode, the German art expert, claims that the original is in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin. We had an idea that he was in an Amsterdam cemetery.

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Fifteen young women who were discovered dancing the Turkey Trot during the luncheon hour were, *The Express* informs us, instantly discharged by the Editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. The news has caused the keenest satisfaction in Italian circles.

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At Cilfynydd, Pontypridd, last week, a man, woman and six children escaped from a fire owing to the persistent cries of a cat. Pussy herself got away too, and thus saved seventeen lives in all.

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Writing in *T. P.'s Weekly* on the subject of open-air cafés, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., says:—"I am sure if our people took their meals more than they do in the open air they would be far healthier, and eating would become far more artistic." Yet it is difficult to imagine anything more artistic than our present method of eating asparagus.

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Mr. Mutton, Chairman of the Northampton United Temperance Committee, has been released from prison, having now apologised for accusing the Northampton magistrates of partiality in a case against a publican. This is not the first instance in which Mutton has become Lamb.



THE EXCUSE IMAGINATIVE.

Wife. "Have you brought the whitebait I telephoned you for?"

Husband. "Sorry, my dear; the fact is the man said they were too young to be taken away from their mother."

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Extract from the serial tale in *The Daily Mirror*:—"A great simplicity was born in her that night. It came out of the east with the evening star that glowed its white message for a brief moment and then dropped gently into the bosom of the shadowy, reedy lake." In spite of the great literary beauty of this passage, we warn our enterprising little contemporary that this is not the way to encourage astronomers to continue their subscriptions.

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In his recently published book, *In the Amazon Jungle*, Mr. Algot Lange relates how, in a state of exhaustion, he stumbled into a village of cannibals. For his temporary hosts he has nothing but praise, for not only did they nurse him back to health, but in the process there was no *arrière pensée*. As soon as he was well they escorted him into safety without taking so much as a single bite out of him.

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Where are the police? Here is Miss May Sinclair laying hands on *The Three Brontës*, who, it is matter of common knowledge, belong to Mr. Clement Shorter.

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Mr. John Long has published a popular edition of *Improper Prue*. If it should not go well its name will no doubt, following Mr. Arthur Bourchier's precedent, be changed to *Proper Prue*.

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And Mr. William Reeves has issued a book entitled "How to Attain the Singing Voice." Persons in search of a tactless present for a gifted amateur vocalist will find this the very thing.

HOW TO SAVE CRICKET?

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

WHO WILL DECIDE?

WHILE *Mr. Punch* reserves his own opinion as to the necessity of making cricket more alluring and of the seriousness of the tragedy of the small attendance at the Derbyshire *v.* Hampshire match, he has had, in common with the emotional editor of *The Daily Mail*, such a mass of correspondence on the subject that he cannot but print a selection; first, however, informing those of his readers who may have missed the point of the attack that the batsmen of England are on their defence for daring to make any but boundary hits, the bowlers for ever sending down a maiden, and the players generally for wasting time by changing over, taking refreshment and beginning at any hour after sunrise or finishing before dark. In short, the modern spirit condemns the game. What then is to be done? Read and see.

A CAUTIOUS VETERAN.

SIR,—No one can yield to me in admiration of the grand old game of cricket; but I am with you in your noble attempt to bring it into line with the times. I remember all the best players—HARRIS, NYREN, LUMPY, LAMBERT, MYNN, PILCH—and not one of them ever took a tea interval. Did they play any the worse for it? No. They played, if possible, better. It is true that they did not always make a big score, but that was not because of any wish to disappoint the public or bring cricket into disrepute (as with players now), but purely on account of a certain uncertainty in the game.

Yours, etc., CENTENARIAN.

DEDUCTIONS FOR NON-SCORING.

SIR,—It is not enough to stop the tea interval, and begin earlier, and so forth. Cricket must feel the knife if it is to live. Fine the batsmen who do not hit. Give them 2 for every single, and 4 for every 2, and 8 for every boundary; but if they let a ball go by and do not score deduct 1 every time. An umpire also should now and then be burnt alive.

Yours, ROOT AND BRANCH.

TO RIVAL THE CINEMA.

SIR,—In order to bring cricket up to the high level of the cinema or a music-hall as a spectacular entertainment certain things must be done and done quickly. First and foremost, all tedious batsmen must be forcibly discouraged, and the best way to do this is to make a rule that every batsman who fails to make a 4 in his first two overs automatically ends his innings. This simple if drastic measure would instantly transform the game into precisely that eventful spectacle which the wise public wants, for there would of necessity either be wickets or boundaries, and what else interests anybody nowadays, except a few fossils in the pavilion?

Yours, &c., REFORMER.

5 STUMPS AND 4 BAILS.

SIR,—The three-day match is undoubtedly a farce, and should be curtailed. I suggest that the wicket consist of 5 stumps and 4 bails; this would give the bowler a better chance, and at the same time test the merits of the batsman to a greater degree, besides providing more excitement for the spectators.

The present system of double innings should be abolished in favour of a single innings for each side, and all matches should be played on a Monday or a Saturday and finished in one day. By these means we may be able to attract to our cricket matches crowds similar to those that witness football matches. ONE WHO KNOWS.

A FEW SIMPLE SUGGESTIONS.

SIR,—How to make cricket more exciting? It is merely a question for the younger bloods of the M.C.C. They have but to draw up new laws. For their guidance I suggest a few:—

Extend the over to thirty balls; or do away altogether with changing over by placing the field in some position of compromise suitable for both ends. Still further time (so precious to a busy public) might be saved if every bowler were required to keep wicket and every wicket-keeper to bowl.

Insist upon the next-man-in standing by the umpire so as to be ready the moment the previous wicket falls.

Or, in default of this, establish a motor-car service between the pavilion and the wicket.

Enforce captains to give preference to sloggers and black-list the patient men.

Abolish the lunch and tea intervals.

Reduce the time between the innings to two minutes.

Exclude the Press.

The above suggestions, it will be observed, do not interfere in any way with the fundamentals of the game or the liberty of the batsmen. Everyone must still get out as before. I object utterly to changes that curtail an innings in any arbitrary way.

Yours, &c., K.C.

THE TATTERSALL'S RING CURE.

SIR,—I have been giving the question of the decadence of cricket much attention, and I find from study of the old records that it was for many years a great betting game, England being, in spite of our national disapproval of gambling, the happiest hunting-ground in the world for all commission agents. Would it not be a popular move to bring wagering back to Lord's and thus not only brighten the game and get it nearer to that far more perfect pastime, football, but have every seat filled? Mere betting on one side or the other would, of course, be too tame; but a system by which each member of each side was backed for this performance or that could easily be worked out, while there could be betting on the averages, too, and the championship table.

I will gladly give you any support in my power to bring about this.

Yours, &c., JOE STRAIGHT.

Vevey, Switzerland.

AWAY WITH THE UNCERTAINTY!

SIR,—One is always hearing parrot-cries about the glorious uncertainty of cricket. If the foolish persons who used the phrase would only pause to think for a moment they would see how very far from glorious this is. So far indeed that it is cricket's ruin. Why are matches neglected? Why do cricketers strain themselves to play for keeps and get not a single hand? Why are the coffers of the counties impoverished? Entirely because of this idiotic uncertainty. Make cricket certain and you will see the difference. Go to every length to ensure the success of the popular men, and spectators and money will again roll in. It is quite simple. You advertise, for example, that JESSOP will make 100 on Wednesday afternoon, and you see that he does it. That is to say, the bowlers will bowl right, the fieldsmen will field right, and JESSOP (who is an honourable man) will hit right. Result: delight of every one present and plenty of cash for the club. Yours, &c., BUSINESS MAN.

THE BEST SUGGESTION.

SIR,—The best way to save cricket is to abolish the M.C.C. and Mr. C. B. FRY and things like that and put it all under the management of a committee consisting of Lord NORTHCLIFFE, Mr. IMRÉ KIRALFY, Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, Mr. GEORGE ROBEY, Mr. PETER KEARY, Mr. CHARLES URBAN and Sir JOSEPH LYONS. These would bring new life into the effete pastime at once, and every one would be pleased.

Yours, etc., PRACTICAL.

The Roué.

"Ford, 20 h.p., very fast; seen London."
Advt. in "Autocar."



PLATFORM AMENITIES.

President Taft (*conductor of the White House Express*). "YOU CAN'T GO ON THIS TRAIN."
Colonel Roosevelt. "WELL, IF I CAN'T, YOU SHAN'T!"

[*After Charles Keene.*



Hostess (after presenting fan to prize-winner at whist drive). "REALLY, I'M AFRAID IT'S HARDLY WORTH ACCEPTING!"

Winner (appraising its worth). "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH; IT'S JUST THE KIND OF FAN I WANTED—ONE THAT I SHOULDN'T MIND LOSING."

A GREAT QUESTION.

ON a placard last Friday morning *The Daily Mail* asked, "Shall we give up India?"

We believe this is the first occasion on which our contemporary has asked the advice of its readers as to the path it should pursue. On all other matters of high importance—horticulture, diet, holiday resorts and servant problems—it has chosen for itself the course to take, and gently but firmly has gone on its way.

We venture to hope that the readers of *The Daily Mail* will properly appreciate the compliment that is paid to them. The compliment carries with it an obligation—carefully and thoughtfully to give of their best in counsel. The responsibility is vast; an ill-considered "Yes" may be fraught with grave peril to our country and to the dusky denizens of our Eastern empire. There is the greatest danger of a false step being taken, and we beg the readers of *The Daily Mail* to consider well the possible outcome of their advice before proffering it.

Yet we would not counsel any deferring of the reply which we can imagine our contemporary somewhat anxiously awaits. It is not impossible that before long some other matter of interest may divert the editorial attention from this Indian dilemma and the fate of that vast land, with its myriad peoples, would then remain indefinitely in the balance.

The plain question demands a plain answer, given quickly. We trust that the readers of our popular contemporary will respond as befits Britons and patriots.

"His great objection to sitting in the House of Lords was the wearing of the heavy full-buttoned wig, peculiar to the office."

Kentish Express.

We always undo the bottom button of our wig.

"Cheerful at all times, whether in success or failure, a good comrade, a true sportsman, and a generous opponent, I have no hesitation in urging cricketers to send a contribution, however small, to the fund."

Mr. P. F. Warner in "The Westminster Gazette."

This is just what we should have said of Mr. WARNER ourselves, but we wish he had left it to us.

HUCKSTERIA.

COME to my aid, avenging Fate;
Succour me in my troubled state:
Strike at the roarers—rack and gibbet 'em
Ad libitum.

Strangle the muffin-man, and crack
The rag-tout's skull, and bundle back
That organ lady (draped so prettily)
To Italy.

Have at the pests who blare and toot;
Shatter their strident reeds, and put
That fellow with all kinds of frondage
In bondage.

But, just at present, slay for choice
That huckster with the raucous voice
Who keeps on croaking like a corby,
"Ripestrorby!"

"Miss Preece rode cross-legged."

Daily Mail.

It sounds a little Turkish.

"Prettily weeded, well-laid-out gardens."

Advt. in "Financial News."

House Agent (proudly): "Ah, you don't often see plantains like *that*, Sir."

"FIND THE WOMAN."

[An impression of Mr. CHARLES KLEIN'S play at the Garrick Theatre—without prejudice to the excellent acting of Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, Mr. JAMES CAREW and Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS.]

ACT I. *Scene I.*—*Robert Underwood's Art Studio in New York.*

Enter Mr. Bennington.

Bennington. I just dropped in to say that you are going to be prosecuted to-morrow. For years you have been selling the pictures of your clients, and pouching the proceeds. For instance, where is the Velasquez?

Underwood (lying desperately). In the wine-cellar.

Bennington. Where is the Rembrandt?

Underwood. In the pantry.

Bennington. Where is the Dana Gibson?

Underwood. In the bath-room.

Bennington. Pooh! You've sold them. Well—to-morrow. (*Exit.*)

Underwood (gloomily). This looks as though I shall have to commit suicide.

Enter Howard Jeffries, Junior.

Howard. I'm quite drunk, dear old chap, but I must have two thousand dollars. Can you lend 'em to me?

Underwood. No, no, I'm busy now. Ask your father.

Howard. You know perfectly well that my father disowned me when I married Annie. She's a good girl, but she drinks out of the saucer, and her father died in prison. I say, is that a pistol? Let's have some shooting practice.

Underwood. Put it down, you drunken fool. (*Snatches it from him.*) And clear out of this, because I'm expecting a lady. Here, go into the bedroom and sleep it off. (*Helps him out.*)

Enter Mrs. Jeffries, Senior.

Mrs. Jeffries. I came in answer to your letter, in which you threaten to commit suicide because you loved me and I married Howard's father instead. Don't do it.

Underwood. Well, as it happens, I should have to do it anyhow, because I'm going to be prosecuted.

Mrs. Jeffries. Well, anyway, you can't say I haven't asked you not to. (*Exit.*)

[*Underwood turns off the light, so as to give himself a sporting chance of missing, and shoots. However, he hits himself and sinks into a chair.*

Curtain.

Scene 2. A few hours later. The room is now full of policemen.

Captain Clinton (of the New York police—to Howard). You shot Robert Underwood!

Howard. I tell you I didn't.

Clinton (taking off his coat). Will you confess?

Howard. Go away; I want to go to sleep.

Clinton (taking off his waistcoat). Confound you, own up! You shot him! (*Bellowing*) Say yes!

Howard (weakly). Shut up; I didn't.

Clinton (removing his collar). This is going to be a tough job. Now then, stand up and hold the sergeant's hand, and say after me—"I, Howard Jeffries, Junior—"

Howard (feebly). Junior.

Clinton. "Shot the deceased Robert Underwood"—

Howard. Underwood . . . Oh, *shut* up!

Clinton (triumphantly). He's confessed! The handcuffs, sergeant. (*Putting on his clothes again.*) Hot work!



PUZZLE: FIND THE HEROINE.

Captain Clinton ... Mr. JAMES CAREW.
Mrs. Jeffries, jun. . Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.
Richard Dexter ... Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.

Enter Mrs. Howard Jeffries.

Mrs. Howard. My Howard a murderer? Well, I never! He wouldn't hurt a fly! I shall consult Richard Dexter. He's the finest lawyer in New York. [*Curtain.*

ACT II.—*Dexter's Office.*

Clerk. Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Junior, to see you, Sir.

Dexter (with the air of the finest lawyer in New York). Tell her to go away.

Clerk. I have, Sir.

Dexter. Then tell her again. (*To himself*) She surely ought to know the difference between a constitutional and a criminal lawyer. Besides, Howard has confessed. (*Frowns and turns over some important documents.*)

Clerk. Mrs. Howard Jeffries, Junior, to see you again, Sir.

Dexter. Oh, confound it, show her in.

Enter Mrs. Howard.

Mrs. Howard. Oh, Mr. Dexter, Sir, *will* you defend Howard? You're the finest lawyer in New York, as I'm never tired of saying.

Dexter. But he's confessed.

Mrs. Howard. Not really, sir. You know what these police confessions are.

Dexter. Yes, yes, that's true. Some day I shall get my friend, Mr. Charles Klein, to write a play about it. The New York police are a disgrace to civilization.

Mrs. Howard. Yes, aren't they, Sir? Then you will defend Howard, won't you, Sir? Because you *are* the finest lawyer in New York.

Dexter. Tut, tut—(*Rubs his head; lights a cigarette, rustles papers and frowns legally.*) Well, I will. (*Enter Mrs. Jeffries, Senior.*) And I'll now go into my other office and telephone to somebody just to show what a business-like lawyer I am. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. Howard. Oh, ma'am, isn't it lovely? Richard Dexter's defending Howard! And now, if we can only find the woman——

Mrs. Jeffries (turning pale). What woman?

Mrs. Howard. The police say that a woman called on Mr. Underwood that night. She might tell us if he was talking about suicide at all. (*Mrs. Jeffries swoons.*) Oh! It was you! *Did* he mention shooting himself in any way?

Mrs. Jeffries. I will tell you all at Richard Dexter's house to-night at ten o'clock.

Enter Dexter.

Dexter. Captain Clinton is coming to my house at ten o'clock to-night.

Mrs. Howard. There! Isn't that lucky? I *said* he was the finest lawyer in New York! [*Curtain.*

ACT III.—*Dexter's Drawing-Room.*

Mrs. Jeffries. Here is Robert Underwood's last letter to me.

Mrs. Howard (reading). "Dear Mrs. Jeffries, I am going to commit suicide, and you jolly well know why. The blame is entirely yours. Your devoted slave, Robert Underwood." Well, that clears Howard all right.

Mrs. Jeffries. Yes, but think of me.

Mrs. Howard (cheerfully). Yes, it is a bit tough for you, isn't it, ma'am?

Enter Dexter and Captain Clinton.

Dexter. Look here, Clinton, I'm the finest lawyer in New York, and I know Underwood committed suicide. As for your bogus confession—pooh! Wait till you see my friend Mr. Charles Klein's play. That will enlighten America as to the methods of its police.

Clinton. Pah! Where's your proof?



SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

Chorus of Thirsty Farm-hands. "WHERE'S T' BEER? YOU 'AD IT, BILL!"

Bill. "LET'S SEE—I MIND A-LAYING OF IT DOWN WHEN WE WAS 'ALF-WAY UP. LOR' SAKES! IT MUST BE ABOUT T' MIDDLE OF T' STACK!"

Mrs. Howard. Read this letter . . . Now then.

Clinton (to Mrs. Howard). "Dear Mrs. Jeffries"—so *you* were the woman (*Mrs. Jeffries, Senior, swoons with relief*).

Mrs. Howard (lying splendidly). Yes, I was the woman! [*Curtain.*

ACT. IV.—*The Howards' Flat.*

Mrs. Howard (as she cooks the bacon for breakfast). Well, Howard 's free, but they all think I'm a wicked woman. I knew the trick would deceive a policeman, but I did think the finest lawyer in New York would see through it.

Enter Howard.

Howard. My darling, I love you, although you do drink out of the saucer; and even if Underwood did write that letter to you I knew you weren't in love with him.

Enter Mr. Jeffries, Senior.

Jeffries. Howard, I did you an injustice. You are not a murderer. But your wife has been proved unfaithful to you, and if you will come away with me I will provide the money for the divorce.

Enter Dexter.

Dexter. Mrs. Jeffries, Senior, has confessed! Mrs. Howard, you are an angel—kiss me. Howard, you are a lucky dog—thank heaven for your wife. Jeffries, you are a beast—grovel. And I—I am the finest lawyer in New York! [*Curtain.*

A. A. M.

"For the improvement of light horse breeding this year £45,000 has been allocated by the Board of Agriculture and £850 to the British Beekeepers' Association."—*Standard.*

We welcome the grant of £45,000, but the £850 will, we fear, be money thrown away.

"The appointments of Inspector-General of Agriculture in India and Director of Agricultural Research Institute, and Principal of the Agricultural College, Pusa, have been amalgamated under the one title of Agricultural Adviser to the Government of India and Director of the Pusa Research Institute."—*Englishman.*

We can now write to him on a slightly smaller envelope.

"The Australian fielding was at times brilliant, Emery, the latter by his over bowling, were very and always good. Matthews, Macartney and Emery, the latter by his over bowling, were very quick."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

EMERY must be careful not to over bowl himself.

CASE LAW.

(*From Mr. Punch's Pet Pedant.*)

A WORD there is, one little word,
Faulty, cacophonous, absurd,

Wholly, preposterously vile,
Which never fails to stir my bile.

What word, then, bids my anger brim?
The villainous vocable is VIM.

Striking on this acoustic drum,
It presses like an *incubum.*

I tremble, reading it, and am
Convulsed by deadly *nauseam.*

For solid work, the day whereon
I meet it is a *diem non.*

It is an *indicem,* revealing
A lack of *vox* and proper feeling.

Whose *lapsum linguæ* first did teach
(I cried) this counterfeit of speech?

With awful threats (and how I meant 'em!)
I sought the knave: *non est inventum.*

Author or authors, when I meet 'em,
I'll give the wretches their *quietum.*

And the *sequelas?* Well, I'll risk 'em.
Finem est. Pacem nunc vobiscum!

THE RECOGNITION.

SCENE—*A first-class smoking compartment in a railway carriage. There are four passengers, all of them having got in at the last station five minutes ago. One, a white-haired affable soldierly man, a Major (retired), let us say, is sitting with his back to the engine. The other three, who are friends, occupy the opposite seats. They are reading newspapers or chatting with one another. The Major is observing them with interest.*

First Passenger. They don't seem to be getting on with their dock strike much.

Second Passenger. No; I always said they'd come to grief, and a good job too.

First Passenger. I can't stand these agitators.

Second Passenger. Nor can I. They ought to be drowned. [*A pause.*

Third Passenger. What's all this row about in America?

First Passenger. What row?

Third Passenger. This row about ROOSEVELT and TAFT.

First Passenger. Oh, the row about who's to be President. Yes, aren't they going it?

Third Passenger. Do you understand what they're all up to?

First Passenger. No, I don't, and I don't suppose anybody else does. All the same it's rather disgraceful.

Third Passenger. Yes, isn't it? [*A pause.*

The Major (*genially to First Passenger, who has put down his paper*). Would you be kind enough to let me have a look at your paper if you've quite done with it? Thank you, you're very good, I'm sure. (*More genially*) Why, bless my soul, you're—yes, I'm sure I'm right. I thought I recognised you. What a strange thing meeting you here! Only shows how small the world is. Now (*still genially, but with a hint of roguishness*) I'll wager you haven't the faintest idea who I am, eh? Don't recognise me in the least, ha, ha. (*He looks round at the other two passengers, who regard him with an air of cold disapproval and become absorbed in their newspapers.*) Don't know me a bit, do you now?

First Passenger (*sparring for wind*). Well, upon my honour, of course I remember your *face* quite well. I thought I knew you as soon as I got in, but I couldn't be quite sure. (*Recklessly*) It's a longish time since we met, isn't it?

The Major. Let me see. Yes. It must be quite two years. We were travelling up together on this very line. No, that's not it. I'm thinking of Blenkinsopp—you know him, I think. Commands the second battalion now—short grey moustache and a scar on his left cheek. We were going up to interview those fellows at the War Office - deuced scandalous affair, but, of course, they had to cry off—ha, ha, ha!—after we'd put it to them straight. No, it's a good three years since you and I met, and then it was in rather a queer place—nothing *wrong* about it, of course—ha, ha!—but a funny place, you know, for you and me to meet in. But I see it's quite slipped out of your mind.

First Passenger. Oh dear no. On the contrary, it's beginning to come back to me—your face, you know, I remember it quite well. Always had a good memory for faces; but I'm no good at names. Let me see, weren't you—I—

The Major. You're getting it; I see you're getting it. Now, I'll just give you a bit of a clue to help you along. My first cousin, man of the name of Holworthy, was a captain in the Navy—commanded the *Minotaur* on the China station in 1904. Retired now; spends most of his time in Devonshire. Well, he and your uncle——

First Passenger. My last uncle died in 1902.

The Major. That was the one. You remember Holworthy, of course?

First Passenger. Ye-es. I do seem to remember somebody with a name something like that. Wasn't he the chap who went to Uganda?—No, I'm sorry: my mistake. The man I'm thinking of was called Bullock.

The Major. Ah, poor old Tom Bullock! What a good fellow he was. I remember we went to the Derby together in 1882—Shotover's year—and we both put our shirts on him. Lord bless me, that's thirty years ago. How time does fly!

First Passenger. I rather think my Bullock's name was Dick—yes, I'm sure it was, Dick Brudenell Bullock, a man of about thirty-five.

The Major. He'd be Tom's nephew. I know he had a nephew or two. (*The train begins to slacken down.*) Ah, well, here we are. I don't know when I've enjoyed a journey so much. It's such a pleasure to find oneself remembered.

First Passenger (*murmuring*). Delighted, I'm sure. [*The train pulls up at the Terminus.*

The Major. Well, good-bye. I can't say how glad I am to have met you again. I shall see Holworthy to-night, and I'll be sure to remember you to him.

First Passenger. Yes, do. Good-bye, good-bye. So glad to have met you again. [*They part.*

Third Passenger. Who was the funny old cock?

First Passenger. I haven't got the vaguest. Never set eyes on him before.

SONNET TO WILLIAM TAFT.

(*In the manner of Mr. William Watson's sonnet to Theodore Roosevelt.*)

I SEE a mighty people driven daft
By the stentorian enemy of their peace;
Amidst them, most majestically obese,
Thou towerest like a mountain, massive TAFT,
Exuberantly rotund both fore and aft.
The fateful day draws on by slow degrees;
The ship of state is pooped by perilous seas;
And would'st thou steer once more that giant craft?
Perhaps thou shalt and must! But, if by guile
The lot should fall on bear-faced THEODORE,
Still shalt thou be thy nation's mammoth Smile
Which wakes the world to wonder. Nay thou'rt more:
Thou art the Cosmic bulge and overspill,
Thou art America, Brobdingnagian Bill!

"When I first used to write to Mr. Whitworth Wallis upon golfing matters, I used to address him as Whitworth Wallace, Esq. That was because I put him down as some descendant of the Northerner who watched with interest the antics of a spider and went out to fashion his life on the same principles."

"*Golf Notes*" *in* "*The Birmingham Daily Mail.*"

It is interesting to learn that WALLACE kept a pet spider too. But no doubt after BRUCE had set the fashion everybody did it.

"'You really ought to see the Irish players,' gushed a would-be enthusiast; 'that play—what's his name—"The Cowboy of the Golden West," is fine!' He had evidently confused 'The Girl of the Western World' with 'The Playboy of the Golden West.'"

Manchester Guardian.

It's a good story, but the pith of it is spoiled by the fact that the writer has confused the two plays himself. But, at any rate, he can sympathise with the would-be enthusiast.



"AND DID YOU STAY LONG IN VENICE?" "ONLY TWO DAYS, BUT I SAW EVERYTHING WORTH SEEIN', DON'T-Y-KNOW."
"REALLY! THEN YOU'D SEE THE LION OF ST. MARK'S, I SUPPOSE?" "RATHER; SAW THE BRUTE FED IN FACT."

THE DIARY OF A DIPLOMATIST.

(*Being some early stages on the "rocky road" of reconciliation traversed by* Baron MARSCHALL VON BIEBERSTEIN.)

Thursday, June 20.—To Ascot with Lord COURTNEY OF PENWITH. Introduced to Baron DE FOREST and Baron Schnellgrove. Interesting conversation with CAPTAIN COE on the progress of OLD JOE'S Treble *Entente*. Dinner with the Rev. SILVESTER HORNE. Afterwards to the Russian Ballet with Lord WEARDALE. Introduced to Mons. WALKLEY.

Friday, June 21.—The longest day I ever spent. Breakfast with Mr. J. L. GARVIN, *tête-à-tête*, at the Fitz Hotel. Lay down and rested from 10.30 till 11. At 11 received deputation from Bermondsey Orthographic Pacifists, expressing their desire to alter the spelling of Jermyn Street. Returned a suitable reply. Lunch with Mr. EUSTACE MILES, who submitted a scheme of diet calculated to promote international disarmament. At 3 interviewed by Mr. ROBERT BLATCHFORD. Tea with Mr. MARK HAMBOURG; played duets till 6.30. Dinner with Sir ERNEST CASSEL, and then to the opera to see *The Barber of Baghdad*.

Saturday, June 22.—Interviewed before breakfast by the Editor of *The Observer*. Breakfasted off phenacetin. At 10.30 received deputation from Cambridge, headed by Professor E. G. BROWNE, suggesting diplomatic intervention to introduce compulsory German at that University and to request the KAISER to discontinue the sending of telegrams to victorious Oxford crews. Lunch with Mr. LEO MAXSE, Mr. ELLIS BARKER, and Professor HEWINS. Interviewed at 5.30 by the Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Went to bed early.

Sunday, June 23.—In the morning read *The Observer*. Went back to bed in the afternoon.

Monday, June 24.—Breakfasted with Dr. CLIFFORD, Mr. GEORGE CADBURY and CAPTAIN COE, and sang quartets till 11 A.M. Received deputation from Sheffield Peace-workers expressing regret that safety-razor trade had interfered with the importation of Hamburg hollow-ground razors, and promising to agitate for the legal prohibition of the former. Lunched with the Eighty Club. Photographed at 3 P.M. with Mr. BERNARD SHAW. Interviewed at 5 by Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, who was immensely struck by the resemblance of the shape of my skull to that of Sir OLIVER LODGE. Dined at home, and in the evening went to hear Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE lecture on BACON as the author of the works of ERASMUS, LUTHER and GOETHE. Supper with Sir SIDNEY LEE. Interviewed at 12.30 A.M. by the Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

"The cricket ground at Tettenhall is in splendid condition, and Dalton, the professional, is leaving no stone unturned to make it look at its best for the match."

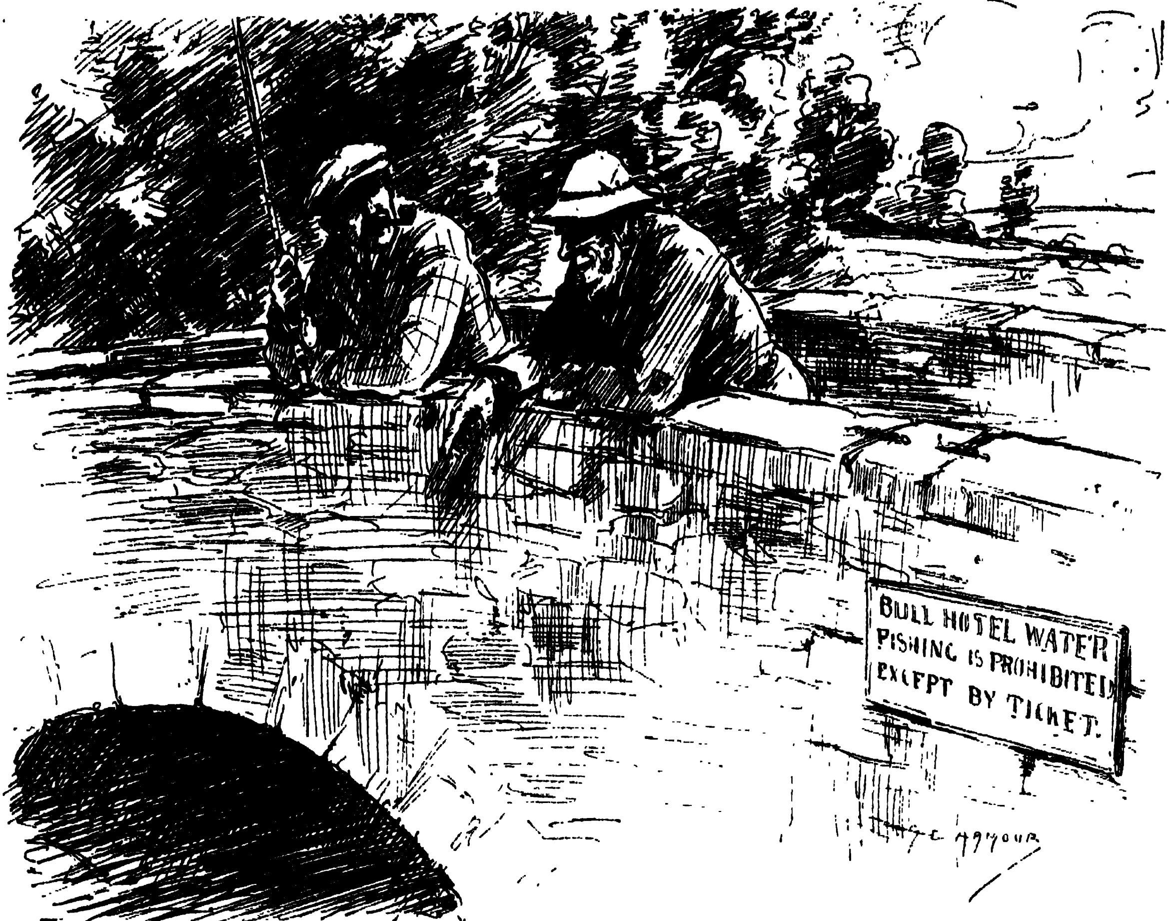
Birmingham Evening Express.

DALTON'S enthusiasm is praiseworthy, but does not take him far enough. He will find it better to remove the stones altogether.

"After the operation the lon roamed about his cage and appeared much happier."

Evening News.

He seems to have had his "i" removed.



Unsuccessful Angler (to watcher on much-flogged stream). "Pretty well educated fish here, eh! Some of them must know a good deal, I should think!"

Old Watcher. "Knaws a main lot, some of 'em does. Now there's Old Willie down there; I reckon 'e do knaw the names o' most o' the gents wot comes reg'lar."

TO A HERO—AGED SIX.

[A contemporary has been asserting that the tendency inherent in the breast of a small boy or girl to hunt flies is implanted by nature and should be encouraged.]

Clarence, your war upon that insect terror,
 The housefly, is in truth a grand crusade;
Yet people, blinded by the scales of error,
 Deep sorrow for your foe have oft displayed;
And you, for acting like a perfect hero,
Have been pronounced a brute, an infant Nero.

But there was instinct planted deep within you,
 A force which dragged you to the window-pane;
Impelled by that, you couldn't discontinue
 Your ruthless course—so carpers howled in vain;
Indeed, the bitter draught of opposition
Whetted the appetite of your ambition.

You trod the path well known to benefactors,
 The weary road of calumny and blame;
But you have triumphed over your detractors
 Who hang their heads (at least they should) with shame;
You go, unchallenged on the housefly's track
With Science patting you upon the back.

And yet, I apprehend, a hero's halo
 Will not appeal to your unworldly mind;
'Tis not for fame nor honour that you lay low
 A pest that brings destruction to mankind;
What made your purpose firm, your spirit strong?
The simple thought that you were doing wrong!

No longer can your spoil be called ill-gotten,
 And so, of course, your occupation's gone;
Your once delightful sport seems simply rotten
 When dear old dames applaud and urge you on;
Yes, Clarence, vanished are your palmy days;
The world has damned you with unstinted praise!

In an article by "Wykehamist," in *The Observer*, the famous Harrow song is quoted as follows:—

"God gives us horses to guard and beleaguer,
Games to play at, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless and goods for the buyer,
Twenty, and thirty and forty years on."

We are now looking forward keenly to an equally humorous version of the Winchester "*Dulce Domum*" from the pen of an Harrovian.

"The Barometer is above 30 inches and rising in Portugal and also in Iceland, but in the latter region it is falling."
Aberdeen Daily Journal.

This leaves many of our readers in a pitiable state of anxiety about their friends in Iceland.

"The race is, however, usually won by some horse."—*Morning Advertiser.*

The days when a dark tortoise would spring a surprise are over.



VOTES FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

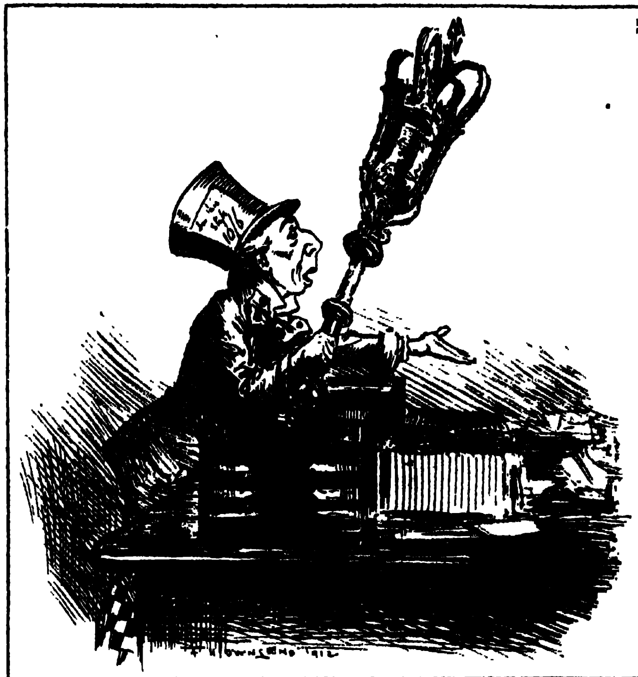
John Bull. "AND WHAT IS THIS 'ROBUST CHILD'?"

Nurse Asquith. "WELL, SIR, IT'S CERTAINLY NOT A GIRL, AND I VERY MUCH DOUBT IF IT'S A BOY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, June 17.—In the dying moments of a drear sitting, when all was lost but the last 'bus for Brixton, opportunity suddenly, unexpectedly, presented itself to the MAD HATTER. As they say in France, he seized it by the hair. In accordance with Standing Order debate and division on New Reform Bill concluded before 11 o'clock. There followed procedure of running through subsequent Orders and the motion for adjournment of the House formally made from Treasury Bench. Hereupon it is open to Members, subject to limitation of time, to raise debate on any topic under the sun. When hands of clock touch half-past eleven SPEAKER vanishes from Chair; sitting automatically closes.



"Mr. SPEAKER, do you rule that when a man has nothing to say he must not get up to deliver a speech?"

On motion for adjournment made to-night, GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN, interposing, accused HOME SECRETARY of bolstering up case in favour of Welsh Disestablishment by incorrectly citing facts and figures relating to slum-work in Cardiff. When he sat down all eyes were turned upon McKENNA. He made no sign of intention to respond. Here was the MAD HATTER's chance. If there was no one ready to take the floor, why should not he? Had done pretty well through the long evening. At Question time made overtures to Foreign Office for permission to inspect documents in its charge relating to case of Miss MALECKA. Worked off speech on New Reform Bill illumined by at least one remark that went to root of matter.

"Mr. SPEAKER," he said, "this Bill might be improved."

Forgetful of this priceless contribution to debate, House greeted his fresh interposition with howl of execration that made the blood curdle. "McKENNA! McKENNA!" the Opposition yelled. MAD HATTER regarded them with ineffable serenity. Pink of courtesy, he felt some explanation of his appearance on scene was due.

"When I had a speech ready, you Mr. SPEAKER," he said, nodding affably to dignitary in the Chair, "did not call upon me. Now, when I have not my speech with me, I have the opportunity."

Could any case be clearer? any logic more uncontrovertible?

Opposition not to be deceived. Plain to them this was a plot born in Machiavellian brain of HOME SECRETARY. Afraid to meet charges put forward by GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN, he had suborned the MAD HATTER, cunningly put him up to speak through available time that remained, knowing that at half-past eleven deliverance from awkward position would come.



A TRUCULENT MAN OF WAR.
MR. AGAR-ROBARTES.

This not an idea born in a brainy infant school. Amidst tumult, voice heard declaring that in consideration of his services on this occasion the MAD HATTER's name would appear "in next Honours List."

Another paradoxically accused the MAD HATTER of being "a Bonnet." SPEAKER, asked to say whether use of the opprobrious term was in order, oracularly responded, "It is a well-known Parliamentary expression."

No less a person than ALFRED LYTTELTON directly accused HOME SECRETARY of sheltering himself behind the MAD HATTER.

This too much for McKENNA, who appealed to SPEAKER to say whether it was in order to accuse him of sheltering behind another Member. SPEAKER thought phrase was not unparliamentary. Amid storm of Opposition cheering he confessed he had not understood why HOME SECRETARY had not immediately followed GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN.

"The honourable gentleman now in possession of the House," he added, glancing towards the MAD HATTER, innocent creator of the turmoil, "admits he has not got a speech ready, and therefore I do not see what the object of his rising was."

SPEAKER's knowledge covers wide range. Evidently doesn't know his MAD HATTER.

Thus adjured, HOME SECRETARY rose to explain: was engaged upon task when, at half-past eleven, House adjourned. MAD HATTER went off with the rest, musing on proceedings.

"I think I put them right," he modestly said to himself. "What I don't understand is SPEAKER's remark that he did not see why I got up to speak since I admitted I had no speech ready. If he means that when a man has nothing to say he must not get up to deliver a speech he strikes at the heart of system of Parliamentary debate. Shall put down question on subject for to-morrow."

Business done.—By majority of 224, leave given to bring in New Reform

Bill. Government majority bigger than ever. Of course it does not represent acquiescence in the Bill. Merely supplies necessary authority for printing it.

Tuesday.—Proceedings with Home Rule Bill as far as they have gone differ a little ludicrously from what was anticipated. Remembering threats uttered elsewhere by GENERAL CARSON, K.C., the MINATORY MOORE and the CRUSADING CRAIG, people reasonably expected that as soon as Committee got to work there would not only be wigs on the green but heads, arms, peradventure here and there a leg. Up to now debate even decorously dull. Ulster felt that something must be done to justify big words spoken and written outside.

Opportunity presented itself when PREMIER moved closure on amendment which that truculent man of war, AGAR-ROBARTES, had with mailed fist tabled. Old familiar cry, "Gag, Gag!" raised. House cleared for division. MCNEILL (not SWIFT) proposed to continue debate. Upstanding, he shouted something inaudible amid tumultuous cries of "Order!" CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES also on his feet. Disorder increased and maintained by persistent cries of "Order!" CHAIRMAN reminded MCNEILL that, the question having been put and division called, if he desired to address the Chair he must do so seated with his hat on.

Hint promptly taken by the MARTIAL MOORE.

"Has the question been put?" he artlessly inquired from under brim of his hat. "I did not hear it."

By this time MCNEILL had learned his lesson. Seated with somebody's hat on, he cried aloud on the CHAIRMAN. Wanted to know whether it was not his (the CHAIRMAN'S) duty to preserve order? A pertinent question this for Member with whom CHAIRMAN had for some minutes been wrestling in attempt to make him observe elementary rule of order. CHAIRMAN responded by putting the question of closure, and the mob, laughing, shouting, gesticulating, moved off to Division Lobby.

Another outburst of wild excitement when they came back. AGAR-ROBARTES' Amendment, insisting on partition of Ireland by exclusion of four counties from operation of proposed Act, was negatived by majority of 69. This sufficed. It was 29 more than majority by which GLADSTONE piloted his second Home Rule Bill through the Commons. But it was 33 less than majority which the other day negatived Instruction to split the Bill in twain. Opposition, accordingly, cheered itself hoarse.

Business done.—Amendment proposing to exclude Counties Antrim, Armagh, Down and Derry from Home Rule Bill negatived by 320 votes against 251.

Friday.—SPEAKER'S ruling that it is not un-Parliamentary to accuse a Member of acting as "a bonnet" continues to create surprise. According to that monumental authority, *A New English Dictionary*, "a bonnet" is an exceedingly undesirable acquaintance. He is variously defined as "a person used to conceal or put a good face upon underhand proceedings; a pretended player at a gaming table or bidder at an auction, secretly in league with the proprietor or auctioneer to lure others to play or buy; a thimble-rigger's accomplice; a decoy."

Point of order raised, SPEAKER promptly ruled that the taunt flung at a Member was innocuous by precedent.

Reference greatly puzzled House. SARK says it proves afresh the wide and intimate knowledge of Parliamentary incidents possessed by the SPEAKER, his tenacious memory and his readiness at critical moments.

"I suppose," he adds, "there are not a score of Members besides the SPEAKER and myself who witnessed the scene on which the ruling is based. It happened on a day in April, 1885. The Fourth Party were at height of fame and power. Gentle STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had for full four years suffered sorely at hands of RANDOLPH. On this particular night question arose upon which RANDOLPH, taking part in a lively turn of debate, designedly or otherwise did something to help Government over awkward stile. The proverbial worm will turn at last. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE saw his chance and seized it with readiness and vigour that delighted crowded House. 'My noble friend,' he said, 'is very adroit and agile in the positions he has taken up. But this is the first time I have seen him perform the part of a bonnet to the Government.' PEEL was in the Chair in those days. Appealed to on point of order, he declined to direct NORTHCOTE to withdraw the word."

Business done.—Report stage concluded of Bill qualifying clergymen to sit on municipal corporations.

The Glasgow Touch.

"Mr. Cosh took exception to the proposal of the Magistrates to give the Australian bowlers an afternoon reception on the occasion of their visit to Glasgow. He moved that the minute be sent back for further consideration. Mr. Alexander M'Clure seconded in order, he explained, that more adequate arrangements might be made for the reception of the Australians. Bailie M'Millan having explained that the reception proposed meant only a cup of tea, the minutes were almost unanimously adopted."—*Glasgow News.*

Any comment on this would spoil its simple beauty.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE AMAZONS."

I HAD not assisted at the original production of this "farcical romance," and so it was fresh to me the other night, or rather, perhaps, the freshness was mostly on my side. For the athletic female, whose advent, by the way, had been hailed at a much earlier date by DU MAURIER, is *vieux jeu* by now. And yet, since she is still on her trial, Sir ARTHUR PINERO'S revival cannot mark the full triumph of accomplished prophecy (if that was what he was after), as it might have done if the theme had been the early promise of one of those things, like the motor-car or the monoplane, which by common consent have "come to stay."



THE SISTERS BELTURBET QUALIFYING FOR THE HALLS.

Miss PAULINE CHASE, Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY and Miss MARIE LÖHR.

For all that, the reappearance of *The Amazons* is welcome because it proves to the new generation, and reminds the old, that Sir ARTHUR was once capable of innocent frivolity. For *The Amazons*, though a little obvious after the first blush (if the word may be used of a trio of girls so blatantly masculine), is at least free from those painful social problems and that analysis of obscure and ugly motives on which he has insisted in his later work; and it leaves no sour or pungent taste in the mouth.

I except one feature in the play which its author would have done well to revise by the light of the change in modern feeling. In these days, when our neighbours across the water bid fair to hold their own against us in most games of skill and courage, his sneers at French sportsmanship are not only out of date, but, in view of our



Member (who has overheard no good of himself). "I'M A —— *OUTSIDER* WHO OUGHT TO BE KICKED, AM I? SO THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK OF ME, *IS* IT?"

Culprit. "MY DEAR FELLOW, THAT'S ONLY WHAT I SAY. I *THINK* A LOT MORE OF YOU."

present relations, are liable to revive a cordial misunderstanding.

But what astonishes me most in this reproduction is that the management should have induced three ladies as delectable as Miss NEILSON-TERRY, Miss MARIE LÖHR and Miss PAULINE CHASE to consent to make an exhibition of themselves in modern male attire. The disillusionment was most painful. The particular feminine charm of Miss MARIE LÖHR was sacrificed to a more-than-masculine horsiness, and with no sort of compensation that I could discover. In the matter of resemblance to the fighting heroines of antiquity, Miss NEILSON-TERRY was the only one who made any pretence to this distinction. As for Miss PAULINE CHASE, always so piquant a figure in the sketchy costume of *Peter Pan*, here she was rigged out in breeches and gaiters for the purposes of a fishing expedition (mitigated by incidental interludes on the guitar) and seemed to me, in PHIL MAY'S words, to be the "smallest giantess on record."

The real fun of the play—and the "Amazons" themselves had very little to do with that—began with the entrance (on all fours) of Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH as the *Earl of Tweenwayes*; and whenever he was on the stage, citing precedents from the traditional behaviour of his ancient family, it was impossible to be dull.

It is one of the many virtues of this inimitable actor that he can always afford—such is his reserve of strength—to understate his case. I never feel this about Mr. DION BOUCICAULT; but, to do him justice, his Frenchman was a part that demanded a more forcing method, relying for its humorous effect less on the thing said than on the manner of saying it and on the right gesture. And, anyhow, the character, as I complained before, belongs to a past age and needed much farcical activity for its resurrection.

Physically, Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS cannot be said to have looked quite like a mother of Amazons, but her spirit was as male as you could wish. I did not mistake Mr. GODFREY TEARLE for a Varsity Blue, but then I have never yet mistaken anybody on the stage for a Varsity Blue, except Mr. BENSON, and he happens to be one. But Mr. TEARLE was solidly strong, though his style requires something more spacious, like a prairie of the Far West, for its environment. His personality seemed a little cramped in the confinement of this Overcote covert. I should myself have said the same about the partridges which, as I gathered, made it their *pied-à-terre* instead of the usual stubble and roots; but I would not think of setting up my own experience against that of Sir WING on a question of bird-life.

After a time the play began to recognise itself for pure farce, and, quickening in the last Act to a more rollicking *tempo*, sent the large audience away well satisfied with their entertainment; reassured, too, of the charm of their favourites by a brief final glimpse of them in the habiliments proper to beauty.

O. S.

"To a rather dark-coloured, deep mezzo-soprano voice the singer joins a splendid temperament."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We ourselves prefer a plum-coloured voice with blue stripes, or else something with a tartan timbre.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It will be a duller day when our retired diplomats and proconsuls cease to give us the fruits of their generous amateur culture in such volumes as *A Tragedy in Stone, and Other Papers*, by Lord REDESDALE (LANE). The author does not altogether disdain the friendly *cliché*, nor is he free from that last infirmity of noble (and other) bookmakers, the reprinting of the respected addresses and occasional papers of an earlier decade. "A Tragedy in Stone" is a pleasantly discursive paper on the Tower of London. Follow an address on LEONARDO; an informing "*Apologia pro Horto Meo*"; and a slight but exceedingly interesting summary of the history of paper. But readers of Lord REDESDALE's earlier work (or of this in another form) will turn with more zest to the papers on Japan which form the larger half of the volume.

In 1866 the then Mr. FREEMAN-MITFORD was transferred to Tokyo from Peking and saw the birth and early struggles of the New Japan. He found a country, as he says, at about the Crécy and Agincourt stage, with the banded Samurai and the Ronin swashbucklers still carrying and using their cherished blades. In forty years their sons are the gallant victors of Tsushima and Mukden. There are many splendid tales of the feudal and legendary days of Old Japan in these chapters. How the old spirit survives in the new type is well illustrated by the story of Commander HIROSÉ, to whom fell the dangerous duty of sinking a vessel to block the exit from Port Arthur. He succeeded in placing his vessel in position, and having reached safety he went back for a missing midshipman, whom he found dead. Having left his sword this second time, he again went back to recover it, and was killed. But he had written home that if he should succeed in his attempt his friends were not to expect him home as, having had so much courtesy and instruction from the Russians when he was Naval attaché in St. Petersburg, he could not in honour survive after doing them so serious an injury; so that it would be necessary to commit *hara-kiri* on the quarter-deck of his own ship in discharge of his debt.



THE HOUSE-AGENT AT THE LATEST GARDEN CITY ADOPTS A COSTUME TO HARMONISE WITH HIS SURROUNDINGS.

Jim Fisher was a rural "nut," and his sister *Maude* the female equivalent. They lived at Blenheim Farm, and set themselves with an almost three-volume cynicism to bring unhappiness into the lives of their humble neighbours, the *Huntleys*. Apart from not having a title, the only way in which *Jim* failed to be a Bad Baronet was that, when he "sneered openly," he did not smoke a cigarette. He pursued *Jess Huntley* with his Loathsome Addresses, and was as malignant to Honest *John Bradshaw*, the hero, as any hereditary aristocrat could have been. *Maude* meanwhile treated *Jess's* brother like the Heartless Flirt that she was. The conventionality of Mrs. STANLEY WRENCH's story, *Pillars of Smoke* (LONG), is relieved by her skilful handling of local colour. She has an intimate knowledge of the Oxfordshire peasant, and uses it to embellish what would otherwise have been but a moderate story. The "loo-belling" episode is very vivid. Loo-belling is a punishment which the Oxfordshire village reserves for those who offend against its not too rigid code of morals. It combines the more outstanding points of burning-in-effigy and ducking-in-the-horse-pond, together with those of one or two other rural sports. The "Oxford Manner" seems to be less restrained when you get out of the University centre into the villages.

To the making of certain kinds of books there should no doubt be an end; but among these any volumes which contain new light on that curious freakish painter of genius, WHISTLER, could never be included. The latest *Memoirs of James McNeill Whistler* (LANE) is by Mr. THOMAS R. WAY, the lithographer, who, with his father, was associated with WHISTLER's experiments in lithography, whereby he added "Songs in Stone" to the world's store of harmony. Both with pencil and pen Mr. WAY builds up an impression of the Butterfly (not omitting his sting). He knew him well until the time came, as come it did with so many of the artist's friends, for a final breach. Incidentally we meet again the adventurous figure of CHARLES AUGUSTUS HOWELL, of whom it is impossible to hear too much; and there is also a pertinent reference to Mr. WALTER GREAVES which is calculated once again to disturb the dovecotes. Where there's a Will there's a way is an invariable rule. It is fortunate that it once happened that where there was a Jimmie there was a Way too.

There is a quotation which catches my eye every week at the head of an article as I turn the pages of one of the illustrated papers. It says, "Dress does make a difference, Davy;" and I do not think I quite realised how true this is until I read Sir EDMUND C. COX's book, *The Exploits of Kesho Naik, Dacoit*. He describes in a series of episodes the efforts of the Indian police to catch a notorious criminal, a rogue of supreme impudence and of such taking ways that one is glad that he escapes at last. Having read the book through with keen delight, it was with that sneaking feeling with which one looks a gift-horse in the mouth that I tried to find out the secret of its charm, and the truth stood revealed that it was nearly all in the telling. Candidly, *Kesho's* exploits are not very much out of the ordinary. But Sir EDMUND has put the tales into the mouth of a native policeman, and you cannot read them without getting a very lively idea of a phase of Oriental life which has not been over-exploited. The volume (which is very appropriately published by CONSTABLE) is not the first from the same hand dealing with an Indian subject. I hope it will not be the last.



"DOWN WITH CAPITAL!" said the banner.

It was not a very new thought, and I think I should have ignored it and continued on my way home from my labours (for I too am a working man), but at the next moment I observed a second banner which said, "DOWN WITH LABOUR!"

I did not remember to have seen this sentiment before, certainly not in juxtaposition to the other. Greatly intrigued, I sought for fresh light in the perusal of further banners, and read, "UP WITH CONSUMERS!" and "GOD SAVE THE STRUGGLING MIDDLE CLASSES!"

I now remarked that the massed gathering had an air of high respectability and intelligence, being made up, it seemed, of the brain-workers of London—her barristers, her artists, her journalists, her physicians.

"A quiet, orderly crowd," I said to a large member of the Force.

"Very well-behaved, Sir," he replied.

"And what is it all about?" I asked.

"It's along of this sausage-makers' strike," he said.

Now, sausages in the height of summer had never closely appealed to me, yet I felt that what apparently touched my own class of toilers should have at least a fairly convivial interest for me, so I descended into the arena, within reach of the spray of the fountain, where I could catch the remarks of an orator who had established himself upon the summit of the steps of NELSON'S Statue. I recognised him as a well-known junior attached to the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division.

"And what, Gentlemen," he was saying, "has the Government done? It has refused protection to labour imported from the dog-fancier trade on the ground that such importation is provocative. But we are not mainly concerned with the delinquency of the HOME SECRETARY; for, after all, in the near approach of the baneful influence of Sirius, the sausage has ceased, for the time, to rank among the amenities of life. It is rather as a sign of the times that we protest against this strike, coming as it does to crown the almost continuous unrest of these past twelve months.

"We take no sides in this matter, though we recognise that the Labour-leaders, the Tilletts and the Goslings, who, on the strength of a dispute about a single employee, called upon all the transport-workers throughout the country to strike in sympathy, have set a most deplorable example. What if the masters followed it? What if, for an equally trivial reason, they called for a National Lock-out by way of sympathy? But, as I say, we wish to show no bias. 'A plague o' both your houses!' we cry.

"And who are we? Gentlemen, we are the great Consuming Middle Classes, the very marrow and backbone of British Consumption. It is we who suffer most by these wanton disputes. It is not the idle rich, for they can always afford to go and live abroad, where most of their money has already preceded them. It is not the so-called working classes, for half of them, it seems, can afford to strike whenever the fancy takes them, and the other half looks on without protest. *We* are the real sufferers, who are neither plutocrats nor proletariate, and we have suffered because we have never proved our strength by combination.

"Gentlemen, the time has come for us to form ourselves into a Union of our own—an Anti-Consumptive League, sworn to go without luxuries and to adopt a minimum standard of necessities; to burn wood instead of coal; to walk where once we travelled by train; to dress in woad who used to figure in tailor-made apparel; to forgo sea-borne comestibles; to close our lips to the native charm of the succulent sausage. Thus only can we forcibly teach reason to the truculence of Trade Unionism.

"And, if need be, we will go back to the land in a body and develop a Garden City with communal 'buses and a communal hearse, where every man, sitting under his independent fig-tree, shall contribute his share toward the production of the necessities of our common existence.

"So to the blast of their Socialism we will offer the counter-blast of our own" (Loud applause, during which the speaker resumed the floor of Trafalgar Square.)

It was at this point that an oldish gentleman of a suave but commanding exterior and with a slight excrescence in the region of the superior spinal vertebrae, was seen to be swarming up the flank of one of the LANDSEER lions. Arrived at his destination, and leaning gracefully upon the neck of the King of Beasts, he began to address the meeting.

"Fellow-workers," he said—and his peculiar *bonhomie* at once commanded attention—"though I am not actually prepared to strike in sympathy with your scheme—for the delicate nature of my work requires a more generous sustenance than you propose to sanction—my heart is with you and my hump is at your disposal. In the relatively primitive conditions which you are about to impose on yourselves, the sacrifice of carnal luxuries should induce a craving for a compensative assortment of spiritual food. Not otherwise will each of you be in a position to say, in the words of the poet, 'My mind to me a kingdom is.'

"Here, in my hand, I hold what is probably the most nutritive mental pabulum that has ever been placed on the market. It is for all tastes. I commend it to you without reservation."

With that he raised aloft in air, so that all Trafalgar Square could see it, a tome of the most superb. Instantly those who had made a conscientious study of *Mr. Punch's* half-yearly Epilogues (and they included all the best examples of brain-power in that intelligent assembly) recognised the subject of his eulogy, and rightly concluded that it was no other than his

One Hundred and Forty-Second Volume.





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